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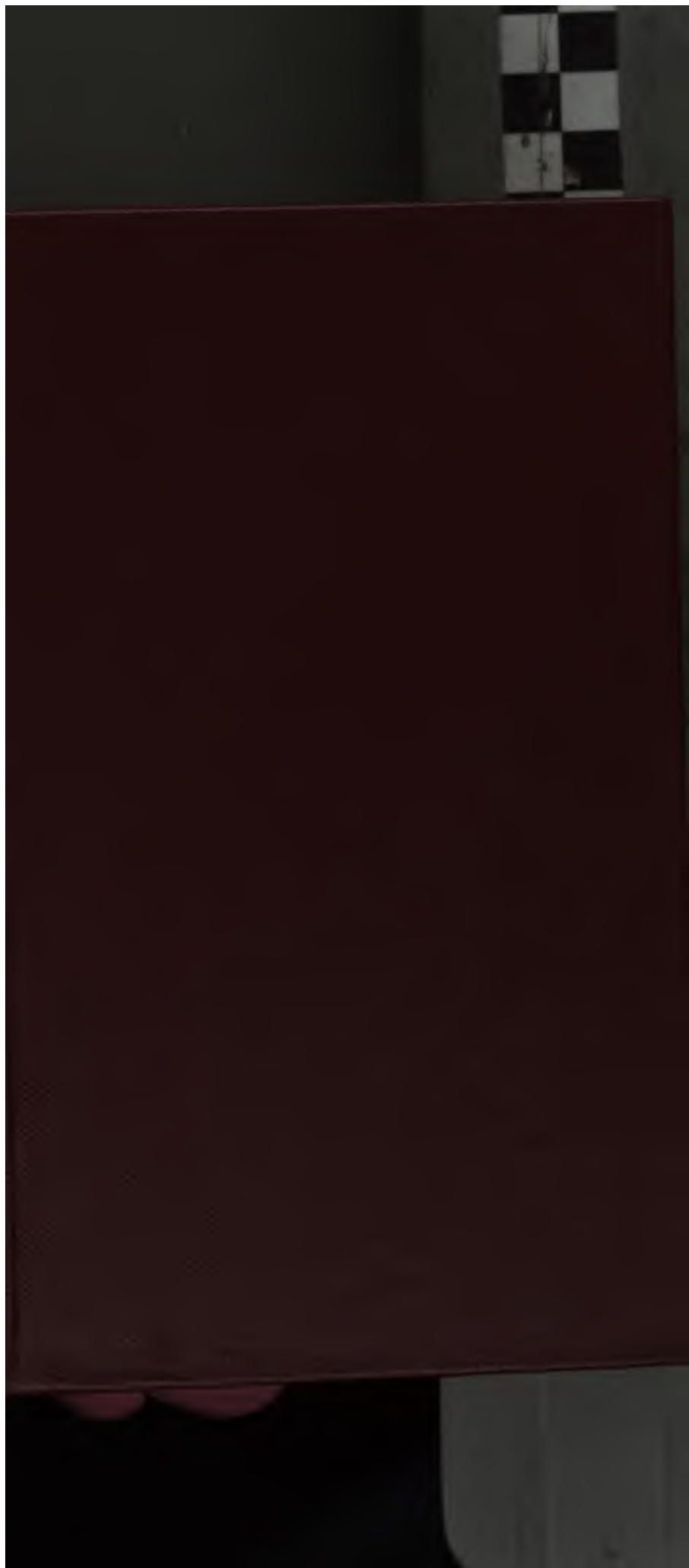
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THE POETIC AND
DRAMATIC WORKS OF ALFRED
LORD TENNYSON

Houghton

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN
ILLUSTRATIONS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge



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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

A *Household Edition* of Tennyson's Poems was published by the present publishers in 1871, and advantage was at that time taken of Moxon's English edition with illustrations by artists, mainly of the Pre-Raphaelite school, to include a number of these designs; to these were added designs by American artists who worked in much the same spirit. But the edition comprised somewhat less than half the present number of Tennyson's poems, and from time to time, as successive volumes of poems were republished by arrangement with the English publishers, their contents were added to the *Household Edition* and accompanied by new designs by English and American artists.

The recent issue by the publishers of the *Cambridge Edition* of Tennyson's poetic and dramatic works, in which the text was very carefully determined, has induced them to reissue the *Household Edition* on practically the same basis as the original edition, but with entirely new plates of larger type, and with such a revision of the illustrations as was possible under the improved conditions. The text is that of the *Cambridge Edition*, scrupulously following it. A brief biographic sketch has been provided, and suitable indexes have been furnished. The illustrations have been selected with great care from the designs made to accompany the poems by English, American, and French artists, and have been reinforced also by portraits and representations of historic buildings. In repeating the important series by Millais, Rossetti, and Farge, Vedder, and others, recourse has been had to early impressions, and sometimes to the original blocks, to secure clearness of line and freshness of color. The total number of illustrations has been largely increased, and the result is the most thoroughly illustrated Tennyson thus far offered to the public.

The large body of Tennyson's poetic and dramatic works, when thus increased in bulk by so many illustrations, makes the problem of producing a readable single volume very difficult; but by the choice of a compact paper, the use of a thin opaque paper, and great care in printing, the publishers trust they have at least come near the solution of the problem.

BOSTON: Autumn, 1899.



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Queen Victoria (1887)

From a photograph

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James Russell Lowell

From a photograph

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'She comes on waste and wood,
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Queen Mary

*From a portrait in the National Gallery painted,
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Joannes Corvus*

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

ALFRED TENNYSON was born August 6, 1809, at Somersby, a little village in Lincolnshire, England. His father was the rector of the parish; his mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Fytche, and whose character is sketched in his poem 'Isabel,' was the daughter of a clergyman; and one of his brothers, who later took the name of Charles Turner, was also a clergyman. The religious nature in the poet was a constant element in his poetry, and with it may be named an abiding love of the natural world, which yielded its secrets to an observation which was singularly keen, and a philosophic reflection which made Tennyson reveal in his poetry an apprehension of the law of life, akin to what Darwin was disclosing in his contemporaneous career.

In his early 'Ode to Memory,' Tennyson has translated into verse the loneliness which woke in him in the secluded fields of his Lincolnshire birthplace. For companionship he had the large circle of his own home, for he was one of eight brothers and four sisters; and in that little society there was not only the miniature world of sport and study, but a very close companionship with the large world of imagination. They had their jousts and tournaments, their revivification of knightly deeds in their sports, and Alfred was the improvisatore who gathered the other children about him and regaled them with tales of wonder, drawn partly from his reading, partly from his own fertile fancy.

He had, moreover, the favoring poetic sympathy of two at any rate in the family. From very childhood he listened in numbers, for the numbers came with every wind, and his brothers Frederick and Charles, the one two years, the other one year his senior, were also given to poetic composition, so that after Charles and Alfred had been at school in Louth a short time, the brothers put their verses together and induced the local booksellers and printers, Messrs Jackson, to publish the book under the title *Poems by Two Brothers*. Frederick Tennyson indeed contributed four poems; the rest were divided between Charles and Alfred, but in the absence of exact data, the present Lord Tennyson, though he had memoranda as well as the memory of his uncles to rely on, was unable, when he reprinted the volume sixty years after its first publication, to determine exactly the authorship of all the poems. The verses which are preserved in the *Cambridge Edition* of Tennyson's poems, are interesting as indicating the careful scholarship of the boys and the impression made on them by Byron, rather than for any marked poetic quality.

Frederick Tennyson was already at Cambridge when Charles and Alfred went up to that University in 1828, and were matriculated at Trinity College. Alfred Tennyson acquired there, as so many other notable Englishmen, not only intellectual discipline, but that close companionship with picked men which is engendered by the half monastic seclusion of the English university.

There was a company which from its number was dubbed the Apostles, which he found entrance, and here he met men who influenced his early life, and in a few instances were close companions during his whole career. Of these was the brilliant Sterling, and others were James Spedding, expositor of Bacon, Trench, afterward Archbishop of Dublin, Richard Mon ton Milnes, better known as Lord Houghton, Dean Alford, W. H. Brookfield, the intimate friend of Thackeray, J. M. Kemble, and Kinglake, the author of *Bothen* and historian of the Crimean War. Among these men, growing in manhood during the stirring times of Reform, Tennyson drew in the life-breaths of political freedom and loyalty to the highest ideals of English life, which were later to find expression in *Maud* and the historical dramas. He was under the influence also of Maurice, whose friendship was a lifelong inspiration to him; and perhaps more potent than all other influences was that which sprang from his intimacy with Arthur Hallam.

This young collegian, a son of the historian, was looked upon as a man of great promise who had already indeed demonstrated his power by writings of a mature order. His friendship with Tennyson brought him to the poet's home, and he became engaged to Tennyson's sister Emily. The two men shared their studies and hopes and dreams, and when in 1830 Tennyson published *Poems chiefly Lyrical*, Hallam came forward with a review of the volume in *The Englishman's Magazine*. In 1833 the volume was followed by *Poems, by Alfred Tennyson*, and then there was a silence of ten years. Hallam died in 1833, and his death seems to have so stirred the depths of the poet's nature that he retired into a life almost of seclusion in which he confronted the problems of life and eternity much as many a reformer or preacher had girded up his loins in the wilderness.

It must not be supposed that this decade was one of brooding alone. At first indeed, in the privacy of the Somersby rectory he devoted himself to a systematic industry to study rather than to composition. Once in a while he used his little hoard of savings in a visit to London to see his college friend living there, and he made a journey also into the Lake country. Yet he could not long withhold himself from his vocation, and little by little he showed his poems to his friends and received their criticism. In 1842 appeared a full volume of *Poems*, in 1847 *The Princess* was published, and in 1850 appeared the great elegy *In Memoriam A. H. H.*, which set the seal upon his poetic reputation.

His livelihood, during these years, had been mainly a small sum which he had come from his grandfather, his father having died in 1831, but now there was sufficient security in the income from his writings to enable him to renew his engagement with Emily Sellwood, whose younger sister had married Charles Tennyson, and who herself on that occasion was bridesmaid, with Alfred Tennyson as groomsman. The marriage took place in the same month that *Memoriam* was published, and the wedded life which followed was the great anchorage of the poet's soul. In after life he said: 'The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her.' He testified of his affection when he published the lyrical dedication to the *Enoch Arden* volume, beginning:

'Dear, dear and true, — no truer Time himself'

also the lines 'June bracken and heather' which introduce the *Chen* name. The same year Tennyson was made Poet Laureate in succession to Wordsworth.

Tennyson regarded his post as Poet Laureate in the light of a high poet's patriotic ardor. When he was meditating his first laureate poem 'To the Queen,' he was thinking especially of a stanza in which 'the empire of Wordsworth should be asserted: for he was a representative Poet Laureate, such as kings should honor, and such an one as would do honor to kings; making the period of a reign famous by the utterance of memorable words concerning that period.' The laurel 'greener from the brows of him that would do nothing base,' was indeed worn with dignity and grace, and in the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, and the spirited 'Britons, guard you well,' 'The Third of February,' 'Hands all round,' and 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' Tennyson showed the passion of the English patriot in a manner which has been neither echoed nor eclipsed in the verses which in a similar spirit have been contributed by Rudyard Kipling in recent years to *The Times*. But it was in *Maud* that Tennyson concentrated the feeling which was aroused in his nature by the compromise which he believed the commercial spirit of his day was seeking to effect between national honor and national prosperity; and it is not strange that this poem, with its almost incoherence, should have seemed to many of his countrymen as almost the utterance of an insane man.

The record of Tennyson's career from this time forward is marked by the successive publication of his works. He changed his home more than once entirely in obedience to an almost morbid fear of intrusion; but a family grew about him, and his domestic life was one of great serenity and beauty. He travelled little out of his own country, and he was not greatly given to letter-writing; but he numbered amongst devoted friends some of the greatest Englishmen of his time. His son has printed the letters which passed between him and the Queen, showing how genuine and deep was the emotion which excited in the other. He was warmly attached to Robert Browning; the Duke of Argyll was an intimate companion, and Edward FitzGerald, with his whimsical hero worship, laid his tribute with affectionate constancy to Tennyson's feet.

When in later life he was now and then a figure in London society, he came out for the companionship which, in the Metaphysical Society, brought him close contact with Dean Stanley, Cardinal Manning, James Martineau, and Lushington, and many others among ecclesiastics, Carr-Saunders, and other scientists, and Froude, Bagehot, Pattison, and men of letters and learning.

The *Idylls of the King*, published in 1859, a less complete work included under the title, continued his great poetic life. Its purpose an epitome of the greater England of his son's most notable turn in his poetic career was when, in 1871, after his earliest venture in verse, he published his dramatic poem. He had no thought of writing what are known as closet dramas; his poetic instinct in him was powerful, even though it had thus

mainly in lyric form, and from this time forward he gave the b
power to writing for the stage. With slight exceptions, these drar
terpretations of English history. They are serious studies, and a
tempt was made to give them proper stage presentation; but the cor
the theatre in England and it may be said also Tennyson's too archa
tion of treatment seemed to stand in the way of anything like popu
nition.

In 1884 the Queen raised him to the peerage, to which twice bef
been invited, and he became Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. '
tion was in the direct line of English tradition, and the nobility of
dom was enriched by his succession. He continued to publish until
Indeed, the final volume of his poems was in press at the time of
which occurred October 7, 1892. He was buried in the 'Poet's C
Westminster Abbey, on the 12th of the same month.

TO THE QUEEN

*Revered, beloved — O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,*

*Victoria, — since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base ;*

*And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there ;*

*Then — while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro' wild March the thristle calls,
Where all about your palace-walls
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes —*

*Take, Madam, this poor book of song ;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,*

*And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day !
May children of our children say,
She wrought her people lasting good,*

** Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed.
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;*

*'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet*

*By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'*

March, 1851.



' Where Claribel low-lieth
The beveres pause and die '

JUVENILIA

✓ CLARIBEL

A MELODY

I

Where Claribel low-lieth
The beveres pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall;
On the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

II

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone;
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone;
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced may's dwelleth,
The callow throatsle hspeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
The babbling rannel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

NOTHING WILL DIE

WHEN will the stream be weary of
flowing
Under my eye?
When will the wind be weary of
blowing
Over the sky?
When will the clouds be weary of
fleeting?
When will the heart be weary of
beating?
And nature die?
Never, O, never, nothing will die;
The stream flows,
The wind blows,
The cloud fleets,
The heart beats,
Nothing will die.

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Thro' eternity.
'T is the world's winter;
Autumn and summer
Are gone long ago;
Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring, a new comer,
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Thro' and thro',
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be fill'd with life anew.

The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not
fade.
So let the wind range:
For even and morn
Ever will be
Thro' eternity.
Nothing was born;
Nothing will die;
All things will change.

ALL THINGS WILL DIE

CLEARLY the blue river chimes in its
flowing
Under my eye;
Warmly and broadly the south winds
are blowing
Over the sky.

One after another the white c
are fleeting;
Every heart this May morning in
ance is beating
Full merrily;
Yet all things must die.
The stream will cease to flow
The wind will cease to blow
The clouds will cease to flee
The heart will cease to beat
For all things must die.
All things must die.
Spring will come never mor
O, vanity!
Death waits at the door.
See! our friends are all for
The wine and the merrymal
We are call'd — we must go
Laid low, very low,
In the dark we must lie.
The merry glees are still;
The voice of the bird
Shall no more be heard,
Nor the wind on the hill.
O, misery!
Hark! death is calling
While I speak to ye,
The jaw is falling,
The red cheek paling,
The strong limbs failing;
Ice with the warm blood mi
The eyeballs fixing.
Nine times goes the passing
Ye merry souls, farewell.
The old earth
Had a birth,
As all men know,
Long ago.
And the old earth must die.
So let the warm winds rang
And the blue wave bea
shore;
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Thro' eternity.
All things were born.
Ye will come never more,
For all things must die.

LEONINE ELEGIACS

LOW-FLOWING breezes are ros
the broad valley dimm'd :
gloaming;
Thoro' the black-stemm'd pines
the far river shines.

ing thro' blossomy rushes and
sowers of rose-blowing bushes,
by the poplar tall rivulets bab-
ble and fall.
h the shepherd-dog cheerly; the
grasshopper carolletly clearly;
the wood-dove coos; shrilly
the owl hawks;
creep; dews fall chilly; in
her first sleep earth breathes
stilly;
the pools in the burn water-
goats murmur and mourn,
the far kine loweth; the glim-
mering water outfloweth;
peaks shadow'd with pine slope
to the dark hyaline;
housed Hesper is stayed be-
tween the two peaks; but the
Naiad
thing in mild unrest holds him
beneath in her breast.
scented poetess singeth that Hes-
perus all things bringeth,
thing the wearied mind: bring
me my love, Rosalind.
comest morning or even; she
cometh not morning or even.
eyed Hesper, unkind, where is
my sweet Rosalind?

SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

SECOND-LATE SENSITIVE MIND

OD! my God! have mercy now.
at, I fall. Men say that Thou
st die for me, for such as *me*,
eat of fil, and death, and scorn,
that my sin was as a thorn
ing the thorns that girt Thy brow,
ending Thy soul. — That even
now,
his extremest misery
guarance, I should require
gu! and if a bolt of fire
uld rive the slumbrous summer
noon
le I do pray to Thee alone,
ak my belief would stronger grow!
et my human pride brought low?
boastings of my spirit still?
Joy I had in my free-will
old, and dead, and corpse-like
grown?

And what is left to me but Thou,
And faith in Thee? Men pass me by;
Christians with happy countenances —
And children all seem full of Thee!
And women smile with saint-like
glances
Like Thine own mother's when she
bow'd
Above Thee, on that happy morn
When angels spake to men aloud,
And Thou and peace to earth were
born.
Good-will to me as well as all —
I one of them; my brothers they;
Brothers in Christ — a world of peace
And confidence, day after day;
And trust and hope till things should
cease,
And then one Heaven receive us all.

How sweet to have a common faith!
To hold a common scorn of death!
And at a burial to hear
The creaking cords which wound and
eat
Into my human heart, whene'er
Earth goes to earth, with grief, not
fear,
With hopeful grief, were passing
sweet!

Thrice happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee,
Who lets his rosy fingers play
About his mother's neck, and knows
Nothing beyond his mother's eyes!
They comfort him by night and day;
They light his little life away;
He hath no thought of coming woes;
He hath no care of life or death;
Scarce outward signs of joy arise,
Because the Spirit of happiness
And perfect rest so inward is;
And loveth so his innocent heart,
Her temple and her place of birth,
Where she would ever wish to dwell,
Life of the fountain there, beneath
Its salient springs, and far apart,
Hating to wander out on earth,
Or breathe into the hollow air,
Whose chillness would make visible
Her subtil, warm, and golden breath,
Which mixing with the infant's blood,
Fulfils him with beatitude.
O, sure it is a special care
Of God, to fortify from doubt,

To arm in proof, and guard about
With triple-mailed trust, and clear
Delight, the infant's dawning year.

Would that my gloomed fancy were
As thine, my mother, when with
brows

Propt on thy knees, my hands upheld
In thine, I listen'd to thy vows, ⁷¹
For me outpour'd in holiest prayer—
For me unworthy!—and beheld
Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that
knew

The beauty and repose of faith,
And the clear spirit shining thro'.
O, wherefore do we grow awry
From roots which strike so deep?
why dare

Paths in the desert? Could not I
Bow myself down, where thou hast
knelt, ⁸⁰
To the earth—until the ice would
melt

Here, and I feel as thou hast felt?
What devil had the heart to scathe
Flowers thou hadst rear'd—to brush
the dew

From thine own lily, when thy grave
Was deep, my mother, in the clay?
Myself? Is it thus? Myself? Had I
So little love for thee? But why
Prevail'd not thy pure prayers? Why
pray

To one who heeds not, who can save
But will not? Great in faith, and
strong ⁹¹

Against the grief of circumstance
Wert thou, and yet unheard. What
if

Thou pleadest still, and seest me drive
Thro' utter dark a full-sail'd skiff,
Unpiloted if the echoing dance
Of rebound whirlwinds, stooping low
Unto the death, not sunk! I know
At matins and at evensong,
That thou, if thou wert yet alive, ¹⁰⁰
In deep and daily prayers wouldst
strive

To reconcile me with thy God.
Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold
At heart, thou wouldst murmur
still—

'Bring this lamb back into Thy fold,
My Lord, if so it be Thy will.'
Wouldst tell me I must brook the rod
And chastisement of human pride;

That pride, the sin of devils, stand
Betwixt me and the light of God;
That hitherto I had defied
And had rejected God—that ¹¹⁰
Would drop from His o'er-bru'd
love,

As manna on my wilderness,
If I would pray—that God would
move

And strike the hard, hard rock, ¹²⁰
thence,
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence
Which would keep green hope's ¹³⁰
Alas!

I think that pride hath now no place
Nor sojourn in me. I am void,
Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then? Why not
Anchor thy frailty there, where ¹⁴⁰
Hath moor'd and rested? Ask the
At midnight, when the crisp ¹⁵⁰
waves

After a tempest rib and fret
The broad-imbased beach, why he
Slumbers not like a mountain ¹⁶⁰
Wherefore his ridges are not curls
And ripples of an inland mere?
Wherefore he mourneth thus, nor ¹⁷⁰
Draw down into his vexed pools
All that blue heaven which hues ¹⁸⁰
paves

The other? I am too forlorn,
Too shaken: my own weakness ¹⁹⁰
My judgment, and my spirit ²⁰⁰
Moved from beneath with doubt
fear.

'Yet,' said I, in my morn of youth
The unsunn'd freshness of
strength,

When I went forth in quest of truth
'It is man's privilege to doubt,
If so be that from doubt at length
Truth may stand forth unmoved ²²⁰
change.

An image with profulgent brows
And perfect limbs, as from the ²³⁰
Of running fires and fluid range
Of lawless airs, at last stood out
This excellence and solid form
Of constant beauty. For the ox
Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or ²⁴⁰
The horned valleys all about,
And hollows of the fringed hills

LILIAN

In summer heats, with placid lows
Unfearing, till his own blood flows
About his hoof. And in the flocks
The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And raceth freely with his fere,
And answers to his mother's calls 159
From the flower'd furrow. In a time
Of which he wots not, run short pains
Thro' his warm heart; and then, from
whence

He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow; and his native slope,
Where he was wont to leap and climb,
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forehead earthward, and he dies.
Shall man live thus, in joy and hope
As a young lamb, who cannot dream,
Living, but that he shall live on? 171
Shall we not look into the laws
Of life and death, and things that
seem,

And things that be, and analyze
Our double nature, and compare
All creeds till we have found the one,
If one there be? Ay me! I fear
All may not doubt, but everywhere
Some must clasp idols. Yet, my God,
Whom call I idol? Let Thy dove 180
Shadow me over, and my sins
Be unremember'd, and Thy love
Enlighten me. O, teach me yet
Somewhat before the heavy clod
Weighs on me, and the busy fret
Of that sharp-headed worm begins
In the gross blackness underneath.

O weary life! O weary death!
O spirit and heart made desolate!
O damned vacillating state! 190

THE KRAKEN

Know the thunders of the upper
deep,
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded
sleep
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sun-
lights flee
About his shadowy sides; above him
swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth
and height;
And far away into the sickly light,

From many a wondrous grot and
cret cell
Unnumber'd and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant arms the slumb-
ing green.
There hath he lain for ages, and w
lle
Battening upon huge sea-worms
his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall beat t
deep;
Then once by man and angels to
seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the s
face die.

SONG

THE winds, as at their hour of birth
Leaning upon the ridged sea,
Breathed low around the rolling ear
With mellow preludes, 'We a
free.'

The streams, through many a lili
row
Down-carolling to the crisped sea
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
Between the blossoms, 'We a
free.'

LILIAN

I

ARMY, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me
Clasps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

II

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks:
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple
From beneath her gathered wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes
Till the lightning laughs dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks
Then away she flies.

III

Prythee weep, May Lilian !
 Gaiety without eclipse
 Wearieth me, May Lilian ;
 Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
 When from crimson-threaded lips
 Silver-treble laughter trilleth :
 Prythee weep, May Lilian !

IV

Praying all I can,
 If prayers will not hush thee,
 Airy Lilian,
 Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
 Fairy Lilian.

ISABEL

EYES not down-dropt nor over-bright,
 but fed
 With the clear-pointed flame of
 chastity,
 Clear, without heat, undying, tended
 by
 Pure vestal thoughts in the trans-
 lucent fane
 Of her still spirit ; locks not wide-dis-
 spread,
 Madonna-wise on either side her head ;
 Sweet lips whereon perpetually
 did reign
 The summer calm of golden charity.
 Were fixed shadows of thy fixed
 mood,
 Revered Isabel, the crown and
 head,
 The stately flower of female fortitude,
 Of perfect wifehood and pure
 lowlihead.

The intuitive decision of a bright
 And thorough-edged intellect to part
 Error from crime ; a prudence to
 withhold ;
 The laws of marriage character'd
 in gold
 Upon the blanched tablets of her
 heart ;
 A love still burning upward, giving
 light
 To read those laws ; an accent very low
 In blandishment, but a most silver
 flow
 Of subtle-paced counsel in dis-
 tress,

Right to the heart and brain,
 desried,
 Winning its way with
 gentleness
 Thro' all the outworks of su-
 pride ;
 A courage to endure and to ol
 A hate of gossip parlance,
 sway,
 Crown'd Isabel, thro' all he
 life,
 The queen of marriage, a m
 fect wife.

The mellow'd reflex of a winte
 A clear stream flowing with a
 one,
 Till in its onward current it
 With swifter movement
 purer light
 The vexed eddies of its v
 brother ;
 A leaning and upbearing ;
 Clothing the stem, which
 fallen quite,
 With cluster'd flower-bells
 brosal orbs
 Of rich fruit-bunches lea
 each other —
 Shadow forth thee : — th
 hath not another
 (Tho' all her fairest forms are
 thee,
 And thou of God in thy great
 Of such a finish'd chasten'd p

✓ MARIANA

* Mariana in the moated gran
 Measure for

WITH blackest moss the flow
 Were thickly crusted, one s
 The rusted nails fell from the
 That held the pear to th
 wall.
 The broken sheds look'd
 strange:
 Unlifted was the clinking h
 Weeded and worn the
 thatch
 Upon the lonely moated gran
 She only said, ' My life is
 He cometh not,' she sai
 She said, ' I am weary, I
 I would that I were de



Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried *

Her tears fell with the dews at
even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were
dried;
She could not look on the sweet hea-
ven,
Either at morn or eventide,
At the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the
sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming
dawn.
She only said, 'The night is
dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead!'

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night fowl
crow;
The cock sung out an hour ere light;
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her; without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk for-
lorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed
morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead!'

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,

And o'er it many, round and small,
 The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
 Hard by a poplar shook alway,
 All silver-green with gnarled bark: 41
 For leagues no other tree did mark
 The level waste, the rounding gray.
 She only said, 'My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said;
 She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
 And the shrill winds were up and
 away, 50
 In the white curtain, to and fro,
 She saw the gusty shadow sway.
 But when the moon was very low,
 And wild winds bound within their
 cell,
 The shadow of the poplar fell
 Upon her bed, across her brow.
 She only said, 'The night is
 dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said;
 She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!' 60

All day within the dreamy house,
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
 The blue fly sung in the pane; the
 mouse
 Behind the mouldering wainscot
 shriek'd,
 Or from the crevice peer'd about.
 Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
 Old voices called her from without.
 She only said, 'My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said; 70
 She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense; but most she loathed the
 hour

When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Was sloping toward his western
 bower. 80

Then said she, 'I am very dreary,
 He will not come,' she said;
 She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
 O God, that I were dead!'

TO —

I

CLEAR-HEADED friend, whose j
 scorn,
 Edged with sharp laughter,
 atwain
 The knots that tangle h
 creeds,
 The wounding cords that bin
 strain
 The heart until it bleeds,
 Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn
 Roof not a glance so keen as t
 If aught of prophecy be mir
 Thou wilt not live in vain.

II

Low-cowering shall the Sophist
 Falsehood shall bare her p
 brow;
 Fair-fronted Truth shall droo
 now
 With shrilling shafts of subtle w
 Nor martyr-flames, nor tren
 swords
 Can do away that ancient lie;
 A gentler death shall Falsehoo
 Shot thro' and thro' with cu
 words.

III

Weak Truth a-leaning on her cr
 Wan, wasted Truth in her u
 need,
 Thy kingly intellect shall feed
 Until she be an athlete bold,
 And weary with a finger's touch
 Those writhed limbs of ligh
 speed;
 Like that strange angel which o
 Until the breaking of the ligh
 Wrestled with wandering Israel,
 Past Yabbok brook the liv
 night,
 And heaven's mazed signs stood
 In the dim tract of Penue.

MADELINE

I

THOU art not steep'd in golden
 guors,
 No tranced summer calm is th
 Ever varying Madeline.

and shadow thou dost
 Does, sweet and strange,
 And darling angers,
 Of fitting change.

II

ruing, evermore,
 Feet in love-lore,
 Deep and clear are thine
 Smiles: but who may know
 If or frown be fleetier?
 If or frown be sweeter,
 I may know?
 Set sweet along the brow
 And over eyes divine,
 Clouds sun-fringed, are

For varying Madeline,
 And frown are not aloof
 From another,
 Each is dearest brother;
 The silken sheeny woof
 Is shot into each other.
 The mystery is thine;
 Drowning, evermore,
 Perfect in love-lore,
 For varying Madeline.

III

When flame,
 For passion fann'd,
 See breaks and dances:
 Bold kiss thy hand,
 Anger'd shame
 As thy calmer glances,
 Dark brows drops down
 Ruddy frown:
 Turn away,
 Give me to stay,
 But, nor vainly wranglest,
 King fix'dly the while,
 Anding heart entanglest
 Sea-netted smile;
 Ness and in bliss,
 Could dare to kiss
 Agers amorously,
 Blushiest angrily;
 Dark brows drops down
 Ruddy frown.

THE OWL

I

When home and light is come,
 A cold upon the ground,

And the far-off stream is dumb,
 And the whirring sail goes round,
 And the whirring sail goes round;
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

II

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
 And rarely smells the new-mown
 Hay,
 And the cock hath sung beneath the
 Thatch
 Twice or thrice his roundelay,
 Twice or thrice his roundelay;
 Alone and warming his five wits,
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG

TO THE SAME

I

Thy tuwhits are lull'd, I wot,
 Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
 Which upon the dark affloat,
 So took echo with delight,
 So took echo with delight,
 That her voice, untuneful grown
 Wears all day a fainter tone.

II

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
 But I cannot mimic it;
 Not a whiff of thy tuwhoo,
 Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
 Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
 With a lengthen'd loud halloo,
 Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tu-
 whoo-o-o!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE
ARABIAN NIGHTS

When the breeze of a joyful dawn
 Blew free
 In the silken sail of infancy,
 The tide of time flow'd back with me,
 The forward-flowing tide of time;
 And many a sheeny summer-morn,
 Adown the Tigris I was borne,
 By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
 High-walled gardens green and old;
 True Mussulman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and
 clove

The citron-shadows in the blue;
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And broider'd sofas on each side.

In sooth it was a goodly time, 20
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans
 guard

The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moonlit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which
 crept

Adown to where the water slept. 30
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I enter'd, from the clearer light,
Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they
 clomb 40

Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the
 dome

Of hollow boughs. A goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillels musical,
Thro' little crystal arches low 49
Down from the central fountain's flow
Fallen silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.

A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above thro' many a bowery turn
A walk with vari-colored shells
Wander'd engrain'd. On either side

All round about the frag
From fluted vase, and br
In order, eastern flowers
Some dropping low t
 bells

Half-closed, and others s
With disks and tiars, f
With odor in the gold
Of good Haroun Ali

Far off, and where the l
In closest coverture ups
The living airs of middl
Died round the bulbul a
Not he, but something
 sess'd

The darkness of the wor
Life, anguish, death, im
Ceasing not, mingled, u
Apart from place, wit
But flattering the gold
Of good Haroun Ali

Black the garden-bower:
Slumber'd; the solemn
 ranged

Above, unwoo'd of sum
A sudden splendor from
Flush'd all the leaves v
 green,

And, flowing rapidly be
Their interspaces, count
The level lake with diar
Of dark and bright.

For it was in the gold
Of good Haroun Ali

Dark-blue the deep sphe
Distinct with vivid stars
Grew darker from that
So, leaping lightly from
With silver anchor left
In marvel whence that
Upon me, as in sleep I s
In cool soft turf upon th
Entranced with that p
So worthy of the gold
Of good Haroun Ali

Thence thro' the garden
A realm of pleasan
 mound,

And many a shadow-che
Full of the city's stilly s
And deep myrrh-thic
 round



⁶ For it was in the golden prime
Of good Harpeth, Silver and Gold,

...the Caucasians,
 ...the ancient Thurn
 ...the obelisks
 ...the time,
 ...the prime
 ...the Axis hid

[illegible]

The four-score willows all still stand,
As with the quail's song in the
A million tips that gleam and
From twisted stems look like diamonds.
The hollows are torn like great
Upon the trees and grasses that
In fumes that drift like smoke
Hundreds of stars that
Or night will show the
To the light of the
Or the light of the

The color of the hair is brown, the
Gaze is directed towards the
Subject with a slight smile.
A small, dark, and a large, dark
Of dark, and a large, dark

Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time, ¹⁴¹
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropt a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-droop'd, in many a floating
fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of
gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd
With merriment of kingly pride, ¹⁵¹
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him — in his golden prime,
THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID.

ODE TO MEMORY

ADDRESSED TO —

I

THOU who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present, O, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

II

Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day, but robed in soften'd
light ¹⁰
Of orient state.

Whilome thou camest with the morn-
ing mist,

Even as a maid, whose stately
brow
The dew-impearled winds of dawn
have kiss'd,

When she, as thou,
Stays on her floating locks the lovely
freight

Of overflowing blooms, and earliest
shoots

Of orient green, giving safe pledge of
fruits,

Which in wintertide shall star
The black earth with brilliance rare. ²⁰

III

Whilome thou camest with the morn-
ing mist,

And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth
my open breast;

Those peerless flowers which in
rudest wind

Never grow sere,
When rooted in the garden of the m
Because they are the earliest of
year.

Nor was the night thy shroud
In sweet dreams softer than unbr
rest

Thou leddest by the hand thine in
Hope.

The eddying of her garments ca
from thee

The light of thy great presence;
the cope

Of the half-attain'd futurity,
Tho' deep not fathomless,

Was cloven with the million
which tremble

O'er the deep mind of dauntless
fancy.

Small thought was there of life's
tress;

For sure she deem'd no mist of
could dull

Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen
beautiful;

Sure she was nigher to heav
spheres,

Listening the lordly music flow
from

The illimitable years.
O, strengthen me, enlighten me

I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

IV

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the my
eyes!

Thou comest not with shows of fla
ing vines

Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest Memory!

Thou wert not nursed by the w
fall

Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon

wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:

as from the woods that belt the
gray hillside,
seven elms, the poplars four
stand beside my father's door,
a chiefly from the brook that
loves

When the first matin-song hath wak-
en'd loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung
cloud.



'To . . . dimple in the dark of rushy coves'

To peri o'er matted cress and ribbed
sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough wood-
land;
O, hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled
folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,

v
Large dowries doth the raptur'd eye
To the young spirit present
When first she is wed,
And like a bride of old
In triumph led,
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist Mem-
ory,

In setting round thy first experi-
ment
With royal framework of wrought
gold ;
Needs must thou dearly love thy first
essay,
And foremost in thy various gallery
Place it, where sweetest sunlight
falls
Upon the storied walls ;
For the discovery
And newness of thine art so pleased
thee
That all which thou hast drawn of
fairest
Or boldest since but lightly weighs
With thee unto the love thou bearest
The first-born of thy genius. Artist-
like,
Ever retiring thou dost gaze
On the prime labor of thine early
days,
No matter what the sketch might be :
Whether the high field on the bush-
less pike,
Or even a sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage whence we
see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste
enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to
sky ;
Or a garden bower'd close
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight
grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender :
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,
From weary wind,
With youthful fancy re-inspired,
We may hold converse with all forms
Of the many-sided mind,
And those whom passion hath not
blinded,
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

My friend, with you to live alone
Were how much better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne !

O, strengthen me, enlighten me !
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

SONG

I

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last ho
Dwelling amid these yellowing l
ers.

To himself he talks ;
For at eventide, listening earnest
At his work you may hear him
and sigh

In the walks ;
Earthward he boweth the h
stalks

Of the mouldering flowers.
Heavily hangs the broad sunfi
Over its grave i' the eart
chilly ;

Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lil

II

The air is damp, and hush'd, and c
As a sick man's room when he ta
repose

An hour before death ;
My very heart faints and my v
soul grieves

At the moist rich smell of the ro
leaves,
And the breath

Of the fading edges of box ben
And the year's last rose.

Heavily hangs the broad sunfi
Over its grave i' the eart
chilly ;

Heavily hangs the hollyhock
Heavily hangs the tiger-lil

A CHARACTER

With a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, ' The wanderin
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of this
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty ; that the du
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in a

as 't were in a glass,
his chin and sleek'd his
earth was beautiful.

virtue: not the gods
when they wish to charm
sitting by;
sweeping of the arm,
lustre dead-blue eye,
is rounded periods.

tely hour by hour
d human mysteries,
a silk, as if the winds
wn praises in his eyes,
aloof from other minds
ce of fancied power.

lepress'd as he were meek,
to himself he sold:
elf himself did feed:
passionate, and cold,
than his form of creed,
ill'd features clear and sleek.

THE POET

in a golden clime was born,
golden stars above:
with the hate of hate, the
n of scorn,
he love of love.

ro' life and death, thro' good
ill,
w thro' his own soul,
d of the everlasting will,
n open scroll,

lay; with echoing feet he
aded
secretest walks of fame:
less arrows of his thoughts
e headed
nd wing'd with flame,

a reeds blown from his sil-
tongue,
f so fierce a flight,
e unto Caucasus they sung,
filling with light

nt melodies the winds which
earthward till they lit;

Then, like the arrow-seeds of the
field flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving took root, and springing
forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance,
grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to
fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the
breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs
with beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire:
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many
dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth,
the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark
upcurl'd,
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august
sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burn-
ing eyes
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden
robes
Sunn'd by those orient skies:
But round about the circles of the
globes
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced
in flame
WISDOM, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power—a sacred
name.
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they
ran,
And as the lightning to the thunder

Which follows it, riving the spirit of
man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words.
No sword
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with
his word
She shook the world.

THE POET'S MIND

I

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit ;
Vex not thou the poet's mind.
For thou canst not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river,
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

II

Dark - brow'd sophist, come not
anear ;
All the place is holy ground ;
Hollow smile and frozen sneer
Come not here.
Holy water will I pour
Into every spicy flower
Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it
around.
The flowers would faint at your cruel
cheer.
In your eye there is death,
There is frost in your breath
Which would blight the plants.
Where you stand you cannot hear
From the groves within
The wild-bird's din.
In the heart of the garden the merry
bird chants.
It would fall to the ground if you came
in.
In the middle leaps a fountain
Like sheet lightning,
Ever brightening
With a low melodious thunder ;
All day and all night it is ever drawn
From the brain of the purple moun-
tain
Which stands in the distance yonder.
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,
And the mountain draws it from hea-
ven above,

And it sings a song of undying love
And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and
full,
You never would hear it, your ears
so dull ;
So keep where you are ; you are far
with sin ;
It would shrink to the earth if you
came in.

THE SEA-FAIRIES

Slow sail'd the weary mariners as
saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the ru-
ning foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms
prest
To little harps of gold ; and while they
mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear
Shrill music reach'd them on the mid-
dle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither
away ? fly no more.
Whither away from the high green
field, and the happy blossoming
shore ?
Day and night to the billow the fa-
tain calls ;
Down shower the gambolling waves
falls
From wandering over the lea ;
Out of the live-green heart of the deep
They freshen the silvery-crystal
shells,
And thick with white bells the clo-
ver hill swells
High over the full-toned sea.
O, hither, come hither and furl your
sails,
Come hither to me and to me ;
Hither, come hither and frolic and
play ;
Here it is only the mew that walls ;
We will sing to you all the day.
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and
dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gales
And the spangle dances in bight and
bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies
the land
Over the islands free ;

THE DESERTED HOUSE

1

At the rainbow lives in the curve of
 the sand;
 Bring me hither and see;
 At the rainbow hangs on the poising
 wave,
 And sweet is the color of cove and
 wave,
 And sweet shall your welcome be,
 O bring me hither, and be our
 bride;
 For my brides are we,
 And kiss sweet kisses, and speak
 sweet words;
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
 With joy and love and jubilee,
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
 When the sharp clear twang of the
 golden chords
 Rings on the ridged sea,
 When the light comes as happy a shore,
 Ah the world o'er, all the world
 Is here;
 - Watch away! listen and stay; mirth
 Is here, mirth, fly no more.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

I
 Life and Thought have gone away
 Side by side,
 Leaving door and windows wide
 Careless tenants they!

II
 All within is dark as night;
 In the windows is no light;
 And no murmur at the door,
 So frequent on its hinge before.

III
 Close the door, the shutters close,
 Or thro' the windows we shall
 see
 The nakedness and vacancy
 Of the dark deserted house.

IV
 Come away; no more of mirth
 Is here or merry-making sound.



Life and Thought have gone away
 Side by side

The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

V

Come away ; for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell,
But in a city glorious —
A great and distant city — have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with
us !

THE DYING SWAN

I

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

II

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did
sigh ;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and
still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and
yellow.

III

The wild swan's death-hymn took the
soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow. At first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and
clear ;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach
stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear ;
But anon her awful jubilant voice.
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold ;

As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and
harps of gold.
And the tumult of their acclaim
roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city
To the shepherd who watcheth the
evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clamb
ing weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar
and dank,
And the wavy swell of the sought
reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the ed
ing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers th
through
The desolate creeks and pools among
Were flooded over with eddying
soul

A DIRGE

I

Now is done thy long day's work ;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

II

Thee nor carketh care nor slander ;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

III

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed ;
Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny ?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

IV

Crocodiles wept tears for thee ;
The woodbine and eglare
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tears
Let them rave.

as music in the tree
 green that folds thy grave.
 at them rave.

V

as blow, self-pleached deep,
 as, faint and pale,
 purples of the dale.
 at them rave.
 as very shower creep
 green that folds thy grave.
 at them rave.

VI

as-eyed kingcups fine,
 bluebell peereth over
 lery of the purple clover.
 at them rave.
 as no such couch as thine,
 green that folds thy grave.
 at them rave.

VII

as wander here and there;
 at gift of speech abused
 as memory confused;
 but let them rave,
 as cricket carols clear
 as that folds thy grave.
 at them rave.

LOVE AND DEATH

as the mighty moon was
 shering light
 as the thymy plots of Para-
 as about him rolled his lustrous
 as,
 as round a cassia, full in
 as
 as talking all alone beneath a
 as
 as to himself, first met his
 as
 as 'be gone,' said Death, 'these
 as are mine.'
 as 'I spread his sheeny vans
 as
 as parted said, 'This hour is

as the shadow of life and as
 as
 as the sun and shadows all
 as

So in the light of great eternity
 Life eminent creates the shade of death.
 The shadow passeth when the tree
 shall fall,
 But I shall reign for ever over all.'

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA

My heart is wasted with my woe,
 Oriana.
 There is no rest for me below,
 Oriana.
 When the long dun wolds are ribb'd
 with snow,
 And loud the Norland whirlwinds
 blow,
 Oriana,
 Alone I wander to and fro,
 Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing, 10
 Oriana,
 At midnight the cock was crowing,
 Oriana;
 Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
 We heard the steeds to battle going,
 Oriana,
 Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
 Oriana.

In the yew wood black as night,
 Oriana, 20
 Ere I rode into the fight,
 Oriana,
 While blissful tears blinded my sight
 By star shine and by moonlight,
 Oriana,
 I to thee my troth did plight,
 Oriana

She stood upon the castle wall,
 Oriana;
 She watch'd my crest among the m
 Oriana;
 She saw me fight, she heard me cal
 When forth there stepped a footma
 tall,
 Oriana
 Atween me and the castle wall
 Oriana

The bitter arrow went a-ride,
 Oriana;
 The false, false arrow went a-ide
 Oriana,



'I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana'

The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my
 bride,
 Oriana!
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
 Oriana!

O, narrow, narrow was the space,
 Oriana!
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
 Oriana.
O, deathful stabs were dealt apace, 50
The battle deepen'd in its place,
 Oriana;
But I was down upon my face,
 Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I
 lay,
 Oriana!

How could I rise and come away,
 Oriana?
How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabb'd me where I
 lay,
 Oriana—
They should have trod me into clay,
 Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break,
 Oriana!
O pale, pale face so sweet and me
 Oriana!
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,
And then the tears run down
 check,
 Oriana.
What wantest thou? whom dost thou
 seek,
 Oriana?

and : none hear my cries,
 Oriana.
 earnest atween me and the
 skies.

Oriana.
 e tears of blood arise
 my heart unto my eyes,
 Oriana.
 thy heart my arrow lies, so
 Oriana.

d hand! O cursed blow
 Oriana!
 y thou that liest low,
 Oriana!
 at the silence seems to flow
 me in my utter woe,
 Oriana.
 y, weary way I go,
 Oriana! 90

Norland winds pipe down the
 sea.

Oriana.
 I dare not think of thee,
 Oriana.
 est beneath the greenwood tree,
 not die and come to thee,
 Oriana.
 the roaring of the sea,
 Oriana.

CIRCUMSTANCE

children in two neighbor villages
 mad pranks along the heathy
 eas:
 rangers meeting at a festival;
 were whispering by an orchard
 wall;
 ives bound fast in one with
 golden ease;
 raves grass-green beside a gray
 church-tower,
 with still rains and daisy-blos-
 somed:
 children in one hamlet born and
 bred:
 a the round of life from hour
 to hour.

THE MERMAN

I

Who would be
 A merman bold,

Sitting alone
 Singing alone
 Under the sea,
 With a crown of gold,
 On a throne?

II

I would be a merman bold,
 I would sit and sing the whole of the
 day;
 I would fill the sea-halls with a voice
 of power;
 But at night I would roam abroad
 and play
 With the mermaids in and out of the
 rocks,
 Dressing their hair with the white
 sea-flower;
 And holding them back by their flow-
 ing locks
 I would kiss them often under the sea,
 And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
 Laughingly, laughingly;
 And then we would wander away,
 away,
 To the pale-green sea-groves straight
 and high,
 Chasing each other merrily.

III

There would be neither moon nor star,
 But the wave would make music
 above us afar—
 Low thunder and light in the magic
 night—
 Neither moon nor star.
 We would call aloud in the dreamy
 dells,
 Call to each other and whoop and cry
 All night, merrily, merrily.
 They would pelt me with starry span-
 gles and shells,
 Laughing and clapping their hands
 between,
 All night, merrily, merrily,
 But I would throw to them back in
 mine
 Turkis and agate and almondlue;
 Then leaping out upon them unseen
 I would kiss them often under the sea,
 And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
 Laughingly, laughingly.
 O, what a happy life were mine
 Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
 Soft are the moss-beds under the sea:
 We would live merrily, merrily.

THE MERMAID

I

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

II

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of
the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb
my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and
say,
'Who is it loves me? who loves not
me?'
I would comb my hair till my ringlets
would fall
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of
gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central
deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sat, and look
in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love
of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III

But at night I would wander away,
away,
I would fling on each side my low-
flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and
play
With the mermen in and out of the
rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide
and seek,

On the broad seawolds in the cel-
son shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighe-
sea.
But if any came near I would c-
and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave
would leap
From the diamond-ledges that
from the dells;
For I would not be kiss'd by all w-
would list
Of the bold merry mermen under
sea.
They would sue me, and woo me, s-
flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the s-
But the king of them all would ca-
me,
Woo me, and win me, and ma-
me,
In the branching jaspers under
sea.
Then all the dry pied things that b-
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver foot
lently,
All looking up for the love of me,
And if I should carol aloud,
aloft
All things that are forked, and ho-
and soft
Would lean out from the hollow m-
of the sea,
All looking down for the love of

ADELINE

I

MYSTERY of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divin-
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair
With thy floating flaxen hair
Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my
Wherefore those dim looks of
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

II

Whence that aery bloom of thine
Like a lily which the sun
Looks thro' in his sad decline.
And a rose-bush leans upon,

ADELINE

Thou that faintly smilest still,
As a Naiad in a well,
Looking at the set of day,
Or at dawn on two hours old
Of a maiden past away,
Ever the placid lips be cold?
Wherefore those faint smiles of
thine?

Spirit of Adeline?

III

What is it, fear or joy is thine?
What waketh with thee, Adeline?
For thou art not all alone,
In beating hearts of salient
strings.
Know'st thou sure with thine own?
Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their
wings?
In stillest evenings
When the violet wooes
Thou hearest the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,

How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou look'd upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

IV

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind
Some spirit of a crimson rose
In love with thee forgets to close
His curtains, wasting odorous
All night long on darkness blind.
What alleth thee? whom waitest thou
With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow
And those dew-lit eyes of thine
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?

V

Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side of them
Dripping with Subsean spice



'The low-tongued Orient'

On thy pillow, lowly bent

With melodious airs lovelorn,
Breathing Light against thy face,
While his locks a-drooping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring
Make a carcanet of rays,
And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith Spring
Letters cowslips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine,
Spiritual Adeline.

MARGARET

I

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect
pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo flower?
From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
From all things outward you have
won
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
Between the rainbow and the
sun.
The very smile before you speak,
That dimples your transparent cheek,
Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
The senses with a still delight
Of dainty sorrow without sound,
Like the tender amber round
Which the moon about her spread-
eth,
Moving thro' a fleecy night.

II

You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life.
Your spirit is the calmed sea,
Laid by the tumult of the fight.
You are the evening star, alway
Remaining betwixt dark and
bright;
Tull'd echoes of laborious day
Come to you, gleams of mellow
light
Float by you on the verge of
night.

III

What can it matter, Margaret,
What songs below the
stars
The lion-heart, Plantagenet,
Sang, looking thro' his
bars?
Exquisite Margaret, who can't
The last wild thought of Chate
Just ere the falling axe did
The burning brain from th
heart,
Even in her sight he loved so w

IV

A fairy shield your Genius made
And gave you on your nat
Your sorrow, only sorrow's sha
Keeps real sorrow far away
You move not in such solitudes
You are not less divine,
But more human in your mood
Than your twin-sister, Ade
Your hair is darker, and your e
Touch'd with a somewhat
hue,
And less aerially blue,
But ever trembling thro' th
Of dainty-woeful sympathies.

V

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
Come down, come down, and h
speak.
Tie up the ringlets on your che
The sun is just about to set
The arching limes are tall and s
And faint, rainy lights are
Moving in the leavy beech.
Rise from the feast of sorrow, l
Where all day long you
tween
Joy and woe, and whisper
Or only look across the lawn,
Look out below your bower-
Look down, and let your blu
dawn
Upon me thro' the jasmine-le

ROSALIND

I

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
My frolic falcon, with bright ey

t. from any height
 that wing the skies,
 Rosalind,
 wild-eyed falcon,

find and weather,
 that game spy ye,
 screaming wind?

II
 'a closest-caroll'd

ing up the sea,
 between the rains,
 ing down the lea,
 n, the very wind,
 upon his way,
 dip to the plains,
 bold and free
 a Rosalind.
 another's pains,
 he soul of joy,
 without alloy.
 glances thro' your

thousand ways,
 as in subtle rays,
 are keen and bright,
 sh, watching still
 / with pointed light;
 ey flash and glitter
 a dancing rill,
 are seeming-bitter,
 at seeming-bitter
 vift delight.

III
 home, my Rosalind,
 wk, my Rosalind.
 p the upper skies;
 roam and wheel at

d your random eyes,
 om they kill,
 whose brilliant hue
 sh to view,
 ower in the dew,
 rise. We must bind
 t, my Rosalind,
 id-eyed Rosalind,
 ings, and make you

red you from above,
 of frolic flight, by
 it,

From North to South,
 We'll bind you fast in silken cords,
 And kiss away the bitter words
 From off your rosy mouth.

ELEĀNORE

I

Thy dark eyes open'd not,
 Nor first reveal'd themselves to Eng-
 lish air,
 For there is nothing here
 Which, from the outward to the in-
 ward brought,
 Moulded thy baby thought.
 Far off from human neighborhood
 Thou wert born, on a summer
 morn,
 A mile beneath the cedar-wood.
 Thy bounteous forehead was not fann'd
 With breezes from our oaken
 glades,
 But thou wert nursed in some delicious
 land

Of lavish lights, and floating
 shades;
 And flattering thy childish thought
 The oriental fairy brought,
 At the moment of thy birth,
 From old well-heads of haunted rills,
 And the hearts of purple hills,
 And shadow'd coves on a sunny shore,
 The choicest wealth of all the
 earth,
 Jewel or shell, or starry ore,
 To deck thy cradle, Eleānore.

II

Or the yellow-banded bees,
 Thro' half-open lattices
 Coming in the scented breeze,
 Fed thee, a child, lying alone,
 With whitest honey in fairy gar-
 dens cull'd —
 A glorious child, dreaming alone,
 In silk-soft folds, upon yielding down,
 With the hum of swarming bees
 Into dreamful slumber lull'd.

III

Who may minister to thee?
 Summer herself should minister
 To thee, with fruitage golden-rinded
 On golden salvers, or it may be,
 Youngest Autumn, in a bower

Grape-thicken'd from the light, and
 blinded
 With many a deep-hued bell-like
 flower
 Of fragrant trailers, when the air
 Sleepeth over all the heaven,
 And the crag that fronts the even, 40
 All along the shadowing shore,
 Crimsons over an inland mere.
 Eleänore!

IV

How may full-sail'd verse express,
 How may measured words adore
 The full-flowing harmony
 Of thy swan-like stateliness,
 Eleänore?
 The luxuriant symmetry
 Of thy floating gracefulness, 50
 Eleänore?
 Every turn and glance of thine,
 Every lineament divine,
 Eleänore,
 And the steady sunset glow
 That stays upon thee? For in thee
 Is nothing sudden, nothing single;
 Like two streams of incense free
 From one censer in one shrine, 60
 Thought and motion mingle,
 Mingle ever. Motions flow
 To one another, even as tho'
 They were modulated so
 To an unheard melody,
 Which lives about thee, and a sweep
 Of richest pauses, evermore
 Drawn from each other mellow-deep:
 Who may express thee, Eleänore?

V

I stand before thee, Eleänore:
 I see thy beauty gradually unfold,
 Daily and hourly, more and more. 71
 I muse, as in a trance, the while
 Slowly, as from a cloud of gold,
 Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile.
 I muse, as in a trance, when'er
 The languors of thy love-deep eyes
 Float on to me. I would I were
 So tranced, so rapt in ecstasies,
 To stand apart, and to adore, 80
 Gazing on thee for evermore,
 Serene, imperial Eleänore!

VI

Sometimes, with most intensity
 Gazing, I seem to see

Thought folded over thought, and
 asleep,
 Slowly awaken'd, grow so full
 deep
 In thy large eyes that, overpower
 quite,
 I cannot veil or droop my sight,
 But am as nothing in its light.
 As tho' a star, in inmost heaven
 Even while we gaze on it,
 Should slowly round his orb,
 slowly grow
 To a full face, there like a sun
 Fix'd — then as slowly fade again,
 And draw itself to what it
 before;
 So full, so deep, so slow,
 Thought seems to come and go
 In thy large eyes, imperial I
 nore.

VII

As thunder-clouds that, hung on h
 Roof'd the world with doubt and
 Floating thro' an evening atmosph
 Grow golden all about the sky;
 In thee all passion becomes passion
 Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness
 Losing his fire and active might
 In a silent meditation,
 Falling into a still delight,
 And luxury of contemplation,
 As waves that up a quiet cove
 Rolling slide, and lying still
 Shadow forth the banks at will
 Or sometimes they swell and move
 Pressing up against the land
 With motions of the outer sea;
 And the self-same influence
 Controlleth all the soul and sense
 Of Passion gazing upon thee.
 His bow-string slacken'd, langu
 Love,
 Leaning his cheek upon his han
 Droops both his wings, regard
 thee,
 And so would languish evermore,
 Serene, imperial Eleänore.

VIII

But when I see thee roam, with tre
 unconfined,
 While the amorous odorous wind
 Breathes low between the sunset
 the moon;
 Or, in a shadowy saloon,

EARLY SONNETS

A silken cushions half reclined ;
 I watch thy grace, and in its
 place
 My heart a charmed slumber keeps,
 While I muse upon thy face ;
 And a languid fire creeps ¹³⁰
 Thro' my veins to all my frame,
 Dissolvingly and slowly. Soon
 From thy rose-red lips my name
 Floweth ; and then, as in a swoon,
 With dinning sound my ears are rife.
 My tremulous tongue faltereth,
 I lose my color, I lose my breath,
 I drink the cup of a costly death,
 Brimm'd with delirious draughts of
 warmest life.
 I die with my delight before ¹⁴⁰
 I hear what I would hear from
 thee ;
 Yet tell my name again to me,
 I *would* be dying evermore,
 So dying ever, Eleánore.

KATE

I know her by her angry air,
 Her bright black eyes, her bright
 black hair,
 Her rapid laughter wild and shrill.
 As laughter of the woodpecker
 From the bosom of a hill.
 'Tis Kate — she sayeth what she
 will ;
 For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
 Clear as the twanging of a harp.
 Her heart is like a throbbing star.
 Kate hath a spirit ever strung
 Like a new bow, and bright and
 sharp
 As edges of the scimitar.
 Whence shall she take a fitting mate ?
 For Kate no common love will feel ;
 My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
 As pure and true as blades of steel.

Kate saith 'the world is void of might.'
 Kate saith 'the men are gilded flies.'
 Kate snaps her fingers at my vows :
 Kate will not hear of lovers' sighs.
 I would I were an armed knight,
 Far-famed for well-won enterprise,
 And wearing on my swarthy brows
 The garland of new-wreathed em-
 prise ;
 For in a moment I would pierce

The blackest files of clanging fight,
 And strongly strike to left and right
 In dreaming of my lady's eyes.

O, Kate loves well the bold a
 fierce ;
 But none are bold enough for Kate,
 She cannot find a fitting mate.

'MY LIFE IS FULL OF WEARY DAYS'

My life is full of weary days,
 But good things have not kept aloof
 Nor wander'd into other ways ;
 I have not lack'd thy mild reproof
 Nor golden largess of thy praise.

And now shake hands across the bri
 Of that deep grave to which I go,
 Shake hands once more ; I cannot sit
 So far — far down, but I shall kno
 Thy voice, and answer from belo

When in the darkness over me
 The four-handed mole shall scrape
 Plant thou no dusky cypress-tree,
 Nor wreath thy cap with doleful
 crape,
 But pledge me in the flowing gray

And when the sappy field and wood
 Grow green beneath the showe
 gray,
 And rugged barks begin to bud,
 And thro' damp holts new-flush
 with may,
 Ring sudden scritchings of the jay,

Then let wise Nature work her will
 And on my clay her darnel grow :
 Come only, when the days are still,
 And at my headstone whisper low
 And tell me if the woodbines blow

EARLY SONNETS

I

TO —

As when with downcast eyes we mu
 and brood,
 And ebb into a former life, or seem
 To lapse far back in some confus
 dream
 To states of mystical similitude,

If one but speaks or hems or stirs his
 chair,
 Ever the wonder waxeth more and
 more,
 So that we say, 'All this hath been
 before,
 All this hath been, I know not when
 or where ;'
 So, friend, when first I look'd upon
 your face,
 Our thought gave answer each to
 each, so true —
 Opposed mirrors each reflecting each —
 That, tho' I knew not in what time or
 place,
 Methought that I had often met with
 you,
 And either lived in either's heart and
 speech.

II

✓ TO J. M. K.

My hope and heart is with thee — thou
 wilt be
 A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest
 To scare church-harpies from the
 master's feast ;
 Our dusted velvets have much need
 of thee :
 Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old
 saws,
 Distill'd from some worm-canker'd
 homily ;
 But spurr'd at heart with fieriest energy
 To embattail and to wall about thy
 cause
 With iron-worded proof, hating to
 hark
 The humming of the drowsy pulpit-
 drone
 Half God's good Sabbath, while the
 worn-out clerk
 Brow-beats his desk below. Thou
 from a throne
 Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the
 dark
 Arrows of lightnings. I will stand
 and mark.

III

Mine be the strength of spirit, full
 and free,
 Like some broad river rushing down
 alone,

With the selfsame impulse when
 he was thrown
 From his loud fount upon the ecl
 sea ; —
 Which with increasing might
 forward flee
 By town, and tower, and hill,
 cape, and isle,
 And in the middle of the green sea
 Keeps his blue waters fresh for
 a mile.
 Mine be the power which ever
 sway
 Will win the wise at once, and
 degrees
 May into uncongenial spirits flow
 Even as the warm gulf-stream
 Florida
 Floats far away into the Northern
 The lavish growths of southern
 ico.

IV

ALEXANDER

WARRIOR of God, whose strong
 arm debased
 The throne of Persia, when her S
 bled
 At Issus by the Syrian gates, or :
 Beyond the Memmian naphtha
 disgraced
 For ever — thee (thy pathway
 erased)
 Gliding with equal crowns two
 pents led
 Joyful to that palm-planted four
 fed
 Ammonian Oasis in the waste.
 There in a silent shade of laurel b
 Apart the Chamian Oracle divine
 Shelter'd his unapproached myst
 High things were spoken there
 handed down ;
 Only they saw thee from the s
 shrine
 Returning with hot cheek and ki
 eyes.

V

BUONAPARTE

HE thought to quell the stul
 hearts of oak,
 Madman ! — to chain with chains
 bind with bands

I queen who sways the
 sand lands
 to Ind, but in fair daylight
 a, her wooden walls, — lit by
 : hands, —
 nders, and with lightnings,
 l with smoke, —
 r peal, the British battle
 oks,
 the brine against the Coptic
 nds.
 ght him lowlier moods, when
 more
 he war moan along the distant
 ns,
 g with shatter'd spars, with
 sudden fires
 i ever; at Trafalgar yet once
 more
 ight him; late he learned hu-
 mility
 ns, like those whom Gideon
 school'd with briars.

VI

POLAND

long, O God, shall men be ridden
 down,
 trampled under by the last and
 least
 men? The heart of Poland hath
 not ceased
 quiver, tho' her sacred blood doth
 drown
 fields, and out of every smoulder-
 ing town
 s to Thee, lest brute Power be in-
 creased,
 that o'ergrown Barbarian in the
 East
 agress his ample bound to some
 new crown, —
 s to Thee, 'Lord, how long shall
 these things be?
 ' long this icy-hearted Musco-
 vite
 sees the region?' 'Ua, O Just and
 Good,
 give, who smiled when she was
 torn in three;
 who stand now, when we should
 aid the right —
 better to be wept with tears of
 blood!

VII

CARESS'D or chidden by the slender
 hand,
 And singing airy trifles this or that,
 Light Hope at Beauty's call would
 perch and stand,
 And run thro' every change of sharp
 and flat;
 And Fancy came and at her pillow sat,
 When Sleep had bound her in his
 rosy band,
 And chased away the still-recurring
 gnat,
 And woke her with a lay from fairy
 land.
 But now they live with Beauty less
 and less,
 For Hope is other Hope and wanders
 far,
 Nor cares to hie in love's delicious
 creeds;
 And Fancy watches in the wilderness,
 Poor Fancy sadder than a single star,
 That sets at twilight in a land of reeds.

VIII

THE form, the form alone is eloquent!
 A nobler yearning never broke her rest
 Than but to dance and sing, be gaily
 drest,
 And win all eyes with all accomplish-
 ment;
 Yet in the whirling dances as we went,
 My fancy made me for a moment blest
 To find my heart so near the beauti-
 ous breast
 That once had power to rob it of con-
 tent.
 A moment came the tenderness of
 tears,
 The phantom of a wish that once could
 move,
 A ghost of passion that no smiles re-
 store —
 For ah! the slight coquette, she can
 not love,
 And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand
 years,
 She still would take the praise, and
 care no more.

IX

WAN Sculptor, weep not thou to take
 the cast
 Of these dead lineaments that bear
 thee lie?

O, sorrowest thou, pale Painter, for
the past,
In painting some dead friend from
memory?
Weep on; beyond his object Love can
last.
His object lives; more cause to weep
have I:
My tears, no tears of love, are flowing
fast,
No tears of love, but tears that Love
can die.
I pledge her not in any cheerful cup,
Nor care to sit beside her where she
sits—
Ah! pity—hint it not in human tones,
But breathe it into earth and close it
up
With secret death for ever, in the
pits
Which some green Christmas crams
with weary bones.

X

If I were loved, as I desire to be,
What is there in the great sphere of
the earth,
And range of evil between death and
birth,
That I should fear,—if I were loved
by thee?
All the inner, all the outer world of
pain
Clear Love would pierce and cleave,
if thou wert mine,
As I have heard that, somewhere in
the main,
Fresh-water springs come up through
bitter brine.
'T were joy, not fear, claspt hand-in-
hand with thee,

To wait for death—mute—careless
of all ills,
Apart upon a mountain, tho' the
surge
Of some new deluge from a thousand
hills
Flung leagues of roaring foam in
the gorge
Below us, as far on as eye could see

XI

THE BRIDESMAID

O BRIDESMAID, ere the happy kn
was tied,
Thine eyes so wept that they cou
hardly see;
Thy sister smiled and said, 'No tea
for me!
A happy bridesmaid makes a happ
bride.'
And then, the couple standing side
side,
Love lighted down between them f
of glee,
And over his left shoulder laugh'd
thee.
'O happy bridesmaid, make a happ
bride.'
And all at once a pleasant truth
learn'd,
For while the tender service ma
thee weep,
I loved thee for the tear thou coul
not hide,
And prest thy hand, and knew t
press return'd,
And thought, 'My life is sick of sin
sleep:
O happy bridesmaid, make a happ
bride!'

PART IV

A east-wind straining,
 The woods were waning,
 Stream in his banks com-
 daining.

A low sky raining
 A tower of Camelot;
 And what found a boat
 A shadow left afloat,
 As on the prow she wrote
 A lady of Shalott.

the river's dim expanse
 lay soft in a trance,
 its own mischance—
 its own maintenance.

130 I she look to Camelot,
 the best of the day
 the child, and down she
 lay
 she can bore her far away,
 the lady of Shalott.

• ... my white
 • ... and right
 • ... wing light
 • ... light
 • ... to Channel
 • ... along in
 • ... and
 • ... last song,
 • ...

[illegible][illegible]

1. I am a member of the
2. I am a member of the

Died the sound of royal cheer ;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot :
But Lancelot mused a little space ;
He said, ' She has a lovely face ;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.' 176

MARLANA IN THE SOUTH

WITH one black shadow at its feet,
 The house thro' all the level shingles,
 Close-latticed to the brooding heat,
 And silent in its dusty vines;
 A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
 An empty river-bed before,
 And shallows on a distant shore,
 In glaring sand and inlets bright.
 But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,
 And 'Ave Mary,' night and
 morn,
 And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all
 alone,
 To live forgotten, and love for-
 lorn.'

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Three rosy taper fingers drew
Her screaming curls of deepest
brown
To left and right, and made appear
Still lighted in a secret shrine
Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear,
And 'Ave Mary,' was her moan
'Madonna, sad is night and
morn,'
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all
alone,
To be forgotten, and love for
lost.'

Till all the crimson changed, and
 red
 To keep her name for the sea,
 Love of her love, the only to cast
 But she, Ourselves, and she
 Compared to "M. the only to cast
 To help me, and we, my hand"
 And, as the "M. the only to cast
 There, as the "M. the only to cast
 "Is the only to cast, she made her
 name,
 "That which is praised night and
 noon?"

36 THE LADY OF SHALOTT AND OTHER POEMS

And 'Ah,' she said, 'but I wake
alone,
I sleep forgotten, I wake for-
lorn.'

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would
bleat,

She breathed in sleep a
moan,
And murmuring, as at
and morn,
She thought, 'My spirit is
alone,
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn'



'Low on her knees herself she cast,
Before Our Lady'

Nor any cloud would cross the
vault,
But day increased from heat to heat.
On stony drought and steaming
salt;
Till now at noon she slept again,
And seem'd knee-deep in mountain
grass,
And heard her native breezes pass,
And runlets babbling down the glen.

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream
She felt he was and was not there
She woke; the babble of the stream
Fell, and, without, the steady rain;
Shrank one sick willow scarce
small.
The river-bed was dusty-white
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding sun
She whisper'd, with a stifled cry

inward than at night or
 21.

Mother, let me not here
 e
 forgotten and die forlorn.'

from her bosom drew 61
 a breathing of her worth,
 they said, 'must needs be
 62.

's loveliest upon earth.'
 em'd to pass the door,
 her with slight, and say
 thy beauty flows away,
 for evermore.'
 4 heart,' she changed her
 e.

cruel love, whose end is
 70
 he end to be left alone,
 re forgotten, and die for-
 11'

nes in the falling day
 seemed to pass the door,
 her eyes and say,
 what be alone no more.'
 2 downward over all
 to heat the day decreased,
 ly rounded to the east

ck shadow from the wall
 ay to night,' she made her
 61

Thy to night, the night to
 70
 y and night I am left alone
 re forgotten, and love for-
 11'

edibly sing,
 61 and as of the sun;
 to let a blind she thing,
 upon the balcony,
 62 roses bright

61 glitter'd on her tears,
 62 through the silent
 63

61 even rose the night
 62 then she made her

61 light comes on that knows
 62

I shall cease to be and
 61 forgotten, and love for-
 62'

THE TWO VOICES

A STILL small voice spake unto me,
 'Thou art so full of misery,
 Were it not better not to be?'

Then to the still small voice I said:
 'Let me not cast in endless shade
 What is so wonderfully made.'

To which the voice did urge reply:
 'To-day I saw the dragon-fly
 Come from the wells where he did lie.

'An inner impulse rent the veil 60
 Of his old husk; from head to tail
 Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

'He dried his wings; like gauze they
 grew;
 Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
 A living flash of light he flew.'

I said: 'When first the world began,
 Young Nature thro' five cycles ran,
 And in the sixth she moulded man.

'She gave him mind, the lordliest
 Proportion, and, above the rest, 62
 Dominion in the head and breast.'

Then to the silent voice replied:
 'Soft blinded are you by your pride
 Look up th' night; the world is wide

'This truth within thy mind rehearse,
 That in a boundless universe
 Is boundless better, boundless worse

'Think you this mould of hopes and
 61 fears
 Could find no statelier than his peers
 In ponder'd hundred million spheres?

It spake, moreover, from a child
 'Thou thou wert scattered to the wind
 Yet is the plenty of the world'

Then did my response grow ever tall
 'No one could but thus say this ball
 Is like at other times and all'

To which the voice did urge reply:
 'Good, but suppose I were to die
 61 then

Who'll weep for thy deficiency?

'Or will one beam be less intense, 40
When thy peculiar difference
Is cancell'd in the world of sense?'

I would have said, 'Thou canst not
know,'
But my full heart, that work'd below,
Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

Again the voice spake unto me:
'Thou art so steep'd in misery,
Surely 't were better not to be.

'Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
Nor any train of reason keep; 50
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt
weep.'

I said: 'The years with change ad-
vance;
If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance.

'Some turn this sickness yet might
take,
Even yet.' But he: 'What drug can
make
A wither'd palsy cease to shake?'

I wept: 'Tho' I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow; 60

'And men, thro' novel spheres of
thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not.'

'Yet,' said the secret voice, 'some
time,
Sooner or later, will gray prime
Make thy grass hoar with early rime.

'Not less swift souls that yearn for
light,
Rapt after heaven's starry flight,
Would sweep the tracts of day and
night.

'Not less the bee would range her cells,
The furzy prickly fire the dells, 71
The foxglove cluster dappled bells.'

I said that 'all the years invent;
Each month is various to present
The world with some development.

'Were this not well, to b
hour,
Tho' watching from a ruin'd
How grows the day of human

'The highest-mounted mind,
'Still sees the sacred morning
The silent summit overhead.

'Will thirty seasons render p
Those lonely lights that still
Just breaking over land and

'Or make that morn, from
crown
And crystal silence creeping
Flood with full daylight g
town?

'Forerun thy peers, thy t
let
Thy feet, millenniums hence,
In midst of knowledge, dre
yet.

'Thou hast not gain'd a real
Nor art thou nearer to the lig
Because the scale is infinite.

'T were better not to breathe
Than cry for strength, r
weak,
And seem to find, but still to

'Moreover, but to seem to fir
Asks what thou lackest,
resign'd,
A healthy frame, a quiet min

I said: 'When I am gone aw
'He dared not tarry,' men
Doing dishonor to my clay.'

'This is more vile,' he made
'To breathe and loathe, to
sigh,
Than once from dread of pair

'Sick art thou — a divided w
Still heaping on the fear of il
The fear of men, a coward st

'Do men love thee? Art
bound
To men that how thy name m
Will vex thee lying undergre

memory of the wither'd leaf
 a time is scarce more brief
 the garner'd autumn-sheaf.

and spirit, sleep in trust;
 I fear that is fill'd with dust
 the of the false or just.

ask, to pluck resolve,' I cried,
 emptiness and the waste wide
 abyss, or scornful pride! 120

rather yet that I could raise
 that warm'd me in the days
 I I yearn'd for human praise.

wide in soul and bold of
 ague,
 the tents I paused and sung,
 and battle dash'd and rung.

the joyful Pean clear,
 sing, burnish'd without fear
 and, the buckler, and the
 spear —

to strive a happy strife, 130
 with falsehood to the knife,
 to lose the good of life —

hidden principle to move,
 together, part and prove,
 the bounds of hate and
 love —

as might be, to carve out
 are for every human doubt,
 the whole mind might orb
 about —

uch thro' all I felt or saw,
 rings of life, the depths of awe,
 and the law within the law; 141

and, not rotting like a weed,
 sowing some generous seed,
 and of further thought and deed,

and, when Life her light with-
 draws,
 and of righteous self-applause,
 a merely selfish cause —

and good cause, not in mine own,
 and, wept for, honor'd, known,
 and a warrior overthrown; 150

'Whose eyes are dim with glorious
 tears,
 When, soil'd with noble dust, he
 hears

His country's war-song thrill his ears:

'Then dying of a mortal stroke,
 What time the foeman's line is broke
 And all the war is roll'd in smoke.'

'Yea!' said the voice, 'thy dream was
 good,
 While thou abodest in the bud.
 It was the stirring of the blood.

'If Nature put not forth her power
 About the opening of the flower, 16
 Who is it that could live an hour?

'Then comes the check, the change,
 the fall,
 Pain rises up, old pleasures pall.
 There is one remedy for all.

'Yet hadst thou, thro' enduring pain,
 Link'd month to month with such a
 chain
 Of knitted purport, all were vain.

'Thou hadst not between death and
 birth
 Dissolved the riddle of the earth. 170
 So were thy labor little worth.

'That men with knowledge merely
 play'd,
 I told thee — hardly nigher made,
 Tho' scaling slow from grade to grade;

'Much less this dreamer, deaf and
 blind,
 Named man, may hope some truth to
 find,
 That bears relation to the mind.

'For every worm beneath the moon
 Draws different threads, and late and
 soon
 Spins, toiling out his own cocoon. 180

'Cry, faint not: either Truth is born
 Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,
 Or in the gateways of the morn.

'Cry, faint not, climb: the summits
 slope

40 THE LADY OF SHALOTT AND OTHER POEMS

Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to
cope.

'Sometimes a little corner shines,
As over rainy mist inclines
A gleaming crag with belts of pines.

'I will go forward, sayest thou, 190
I shall not fail to find her now.
Look up, the fold is on her brow.

'If straight thy track, or if oblique,
Thou know'st not. Shadows thou dost
strike,
Embracing cloud, Ixion-like ;

'And owning but a little more
Than beasts, abidest lame and poor,
Calling thyself a little lower

'Than angels. Cease to wail and
brawl!
Why inch by inch to darkness crawl ?
There is one remedy for all.' 201

'O dull, one-sided voice,' said I,
'Wilt thou make everything a lie,
To flatter me that I may die ?

'I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and
deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds.

'I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven :

'Who, rowing hard against the
stream, 211
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream ;

'But heard, by secret transport led,
Even in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head —

'Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forebore, and did not tire,
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

'He heeded not reviling tones, 220
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Tho' cursed and scorn'd, and bruised
with stones ;

'But looking upward, full of ~~grat~~
He pray'd, and from a happy ~~plac~~
God's glory smote him on the ~~fac~~

The sullen answer slid betwixt :
'Not that the grounds of hope
fix'd,
The elements were kindlier mix'd.

I said : 'I toil beneath the curse,
But, knowing not the universe,
I fear to slide from bad to worse ;

'And that, in seeking to undo
One riddle, and to find the true,
I knit a hundred others new ;

'Or that this anguish fleeting ~~henc~~
Unmanacled from bonds of ~~sens~~,
Be fix'd and frozen to ~~permanence~~

'For I go, weak from suffering ~~had~~
Naked I go, and void of cheer :
What is it that I may not fear ?'

'Consider well,' the voice replied,
'His face, that two hours ~~since~~ ~~he~~
died ;
Wilt thou find passion, pain or ~~pr~~

'Will he obey when one ~~command~~
Or answer should one press his ~~hand~~
He answers not, nor ~~understands~~.

'His palms are folded on his ~~breast~~
There is no other thing ~~express'd~~
But long disquiet merged in ~~rest~~.

'His lips are very mild and ~~meek~~ ;
Tho' one should smite him on ~~the~~
cheek,
And on the mouth, he will not ~~speak~~

'His little daughter, whose ~~sweet~~ ~~if~~
He kiss'd, taking his last ~~embrace~~,
Becomes dishonor to her ~~race~~ —

'His sons grow up that ~~bear~~
name,
Some grow to honor, some to ~~shame~~
But he is chill to praise or ~~blame~~.

'He will not hear the north-wind ~~ra~~
Nor, moaning, household ~~shel~~
cave
From winter rains that beat his ~~gra~~

ors fold and swim;
the twilight dim;
forgetteih him.'

ague voice, 'I said,
wrapt in doubt and
show the dead are

up; the plant de-
heart divina.
cath? the outward

270

when my years were
graves I knew,
the village yew.

o grave the shadow
the morning wept;
feet the daisy slept.

aces crown'd his head:
art Lord," they said,
otion in the dead!"

et in dreamless ease, 280
ain fact, as taught by
a sure that he shall

hat other influence,
ward evidence,
doubts against the

fatal gift of eyes,
pirit blindly wise,
a thing that dies.

haping wings to fly;
odes a mystery; 290
same Eternity.

Perfect in his mind
he nowhere find.
If on every wind.

near a Heavenly Friend,
e veils to apprehend
ig to an end.

'The end and the beginning vex
His reason: many things perplex,
With motions, checks, and counter
checks. 300

'He knows a baseness in his blood
At such strange war with something
good,
He may not do the thing he would.

'Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half shown, are broken and with-
drawn.

'Ah! sure within him and without,
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his doubt,

'But thou canst answer not again. 310
With thine own weapon art thou
slain,
Or thou wilt answer but in vain.

'The doubt would rest, I dare not
solve.
In the same circle we revolve.
Assurance only breeds resolve.'

As when a billow, blown against,
Falls back, the voice with which I
fenced
A little ceased, but recommenced:

'Where wert thou when thy father
play'd
In his free field, and pastime made, 320
A merry boy in sun and shade?

'A merry boy they call'd him then,
He sat upon the knees of men
In days that never come again;

'Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and
ran
Their course, till thou wert also man:

'Who took a wife, who rear'd his race,
Whose wrinkles gather'd on his face,
Whose troubles number with his
days; 330

'A life of nothings, nothing worth,
From that first nothing ere his birth
To that last nothing under earth!'

'These words,' I said, 'are like the
rest;
No certain clearness, but at best
A vague suspicion of the breast:

'But if I grant, thou mightst defend
The thesis which thy words intend —
That to begin implies to end;

'Yet how should I for certain hold, 340
Because my memory is so cold,
That I first was in human mould?

'I cannot make this matter plain,
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,
A random arrow from the brain.

'It may be that no life is found,
Which only to one engine bound
Falls off, but cycles always round.

'As old mythologies relate,
Some draught of Lethe might await 350
The slipping thro' from state to
state;

'As here we find in trances, men
Forget the dream that happens then,
Until they fall in trance again;

'So might we, if our state were such
As one before, remember much,
For those two likes might meet and
touch.

'But, if I lapsed from nobler place,
Some legend of a fallen race
Alone might hint of my disgrace; 360

'Some vague emotion of delight
In gazing up an Alpine height,
Some yearning toward the lamps of
night;

'Or if thro' lower lives I came —
Tho' all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame —

'I might forget my weaker lot;
For is not our first year forgot?
The haunts of memory echo not.

'And men, whose reason long was
blind, 370
From cells of madness unconfined,
Oft lose whole years of darker mind.

'Much more, if first I floated free
As naked essence, must I be
Incompetent of memory;

'For memory dealing but with th
And he with matter, could she ch
Beyond her own material prime?

'Moreover, something is or seems
That touches me with m
gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dream

'Of something felt, like somet
here;
Of something done, I know not wh
Such as no language may declare

The still voice laugh'd. 'I talk
he,
'Not with thy dreams. Suffice
Thy pain is a reality.'

'But thou,' said I, 'hast mis
mark,
Who sought'st to wreck my
ark,
By making all the horizon dark

'Why not set forth, if I should
This rashness, that which mi
sue
With this old soul in organs ne

'Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with
breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

'Tis life, whereof our nerve
scant,
O, life, not death, for which was
More life, and fuller, that I want

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn.
Then said the voice, in quiet tone
'Behold, it is the Sabbath morn.

And I arose, and I released
The casement, and the light in
With freshness in the dawning on

Like soften'd airs that blowing at
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church bells began
peal.

THE TWO VOICES

43

house the people prest ;
 place where each must
 410
 d like a welcome guest.

between his wife and child,
 and footfall firm and mild,
 and then he gravely smiled.

at partner of his blood
 him, faithful, gentle, good,
 be rose of womanhood.

in double love secure,
 maiden walk'd demure,
 th downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet, 421
 My frozen heart began to beat,
 Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on ;
 I spoke, but answer came there
 none ;
 The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear,
 A little whisper silver-clear,
 A murmur, ' Be of better cheer.'

As from some blissful neighborhood,
 A notice faintly understood, 431
 'I see the end, and know the good.'



'I wonder'd, while I paced along ;
 The woods were fill'd so full with song '

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
'I may not speak of what I know.'

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes ;

Such seem'd the whisper at my side :
'What is it thou knowest, sweet
voice?' I cried. ⁴⁴⁰

'A hidden hope,' the voice replied ;

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the
shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent. ⁴⁵⁰

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers ;
You scarce could see the grass for
flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along ;
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of
wrong ;

And all so variously wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought ;

And wherefore rather I made choice ⁴⁶⁰
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, 'Rejoice! Re-
joice!'

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes ?
The slow wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without,
And full of dealings with the world ?

In yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round the old
cup —

I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest — gray eyes lit
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so
So healthy, sound, and clear and wise
His memory scarce can make
sad.

Yet fill my glass ; give me one ki
My own sweet Alice, we must
There's somewhat in this world a
Shall be unriddled by and by.
There's somewhat flows to us in l
But more is taken quite away.
Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wi
That we may die the self-same

Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thoug
pain.

Would God renew me from my b
I'd almost live my life again ;
So sweet it seems with thee to wal
And once again to woo thee mi
It seems in after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the win

To be the long and listless boy
Late-left an orphan of the squ
Where this old mansion mounted l
Looks down upon the village sq
For even here, where I and you
Have lived and loved alone so l
Each morn my sleep was broken t
By some wild skylark's matin a

And oft I heard the tender dove
In firry woodlands making mo
But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
I had no motion of my own.
For scarce my life with fancy play
Before I dream'd that plea
dream —

Still hither thither idly sway'd
Like those long mosses in the str

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hea
The milldam rushing down
noise,

And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poi
The tall flag-flowers when they spi
Below the range of stepping-sto

millar's daughter,
he is grown so dear, so dear,
could be the jewel
rattles in her ear;
in ringlets day and night,
A her neck so warm and white.

could be the giraffe
her dainty dainty waist,
heart would beat against me,
row and in rest;
should know if it beat right,
it round as close and tight.

could be the necklace, 181
all day long to fall and rise
er balmy bosom,
her laughter or her sighs;
would lie so light, so light,
should be unclasp'd at night.

rest! which true love spells—
we interprets—right alone.
upon the letter dwells,
the spirit is his own. 190
note words now, in truth
not blame Love. His early
ge
e to make me rhyme in youth.
akes me talk too much in age.

/ those vivid hours are gone,
sine own life to me thou art,
not and Present, wound in one,
ke a garland for the heart;
that other song I made,
nger'd with my happy lot, 200
, when in the chestnut shade
d the blue forget-me-not.

re that hath us in the net,
e he pass, and we forget?
ay sums arise and set;
ay a chance the years beget;
re the gift is Love the debt.

Even so.
re is hurt with jar and fret;
re is made a vague regret; 210
is with idle tears are wet;
e habit links us yet.
at is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

o' mine eyes with thine. True
life,
I my true heart thine arms
stwine;
r dearer life in life,
thro' my very soul with thine!
I'd with any shade of years,
hose kind eyes for ever dwell!

They have not shed a many tears, 221
Dear eyes, since first I knew them
well.

Yet tears they shed; they had their
part

Of sorrow; for when time was
ripe,

The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness past again.

And left a want unknown before;
Although the loss had brought us,
pain,

That loss but made us love the
more, 230

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee;
But that God bless thee, dear—who
wrought

Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can
find.

Arise, and let us wander forth
To yon old mill across the wolds; 240
For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below;
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

FATIMA

O LOVE, Love, Love! O withering
might!

O sun, that from thy noonday height
Shudderest when I strain my sight,
Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light.

Lo, falling from my constant mind.

Lo, parch'd and wither'd, deaf and
blind,

I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours
Below the city's eastern towers:

I thirsted for the brooks, the showers;
I roll'd among the tender flowers;

I crush'd them on my breast, my
mouth:

48 THE LADY OF SHALOTT AND OTHER POEMS

I look'd athwart the burning drouth
Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his
name,
From my swift blood that went and
came

A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.
O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul
thro'

My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know
He cometh quickly; from below
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens,
blow

Before him, striking on my brow.
In my dry brain my spirit soon,
Down-deepening from swoon to
swoon,

Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire,
And from beyond the noon a fire
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher
The skies stoop down in their desire;
And, isled in sudden seas of light,
My heart, pierced thro' with fierce
delight,
Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,
Droops blinded with his shining eye;
I *will* possess him or will die.

I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

X ✓ ENONE

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapor slopes athwart
the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from
pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either
hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges mid-
way down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below
them roars

The long brook falling thro' the ch
ravine

In cataract after cataract to the
Behind the valley topmost Garg
Stands up and takes the morning;
in front

The gorges, opening wide apart,
veal

Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at mo
Mournful Enone, wandering forth
Of Paris, once her playmate on
hills.

Her cheek had lost the rose, and re
her neck

Floated her hair or seem'd to flow
rest.

She, leaning on a fragment tw
with vine,

Sang to the stillness, till the m
tain-shade

Sloped downward to her seat from
upper cliff.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die
For now the noonday quiet holds
bill;

The grasshopper is silent in the gr
The lizard, with his shadow on
stone,

Rests like a shadow, and the wind
dead.

The purple flower droops, the go
bee

Is lily-cradled; I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my hear
love,

My heart is breaking, and my
are dim,

And I am all aweary of my life.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die
Hear me, O earth, hear me, O hill
caves

That house the cold crown'd sm
O mountain brooks,

I am the daughter of a River-God
Hear me, for I will speak, and l
up all

My sorrow with my song, as yo
walls

Rose slowly to a music sh
breathed,

most welcome, seeing
power
est Gods, who have at-
py place and quiet seats
thunder, with undying
130
ge of their own supre-

her Ida, harken ere I die.
and Paris held the costly
s-length, so much the
ht of power
spirit; but Pallas where
ood
part, her clear and bared
d with the brazen-headed
arly shoulder leaning cold,
above, her full and earnest

ow-cold breast and angry
140
a, waiting decision, made

erence, self-knowledge,
control,
e alone lead life to sover-
power.
power (power of herself
se uncall'd for) but to live
aw,
law we live by without
:
me right is right, to follow
t
lom in the scorn of conse-
ace."

other Ida, harken ere I die.
said: "I woo thee not with
150
guerdon could not alter me
Judge thou me by what I

ou find me fairest.

Yet, indeed,
m divinity disrobed
d eyes are frail to judge of
by self-profit, O, rest thee

That I shall love thee well and cleave
to thee,
So that my vigor, wedded to thy
blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a
God's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of
shocks, 160
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance
grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-
grown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom."
Here she ceas'd,
And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, "O
Paris,
Give it to Pallas!" but he heard me
not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is
me!

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful, 170
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Pa-
phian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward
drew
From her warm brows and bosom her
deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid
throat
And shoulder; from the violets her
light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded
form
Between the shadows of the vine-
bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she
moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild
eyes, 180
The herald of her triumph, drawing
nigh
Half-whisper'd in his ear, "I promise
thee
The fairest and most loving wife in
Greece."
She spoke and laugh'd; I shut my
sight for fear;
But when I look'd, Paris had raised
his arm,
And I beheld great Herë's angry eyes.

As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die. 190

'Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest — why fairest wife? am I not
fair?

My love hath told me so a thousand
times.

Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton
pard,

Eyed like the evening star, with play-
ful tail

Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most
loving is she?

Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that
my arms

Were wound about thee, and my hot
lips prest

Close, close to thine in that quick-fall-
ing dew 200

Of fruitful kisses, thick as autumn
rains

Flash in the pools of whirling Simois!

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest
pines,

My tall dark pines, that plumed the
craggy ledge

High over the blue gorge, and all be-
tween

The snowy peak and snow-white cata-
ract

Foster'd the callow eaglet — from be-
neath

Whose thick mysterious boughs in the
dark morn

The panther's roar came muffled, while
I sat 210

Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone (None see the morning mist

Sweep thro' them; never see them
overlaid

With narrow moonlit slips of silver
cloud,

Between the loud stream and the
trembling stars.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd
folds,

Among the fragments tumbled from
the glens,

Or the dry thickets, I could meet
her

The Abominable, that uninvited
Into the fair Pelefan banquet-hall,

And cast the golden fruit upon
board,

And bred this change; that I
speak my mind,

And tell her to her face how mu-
hate

Her presence, hated both of Gods
men.

'O mother, hear me yet before
die.

Hath he not sworn his love a thou-
times,

In this green valley, under this
hill,

Even on this hand, and sitting on
stone?

Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it
tears?

O happy tears, and how unlike
these!

O happy heaven, how canst thou
my face?

O happy earth, how canst thou
my weight?

O death, death, death, thou ever-f-
ing cloud,

There are enough unhappy on
earth,

Pass by the happy souls, that lov-
live;

I pray thee, pass before my high
life,

And shadow all my soul, that I
die.

Thou weighest heavy on the h
within,

Weigh heavy on my eyelids; let
die.

'O mother, hear me yet before I
I will not die alone, for fiery thou,

Do shape themselves within me, n
and more,

Whereof I catch the issue, as I he
Dead sounds at night come from

inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I di

see
My far-off doubtful purpose, a

mother
Conjectures of the features of her c

to be born. Her child! — a shud-
der comes
me: never child be born of me,
lest, to vex me with his father's
eyes!

251

What this may be I know not, but I
know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and
day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.'



'The wind is blowing in turret and tree'

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
O earth, I will not die alone.
Let their shrill happy laughter come
to me
Walking the cold and starless road of
death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
To the Greek woman. I will rise
and go
To Troy, and ere the stars come
forth
I will mix with the wild Cassandra, for she
may
be dances before her, and a sound
as ever in her ears of armed men.

250

THE SISTERS

We were two daughters of one race;
She was the fairest in the face.
The wind is blowing in turret and
tree.
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O, the earl was fair to see!

She died; she went to burning flame;
She mix'd her ancient blood with
shame.

The wind is howling in turret and
tree.

Whole weeks and months, and early
and late,
To win his love I lay in wait.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bade him come;
I won his love, I brought him home.
The wind is roaring in turret and
tree.

And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest,
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and
tree.

I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night;
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
The wind is raving in turret and
tree.

As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and
thro'.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was
dead.

The wind is blowing in turret and
tree.

I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O, the earl was fair to see!

TO —

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM

I SEND you here a sort of allegory —
For you will understand it — of a soul,
A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering
weeds.

A glorious devil, large in heart and
brain,
That did love beauty only — beauty
seen

In all varieties of mould and mind —
And knowledge for its beauty; or if
good,

Good only for its beauty, seeing
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge
are three sisters

That dote upon each other, for
man,

Living together under the same
And never can be sunder'd
tears.

And he that shuts Love out,
shall be

Shut out from Love, and on her
old lie

Howling in outer darkness. Not
Was common clay ta'en from the
common earth

Moulded by God, and temper
the tears

Of angels to the perfect shape

THE PALACE OF A SOUL

I BUILT my soul a lordly palace
house,

Wherein at ease for aye to dwell
I said, 'O Soul, make merry
in

rouse,
Dear soul, for all is well.'

A huge crag-platform, smooth
finish'd brass,

I chose. The ranged rampart
From level meadow-bases of distance
Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of lofty
shelf

The rock rose clear, or very
stair.

My soul would live alone unto
In her high palace there.

And 'while the world runs round
round,' I said,

'Reign thou apart, a quiet king
Still as, while Saturn whirls, his
fast shade

Sleeps on his luminous rim

To which my soul made answer
ily:

'Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion, that is built
me,

So royal-rich and wide.'

Following one hand against his
ear.

To list a foot fall ere he saw

A red nymph, stay'd the Argonian
King to hear
of wisdom and of law.

Over hills with peaky tops en-
crusted.

And many a tract of palm and
olive.

The throne of Indian Cama slowly
slept

A summer fann'd with spice.

Or east Europa's mantle blew un-
clasp'd.

From off her shoulder backward
borne.

From the hand droop'd a crocus; one
And grasp'd

The golden horn.

Or as the Ganymede, his rosy
arm

Half buried in the eagle's down.

Sole as a flying star shot thro' the
sky

Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone; but every legend
fair

Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carved out of Nature for itself was
there,

Not less than life design'd.

Then in the towers I placed great bells
that swung,

Moved of themselves, with silver
sound;

And with choice paintings of wise men
I hung

The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph
strong,

Beside him Shakespeare bland and
mild;



'Mythos'—there's deeply-wounded soul!

And there the world-worn Dante
grasp'd his song,
And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest;
A million wrinkles carved his skin;
A hundred winters snow'd upon his
breast,
From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
Many an arch high up did lift,
And angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd
With cycles of the human tale
Of this wide world, the times of every
land
So wrought they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden
slow,
Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads
and stings;
Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break
or bind
All force in bonds that might endure,
And here once more like some sick
man declined,
And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod; and those
great bells
Began to chime. She took her
throne;
She sat betwixt the shining oriels,
To sing her songs alone.

And thro' the topmost oriels' colored
flame
Two godlike faces gazed below; ¹⁵⁵
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd
Verulam,
The first of those who know.

And all those names that in their
motion were
Full-welling fountain-heads of
change,
Betwixt the slender shafts were bla-
zon'd fair
In diverse raiment strange;

Thro' which the lights, rose,
emerald, blue,
Flush'd in her temples at
eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from
non, drew
Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to
long
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her
song
Throb thro' the ribbed ston

Singing and murmuring in her
ful mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over Nature, lord of the
earth,
Lord of the senses five;

Communing with herself: 'Al
are mine,
And let the world have pe
wars,
'Tis one to me.' She — when
night divine
Crown'd dying day with st

Making sweet close of his de
toils —
Lit light in wreaths and anad
And pure quintessences of p
oils
In hollow'd moons of gems

To mimic heaven; and clay
hands and cried,
'I marvel if my still delight
In this great house so royal-ri
wide
Be flatter'd to the height.

'O all things fair to sate my
eyes!
O shapes and hues that ple
well!

O silent faces of the Great and
My Gods, with whom I dw

'O Godlike isolation which art
I can but count thee perfect
What time I watch the dar
droves of swine
That range on yonder plain

THE PALACE OF ART

by sloughs they roll a purient
skin,
graze and wallow, breed and
sleep ;
oft some brainless devil enters
in,
and drives them to the deep.'

of the moral instinct would she
prate
of the rising from the dead,
ers by right of full-accomplish-
Fate;
and at the last she said :

a possession of man's mind a
dead,
are not what the sects may
[draw]
a God holding no form of crea-
but contemplating all.'

oft the riddle of the painful
earth
sh'd thro' her as she sat alone,
at the less held she her solemn
mirth,
and intellectual throne.

so she throve and prosper'd ; so
three years
prosper'd ; on the fourth she
fell,
Herod, when the shout was in
his ears,
struck thro' with pangs of hell. 220

she should fail and perish utterly,
t, before whom ever lie bare
byssal deeps of personality,
fagued her with sore despair.

she would think, where'er she
turn'd her sight
airy hand confusion wrought,
e, 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite
the kingdom of her thought.

dread and loathing of her soli-
tude
on her, from which mood was
born 230
of herself : again, from out that
mood
laughter at her self-scorn.

'What! is not
strength,' she
'My spacious m
Whereof the stron
were laid
Since my first

But in dark corner
Uncertain shape
On white-eyed p
tears of blood,
And horrible nightmares,

hollow shades enclosing he
flame,
and, with dim fretted forehea
corpses three-months-old at
she came,
That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, with
light
Or power of movement, see
soul,
Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal ;

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars
of sand,
Left on the shore, that hears all
night 250
The plunging seas draw backward
from the land
Their moon-led waters white ;

A star that with the choral starry
dance
Join'd not, but stood, and standing
saw
The hollow orb of moving Circum-
stance
Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had
curl'd.
'No voice,' she shriek'd in that lone
hall,
'No voice breaks thro' the stillness of
this world ;
One deep, deep silence all !' 260

She, mouldering with the dull earth's
mouldering sod,
Inwraught tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there exiled from eternal God,
Lost to her place and name :

60 THE LADY OF SHALOTT AND OTHER POEMS

And death and life she hated equally,
And nothing saw, for her despair,
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
No comfort anywhere ;

Remaining utterly confused with
fears,
And ever worse with growing
time, ²⁷⁰
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime.

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt
round
With blackness as a solid wall,
Far off she seem'd to hear the dully
sound
Of human footsteps fall :

As in strange lands a traveller walk-
ing slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moonrise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea ; ²⁸⁰

And knows not if it be thunder, or a
sound
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep
cry
Of great wild beasts ; then thinketh,
'I have found
A new land, but I die.'

She howl'd aloud, 'I am on fire within.
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die ?'

So when four years were wholly
finished,
She threw her royal robes away. ²⁹⁰
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she
said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.

'Yet pull not down my palace towers,
that are
So lightly, beautifully built ;
Perchance I may return with others
there
When I have purged my guilt.'

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown -

You thought to break a country here
For pastime, ere you went to tow
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired ;
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence
came.

Nor would I break for your sweet smile
A heart that dotes on truer charm
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find
For, were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my
head.
Not thrice your branching limes have
blown
Since I beheld young Laurence die
O, your sweet eyes, your low reply
A great enchantress you may be ;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere
Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall
The guilt of blood is at your door ;
You changed a wholesome heart
gall.

You held your course without remorse
To make him trust his modest word
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble bird

me, Clara Vere de Vere,
 you blue heavens above us
 best
 sadder Adam and his wife
 e at the claims of long de-
 scent.
 er it be, it seems to me,
 only noble to be good.
 hearts are more than coronets,
 simple faith than Norman
 blood.

you, Clara Vere de Vere,
 pine among your halls and
 towers;
 maguid light of your proud
 eyes
 varied of the rolling hours.
 wing health, with boundless
 wealth,
 sickness of a vague disease,
 now so ill to deal with time,
 needs must play such pranks
 as these.

Clara Vere de Vere,
 be heavy on your hands,
 ere no beggars at your gate,
 any poor about your lands?
 ch the orphan boy to read,
 each the orphan-girl to sew;
 heaven for a human heart,
 let the foolish yeoman go.

THE MAY QUEEN

must wake and call me early,
 call me early, mother dear;
 now 'll be the happiest time of
 all the glad New-year;
 the glad New-year, mother, the
 maddest merriest day,
 n to be Queen o' the May, mo-
 ther, I'm to be Queen o' the
 May.

many a black, black eye, they
 say, but none so bright as mine;
 Margaret and Mary, there's
 Kate and Caroline;
 ne so fair as little Alice in all
 the land they say,
 to be Queen o' the May, mo-
 ther, I'm to be Queen o' the
 May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother,
 that I shall never wake,
 If you do not call me loud when the
 day begins to break;
 But I must gather knots of flowers,
 and buds and garlands gay,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
 I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think
 ye should I see
 But Robin leaning on the bridge be-
 neath the hazel-tree?
 He thought of that sharp look, mother,
 I gave him yesterday,
 But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mo-
 ther, I'm to be Queen o' the
 May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother,
 for I was all in white,
 And I ran by him without speaking,
 like a flash of light.
 They call me cruel-hearted, but I care
 not what they say,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mo-
 ther, I'm to be Queen o' the
 May.

They say he's dying all for love, but
 that can never be;
 They say his heart is breaking, mother
 — what is that to me?
 There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me
 any summer day,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
 mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
 May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow
 to the green,
 And you'll be there, too, mother, to
 see me made the Queen;
 For the shepherd lads on every side
 'll come from far away,
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
 mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
 May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has
 woven its wavy bowers,
 And by the meadow-fences blow the
 faint sweet cuckoo flowers;
 And the wild marsh-marigold shines
 like fire in swamps and hollows
 gray.



'It is the last New-year that I shall ever see'

And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

The night-winds come and go, mo-
ther, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem
to brighten as they pass:
There will not be a drop of rain the
whole of the livelong day.
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh
and green and still,
And the cow-slip and the crowfoot are
over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill
merrily glance and play,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early,
call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time
of all the glad New-year;
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the
maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE

If you're waking call me early, ca-
ll me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the
glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I sha-
ll ever see,

THE MAY QUEEN

may lay me low i' the
d and think no more of

saw the sun set; he set and
behind
old year, the dear old
e, and all my peace of
d;

New-year's coming up, mo-
r, but I shall never see
em on the blackthorn, the
upon the tree.

we made a crown of flowers;
had a merry day;
the hawthorn on the green
y made me Queen of May;
danced about the may-pole
in the hazel copse.
Wain came out above
tall white chimney-tops.

ot a flower on all the hills;
frost is on the pane.
h to live till the snowdrops
be again;
e snow would melt and the
come out on high;
ee a flower so before the day
e.

ing rook'll caw from the
dy tall elm-tree,
rried plover pipe along the
ow lea,
swallow'll come back again
summer o'er the wave,
ll lie alone, mother, within
mouldering grave.

chancel-casement, and upon
grave of mine,
ly early morning the sum-
sun'll shine,
red cock crows from the
upon the hill,
are warm-asleep, mother,
all the world is still.

flowers come again, mother,
with the waning light
er see me more in the long
fields at night;
a the dry dark wold the sum-
airs blow cool

On the oat-grass and woru-grass,
and the bulrush he pool.

You'll bury me, my , just be-
neath the haw made,
And you'll come some times and see
me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall
hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the
long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but
you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and
forgive me ere I go;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let
your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother,
you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from
cut my resting-place;
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall
look upon your face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall
harken what you say,
And be often, often with you when
you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have
said good-night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the
threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my
grave be growing green.
She'll be a better child to you than
ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the
granary floor.
Let her take 'em, they are hers; I shall
never garden more;
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train
the rosebush that I set
About the parlor-window and the box
of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother; call me be-
fore the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep
at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the
glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me
early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and
yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the
bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morn-
ing of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and
now the violet's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes
beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice
to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and
all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to
me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to
leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and
yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before
I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman,
has told me words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice and
on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long,
until he meet me there!
O, blessings on his kindly heart and on
his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he
knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he
show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late,
there's One will let me in;
Nor would I now be well, mother,
again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him
that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother,
or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the
night and morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put
your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will
tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I he
the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting,
the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and
wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I he
them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought
you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, as
no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for h
and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of m
on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, an
listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to m
I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering t
hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again
music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, '
not for them, it's mine.'
And if it come three times, I thou
I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close
side the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to hea
and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near.
trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way
soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not
go to-day;
But, Effie, you must comfort her w
I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, i
tell him not to fret;
There's many a worthier than I, wo
make him happy yet.
If I had lived — I cannot tell — I mi
have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to
with my desire of life.

O, look! the sun begins to rise,
heavens are in a glow;

THE LOTOS-EATERS

65

shines upon a hundred fields, and
 of them I know. 50
 I move no longer now, and
 there his light may shine
 in flowers in the valley for other
 paths than mine.

**To lie within the light of God, as I lie
upon your breast —
And the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest. 66**

THE LOTOS-EATERS

"How odd and strange it seems to me,
 That on this day is done
 A thing that now is speaking, may
 Be beyond the sun—
 Watered for ever with those just
 And true—
 Of our life, that we should mean?
 Any make we such ado?"

'COURAGE!' he said, and pointed
toward the land.
'This mounting wave will roll us
shoreward soon.'

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon,
All round the coast the languid air did
swoon,
Breathing like one that bath a weary
dream,
Full faced above the valley stood the
moon :



* I believe that it was late in the afternoon.

And, like a downward smoke, the
slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and
fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a down-
ward smoke, ¹⁰
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn,
did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and
shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam be-
low.
They saw the gleaming river seaward
flow
From the inner land; far off, three
mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with
showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the
woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low
adown
In the red West; thro' mountain clefts
the dale ²⁰
Was seen far inland, and the yellow
down
Border'd with palm, and many a wind-
ing vale
And meadow, set with slender galin-
gale;
A land where all things always seem'd
the same!
And round about the keel with faces
pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eat-
ers came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted
stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof
they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the
wave ³¹
Far far away did seem to mourn and
rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow
spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the
grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all
awake,

And music in his ears his beating heart
did make.

They sat them down upon the yell
sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the
shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fath-
erland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but
evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the
oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren
foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return
no more;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our isles
home
Is far beyond the wave; we will
longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG

I

THERE is sweet music here that soft
falls
Than petals from blown roses on the
grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between
walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming
pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down
from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved
flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy
hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from
weariness?
All things have rest: why should
toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things
And make perpetual moan;



'O, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more'

From one sorrow to another
thrown :

Never fold our wings,

Or cease from wanderings,

Or sweep our brows in slumber's holy

beam :

Or harken what the inner spirit sings,
How is no joy but calm !' —

Why should we only toil, the roof and
crown of things ?

III

In the middle of the wood,

A folded leaf is woo'd from out the
bud

With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no
care,

Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.

Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-
mellow,

Drops in a silent autumn night.

All its allotted length of days

The flower ripens in its place,

Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath
no toil,

Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 40
 Death is the end of life; ah, why
 Should life all labor be?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward
 fast,
 And in a little while our lips are
 dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will
 last?
 All things are taken from us, and be-
 come
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful
 past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we
 have
 To war with evil? Is there any
 peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing
 wave? 50
 All things have rest, and ripen toward
 the grave
 In silence—ripen, fall, and cease:
 Give us long rest or death, dark death,
 or dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the down-
 ward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream!
 To dream and dream, like yonder
 amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush
 on the height;
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
 Eating the Lotos day by day, 60
 To watch the crisping ripples on the
 beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy
 spray;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded mel-
 ancholy;
 To muse and brood and live again in
 memory,
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in
 an urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded
 lives,

And dear the last embraces of
 wives
 And their warm tears; but all
 suffer'd change;
 For surely now our household hearth
 are cold,
 Our sons inherit us, our looks
 strange,
 And we should come like ghosts
 trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold
 Have eat our substance, and the
 strel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war
 Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgot
 things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The Gods are hard to reconcile;
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There is confusion worse than death
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labor unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out by
 wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing
 the pilot-stars.

VII

But, prompt on beds of amaranth
 moly,
 How sweet—while warm airs lull
 blowing lowly—
 With half-dropt eyelid still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river dra-
 ing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thi-
 twined vine—
 To watch the emerald-color'd wa-
 falling
 Thro' many a woven acanthus-wreath
 divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off
 kling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd
 beneath the pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the bar-
 peak,
 The Lotos blows by every wind
 creek;

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

the wind breathes low with
flower tone;
every hollow cave and alley
round the spicy downs the
flow Lotos-dust is blown.
had enough of action, and of
tion we,
starboard, roll'd to larboard,
then the surge was seething
on,
the wallowing monster spouted
is foam-fountains in the sea
wear an oath, and keep it w
a equal mind,
hollow Lotos-land to live and
le reclined
hills like Gods together, care-
ness of mankind.
ey lie beside their nectar, a
the bolts are hurl'd
dow them in the valleys, a
the clouds are lightly curl'd
their golden houses, girdl
with the gleaming world;
they smile in secret, looking
over wasted lands,
and famine, plague and earth-
quake, roaring deeps and fiery
sands,
ing fights, and flaming towns,
and sinking ships, and praying
hands.
hey smile, they find a music cen-
tered in a doleful song
ding up, a lamentation and an
ancient tale of wrong,
a tale of little meaning tho' the
words are strong;
ted from an ill-used race of men
that cleave the soil,
the seel, and reap the harvest
with enduring toil,
eg yearly little ducs of wheat,
and wine and oil;
they perish and they suffer—
some, 'tis whisper'd—down in
hell
r endless anguish, others in Ely-
sian valleys dwell,
eg weary limbs at last on beds of
asphodel.
y, surely, slumber is more sweet
than toil, the shore
labor in the deep mid-ocean,
wind and wave and oar;

O rest ye, brother
not wander

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my ^{eyes} dropt
shade,
'The Legend of Good Women,'
ago
Sung ^{by} the morning star of song,
who made
His music heard below;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose
sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that
fill
The spacious times of great Eliza-
beth
With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of
his art
Held me above the subject, as strong
gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho'
my heart,
Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears
In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in
hand
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient
song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burn-
ing stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame,
and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with
clanging hoofs;
And I saw crowds in column'd sanc-
tuaries,
And forms that pass'd at windows and
on roofs
Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold, heroes
tall

70 THE LADY OF SHALOTT AND OTHER POEM

Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the
wall,
Lances in ambush set ;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with
heated blasts
That run before the fluttering
tongues of fire
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails³⁰
and masts,
And ever climbing higher ;

Squadrons and squares of men in bra-
zen plates,
Scaffolds, still sheets of water,
divers woes,
Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron
grates,
And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as,
when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the self-
same way,
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level
sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray. 40

I started once, or seem'd to start in
pain,
Resolved on noble things, and strove
to speak.
As when a great thought strikes along
the brain
And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew
down
A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd
town ;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-laps-
ing thought
Stream'd onward, lost their edges,
and did creep⁵⁰
Roll'd on each other, rounded,
smooth'd, and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd
far
In an old wood ; fresh-wash'd in
coolest dew

The maiden splendors of the
star
Shook in the steadfast bl

Enormous elm-tree boles did st
lean
Upon the dusky brushwoo
neath
Their broad curved branches,
with clearest green,
New from its silken sheat

The dim red Morn had died, h
ney done,
And with dead lips smiled
twilight plain,
Half-fallen across the threshol
sun,
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the du
air,
Not any song of bird or s
rill ;
Gross darkness of the inner
chre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growth
mine turn'd
Their humid arms festoonin
tree,
And at the root thro' lush green
burn'd
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the
I knew
The tearful glimmer of the
dawn
On those long, rank, dark woo
drench'd in dew,
Leading from lawn to law

The smell of violets, hidden
green,
Pour'd back into my empty
frame
The times when I remember
been
Joyful and free from blan

And from within me a clear
tone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in t
blissful clime,

ly thro'; the wood is all
grown
the end of time.'

I saw a lady within call,
lean chisell'd marble, stand-
ing
er of the gods, divinely tall,
most divinely fair.

to rise with shame and with
my swift speech; she turn-
ed my face
like sorrows of immortal eyes,
as slowly in her place:

but beauty: ask thou not my
name.

No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where-
e'er I came
I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady: in fairfield
Myself for such a face had boldly
died.'

I answer'd free; and turning I ap-
peal'd
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks
averse,

To her full height her stately stature
draws;

'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted
with a curse:

This woman was the cause.



'Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.'

'I was cut off from hope in that sad
place
Which men call'd Aulis in those iron
years:
My father held his hand upon his
face;
I, blinded with my tears,

'Still strove to speak: my voice was
thick with sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could de-
sery¹¹⁰
The stern black-bearded kings with
wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.

'The high masts flicker'd as they lay
afloat;
The crowds, the temples, waver'd,
and the shore;
The bright death quiver'd at the vic-
tim's throat—
Touch'd — and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward
brow:
'I would the white cold heavy-
plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me
deep below,
Then when I left my home.'¹²⁰

Her slow full words sank thro' the
silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping
sea:
Sudden I heard a voice that cried,
'Come here,
That I may look on thee.'

I turning saw, throned on a flowery
rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf un-
roll'd;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and
bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile,
began:
'I govern'd men by change, and so
I sway'd'¹³⁰
All moods. 'Tis long since I have
seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

'The ever-shifting currents
blood
According to my humor
flow.
I have no men to govern in this
That makes my only woe

'Nay — yet it chafes me that
not bend
One will; nor tame and tame
mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Cassius
thee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony?

'The man, my lover, with
rode sublime
On Fortune's neck; we saw
by God:
The Nilus would have risen
his time
And flooded at our nod.

'We drank the Libyan Sun
and lit
Lamps which out-burn'd C
O, my life
In Egypt! O, the dalliance and
The flattery and the strife

'And the wild kiss, when fre-
war's alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman An-
My mailed Bacchus leapt i
arms,
Contented there to die!

'And there he died: and when
my name
Sigh'd forth with life I wo
brook my fear
Of the other; with a worm I
his fame.
What else was left? look h

With that she tore her robe ap-
half
The polish'd argent of her b
sight
Laid bare. Thereto she point
a laugh,
Showing the aspick's bite.

'I died a Queen. The Roman
found



'Kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath.'

ing dead, my crown about my
own,
for ever!—lying robed and
dew'd,
thy a Roman spouse.'

ling voice, a lyre of widest
age
(by all passion, did fall down
d glance
se to tone, and glided thro' all
ange
vellest utterance.

e made pause I knew not for
light:
se with sudden motion from
e ground
d her piercing orbs, and fill'd
th light
interval of sound.

h their fires Love tipt his
onest darts;

As once they drew into two burn-
ing rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty
hearts
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I
heav'd
A noise of some one coming thro'
the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested
bird
That claps his wings at dawn: 180

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late
and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro'
the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with
beams divine;

74 THE LADY OF SHALOTT AND OTHER POEM

All night the splinter'd crags that
wall the dell
With spires of silver shine.'

As one that museth where broad sun-
shine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro'
the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling ¹⁹⁰
waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd
and tied
To where he stands, — so stood I,
when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that
died
To save her father's vow ;

The daughter of the warrior Gilead-
ite,
A maiden pure ; as when she went
along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with wel-
come light,
With timbrel and with song. 200

My words leapt forth : ' Heaven heads
the count of crimes
With that wild oath.' She render'd
answer high :
' Not so, nor once alone ; a thousand
times
I would be born and die.

' Single I grew, like some green plant,
whose root
Creeps to the garden water pipes
beneath,
Feeding the flower ; but ere my flower
to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

' My God, my land, my father — these
did move
Me from my bliss of life that Nature
gave. ²¹⁰
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord
of love
Down to a silent grave.

' And I went mourning, " No fair He-
brew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame
among

The Hebrew mothers" — em-
all joy,
Leaving the dance and so

' Leaving the olive-gardens fa-
Leaving the promise of m-
bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vi-
glow
Beneath the battled tower

' The light white cloud swam
Anon
We heard the lion roaring i-
den ;
We saw the large white stars
by one,
Or, from the darken'd gle-

' Saw God divide the night wit-
flame,
And thunder on the everlasti-
I heard Him, for He spake, as
became
A solemn scorn of jills.

' When the next moon was rol-
the sky,
Strength came to me that c-
my desire.
How beautiful a thing it
die
For God and for my sire !

' It comforts me in this one t-
to dwell,
That I subdued me to my
will ;
Because the kiss he gave me
fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

' Moreover it is written that m-
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thig-
Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth.' H-
face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips ; she left m-
I stood :
' Glory to God,' she sang, a-
afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage
wood,
Toward the morning-star.

er carol I stood pensively,
that from a casement leans
head,
midnight bells cease ringing
ideally,
the old year is dead.

as! a low voice, full of care,
r'd beside me: 'Turn and
sk on me;
s Rosamond, whom men call
it,
hat I was I be.

I had been some maiden coarse
d poor!
that I should ever see the
ht!
agon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
unt me, day and night.

d in tears, fallen from hope
d trust;
om the Egyptian: 'O, you
nely died!
uld have clung to Fulvia's
dst, and thrust
dagger thro' her side.' 260

at sharp sound the white
wn's creeping beams,
to my brain, dissolved the
stery
d sleep. The captain of my
rams
d in the eastern sky.

aden'd on the borders of the
rk
saw her who clasp'd in her
a trance
der'd father's head, or Joan
Arc,
ght of ancient France;

ho knew that Love can van-
ish Death,
neeling, with one arm about
r king, 270
th the poison with her balmy
sath,
rt as new buds in spring.

ry labors longer from the deep
ines of thought to lift the
iden ore

That glimpses, moving up, than I
from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With
what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to
strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams
again!
But no two dreams are like, 280

As when a soul laments, which hath
been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past
years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By signs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with
choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the
sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the
heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

THE BLACKBIRD

O BLACKBIRD! sing me something
well:
While all the neighbors shoot thee
round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful
ground,
Where thou mayst warble, eat, and
dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine; the range of lawn and
park:
The unnetted black-hearts ripen
dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,
Cold February loved, is dry;
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once when
young;



'Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow'

And in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to
coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing
While you sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are
new,
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily
sighing;

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still, he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true
love,

And the New-year will take 'em a
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been
us,
Such joy as you have seen wit
Old year, you shall not go.

his bumpers to the brim;
 For we shall not see,
 Eyes are waxing dim,
 His foes speak ill of him,
 Tend to me.
 For, you shall not die;
 So laugh and cry with you,
 If a mind to die with you,
 For, if you must die.

Of joke and jest,
 Merry quips are o'er.
 Die, across the waste
 Their doth ride post-haste,
 A dead before.
 One for his own.
 Light is starry and cold, my
 Oh.
 New-year blithe and bold,
 Friend,
 Up to take his own.

He breathes! over the snow
 Now the crowing cock,
 Is flicker to and fro;
 He chirps; the light burns

twelve o'clock.
 Hands, before you die,
 For, we'll dearly rue for
 What we can do for you?
 But before you die.

growing sharp and thin.
 Friend is gone.
 Eyes; tie up his chin;
 The corpse, and let him in
 Lie there alone,
 Watch at the door.
 A new foot on the floor,
 Friend,
 New face at the door, my
 Face at the door.

TO J. S.

[James Spedding]

That beats the mountain
 Fly round the open world,
 Remains the world to those
 Lest cast in gentle mould.

And me this knowledge bolder made,
 Or else I had not dared to flow
 In these words toward you, and invade
 Even with a verse your holy woe.

'Tis strange that those we lean on most,
 Those in whose laps our limbs are
 Nursed,
 Fall into shadow, soonest lost;
 Those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love
 He lends us; but, when love is
 Grown
 To ripeness, that on which it throve
 Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas!
 In grief I am not all unlearn'd;
 Once thro' mine own doors Death did
 Pass;
 One went who never hath return'd.

He will not smile — not speak to me
 Once more. Two years his chair
 Is seen
 Empty before us. That was he
 Without whose life I had not been.

Your loss is rarer; for this star
 Rose with you thro' a little arc
 Of heaven, nor having wander'd far
 Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your brother; his mute deed
 I honor and his living worth;
 A man more pure and bold and
 Was never born into

I have not look'd upon
 Since that dear
 Asleep.

Great Nature is more
 I will not tell you

And tho' mine own
 Drawn from the
 Brain,

I will not even preach
 'Weep, weeping'
 Pain.

Let Grief be her own mistress
 She loveth her own
 More than much pleasure
 Be done — to weep or

I will not say, 'God's ordinance
Of death is blown in every wind ;'
For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful
light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the
night.

Vain solace ! Memory standing near
Cast down her eyes, and in her
throat
Her voice seem'd distant, and a tear
Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

I wrote I know not what. In truth,
How *should* I soothe you any way,
Who miss the brother of your youth ?
Yet something I did wish to say ;

For he too was a friend to me.
Both are my friends, and my true
breast
Bleedeth for both ; yet it may be
That only silence suiteth best.

Words weaker than your grief would
make
Grief more. 'Twere better I
should cease
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in
peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace ;
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons in-
crease,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet,
Nothing comes to thee new or
strange.

Sleep full of rest from head to feet ;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of
change.

ON A MOURNER

I

NATURE, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face

To every land beneath the sky
Counts nothing that she me-
base,
But lives and loves in every

II

Fills out the homely quickset-
And makes the purple lilac
Steps from her airy hill, and
The swamp, where hum-
dropping snipe,
With moss and braided mari-

III

And on thy heart a finger lays
Saying, 'Beat quicker, for
Is pleasant, and the woods are
Are pleasant, and the be-
line
Put forth and feel a gladder

IV

And murmurs of a deeper voice
Going before to some far shore
Teach that sick heart the
choice,
Till all thy life one way incl-
With one wide Will that close

V

And when the zoning eve has
Where yon dark valleys w-
lorn,
Come Hope and Memory, spe-
bride,
From out the borders of the
With that fair child betwi-
born.

VI

And when no mortal motion
The blackness round the
sod,
Thro' silence and the tremblin-
Comes Faith from tracts no f-
trod,
And Virtue, like a househol-

VII

Promising empire ; such as th-
Once heard at dead of n-
greet
Troy's wandering prince, so
rose
With sacrifice, while all the
Had rest by stony hills of C

**OK ME, WHY, THO' ILL
AT EASE'**

me, why, tho' ill at ease,
this region I subside,
spirits falter in the mist,
ask for the purple sea.

and that freemen till,
~~the-called Freedom chose...~~
~~in where girl with friends or~~
~~in~~
~~my speak the thing he will;~~

f settled government,
of just and old renown,
Freedom slowly broadens
own
student to precedent;

action seldom gathers head,
Freedom to fullness wrought,
~~Freedom of your distinctive~~
~~thought~~
~~and space to work and~~
~~pride~~

banded unions persecute
ion, and induce a time
a single thought is civil crime,
dividual freedom mute,

over should make from land to
land
name of Britain trebly great—
every channel of the State—
all and choke with golden
and—

st me from the harbor-mouth,
wind! I seek a warmer
sky.
I will see before I die
dms and temples of the South.

**OLD SAT FREEDOM ON
THE HEIGHTS'**

ant Freedom on the heights,
thunders breaking at her feet;
her shook the starry lights;
heard the torrents meet.

in her place she did rejoice,
gather'd in her prophet-mind,

But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then steep she down thro' town and
field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, Godlike, grasps the triple forks,
And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our
dreams,
Turning to seem with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

**✓ LOVE THOU THY LAND, WITH
LOVE FAR-BROUGHT'**

Love thou thy land, with love far-
brought
From out the storied past, and used
Within the present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of
thought;

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen,
friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble
wings
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for
day,
Tho' sitting girl with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the
winds;

80 THE LADY OF SHALOTT AND OTHER POEM

But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of
minds. 20

Watch what main-currents draw the
years;
Cut Prejudice against the grain.
But gentle words are always gain;
Regard the weakness of thy peers.

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise—
It grows to guerdon after-days.
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch;

Not clinging to some ancient saw,
Not master'd by some modern
term, 30
Not swift nor slow to change, but
firm;
And in its season bring the law,

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life that, working strongly,
binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form. 40

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be
free
To ingroove itself with that which
flies,
And work, a joint of state, that
plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying hard to shape in act:
For all the past of Time reveals 50
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Even now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awakes
Completion in a painful scheme
Phantoms of other forms of
New Majesties of mighty State

The warders of the growing life
But vague in vapor, hard to
And round them sea and
dark
With great contrivances of Power

Of many changes, aptly join'd
Is bodied forth the second world
Regard gradation, lest the strife
Of Discord race the rising wind

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the
To shame the boast so often
That we are wiser than our sires

O, yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in
To follow flying steps of Time
Across the brazen bridge of war

If New and Old, disastrous feud
Must ever shock, like armed
And this be true, till Time
close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood

Not yet the wise of heart
cease
To hold his hope thro' shame
guilt,
But with his hand again
hilt,
Would pace the troubled land
Peace;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction
Would serve his kind in de
word,
Certain, if knowledge bring
sword,
That knowledge takes the
away—

Would love the gleams of good
broke
From either side, nor veil his
And if some dreadful need
rise
Would strike, and firmly, a
stroke.

Let would reap to-day,
 Or blossom of the dead;
 The thrifty months, nor
 Half sister to Delay.

AND AMERICA IN 1782

Sendest out the man
 By land and sea,
 Her of a lion-line,
 Of those strong sons of thine
 Reached their rights from

For if in noble heat
 On thine arms withstood,
 He lesson thou hadst taught,
 A spirit with thee fought —
 And from English blood!

With liberal joy,
 Thy rocky face,

And shatter, when the storms are
 black,
 In many a streaming torrent back,
 The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
 The growing world assume,
 Thy work is thine — the single note
 From that deep chord which Hamp-
 den smote
 Will vibrate to the doom.

THE GOOSE

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
 Her rags scarce held together;
 There strode a stranger to the door,
 And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
 He utter'd rhyme and reason:
 'Here, take the goose, and keep you
 warm,
 It is a stormy season.'



Illustration of the poem 'The Goose' by Alfred Austin.



82 THE LADY OF SHALOTT AND OTHER P

She caught the white goose by the
leg,

A goose — 't was no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the
pelf,

And ran to tell her neighbors,
And bless'd herself, and cursed her-
self,

And rested from her labors ;

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied,
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder ;
But ah ! the more the white goose
laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there,
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle ;
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

'A quinsy choke thy cursed note !'

Then wax'd her anger stronger.

'Go, take the goose, and wring her
throat,

I will not bear it longer.'

Then yelp'd the cur, as
cat,

Ran Gaffer, stumbled
The goose flew this
that,

And fill'd the house w

As head and heels upon
They flounder'd all to
There strode a stranger i
And it was windy wes

He took the goose upon
He utter'd words of sc
'So keep you cold, c
warm,
It is a stormy morning

The wild wind rang fr
plain,
And round the attics r
Till all the tables danced
And half the chimney;

The glass blew in, the fl
The blast was hard an
Her cap blew off, her
up.
And a whirlwind clear

And while on all sides b
Her household fled the
Quoth she, 'The devil ts
And God forget the st



“An arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite”

ENGLISH IDYLS AND OTHER POEMS

THE EPIC

Francis Allen's on the Christmas-
eve, —
came of forfeits done — the girls
all kiss'd
at the sacred bush and past
away —
on Holmes, the poet Everard
Hall,

The host, and I sat round the wassail
bowl,
Then half way ebb'd; and there we
held a talk,
How all the old honor had from Christ-
mas gone,
Or gone or dwindled down to some old
games
In some old nooks like this; till I, tired
out

With cutting eights that day upon the pond,¹⁰
 Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
 I bump'd the ice into three several stars,
 Fell in a doze; and half-awake I heard
 The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
 Now harping on the church-commissioners,
 Now hawking at geology and schism;
 Until I woke, and found him settled down
 Upon the general decay of faith
 Right thro' the world: 'at home was little left,
 And none abroad; there was no anchor,
 none,²⁰
 To hold by.' Francis, laughing, clapt his hand
 On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him.'
 'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the was-sail-bowl.'
 'Why yes,' I said, 'we knew your gift that way
 At college; but another which you had —
 I mean of verse (for so we held it then),
 What came of that?' 'You know,' said Frank, 'he burnt
 His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books' —
 And then to me demanding why: 'O, sir,
 He thought that nothing new was said,
 or else³⁰
 Something so said 'twas nothing — that a truth
 Looks freshest in the fashion of the day;
 God knows; he has a mint of reasons; ask.
 It pleased me well enough.' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,
 'Why take the style of those heroic times?
 For nature brings not back the mastedon,
 Nor we those times; and why should any man
 Remodel models? these twelve books of mine
 Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth,
 Mere chaff and draff, much burnt,' 'But I,'
 Said Francis, 'pick'd the eleventh; this hearth,
 And have it; keep a thing, its use come.
 I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Hob; He laugh'd, and I, tho' sleepy, I horse
 That hears the corn-bin open, pe my ears;
 For I remember'd Everard's of fame
 When we were Freshmen. The my request
 He brought it; and the poet, urged,
 But with some prelude of dispa ment,
 Read, mouthing out his hollow ce aes,
 Deep-chested music, and to thi sult.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of b roll'd
 Among the mountains by the w sea,
 Until King Arthur's table, ma man,
 Had fallen in Lyonness about their King Arthur; then, because his w was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted h Sir Bedivere, the last of all his kni
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the A broken chancel with a br cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of b land.
 On one side lay the ocean, and o Lay a great water, and the moor full.
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Vere:
 'The sequel of to-day unsolders; The goodliest fellowship of fa knights
 Whereof this world holds record, a sleep
 They sleep — the men I loved. I that we
 Shall never more, at any future t

oaks with talk of knightly
 out the gardens and the
 as in the days that were.
 this people which I
 —
 swear that I should come
 more — but let what will
 my smitten thro' the helm
 help I cannot last till
 ore take my brand Excali-
 my pride; for thou re-
 verest how
 days, one summer noon,
 —
 sm out the bosom of the
 white samite, mystic, won-
 der-
 sword — and how I row'd
 it, and have worn it, like a
 :
 never I am sung or told
 , this also shall be known.
 day not; take Excalibur,
 him far into the middle
 :
 at thou seest, and lightly
 me word.
 plied the bold Sir Bedi-
 :
 eet, Sir King, to leave thee
 me, and smitten thro' the
 ing may harm a wounded
 est will all perform at full,
 t I see, and lightly bring
 word.
 : from the ruin'd shrine he
 moon athwart the place of
 the mighty bones of ancient
 , and over them the sea-
 ling
 , with flakes of foam. He,
 ping down

By zigzag pats and juts of pointed
 rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the
 lake.
 There drew he forth the brand Ex-
 calibur,
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter
 moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud,
 ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against
 the hilt;
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond
 sparks,
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-
 work
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so
 long
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he
 stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift
 mind,
 In act to throw; but at the last it
 seem'd
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
 There in the many-knotted water-flags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the
 marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded
 king.
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir
 Bedivere:
 'Hast thou perform'd my mission
 which I gave?
 What is it thou hast seen, or what
 hast heard?'
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
 vere:
 'I heard the ripple washing in the
 reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the
 crag.'
 To whom replied King Arthur, faint
 and pale:
 'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and
 thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as besem'd
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
 For surer sign had follow'd, either
 hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the
 mere.
 This is a shameful thing for men to
 lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go
 again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring
me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,

How curiously and strangely chased, he smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud:

'And if indeed I cast the brand

away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost forever from the earth,

Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.

What good should follow this, if this were done?

What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey.

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand

An act unprofitable, against himself?

The king is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord

Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,

Some one might show it at a joust of arms,

Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake;

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills."

So might some old man speak in the aftertime

To all the people, winning reverence;

But now much honor and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time

And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breath-
heavily:

'What is it thou hast seen, or hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

'I heard the water lapping on the shore

And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:

'Ah, miserable and unkind, un-
knighly, traitor-hearted! What

me!

Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widow'd of the power in his hands

That bow'd the will. I see thee

thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of a line of knights,

In whom should meet the offices of a king

Thou wouldst betray me for the sake of a

either from lust of gold, or like a child

Valuing the giddy pleasure of the

eyes.

Yet, for a man may fail in duty

And the third time may prosper

thence;

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur

I will arise and slay thee with my

hands.'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere

and ran,

And, leaping down the ridges light

plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and caught

the sword,

And strongly wheel'd and thrust

The great brand

Made lightnings in the splendour

the moon,

And flashing round and round

whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the noon

morn,

Seen where the moving isles of the

shock

By night, with noises of the north

sea.

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur

But ere he dipt the surface, re-
arm

MORTE D'ARTHUR

white samite, mystic, won-
 derful,
 at him by the hilt, and
 dash'd him
 down, and drew him under in
 mere.
 I went the other to the
 like King Arthur, drawing
 her breath:
 I by thine eyes that this is
 what is it thou hast heard,
 when?
 never made the bold Sir Bedi-
 vere.
 I closed mine eyelids, lest
 genius
 and my purpose, for I never
 see, here or elsewhere, till I
 live three lives of mortal
 life,
 miracle as yonder hilt,
 with both hands I flung him,
 feeling him;
 I look'd again, behold an
 other,
 a white samite, mystic, won-
 derful,
 dash'd him by the hilt, and
 dash'd him
 down, and drew him under in
 mere.
 never made King Arthur,
 nothing hard:
 draws nigh; 't is time that I
 be gone,
 and thy shoulders to receive
 my weight,
 me to the margin; yet I fear
 and hath taken cold, and I
 will die.
 now, from the pavement he
 rose,
 with pain, reclining on his
 side,
 and wistfully with wide blue
 eyes.
 220
 creature. Him Sir Bedivere
 sadly regarded thro' his tears,
 and have spoken, but he found
 no words,
 with care, and kneeling on
 his knee,

O'er both his shoulders
 his guid hands,
 And rising bore him thro' the palace
 tombs.
 But, as he walk'd, King Arthur
 panted hard,
 Like one that feels a nightmare on
 his bed
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd
 the king,
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear,
 'Quick, quick!
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
 But the other swiftly strode from
 ridge to ridge,
 Clothed with his breath, and looking,
 as he walk'd,
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a
 cry
 Before. His own thought drove him
 like a goad.
 Dry dash'd his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left
 and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round
 him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that
 rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed
 heels—
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
 And the long glories of the winter
 moon.
 Then saw they how there hove a
 dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to
 stern,
 Beneath them; and descending they
 were ware
 That all the decks were dense with
 stately forms
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a
 dream—by these
 Three queens with crowns of gold—
 and from them rose
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling
 stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no
 one comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of
 the world.
 Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me
 in the barge,'

And to the barge they came. There
 those three queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the
 king, and wept.
 But she that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and
 chafed his hands, ²⁶⁰
 And call'd him by his name, com-
 plaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his
 brow
 Striped with dark blood; for all his
 face was white
 And colorless, and like the wither'd
 moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the spring-
 ing east;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd
 with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous
 curls —
 That made his forehead like a rising
 sun
 High from the dais-throne — were
 parch'd with dust;
 Or, clotted into points and hanging
 loose, ²⁷⁰
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that
 fringed his lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the
 king;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance
 in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tourna-
 ment,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and
 charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
 Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedi-
 vere:
 'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall
 I go?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and
 my eyes?
 For now I see the true old times are
 dead, ²⁸⁰
 When every morning brought a noble
 chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble
 knight.
 Such times have been not since the
 light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is
 dissolved

Which was an image of the new
 world;
 And I, the last, go forth comp-
 less,
 And the days darken round me
 the years,
 Among new men, strange faces,
 minds.'
 And slowly answer'd Arthur
 the barge:
 'The old order changeth, yi-
 place to new,
 And God fulfils himself in many
 Let one good custom should be
 the world.
 Comfort thyself: what comfort
 me?
 I have lived my life, and that
 I have done
 May He within himself make
 but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see me
 again,
 Pray for my soul. More things
 wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. W-
 fore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night
 day.
 For what are men better than she-
 goats
 That nourish a blind life within
 brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not
 of prayer
 Both for themselves and those
 call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is
 way
 Bound by gold chains about the
 of God.
 But now farewell. I am going;
 way
 With these thou seest — if I
 go —
 For all my mind is clouded with
 doubt —
 To the island-valley of Avilion
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or
 snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly,
 lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with
 chard lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd
 summer sea,

I will lead me of my grievous
 And the barge with our
 rest from the brink, like some full-
 And on the mere the wailing died away.
 Here ended Hall, and our last light,
 that long

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir
 Bedivere ³²⁰
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Look'd one black dot against the verge
 of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

Here ended Hall, and our last light,
 that long



And the barge with our
 And the wailing died away.
 striped with dark blue.

Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness,
 flared and fell;
 At which the parson, sent to sleep with
 sound,
 And waked with silence, grunted
 'Good!' but we
 Sat rapt: it was the tone with which
 he read—
 Perhaps some modern touches here and
 there
 Redeem'd it from the charge of no-
 thingness—
 Or else we loved the man, and prized
 his work;
 I know not; but we sitting, as I said,
 The cock crew loud, as at that time of
 year
 The lusty bird takes every hour for
 dawn.
 Then Francis, muttering, like a man
 ill-used,
 'There now—that's nothing!' drew
 a little back,
 And drove his heel into the smoulder'd
 log,
 That sent a blast of sparkles up the
 flue.
 And so to bed, where yet in sleep I
 seem'd
 To sail with Arthur under looming
 shores,
 Point after point; till on to dawn,
 when dreams
 Begin to feel the truth and stir of
 day,
 To me, methought, who waited with
 the crowd,
 There came a bark that, blowing for-
 ward, bore
 King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
 Of stateliest port; and all the people
 cried,
 'Arthur is come again: he cannot die.'
 Then those that stood upon the hills
 behind
 Repeated—'Come again, and thrice
 as fair.'
 And, further inland, voices echoed—
 'Come
 With all good things, and war shall be
 no more.'
 At this a hundred bells began to peal,
 That with the sound I woke, and heard
 indeed
 The clear church-bells ring in the
 Christmas morn.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER

OR, THE PICTURES

THIS morning is the morning of
 day,
 When I and Eustace from the
 went
 To see the Gardener's daughter; I
 he,
 Brothers in Art; a friendship so com-
 plete
 Portion'd in halves between us, as
 we grew
 The fable of the city where we dwelt
 My Eustace might have sat for Her-
 cules:
 So muscular he spread, so broad
 breast.
 He, by some law that holds in law
 and draws
 The greater to the lesser, long desired
 A certain miracle of symmetry,
 A miniature of loveliness, all grace
 Summ'd up and closed in little:—
 I, she
 So light of foot, so light of spirit—
 she
 To me myself, for some three care-
 moons,
 The summer pilot of an empty boat
 Unto the shores of nothing! Know
 you not
 Such touches are but embassies
 Love,
 To tamper with the feelings, ere
 found
 Empire for life? but Eustace painted
 her,
 And said to me, she sitting with
 then,
 'When will you paint like this?'
 I replied—
 My words were half in earnest, half
 in jest:
 'Tis not your work, but Love
 Love, unperceived,
 A more ideal artist he than all,
 Came, drew your pencil from your
 made those eyes
 Darker than darkest pansies, and t-
 hair
 More black than ashbuds in the first
 of March.
 And Juliet answer'd laughing,
 and see

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER

leaver's daughter; trust me,
 er that,
 re can fail to match his mas-³⁰
 piece.
 ve rose, and on the spur we
 nt.
 solly in the busy world, nor
 ite
 it, blooms the garden that I
 re.
 om the humming city comes
 it
 i of funeral or of marriage
 ile;
 ting muffled in dark leaves,
 so hear
 dly changing of the minster
 ock;
 etween it and the garden lies
 e of grass, wash'd by a slow
 road stream,⁴⁰
 irr'd with languid pulses of
 e oar,
 all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
 when, to three arches of a bridge
 i with the minster-towers.
 The fields between
 wy-fresh, browsed by deep-
 dder'd kine,
 about the large lime feathers
 ew—
 se a summer home of murmur-
 wa wings.
 at still place she, hoarded in
 herself,
 edlom seen; not less among us
 real
 me from lip to lip. Who had
 et heard⁵⁰
 e, the Gardener's daughter?
 Where was he,
 it in memory, so old at heart,
 e a distance from his youth in
 rief,
 aving seen, forgot? The com-
 son mouth,
 e to express delight, in praise
 f her
 atory. Such a lord is Love,
 auty such a mistress of the
 orld.
 f I said that Fancy, led by
 ove,
 play with flying forms and
 ages,
 is also true, that, long before

I look'd upon her, when I heard he
 name
 My heart was like a prophet to
 heart,
 And told me I should love. A cr
 of hopes,
 That sought to sow themselves in
 winged seeds,
 Born out of everything I heard a
 saw,
 Flutter'd about my senses and my
 soul;
 And vague desires, like fitful blasts of
 balm
 To one that travels quickly, made the
 air
 Of life delicious, and all kinds of
 thought,
 That verged upon them, sweeter than
 the dream⁷⁰
 Dream'd by a happy man, when the
 dark East,
 Unseen, is brightening to his bridal
 morn.
 And sure this orbit of the memory
 folds
 For ever in itself the day we went
 To see her. All the land in flowery
 squares,
 Beneath a broad and equal-blowing
 wind,
 Smelt of the coming summer, as one
 large cloud
 Drew downward; but all else of heaven
 was pure
 Up to the sun, and May from verge to
 verge,
 And May with me from head to heel.
 And now,⁸⁰
 As tho' 't were yesterday, as tho' it were
 The hour just flown, that morn with
 all its sound—
 For those old Mays had thrice the life
 of these—
 Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot
 to graze,
 And, where the hedge-row cuts the
 pathway, stood,
 Leaning his horns into the neighbor
 field
 And lowing to his fellows. From the
 woods
 Came voices of the well-contented
 doves.
 The lark could scarce get out his notes
 for joy,

But shook his song together as he
 near'd
 His happy home, the ground. To left
 and right,
 The cuckoo told his name to all the
 hills;
 The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
 The redcap whistled; and the nightin-
 gale
 sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of
 day.

And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said
 to me:
 'Hear how the bushes echo! by my
 life,
 These birds have joyful thoughts.
 Think you they sing
 Like poets, from the vanity of song?
 Or have they any sense of why they
 sing?
 And would they praise the heavens for
 what they have?'
 And I made answer: 'Were there no-
 thing else
 For which to praise the heavens but
 only love,
 That only love were cause enough for
 praise.'

Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read
 my thought,
 And on we went; but ere an hour had
 pass'd,
 We reach'd a meadow slanting to the
 North,
 Down which a well-worn pathway
 courted us
 To one green wicket in a privet
 hedge.
 This, yielding, gave into a grassy
 walk
 Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly
 pruned:
 And one warm gust, full-fed with per-
 fume, blew
 Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.
 The garden stretches southward. In
 the midst
 A cedar spread his dark-green layers
 of shade.
 The garden-glasses shone, and mo-
 mently
 The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver
 lights.

'Eustace,' I said, 'this wonder keeps
 the house.'
 He nodded, but a moment afterwards

He cried, 'Look! look!' Before
 ceased I turn'd,
 And, ere a star can wink, behold
 there.

For up the porch there grew
 Eastern rose,
 That, flowering high, the last night
 gale had caught
 And blown across the walk. One
 aloft—

Gown'd in pure white that fitted her
 shape—

Holding the bush, to fix it back,
 stood,

A single stream of all her soft brown
 hair

Pour'd on one side; the shadow of
 flowers

Stole all the golden gloss, and, waving
 ing

Lovingly lower, trembled on her
 waist—

Ah, happy shade!—and still was
 wavering down.

But, ere it touch'd a foot, that maid
 have danced

The greensward into greener circles
 dipt,

And mix'd with shadows of the common
 ground.

But the full day dwelt on her brow
 and sunn'd

Her violet eyes, and all her hair
 bloom,

And doubled his own warmth against
 her lips,

And on the bounteous wave of sun
 breast

As never pencil drew. Half light, half
 shade,

She stood, a sight to make an old man
 young.

So rapt, we near'd the house;
 she, a Rose

In roses, mingled with her fragrant
 toil,

Nor heard us come, nor from her
 dance turn'd

Into the world without; till close
 hand,

And almost ere I knew mine own
 tent,

This murmur broke the stillness
 that air

Which brooded round about her:
 'Ah, one

at one, by those fair fingers
d,
h a hundred kisses press'd
pe-
site than thine.'

She look'd; but all
with blushes — neither self-
ess'd
ed, but betwixt this mood
that,
a graceful quiet — paused,
t the branch she held, and
zing wound
r hair in braid, and stirr'd
lips
sweet answer, tho' no answer
se,
fused the rose, but granted it,
ed away, and left me, statue-
t,
render thanks.

I, that whole day,
no more, altho' I linger'd
re
daisy slept, and Love's white
r
bro' the thicken'd cedar in the
sk.

e we went, and all the live-
g way

emn gibe did Eustace banter

aid he, 'will you climb the
of art.

ot fall but work in hues to
a

alc Flora. Will you match
t? you, not you, — the mas-

Love,
leal artist he than all.'

e I went, but could not sleep
joy.

her perfect features in the
om,

he rose she gave me o'er and
r,

ing faithful record of the
now

ed the giving — such a noise
life

in the golden present, such a
ce

me from the years to come,
l such

of bright horizon rim'd the
k.

And all that night I heard the watch-
man peal

The sliding season; all that night I
heard

The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy
hours.

The drowsy hours, dispensers of all
good.

O'er the mute city stole with folded
wings.

Distilling odors on me as they went
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.

Love at first sight, first-born, and
heir to all,

Made this night thus. Henceforward
squall nor storm

Could keep me from that Eden where
she dwelt.

Light pretexts drew me: sometimes a
Dutch love

For tulips; then for roses, moss or
musk,

To grace my city rooms; or fruits
and cream

Served in the weeping elm; and more
and more

A word could bring the color to my
cheek;

A thought would fill my eyes with
happy dew;

Love trebled life within me, and with
each

The year increased.

The daughters of the year,
One after one, thro' that still garden

pass'd;

Each garlanded with her peculiar
flower

Danced into light, and died into the
shade;

And each in passing touch'd with some
new grace

Or seem'd to touch her, so that day
by day,

Like one that never can be wholly
known,

Her beauty grew; till Autumn
brought an hour

For Eustace, when I heard his deep
'I will,'

Breathed, like the covenant of a God,
to hold

From thence thro' all the worlds; but
I rose up

Full of his bliss, and following her
dark eyes



'The gray cathedral towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the west'

Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach'd The wicket-gate, and found her stand- ing there. There sat we down upon a garden mound, Two mutually enfolded; Love, the third, 210 Between us, in the circle of his arms Enwound us both; and over many a range Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers, Across a hazy glimmer of the west, Reveal'd their shining windows. From them clash'd The bells; we listen'd; with the time we play'd, We spoke of other things; we coursed about	The subject most at heart, more and near, Like doves about a dovecote, ing round The central wish, until we there. Then, in that time and place spoke to her, Requiring, tho' I knew it was own, Yet for the pleasure that I hear, Requiring at her hand the gift, A woman's heart, the heart of loved; And in that time and place swer'd me, And in the compass of three words,
--	---

him ever came in one,
 fragments of a broken
 happy, faltering, 'I
 here? Is this enough
 re, like all strongest
 ry fulfill'd itself,
 pation? Would you
 all
 so thro' circumstantial
 as develop'd? and in-
 so long to tell you
 and came Memory with
 hid'd annals of my
 mood, Love with knit
 at by,
 sing finger swept my
 wise: not easily for-
 setting wide the doors
 ial chambers of the
 y.' Here, then, my
 ve end.
 tell of meetings, of
 came between, more
 an each,
 te the whispers of the
 round a nightingale—
 Joy, perplex'd for ut-
 sister Sorrow. Might
 reconciliation, pledges
 here there was never
 rows,
 here the heart on one
 from all pulsation, as
 between their fairy
 ale

Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with
 fleeting stars;
 Or while the balmy glooming, cres-
 cent-lit,
 Spread the light haze along the river-
 shores,
 And in the hollows; or as once we
 met
 Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering
 rain
 Night slid down one long stream of
 sighing wind,
 And in her bosom bore the baby,
 Sleep?
 But this whole hour your eyes have
 been intent
 On that veil'd picture—veil'd, for
 what it holds
 May not be dwelt on by the common
 day.
 This prelude has prepared thee. Raise
 thy soul,
 Make thine heart ready with thine
 eyes; the time
 Is come to raise the veil.
 Behold her there,
 As I beheld her ere she knew my
 heart,
 My first, last love; the idol of my
 youth,
 The darling of my manhood, and,
 alas!
 Now the most blessed memory of
 mine age.

DORA

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
 William and Dora. William was his
 son,
 And she his niece. He often look'd
 at them,
 And often thought, 'I'll make them
 man and wife.'
 Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
 And yearn'd toward William; but
 the youth, because
 He had been always with her in the
 house,
 Thought not of Dora.
 Then there came a day
 When Allan call'd his son, and said:
 'My son,
 I married late, but I would wish to
 see

My grandchild on my knees before I
die;
And I have set my heart upon a
match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is
well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her
age.
She is my brother's daughter; he
and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and
he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I
bred
His daughter Dora. Take her for
your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night
and day,
For many years.' But William an-
swer'd short :
'I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora!' Then the
old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands,
and said :
'You will not, boy ! you dare to an-
swer thus !
But in my time a father's word was
law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look
to it;
Consider, William, take a month to
think,
And let me have an answer to my
wish,
Or, by the Lord that made me, you
shall pack,
And never more darken my doors
again.'
But William answer'd madly, bit his
lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd
at her
The less he liked her; and his ways
were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then
before
The month was out he left his father's
house,
And hired himself to work within the
fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd
and wed!
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing,
Allan call'd

His niece and said : 'My girl, I
you well;
But if you speak with him the
my son,
Or change a word with her he
his wife,
My home is none of yours. My
is law.'
And Dora promised, being meek
thought,
'It cannot be; my uncle's mind
change !'
And days went on, and there
born a boy
To William; then distresses ca-
him,
And day by day he pass'd his fa-
gate,
Heart-broken, and his father l-
him not.
But Dora stored what little she
save,
And sent it them by stealth, w-
they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever;
On William, and in harvest th-
died.
Then Dora went to Mary.
sat
And look'd with tears upon her
and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora can
said :
'I have obey'd my uncle until
And I have sinn'd, for it was all
me
This evil came on William a
first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him
gone,
And for your sake, the woman
he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come t
You know there has not bee-
these five years
So full a harvest. Let me tal-
boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's
Among the wheat; that whe-
heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may s-
boy,
And bless him for the sake o-
that's gone.
And Dora took the child, and
her way

AUDLEY COURT

bles I have gone thro'!"
 "Can he turn'd
 and pass'd—unhappy that I
 ! Sir, let me have my boy,
 you
 s him hard, and he will learn
 slight
 er's memory; and take Dora
 ck,
 all this be as it was before."
 ery said, and Dora hid her
 ce
 . There was silence in the
 om;
 at once the old man burst in
 he:
 e been to blame—to blame.
 have kill'd my son,
 kill'd him—but I loved him
 my dear son.
 I forgive me!—I have been
 blame.
 my children."

Then they clung about
 man's neck, and kiss'd him
 any times.
 the man was broken with
 sorrow;
 his love came back a hundred-
 fold;
 t three hours he sobb'd o'er
 William's child
 g of William.

So those four abode
 one house together, and as
 urs
 forward Mary took another
 ate;
 he lived unmarried till her
 ath.

AUDLEY COURT

all, the Fleece are cramm'd,
 d not a room
 or money. Let us picnic
 ere
 y Court."

I spoke, while Audley feast
 like a hive all round the
 crow quay,
 acs, with a basket on his
 m,
 as just alighted from the boat

And breathing of th
 my heart,
 Said Francis. Then we should
 thro' the swarm,
 And rounded by the stillness of t
 beach
 To where the bay runs up its latest
 horn.
 We left the dying ebb that faintly
 lipp'd
 The flat red granite; so by many a
 sweep
 Of meadow smooth from aftermath
 we reach'd
 The griffin-guarded gates, and pass'd
 thro' all
 The pillar'd dusk of sounding sycam-
 ores,
 And cross'd the garden to the garden-
 er's lodge,
 With all its casements bedded, and its
 walls
 And chimneys muffled in the leafy
 vine.

There, on a slope of orchard, Fran-
 cis laid
 A damask napkin wrought with horse
 and hound,
 Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt
 of home,
 And, half-cut-down, a pasty costly-
 made,
 Where quail and pigeon, lark and
 leveret lay,
 Like fossils of the rock, with golden
 yolks
 Imbedded and injellied; last, with
 these,
 A flask of cider from his father's
 vats,
 Prime, which I knew; and so we sat
 and eat
 And talk'd old matters over,—who
 was dead,
 Who married, who was like to be,
 and how
 The races went, and who would rent
 the hall;
 Then touch'd upon the game, how
 scarce it was
 This season; glancing thence, dis-
 cuss'd the farm,
 The four-field system, and the price
 of grain;
 And struck upon the corn-laws, where
 we split,

And came again together on the king
With heated faces; till he laugh'd
aloud,

And, while the blackbird on the pip-
pin hung
To hear him, clapt his hand in mine
and sang:

'O, who would fight and march
and countermarch,
Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field, ⁴⁰
And shovell'd up into some bloody
trench

Where no one knows? but let me live
my life.

'O, who would cast and balance at
a desk,

Perch'd like a crow upon a three-
legg'd stool,

Till all his juice is dried, and all his
joints

Are full of chalk? but let me live my
life.

'Who'd serve the state? for if I
carved my name

Upon the cliffs that guard my native
land,

I might as well have traced it in the
sands:

The sea wastes all; but let me live
my life. ⁵⁰

'O, who would love? I wou'd a
woman once,

But she was sharper than an eastern
wind,

And all my heart turn'd from her, as
a thorn

Turns from the sea; but let me live
my life.'

He sang his song, and I replied with
mine.

I found it in a volume, all of songs,
Knock'd down to me, when old Sir

Robert's pride,
His books—the more the pity, so I

said—
Came to the hammer here in March—

and this—
I set the words, and added names I

knew: ⁶⁰
'Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep, and
dream of me:

Sleep, Ellen, folded in thy sister's arm,
And sleeping, haply dream her arm is

mine.
'Sleep, Ellen, folded in Emilia's

arm:

Emilia, fairer than all else but
For thou art fairer than all else

'Sleep, breathing health a
upon her breast;

Sleep, breathing love and truth
her lip.

I go to-night; I come to
morn.

'I go, but I return; I
were

The pilot of the darkness
dream.

Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love, and
of me.'

So sang we each to either
Hale,

The farmer's son, who live
the bay,

My friend; and I, that havin
withal,

And in the fallow leisure of
A rolling stone of here and

where,
Did what I would. But ere

we rose
And saunter'd home beneath

that, just
In crescent, dimly rain'd a

leaf
Twilights of airy silver, till w

The limit of the hills; and as
From rock to rock upon the

quay,
The town was hush'd ben

lower down
The bay was oily calm; the

buoy,
Sole star of phosphorescence

calm,
With one green sparkle ever

Dipt by itself, and we were
heart.

WALKING TO THE M

John. I'm glad I walk'd
fresh the meadows look

Above the river, and, but a me
The whole hillside was redd

fox!
Is yon plantation where thi

joins
The turnpike?

James. Yes.

John. And when does this

WALKING TO THE MAIL

mail? At one o'clock.

What is it now?
arter to.

se house is that I see?
ounty Member's with

the yew-tree by it,

as.

? Sir Edward Head's.
d; the place is to be

! He was not broken.

No, sir, he,
rbb'd devil in his blood

world with jaundice,
ce

and commercing with

ase that handles daily

all in order more or

me went overseas for

whither?

r, who knows? he's
there.

; his devil goes with

ith his tenant, Jocky

's that?

i saw the man — on
was it? —

humpback'd willow;

ds up

elf has fallen and made

; caught the younker

trout —

agrande — what's the
rd? —

i house, for so they say,

ith a jolly ghost, that

rhined in lobbies, tapt

like a rat; no servant

xt packs up his beds

ts,

schold stuff; and with

ses, his wife upon the

Sets out, and meets a

him, 'What!

You're flitting!' 'Yes, we're

ting,' says the ghost —

For they had pack'd the thing am

the beds.

'O, well,' says he, 'you flitting w

us too! —

Jack, turn the horses' heads and home

again.'

John. He left his wife behind; for

so I heard.

James. He left her, yes. I met my

lady once;

A woman like a butt, and harsh as

crabs.

John. O, yet but I remember, ten

years back —

'T is now at least ten years — and then

she was —

You could not light upon a sweeter

thing;

A body slight and round, and like a

pear

In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a foot

Lessening in perfect cadence, and a

skin

As clean and white as privet when it

flowers.

James. Ay, ay, the blossom fades,

and they that loved

At first like dove and dove were cat

and dog.

She was the daughter of a cottager,

Out of her sphere. What betwixt

shame and pride,

New things and old, himself, and her,

she sour'd

To what she is; a nature never kind!

Like men, like manners; like breeds

like, they say.

Kind nature is the best; those man-

ners next

That fit us like a nature second-hand —

Which are indeed the manners of the

great.

John. But I had heard it was this

bill that past,

And fear of change at home, that

drove him hence.

James. That was the last drop in

the cup of gall.

I once was near him, when his bailiff

brought

A Chartist pike. You should have

seen him wince

As from a venomous thing; he
thought himself
A mark for all, and shudder'd, lest a
cry
Should break his sleep by night, and
his nice eyes
Should see the raw mechanic's bloody
thumbs
Sweat on his blazon'd chairs. But,
sir, you know
That these two parties still divide the
world —
Of those that want, and those that
have; and still
The same old sore breaks out from
age to age
With much the same result. Now I
myself,
A Tory to the quick, was as a boy
Destructive, when I had not what I
would.
I was at school, — a college in the
South.
There lived a flayflint near; we stole
his fruit,
His hens, his eggs; but there was law
for us;
We paid in person. He had a sow,
sir. She,
With meditative grunts of much con-
tent,
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun
and mud.
By night we dragg'd her to the college
tower
From her warm bed, and up the cork-
screw stair
With hand and rope we haled the
groaning sow,
And on the leads we kept her till she
pigg'd.
Large range of prospect had the mother
sow,
And but for daily loss of one she loved
As one by one we took them — but for
this —
As never sow was higher in this
world —
Might have been happy; but what
lot is pure?
We took them all, till she was left
alone
Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,
And so return'd unfarrow'd to her sty.
John. They found you out?
James. Not they.

John. Well — af-
What know we of the secret of
His nerves were wrong. Who
who are sound,
That we should mimic this
the world,
Which charts us all in its coars-
or whites,
As ruthless as a baby with a
As cruel as a schoolboy ere he
To pity — more from ignoran-
will.
But put your best foot forw-
fear
That we shall miss the mail; :
it comes
With five at top, as quaint a
hand
As you shall see, — three pyeb
a roan.

EDWIN MORRIS

OR, THE LAKE

O ME, my pleasant rambles
lake,
My sweet, wild, fresh three
of a year,
My one oasis in the dust and
Of city life! I was a sketched
See here, my doing: curves o-
tain, bridge,
Boat, island, ruins of a castle,
When men knew how to build
rock
With turrets lichen-gilded like
And here, new-comers in an
hold,
New-comers from the Mersey
aires,
Here lived the Hills — a Tud-
ney'd bulk
Of mellow brickwork on an
bowers.
O me, my pleasant ramble
lake
With Edwin Morris and with
Bull
The curate — he was fatter
cure!
But Edwin Morris, he that
names,
Long learned names of agar
and fern.



'When men knew how to build, upon a rock
With turrets Hohen-gilded like a rock'

regd a thousand theories of the
scho,
ught me how to skate, to row,
o swim,
d me rhymes elaborately good,
— I call'd him Crichton, for
s seem'd
ist, finish'd to the finger-nail.
nce I ask'd him of his early
le,
first passion; and he answer'd
e,
his words became him — was
not
d honeycomb of eloquence

Stored from all flowers? Poet-like he
spoke:
'My love for Nature is as old
as I;
But thirty moons, one honeymoon to
that,
And three rich sennights more, my love
for her.
My love for Nature and my love for
her,
Of different ages, like twin-sisters
grew,
Twin-sisters differently beautiful.
To some full music rose and sank the
sun,

And some full music seem'd to move
and change
With all the varied changes of the
dark,
And either twilight and the day be-
tween;
For daily hope fulfill'd, to rise again
Revolving toward fulfilment, made it
sweet
To walk, to sit, to sleep, to wake, to
breathe.⁴⁰
Or this or something like to this he
spoke.
Then said the fat-faced curate Edward
Bull:
'I take it, God made the woman for
the man,
And for the good and increase of the
world.
A pretty face is well, and this is well,
To have a dame indoors, that trims us
up,
And keeps us tight; but these unreal
ways
Seem but the theme of writers, and
indeed
Worn threadbare. Man is made of
solid stuff.
I say, God made the woman for the
man,⁵⁰
And for the good and increase of the
world.'
'Parson,' said I, 'you pitch the pipe
too low.
But I have sudden touches, and can run
My faith beyond my practice into his;
Tho' if, in dancing after Letty Hill,
I do not hear the bells upon my cap,
I scarce have other music -- yet say on.
What should one give to light on such
a dream?'
I ask'd him half-sardonically.
'Give?
Give all thou art,' he answer'd, and a
light⁶⁰
Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy
cheek;
'I would have hid her needle in my
heart,
To save her little finger from a scratch
No deeper than the skin; my ears
could hear
Her lightest breath; her least remark
was worth
The experience of the wise. I went
and came;

Her
I spoke
The flow
The crow-
Were not
To take them
Whether he
there
A touch of some
conceit
Or over-smoothing
He scarcely I
said:
'Friend Edwi
self alone
Of all men happy
me,
As in the Latin song
Sneeze out a full
and left?
But you can talk, a
vein;
I have, I think, -- II-
as much within
Have, or should have, b-
or two,
That like a purple be-
greens
Looks out of place.
want in her;
It is my shyness, or
trust,
Or something of a way
mind
Dissecting passion. The
right.'
So spoke I, knowing I
that were.
Then said the fat-faced cu-
Bull:
'God made the woman
of man,
And for the good and in-
crease of the
world.'
And I and Edwin laugh-
we paused
About the windings of
hear
The soft wind blowing o-
holms

s, garden-isles; and now we
 behind us, I and he, and ran
 shallows of the lipping lake,
 with the freshness and the
 and.
 hen the bracken rusted on
 its crags,
 and wither'd, nipt to death by
 a
 a god, and is a lawyer's clerk,
 roll Cupid of our rainy isles,
 we met; one hour I had, no
 see:
 a note, the seal an *Elle vous*
 it.
 e. 'Your Letty, only yours;'
 d this
 underscored. The friendly mist
 morn
 the lake. I boated over, ran
 t aground, and heard with
 ailing heart
 st-gale rustle round the shelv-
 g-knot;
 I slept, and up I crept. She
 oved,
 merpise in Enna, gathering
 ferns.
 e and sweet I whistled thrice;
 d she,
 /d, we closed, we kiss'd, swore
 ith. I breathed
 new planet. A silent cousin
 she
 and departed. 'Leave,' she
 sed,
 me!' 'Never, dearest, never:
 me
 be worst;' and while we stood
 be fools
 ng, all at once a score of pugs
 fine yell'd within, and out they
 me.
 and aunts and uncles. 'What,
 kh him!
 will'd the cotton-spinning
 ones; 'Him!'
 f. Again they shriek'd the
 rthen, 'Him!'
 ith hands of wild rejection,
 lo! —
 you in!' She went — and in
 e month
 dded her to sixty thousand
 unds,

To lands in Kent and messuages in
 York,
 And slight Sir Robert with his watery
 smile
 And educated whisker. But for me,
 They set an ancient creditor to work;
 It seems I broke a close with force and
 arms:
 There came a mystic token from the
 king
 To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy!
 I read, and fled by night, and flying
 turn'd;
 Her taper glimmer'd in the lake below;
 I turn'd once more, close-button'd to
 the storm;
 So left the place, left Edwin, nor have
 seen
 Him since, nor heard of her, nor cared
 to hear.
 Nor cared to hear? perhaps; yet
 long ago
 I have pardon'd little Letty; not in-
 deed,
 It may be, for her own dear sake, but
 this, —
 She seems a part of those fresh days
 to me;
 For in the dust and drouth of London
 life
 She moves among my visions of the
 lake,
 While the prime swallow dips his
 wing, or then
 While the gold-lily blows, and over-
 head
 The light cloud smoulders on the sum-
 mer crag.

SAINT SIMEON STYLITES

ALTHO' I be the basest of mankind,
 From scalp to sole one slough and
 crust of sin,
 Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce
 meet
 For troops of devils, mad with blas-
 phemy,
 I will not cease to grasp the hope I
 hold
 Of saintdom, and to clamor, mourn,
 and sob,
 Battering the gates of heaven with
 storms of prayer,
 Have mercy, Lord, and take away my
 sin!

Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty
 God,
 This not be all in vain, that thrice ten
 years,
 Thrice multiplied by superhuman¹⁰
 pangs,
 In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and
 cold,
 In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous
 throes and cramps,
 A sign betwixt the meadow and the
 cloud,
 Patient on this tall pillar I have
 borne
 Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp,
 and sleet, and snow;
 And I had hoped that ere this period
 closed
 Thou wouldst have caught me up into
 thy rest,
 Denying not these weather-beaten
 limbs
 The meed of saints, the white robe and
 the palm.
 O, take the meaning, Lord! I do
 not breathe,
 Not whisper, any murmur of com-
 plaint.
 Pain heap'd ten-hundred-fold to this,
 were still
 Less burthen, by ten-hundred-fold, to
 bear,
 Than were those lead-like tons of sin
 that crush'd
 My spirit flat before thee.
 O Lord, Lord,
 Thou knowest I bore this better at the
 first,
 For I was strong and hale of body
 then;
 And tho' my teeth, which now are
 dropt away,
 Would chatter with the cold, and all
 my beard²⁰
 Was tagg'd with icy fringes in the
 moon,
 I drown'd the whoopings of the owl
 with sound
 Of pious hymns and psalms, and some-
 times saw
 An angel stand and watch me, as I
 sang.
 Now am I feeble grown; my end draws
 nigh
 I hope my end draws nigh; half deaf
 I am,

So that I scarce can hear the
 hum
 About the column's base, and
 blind,
 And scarce can recognize the
 know;
 And both my thighs are rotte
 the dew;
 Yet cease I not to clamor and
 While my stiff spine can hold my
 head,
 Till all my limbs drop piecemeal
 the stone,
 Have mercy, mercy! take a
 sin!
 O Jesus, if thou wilt not
 soul,
 Who may be saved? who is it
 saved?
 Who may be made a saint
 here?
 Show me the man hath suffer
 than I.
 For did not all thy martyrs
 death?
 For either they were stoned, c
 fled,
 Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in
 sawn
 In twain beneath the ribs; b
 here
 To-day, and whole years long
 of death.
 Bear witness, if I could have
 way—
 And heedfully I sifted
 thought—
 More slowly-painful to sub
 home
 Of sin, my flesh, which I des
 hate,
 I had not stinted practice, O
 For not alone this pillar-puni
 Not this alone I bore; but whil
 In the white convent down th
 there,
 For many weeks about my loir
 The rope that haled the buck
 the well,
 Twisted as tight as I could
 noose,
 And spake not of it to a single
 Until the ulcer, eating thro'
 Betray'd my secret penance, &
 My brethren marvell'd greatly
 than this

whereof, O God, thou knowest
 all
 winters, that my soul might
 row to thee,
 up there on yonder mountain-
 side.
 leg chain'd into the crag, I lay
 a roofless cove of ragged
 bones;
 and sometimes in wandering
 list, and twice
 with thy branding thunder,
 and sometimes
 the damps for drink, and eat-
 ing not,
 the spare chance-gift of those
 that came
 to my body and be heal'd, and
 so.
 say then that I work'd mira-
 cles,
 my fame is loud amongst
 mankind,
 lameness, palsies, cancers.
 thou, O God,
 alone whether this was or no.
 mercy, mercy! cover all my sin!
 that I might be more alone
 with thee,
 years I lived upon a pillar, high
 as, and three years on one of
 elve;
 ice three years I crouch'd on
 ice that rose
 by measure; last of all, I grew
 a long weary, weary years to
 die.
 numbers forty cubits from the
 wall.
 k that I have borne as much
 as this—
 I dream—and for so long a
 me,
 y measure time by yon slow
 ght,
 a high dial, which my sorrow
 owns—
 as—even so.
 And yet I know not well,
 if the evil ones come here, and
 say.
 own, O Simeon; thou hast suf-
 er'd long
 and for ages!' then they prate
 across I cannot have gone thro',
 ing me with lies; and oft I fall,

Maybe for months, in such blind leth-
 argies
 That Heaven, and Earth, and Time
 are choked.
 But yet
 Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all
 the saints
 Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men
 on earth
 House in the shade of comfortable
 roofs,
 Sit with their wives by fires, eat whole-
 some food,
 And wear warm clothes, and even
 beasts have stalls,
 I, 'tween the spring and downfall of
 the light,
 Bow down one thousand and two hun-
 dred times,
 To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the
 saints;
 Or in the night, after a little sleep,
 I wake; the chill stars sparkle; I am
 wet
 With drenching dews, or stiff with
 crackling frost.
 I wear an undress'd goatskin on my
 back;
 A grazing iron collar grinds my neck;
 And in my weak, lean arms I lift the
 cross,
 And strive and wrestle with thee till
 I die.
 O, mercy, mercy! wash away my
 sin!
 O Lord, thou knowest what a man
 I am;
 A sinful man, conceived and born in
 sin.
 'T is their own doing; this is none of
 mine;
 Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for
 this,
 That here come those that worship
 me? Ha! ha!
 They think that I am somewhat
 What am I?
 The silly people take me for a saint,
 And bring me offerings of fruit and
 flowers;
 And I, in truth—thou wilt bear wit-
 ness here
 Have all in all endured as much, and
 more
 Than many just and holy men, whose
 names

Are register'd and calendar'd for
 saints. ¹³⁰
 Good people, you do ill to kneel to
 me.
 What is it I can have done to merit
 this?
 I am a sinner viler than you all.
 It may be I have wrought some mira-
 cles,
 And cured some halt and maim'd;
 but what of that?
 It may be no one, even among the
 saints,
 May match his pains with mine; but
 what of that?
 Yet do not rise; for you may look on
 me,
 And in your looking you may kneel
 to God.
 Speak! is there any of you halt or
 maim'd? ¹⁴⁰
 I think you know I have some power
 with Heaven
 From my long penance; let him
 speak his wish.
 Yes, I can heal him. Power goes
 forth from me.
 They say that they are heal'd. Ah,
 hark! they shout
 'Saint Simeon Stylites.' Why, if so,
 God reaps a harvest in me. O my
 soul,
 God reaps a harvest in thee! If this be,
 Can I work miracles and not be saved?
 This is not told of any. They were
 saints.
 It cannot be but that I shall be saved.
 Yea, crown'd a saint. They shout,
 'Behold a saint!' ¹⁵¹
 And lower voices saint me from above.
 Courage, Saint Simeon! This dull
 chrysalis
 Cracks into shining wings, and hope
 ere death
 Spreads more and more and more,
 that God hath now
 Sponged and made blank of crime-foul
 record all
 My mortal archives.
 O my sons, my sons,
 I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname
 Stylites, among men; I, Simeon,
 The watcher on the column till the
 end; ¹⁶⁰
 I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine
 bakes;

I, whose bald brows in silent
 become
 Unnaturally hoar with rime, down
 From my high nest of penance
 proclaim
 That Pontius and Iscariot by my
 Show'd like fair seraphs. On
 coals I lay,
 A vessel full of sin; all hell beat
 Made me boil over. Devils pluck'd
 my sleeve,
 Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at
 I smote them with the cross; a
 swarm'd again.
 In bed like monstrous apes
 crush'd my chest;
 They flapp'd my light out as I
 I saw
 Their faces grow between me and
 book:
 With coltlike whinny and with
 gish whine
 They burst my prayer. Yet this
 was left,
 And by this way I 'scaped the
 Mortify
 Your flesh, like me, with scorpions
 and with thorns;
 Smite, shrink not, spare not. I
 may be, fast
 Whole Lents, and pray. I have
 with slow steps,
 With slow, faint steps, and much
 ceeding pain,
 Have scrambled past those pits of
 that still
 Sing in mine ears. But yield not
 the praise;
 God only thro' his bounty I
 thought fit,
 Among the powers and princes of
 world,
 To make me an example to mankind
 Which few can reach to. Yet I
 not say
 But that a time may come—
 even now,
 Now, now, his footsteps smite
 threshold stairs
 Of life—I say, that time is at
 doors
 When you may worship me with
 reproach;
 For I will leave my relics in your hands
 And you may carve a shrine about
 my dust,

d now we To lands in Kent and messuages in
 e, and ran And slight Sir Robert with his watery
 ping lake, smile
 s and the And educated whisker. But for me,
 rusted on They set an ancient creditor to work ;
 100 It seems I broke a close with force and
 death by arms : 131
 er's clerk, There came a mystic token from the
 iny isles. king
 I had, no To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy !
 Elle vous I read, and fled by night, and flying
 : yours ; turn'd ;
 ndly mist Her taper glimmer'd in the lake below ;
 I have pardon'd little Letty ; not in-
 over, ran deed, 140
 and with I may be, for her own dear sake, but
 110 this, —
 t. She She seems a part of those fresh days
 hering to me ;
 urice ; For in the dust and drouth of London
 : vor- life
 the i sin She moves among my visions of the
 and e lake,
 into While the prime swallow dips his
 by H wing, or then
 120 While the gold lily blows, and over-
 head
 The light cloud smoulders on the sum-
 mer crag.

SAINT SIMEON STYLITES

ALTHO' I be the basest of mankind,
 From scalp to sole one slough and
 crust of sin,
 Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce
 meet
 troops of devils, mad with blas-
 phemy,
 I not cease to grasp the hope I
 hold
 intdorn, and to clamor, mourn,
 and sob,
 ing the gates of heaven with
 to myer,
 and take away my

Bluff Harry broke into the spence
And turn'd the cowls adrift.

'And I have seen some score of those
Fresh faces that would thrive ⁵⁰
When his man-minded offset rose
To chase the deer at five;

'And all that from the town would
stroll,
Till that wild wind made work
In which the gloomy brewer's soul
Went by me, like a stork;

'The slight she-slips of loyal blood,
And others, passing praise,
Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud
For puritanic stays. ⁶⁰

'And I have shadow'd many a group
Of beauties that were born

In teacup-times of hood and hoop
Or while the patch was worn

'And, leg and arm with love-knot
About me leap'd and laugh'd
The modish Cupid of the day,
And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

'I swear — and else may insects
Each leaf into a gall! —
This girl, for whom your heart is
Is three times worth them all;

'For those and theirs, by Nature
Have faded long ago;
But in these latter springs I saw
Your own Olivia blow,

'From when she gamboll'd o
greens
A baby-germ, to when



'And I have shadow'd many a group
Of beauties that were born
In teacup-times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn'

become of her teens
or five from ten. 80

if, and wind, and rain —
with thine ears —
role in the grain
d rings of years,

first could cast a shade,
nature pass
musically made,
in the grass;

flies, that will flit
a greensward fresh, 90
exquisitely knit,
spare of flesh.

knotted knees in fern,
ok the chase,
topmost branch discern
if Sumner-place!

when I carved her name,
not heard my vows,
last Olivia came
beneath thy boughs. 100

if, you know, the fair
not at the town;
fit his good arm-chair,
his hunter down.

when Albert came on his
him with joy;
into oxlip is,
he to the boy.

had past — and, sitting
it
low-wheel'd chaise, 110
trundled to the gate
dappled grays.

when she staid at home,
when she went,
in way you used to come,
with discontent.

never half-uncut
newwood shelf;
new piano shut;
not please herself. 120

as gamesome as the colt,
than a hawk

She sent her voice thro' all the holt
Before her, and the park.

'A light wind chased her on the wing,
And in the chase grew wild,
As close as might be would he cling
About the darling child;

'But light as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir, 130
The flower she touch'd on dipt and
rose,
And turn'd to look at her.

'And here she came, and round me
play'd,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzas that you made
About my "giant bole";

'And in a fit of frolic mirth
She strove to span my waist.
Alas! I was so broad of girth,
I could not be embraced. 140

'I wish'd myself the fair young beech
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have lock'd her hands.

'Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as
sweet
As woodbine's fragile hold,
Or when I feel about my feet
The berried briony fold.'

O, muffle round thy knees with fern,
And shadow Sumner-chace! 150
Long may thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, did she read the name
I carved with many vows
When last with throbbing heart I came
To rest beneath thy boughs?

'O, yes, she wander'd round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kiss'd the name she
found,
And sweetly murmur'd thine. 160

'A teardrop trembled from its source,
And down my surface crept.
My sense of touch is something coarse,
But I believe she wept.

'Then flush'd her cheek with rosy
light,
She glanced across the plain,
But not a creature was in sight;
She kiss'd me once again.

'Her kisses were so close and kind
That, trust me on my word, 170
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirr'd;

'And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discern'd,
Like those blind motions of the spring
That show the year is turn'd.

'Thrice-happy he that may caress
The ringlet's waving balm —
The cushions of whose touch may press
The maiden's tender palm. 180

'I, rooted here among the groves,
But languidly adjust
My vapid vegetable loves
With anthers and with dust;

'For ah! my friend, the days were brief
Whereof the poets talk,
When that which breathes within the
leaf
Could slip its bark and walk.

'But could I, as in times foregone,
From spray and branch and stem 190
Have suck'd and gather'd into one
The life that spreads in them,

'She had not found me so remiss;
But lightly issuing thro',
I would have paid her kiss for kiss,
With usury thereto.'

O, flourish high, with leafy towers,
And overlook the lea!
Pursue thy loves among the bowers.
But leave thou mine to me. 200

O, flourish, hidden deep in fern,
Old oak, I love thee well!
A thousand thanks for what I learn
And what remains to tell.

'Tis little more: the day was warm;
At last, tired out with play,
She sank her head upon her arm
And at my feet she lay.

'Her eyelids dropp'd their silken
I breathed upon her eyes
Thro' all the summer of my leave
A welcome mix'd with sighs.

'I took the swarming sound of life
The music from the town —
The murmurs of the drum and fife
And lull'd them in my own.

'Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip,
To light her shaded eye;
A second flutter'd round her lip
Like a golden butterfly;

'A third would glimmer on her
To make the necklace shine;
Another slid, a sunny fleck,
From head to ankle fine.

'Then close and dark my arms
spread,
And shadow'd all her rest —
Dropt dew upon her golden hair
An acorn in her breast.

'But in a pet she started up,
And pluck'd it out, and drew
My little oakling from the cup,
And flung him in the dew.

'And yet it was a graceful gift —
I felt a pang within
As when I see the woodman lift
His axe to slay my kin.

'I shook him down because he was
The finest on the tree.
He lies beside thee on the grass.
O, kiss him once for me!

'O, kiss him twice and thrice for
That have no lips to kiss!
For never yet was oak on lea
Shall grow so fair as this.'

Step deeper yet in herb and fern,
Look further thro' the chace,
Spread upward till thy bough
cern
The front of Sumner-place.

This fruit of thine by Love is blest
That but a moment lay
Where fairer fruit of Love may be
Some happy future day.



'She, Dryad-like, shall wear
Alternate leaf and acorn-hall'

ties it twice, I kiss it thrice,
The warmth it thence shall win
Riper life may magnetize
The baby-oak within.

As thou, while kingdoms overset,
Or lapse from hand to hand,
Thy leaf shall never fall, nor yet
Thine acorn in the land. 260

Thy never saw dismember thee,
Nor wielded axe disjoint,
Art thou the fairest-spoken tree
From here to Lizard-point.

Rock upon thy towery top
All throats that gurgle sweet!
Starry culmination drop
Behold-dews-to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow —
And while he sinks or swells — 270
The full south-breeze around thee blow
The sound of minster bells!

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,
That under deeply strikes!
The northern morning o'er thee shoot
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,
But, rolling as in sleep,
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,
That makes thee broad and deep! 280

And hear me swear a solemn oath,
That only by thy side
Will I to Olive plight my troth,
And gain her for my bride.

And when my marriage morn may fall,
She, Dryad-like, shall wear
Alternate leaf and acorn-ball
In wreath about her hair.

And I will work in prose and rhyme,
And praise thee more in both ²⁹⁰
Than bard has honor'd beech or lime,
Or that Thessalian growth

In which the swarthy ringdove sat,
And mystic sentence spoke ;
And more than England honors that,
Thy famous brother-oak,

Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a surly hymn. ³⁰⁰

LOVE AND DUTY

Of love that never found his earthly
close,
What sequel ? Streaming eyes and
breaking hearts ?
Or all the same as if he had not been ?
Not so. Shall Error in the round
of time
Still father Truth ? O, shall the brag-
gart shout
For some blind glimpse of freedom
work itself
Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to
law,
System, and empire ? Sin itself be
found
The cloudy porch oft opening on the
sun ?
And only he, this wonder, dead, be-
come ¹⁰
Mere highway dust ? or year by year
alone
Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,
Nightmare of youth, the spectre of
himself ?
If this were thus, if this, indeed,
were all,
Better the narrow brain, the stony
heart,
The staring eye glazed o'er with sap-
less days,
The long mechanic pacings to and fro,
The set gray life, and apathetic end.
But am I not the nobler thro' thy love ?

O, three times less unworthy ! I
wise thou
Art more thro' Love, and greater th
thy years,
The sun will run his orbit, and t
moon
Her circle. Wait, and Love hims
will bring
The drooping flower of knowled
changed to fruit
Of wisdom. Wait ; my faith is la
in Time,
And that which shapes it to some p
fect end.
Will some one say, Then why i
ill for good ?
Why took ye not your pastime ?
that man
My work shall answer, since I kn
the right
And did it ; for a man is not as God,
But then most Godlike being most
man.—
So let me think 't is well for thee a
me —
Ill-fated that I am, what lot is mine
Whose foresight preaches peace, i
heart so slow
To feel it ! For how hard it seen
to me,
When eyes, love-languid thro' h
tears, would dwell
One earnest, earnest moment up
mine,
Then not to dare to see ! when t
low voice,
Faltering, would break its syllabl
to keep
My own full-tuned, — hold passion
a leash,
And not leap forth and fall about t
neck,
And on thy bosom — deep desired
lief ! —
Rain out the heavy mist of tears, th
weigh'd
Upon my brain, my senses, and i
soul !
For Love himself took part again
himself
To warn us off, and Duty loved
Love —
O, this world's curse — beloved t
hated — came
Like Death betwixt thy dear embr
and mine,

And crying, 'Who is this? behold
thy bride.'

She peak'd me from thee.

If the sense is hard
To alien ears, I did not speak to
these—

Is, not to thee, but to thyself in me.
And is my doom and thine; thou
knowest it all.

Could Love part thus? was it not
well to speak,

I have spoken once? It could not
but be well.

Is slow sweet hours that bring us
all things good,

Is slow sad hours that bring us all
things ill,

And all good things from evil, brought
the night

which we sat together and alone,
And to the want that hollow'd all the
heart

And utterance by the yearning of an
eye,

And burn'd upon its object thro'
such tears

And flow but once a life.

The trance gave way
To those carcases, when a hundred
times

That last kiss, which never was the
last,

And well, like endless welcome, lived
and died.

And follow'd counsel, comfort, and
the words

And make a man feel strong in speak-
ing truth;

And now the dark was worn, and over-
head

And lights of sunset and of sunrise
mix'd

And that brief night, the summer night,
that paused

And long her stars to hear us, stars that
hung

And re-charm'd to listen; all the wheels
of Time

And in round in station, but the end
had come.

And, then, like those who clench their
nerves to rush

And on their dissolution, we two rose,
And were—closing like an individual
life—

And me blind cry of passion and of pain,

Like bitter accusation even to death,
Caught up the whole of love and utter'd
it,

And bade adieu for ever.

Live—yet live—
Shall sharpest pathos blight us, know-
ing all

Life needs for life is possible to
will?—

Live happy; tend thy flowers; be
tended by

My blessing! Should my Shadow
cross thy thoughts

Too sadly for their peace, remand it
thou

For calmer hours to Memory's darkest
hold,

If not to be forgotten—not at once—
Not all forgotten. Should it cross thy
dreams,

O, might it come like one that looks
content,

With quiet eyes unfaithful to the truth,
And point thee forward to a distant
light,

Or seem to lift a burthen from thy
heart

And leave thee freer, till thou wake
refresh'd

Then when the first low matin-chirp
hath grown

Full quire, and morning driven her
plow of pearl

Far furrowing into light the mounded
rack,

Beyond the fair green field and eastern
sea.

THE GOLDEN YEAR

WELL, you shall have that song which
Leonard wrote:

It was last summer on a tour in Wales
Old James was with me; we that day
had been

Up Snowdon; and I wish'd for Leon-
ard there.

And found him in Llanberis. Then
we crost

Between the lakes, and clamber'd half
way up

The counter side; and that same song
of his

He told me, for I banter'd him and
swore

They said he lived shut up within him-
self,
A tongue-tied poet in the feverous
days
That, setting the *how much* before the
how,
Cry, like the daughters of the horse-
leech, 'Give,
Cram us with all,' but count not me
the herd!
To which 'They call me what they
will,' he said:
'But I was born too late; the fair
new forms,
That float about the threshold of an
age,
Like truths of Science waiting to be
caught—
Catch me who can, and make the
catcher crown'd—
Are taken by the forelock. Let it
be.
But if you care indeed to listen, hear 20
These measured words, my work of
yester-morn:
'We sleep and wake and sleep, but
all things move;
The sun flies forward to his brother
sun;
The dark earth follows wheel'd in her
ellipse;
And human things returning on them-
selves
Move onward, leading up the golden
year.
'Ah! tho' the times when some new
thought can bud
Are but as poets' seasons when they
flower,
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
Have ebb and flow conditioning their
march, 30
And slow and sure comes up the
golden year;
'When wealth no more shall rest in
mounded heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly
melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be
liker man
Thro' all the season of the golden year.
'Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens
be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of
that?

The wonder of the eagle were the less
But he not less the eagle. Happy
days
Roll onward, leading up the golden
year.
'Fly, happy, happy sails, and be
the Press;
Fly happy with the mission of the
Cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing haw-
ward
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear
of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden year
'But we grow old. Ah! when shall
all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal
Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the
land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the
sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year!
Thus far he flow'd, and ended; when
upon
'Ah, folly!' in mimic cadence answer
James—
'Ah, folly! for it lies so far away,
Not in our time, nor in our children
time,
'Tis like the second world to us that
live;
'T were all as one to fix our hopes on
heaven
As on this vision of the golden year.
With that he struck his staff against
the rocks
And broke it, — James, — you know
him, — old, but full
Of force and choler, and firm upon his
feet,
And like an oaken stock in winter
woods,
O'erflourish'd with the hoary clematis
Then added, all in heat:
'What stuff is this
Old writers push'd the happy season
back, —
The more fools they, — we forward
dreamers both —
You must, that, in an age when ever
hour
Must sweat her sixty minutes to the
death,
Live on, God love us, as if the seed
man, rapt

the teeming harvest, should not
plunge
hand into the bag; but well I
know
unto him who works, and feels
he works,
same grand year is ever at the
doors
spoke; and, high above, I heard
them blast
deep slate quarry, and the great
who flap
about round the hills, from bluff
to bluff.

✓ ULYSSES

little profits that an idle king,
his still hearth, among these bar-
ren crags.

Match'd with an aged wife, I mete
and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and
know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have
enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both
with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore,
and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy
Hyades
Vext the dim sea. I am become a
name;
For always roaming with a hungry
heart
Much have I seen and known, — cities
of men



Ulysses, from the "Iliad" of Homer, translated by E. V. Rieu.

And manners, climates, councils, gov-
 ernments,
 Myself not least, but honor'd of them
 all, —
 And drunk delight of battle with my
 peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy
 Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met ;
 Yet all experience is an arch where-
 thro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world whose
 margin fades ²⁰
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an
 end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in
 use !
 As tho' to breathe were life ! Life
 piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to
 me
 Little remains ; but every hour is
 saved
 From that eternal silence, something
 more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it
 were
 For some three suns to store and hoard
 myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in
 desire ³⁰
 To follow knowledge like a sinking
 star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human
 thought.
 This is my son, mine own Telema-
 chus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the
 isle, —
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labor, by slow prudence to make
 mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft de-
 grees
 Subdue them to the useful and the
 good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the
 sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail ⁴⁰
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work,
 I mine.
 There lies the port ; the vessel puffs
 her sail :

There gloom the dark, broad sea
 My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought
 and thought with me, —
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and
 opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and
 I are old ;
 Old age hath yet his honor and his
 toil.
 Death closes all ; but something ⁵⁰
 the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be
 done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with
 Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the
 rocks ;
 The long day wanes ; the slow moon
 climbs ; the deep
 Moans round with many voices
 Come, my friends.
 'T is not too late to seek a newer
 world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order
 smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my pur-
 pose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the
 baths ⁶⁰
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us
 down ;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy
 Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we
 knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides
 and tho'
 We are not now that strength which
 in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which
 we are, we are. —
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but
 strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to
 yield. ⁷⁰

TITHONUS

THE woods decay, the woods decay
 and fall,
 The vapors weep their burthen to the
 ground,

comes and tills the field and lies
beneath,
after many a summer dies the
swad.

only cruel immortality
comes; I wither slowly in thine
arms,
at the quiet limit of the world,
white-hair'd shadow roaming like a
dream

ever-silent spaces of the East,
e-folded mists, and gleaming halls
of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a
man —
glorious in his beauty and thy
choice,
he madest him thy chosen, that he
seem'd
his great heart none other than a
God!

ask'd thee, 'Give me immortality.'
then didst thou grant mine asking
with a smile,
like wealthy men who care not how
they give.

at thy strong Hours indignant work'd
their wills,
and beat me down and marr'd and
wasted me,
and tho' they could not end me, left
me maim'd

to dwell in presence of immortal
youth,
immortal age beside immortal youth,
and all I was in ashes. Can thy
love,

by beauty, make amends, tho' even
now,

one over us, the silver star, thy
guide,
dies in those tremulous eyes that
fill with tears

hear me? Let me go; take back
thy gift.

by should a man desire in any way
vary from the kindly race of men,
pass beyond the goal of ordinance
here all should pause, as is most
meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart;
there comes

glimpse of that dark world where I
was born.

ce more the old mysterious glim-
mer steals

From thy pure brows, and from thy
shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart re-
new'd.

Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the
gloom,

Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close
to mine,

Ere yet they blind the stars, and the
wild team

Which love thee, yearning for thy
yoke, arise,

And shake the darkness from their
loosen'd manes,

And beat the twilight into flakes of
fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer
given

Departest, and thy tears are on my
cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with
thy tears,

And make me tremble lest a saying
learn't,

In days far-off, on that dark earth, be
true?

'The Gods themselves cannot recall
their gifts.'

Ay me! ay me! with what an
other heart

In days far-off, and with what other
eyes

I used to watch — if I be he that
watch'd —

The lucid outline forming round thee;
saw

The dim curls kindle into sunny
rings;

Changed with thy mystic change, and
felt my blood

Glow with the glow that slowly crim-
son'd all

Thy presence and thy portals, while I
lay,

Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing
dewy-warm

With kisses balmy than half-opening
buds

Of April, and could hear the lips that
kiss'd

Whispering I knew not what of wild
and sweet,

Like that strange song I heard Apollo
sing.

While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine
East;
How can my nature longer mix with
thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me,
cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my
wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds,
when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about
the homes
Of happy men that have the power to
die,
And grassy barrows of the happier⁷⁰
dead.
Release me, and restore me to the
ground.
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see
my grave;
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by
morn,
I earth in earth forget these empty
courts,
And thee returning on thy silver
wheels.

LOCKSLEY HALL

COMRADES, leave me here a little,
while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want
me, sound upon the bugle-
horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of
old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland
flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance
overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring
into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied case-
ment, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping
slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, ris-
ing thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled
in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I was
nourishing a youth subli-
With the fairy tales of scienc
the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me
fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the press
the promise that it closed

When I dipt into the future
human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world a
the wonder that would be

In the spring a fuller crimson
upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwin
himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris chan-
the burnish'd dove;

In the spring a young man's
lightly turns to thought
love.

Then her cheek was pale and th
than should be for o
young,
And her eyes on all my motion:
a mute observance hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, s
and speak the truth to me
Trust me, cousin, all the cur-
my being sets to thee.'

On her pallid cheek and forehead
a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red fl
in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom s
with a sudden storm of si
All the spirit deeply dawning
dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings
ing they should do me wr
Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cou
weeping, 'I have loved
long.'

Love took up the glass of
and turn'd it in his gl
hands;



'Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn'

Very moment, lightly shaken, ran
itself in golden sands.

ove took up the harp of Life, and
smote on all the chords with
might:

note the chord of Self, that, trem-
bling, past in music out of
sight.

lay a morning on the moorland did
we hear the copses ring,
ad her whisper throug'd my pulses
with the fulness of the spring.

my an evening by the waters did
we watch the stately ships,
ad our spirits rush'd together at the
touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O
my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the
barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser
than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile
to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—hav-
ing known me — to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a
narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his
level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse
to sympathize with clay.

- ✓ As the husband is, the wife is; thou
art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will
have weight to drag thee down.
- He will hold thee, when his passion
shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little
dearer than his horse. 50
- What is this? his eyes are heavy; think
not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him, it is thy duty; kiss him,
take his hand in thine.
- It may be my lord is weary, that his
brain is overwrought;
Soothe him with thy finer fancies,
touch him with thy lighter
thought.
- He will answer to the purpose, easy
things to understand —
Better thou wert dead before me,
tho' I slew thee with my hand!
- Better thou and I were lying, hidden
from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent
in a last embrace.
- Cursed be the social wants that sin
against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us
from the living truth! 60
- Cursed be the sickly forms that err
from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the
straiten'd forehead of the fool!
- Well — 'tis well that I should blus-
ter! — Hadst thou less un-
worthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee
more than ever wife was loved.
- Am I mad, that I should cherish that
which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho'
my heart be at the root.
- Never, tho' my mortal summers to such
length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads
the clanging rookery home.
- Where is comfort? in division of
records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and
her, as I knew her, kind?
- I remember one that perish'd; swe-
did she speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, who
look at was to love.
- Can I think of her as dead, and
her for the love she bore?
No — she never loved me truly; I
is love for evermore.
- Comfort? comfort scorn'd of dev-
this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
remembering happier things
- Drug thy memories, lest thou lo-
it, lest thy heart be put
proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and w-
the rain is on the roof.
- Like a dog, he hunts in dreams,
thou art staring at the wall.
Where the dying night-lamp fl-
ers, and the shadows rise
fall.
- Then a hand shall pass before t-
pointing to his drunken sleep
To thy widow'd marriage-pillow:
the tears that thou wilt we-
- Thou shalt hear the 'Never, nev-
whisper'd by the phantom ye
And a song from out the distance
the ringing of thine ears;
- And an eye shall vex thee, loo-
ancient kindness on thy pai-
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pill-
get thee to thy rest again.
- Nay, but Nature brings thee sol-
for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine, a li-
drain thy trouble dry.
- Baby lips will laugh me down;
latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, pres-
from the mother's breast.

the child too clothes the father
with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his; it will
be worthy of the two.

I see thee old and formal, fitted to
thy petty part,
Thy little hoard of maxims preach-
ing down a daughter's heart.

What is that which I should turn to,
lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and
opens but to golden keys. 100

Every gate is throng'd with suitors,
all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy; what is
that which I should do?



'Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships'

they were dangerous guides the feel-
ings — she herself was not ex-
empt —
ly, she herself had suffer'd' — Per-
ish in thy self-contempt!

live it — lower yet — be happy!
wherefore should I care?
yself must mix with action, lest I
wither by despair.

I had been content to perish, falling
on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor,
and the winds are laid with
sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps
the hurt that Honor feels
And the nations do but murmur, snarl-
ing at each other's heels

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.	There the common sense shall hold a fretful awe,
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!	And the kindly earth shall lapt in universal law.
Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,	So I triumph'd ere my passion ing thro' me left me dr
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life; 110	Left me with the palsied he left me with the jaundi
Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,	Eye, to which all order fes things here are out of j
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,	Science moves, but slowly, creeping on from point t
And at night along the dusky high- way near and nearer drawn,	Slowly comes a hungry peop lion, creeping nigher,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;	Glares at one that nods an behind a slowly-dying f
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,	Yet I doubt not thro' the s increasing purpose runs
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men;	And the thoughts of men are with the process of the
Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;	What is that to him that re harvest of his youthful
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.	Tho' the deep heart of existe for ever like a boy's?
For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see.	Knowledge comes, but wisd gers, and I linger on th
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be; 120	And the individual withers, world is more and more
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,	Knowledge comes, but wisdom and he bears a laden br
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;	Full of sad experience, mov ward the stillness of his
Heard the heavens fill with shout- ing, and there rain'd a ghastly dew	Hark, my merry comrades c sounding on the bugle-
From the nations' airy navies grap- pling in the central blue;	They to whom my foolish were a target for their s
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,	Shall it not be scorn to me to such a moulder'd string
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder- storm;	I am shamed thro' all my n have loved so slight a t
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd	Weakness to be wroth with ness! woman's pleasu
In the Parliament of man, the Feder- ation of the world.	man's pain — Nature made them blinder bounded in a shallower

Ocean is the lesser man, and all thy
 passions, match'd with mine,
 As moonlight unto sunlight, and
 As water unto wine —

At least, where nature sickens,
 Nothing. Ah, for some retreat
 In yonder shining Orient, where
 My life began to beat,

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell
 My father evil-starr'd; —
 Was left a trampled orphan, and a
 Selfish uncle's ward.

To burst all links of habit — there
 To wander far away,
 From island unto island at the
 Gate-ways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow
 Moons and happy skies,
 Breadths of tropic shade and palms in
 Cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats
 An European flag,
 Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland,
 Swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy blossom'd bower,
 Hangs the heavy-fruited tree —
 Summer isles of Eden lying in dark
 Purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment
 More than in this march of mind,
 In the steam-ship, in the railway, in the
 Thoughts that shake mankind.



Robert
 Baby in the arms of his mother.



There the passions cramp'd no longer
shall have scope and breathing
space ;

I will take some savage woman, she
shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall
dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and
hurl their lances in the sun ; 170

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap
the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over
miserable books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but
I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower
than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads,
vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like
a beast with lower pains !

Mated with a squalid savage — what
to me were sun or clime ?
I the heir of all the ages, in the fore-
most files of time —

I that rather held it better men should
perish one by one, 179
Than that earth should stand at gaze
like Joshua's moon in Ajalon !

Not in vain the distance beacons.
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down
the ringing grooves of change.

) Thro' the shadow of the globe we
sweep into the younger day ;
Better fifty years of Europe than a
cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age, — for mine I knew not, —
help me as when life begun ;
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash
the lightnings, weigh the sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my
spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well
thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be
farewell to Locksley
Now for me the woods mu
now for me the roof-

Comes a vapor from the mar
ening over heath and
Cramming all the blast be
its breast a thunderb

Let it fall on Locksley Hall
or hail, or fire or snow
For the mighty wind arise
seaward, and I go.

GODIVA

*I WAITED for the train at Co
I hung with grooms and port
bridge,*

*To watch the three tall spires ;
I shaped*

*The city's ancient legend into
Not only we, the latest see
New men, that in the flying
Cry down the past, not only*

*prate
Of rights and wrongs, have
people well,*

*And loathed to see them c
but she*

*Did more, and underwent,
came,*

*The woman of a thousand
back,*

*Godiva, wife to that grim
ruled*

*In Coventry ; for when he l
Upon his town, and all the
brought*

*Their children, clamoring, 'I
we starve !'*

*She sought her lord, and fo
where he strode*

*About the hall, among his de
His beard a foot before him, a
A yard behind. She told hi
tears,*

*And pray'd him, 'If they pa
they starve.'*

*Whereat he stared, reply
amazed,*

*'You would not let your li
ache*



'The page has caught her hand in his ;
Her lips are sever'd as to speak'

II

bathes the range of urns
slanting terrace-lawn. 30
in to his place returns
the garden lake with-
in.
the banner on the tower,
all hearths the festal fires,
k in his laurel bower,
ot in his gilded wires.

III

ing martins warm their
:
in those the life is stay'd.
s from the golden pegs
apily; no sound is made, 40
f a gnat that sings.
a picture seemeth all
old portraits of old kings,
teah the sleepers from the

IV

Here sits the butler with a flask
Between his knees, half-drain'd; and
there
The wrinkled steward at his task,
The maid-of-honor blooming fair.
The page has caught her hand in his;
Her lips are sever'd as to speak; 50
His own are pout'd to a kiss;
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

V

Till all the hundred summers pass,
The beams that thro' the oriel
shine
Make prisms in every carven glass
And beaker brimm'd with noble
wine
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.
His state the king reposing keeps
He must have been a jovial king 60

VI

All round a hedge upahoots, and
shows
At distance like a little wood;
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
And grapes with bunches red as
blood;
All creeping plants, a wall of green
Close-matted, bur and brake and
brier,
And glimpsing over these, just seen,
High up, the topmost palace spire.

VII

When will the hundred summers
die,
And thought and time be born
again,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul of
men?
Here all things in their place remain,
As all were order'd, ages since.
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and
Pain,
And bring the fated fairy Prince.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

I

YEAR after year unto her feet,
She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purple coverlet
The maiden's jet-black hair has
grown,
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of
pearl;
The slumbrous light is rich and
warm,
And moves not on the rounded
curl.

II

The silk star-broider'd coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever; and, amid
Her full black ringlets downward
roll'd,
Glow forth each softly-shadow'd
arm
With bracelets of the diamond
bright.
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with
light.

III

She sleeps; her breathing
heard
In palace chambers far ap
The fragrant tresses are not
That lie upon her charms
She sleeps; on either hand
The gold-fringed pillo
prest;
She sleeps, nor dreams,
dwells
A perfect form in perfect

THE ARRIVAL

I

ALL precious things, discov
To those that seek them is
For love in sequel works wi
And draws the veil fro
worth.
He travels far from other al
His mantle glitters on the
A fairy Prince, with joyful
And lighter-footed than ti

II

The bodies and the bones of
That strove in other days
Are wither'd in the thorny c
Or scatter'd blanching on
He gazes on the silent dead
'They perish'd in the
deeds.'
This proverb flashes thro' h
'The many fail, the one s

III

He comes, scarce knowing
seeks;
He breaks the hedge;
there;
The color flies into his cheek
He trusts to light on
fair;
For all his life the charm di
About his path, and hove
With words of promise in h
And whisper'd voices at l

IV

More close and close his
wind;
The Magic Music in his h
Beats quick and quicker, til
The quiet chamber far ap

His spirit flutters like a lark,
 He stoops — to kiss her — on his
 knee. 130
 'Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
 How dark those hidden eyes must
 be!'

THE REVIVAL

I
 A touch, a kiss! the charm was
 snapt.
 There rose a noise of striking
 clocks,
 And feet that ran, and doors that
 clapt,
 And barking dogs, and crowing
 cocks;
 A clearer light illumined all,
 A breeze thro' all the garden
 swept,
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt. 140

II
 The hedge broke in, the banner blew
 The butler drank, the steward
 scrawl'd,
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,
 The parrot scream'd, the peacock
 squall'd,
 The maid and page renew'd the
 strife,
 The palace bang'd and buzz'd an
 clackt,
 And all the long-pent stream of life
 Dash'd downward in a cataract.

III
 And last with these the king awoke,
 And in his chair himself uprear'd,
 And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and
 spoke,
 'By holy rood, a royal beard!
 How say you? we have slept, m
 lords.
 My beard has grown into my lap.'



How the king awoke, and how he
 My beard has grown into my lap.

The barons swore, with many words,
'T was but an after-dinner's nap.

IV

'Pardy,' return'd the king, 'but still
My joints are somewhat stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mention'd half an hour ago?' 160
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words return'd reply,
But dallied with his golden chain.
And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE

I

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the
old;
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim, 170
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him.

II

'I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss;
'O, wake for ever, love,' she hears;
'O love, 't was such as this and
this.'
And o'er them many a sliding star
And many a merry wind was
bornè,
And, stream'd thro' many a golden
bar,
The twilight melted into morn. 180

III

'O eyes long laid in happy sleep!
'O happy sleep, that lightly fled!
'O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!
'O love, thy kiss would wake the
dead!
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

IV

'A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me
where?' 190
O, seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there.'

And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple
Beyond the night, across the
Thro' all the world she follow'd

MORAL

I

So, Lady Flora, take my lay
And if you find no moral
Go, look in any glass and say
What moral is in being fair
O, to what uses shall we put
The wildweed-flower that
blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?

II

But any man that walks the
In bud or blade or bloom
find,
According as his humors lead
A meaning suited to his mind
And liberal applications lie
In Art like Nature, dears
So 't were to cramp its use if
Should hook it to some use

L'ENVOI

I

You shake your head. A
string
Your finer female sense off
Well — were it not a pleasure
To fall asleep with all one
To pass with all our social ties
To silence from the paths of
And every hundred years to
And learn the world, as
again;
To sleep thro' terms of might
And wake on science's
more.
On secrets of the brain, the sense
As wild as aught of fairy land
And all that else the young
show,
The Poet-forms of stronger
The vast Republics that may
The Federations and the
Titanic forces taking birth
In divers seasons, divers climes
For we are Ancients of the earth
And in the morning of the

II

eping, so aroused from sleep
 o' sunny decads new and strange,
 ay quinqueniads, would we
 reap
 flower and quintessence of
 change.

III

t would I — and would I might !
 uch your eyes my fancy take —
 the first to leap to light
 I might kiss those eyes awake !
 n I right, or am I wrong, 24
 hose your own you did not
 are ;
 have my moral from the song,
 I will take my pleasure there ;
 m I right or am I wrong,
 ancy, ranging thro' and thro',
 wh a meaning for the song,
 ice will still revert to you,
 ds a closer truth than this
 raceful head, so richly curl'd,
 ermore a costly kiss 25
 prelude to some brighter world.

IV

o the time when Adam first
 ead his Eve in happy hour,
 ery bird of Eden burst
 ed every bud to flower,
 yes, like thine, have waken'd
 eyes,
 e lips, like thine, so sweetly
 and ?
 on the double rosebud droops
 fulness of the pensive mind,
 all too dearly self involved,
 eeps a dreamless sleep to me,
 by kisses undissolved,
 let's thee neither hear nor see
 ak it — In the name of wife,
 n the rights that name may
 give,
 ood the moral of thy life,
 hat for which I care to live

EPILOGUE

ly Flora, take my lay,
 f you find a meaning there
 per to your glass, and say
 t wonder if he thinks me fair ?
 onder I was all too wise
 ape the song for your delight

Like long-tail'd birds of Paradise
 That float thro' heaven, and cannot
 light ?
 Or old-world trains, upheld at court
 By Cupid-boys of blooming hue —
 But take it — earnest wed with sport,
 And either sacred unto you. 28

AMPHION

My father left a park to me,
 But it is wild and barren,
 A garden too with scarce a tree,
 And waster than a warren ;
 Yet say the neighbors when they call
 It is not bad but good land,
 And in it is the germ of all
 That grows within the woodland.

O, had I lived when song was great
 In days of old Amphion, 10
 And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
 Nor cared for seed or seion !
 And had I lived when song was great,
 And legs of trees were limber,
 And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
 And fiddled in the timber !

'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,
 Such happy intonation,
 Wherever he sat down and sung
 He left a small plantation ; 20
 Wherever in a lonely grove
 He set up his forlorn pipes,
 The genty oak began to move,
 And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,
 And, as tradition teaches,
 Young ashes pirouetted down
 Coquetting with young birches ;
 And briary vine and ivy wreath
 Ran forward to his rhyming,
 And from the valleys underneath
 Came little copses climbing

The British broke her ranks and bent
 The woodland wreaths that bind

And down the middle jazzed sweet
 With a horn-bow tilted low
 The poplars in long order shoo
 With a cross-promenade
 The slender willows twined their
 By rivers galloped, 40

Came wet-shod alder from the wave,
 Came yews, a dismal coterie;
 Each pluck'd his one foot from the
 grave,

Poussetting with a sloe-tree;
 Old elms came breaking from the
 vine,

The vine stream'd out to follow,
 And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine
 From many a cloudy hollow.

And was'n't it a sight to see,
 When, ere his song was ended, 50
 Like some great landslip, tree by tree,
 The country-side descended;
 And shepherds from the mountain-
 eaves
 Look'd down, half-pleased, half-
 frighten'd,
 As dash'd about the drunken leaves
 The random sunshine lighten'd?

O, Nature first was fresh to men,
 And wanton without measure;
 So youthful and so flexile then,
 You moved her at your pleasure. 60
 Twang out, my fiddle! shake the
 twigs!
 And make her dance attendance;
 Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs.
 And scirrhous roots and tendons!

'Tis vain! in such a brassy age
 I could not move a thistle;
 The very sparrows in the hedge
 Scarce answer to my whistle;
 Or at the most, when three-parts-sick
 With strumming and with scraping,
 A jackass hechaws from the rick, 71
 The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear? a sound
 Like sleepy counsel pleading;
 O Lord!—'t is in my neighbor's
 ground.
 The modern Muses reading.
 They read Botanic Treatises,
 And Works on Gardening thro'
 there,
 And Methods of Transplanting Trees
 To look as if they grew there. 80

The wither'd Misses! how they prose
 O'er books of travell'd seamen,
 And show you slips of all that grows
 From England to Van Diemen.

They read in arbors clipt and cut,
 And alleys, faded places,
 By squares of tropic summer shut
 And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful dirt
 Are neither green nor sappy;
 Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,
 The spindlings look unhappy.
 Better to me the meanest weed
 That blows upon its mountain,
 The vilest herb that runs to seed
 Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of to
 And years of cultivation,
 Upon my proper patch of soil
 To grow my own plantation.
 I'll take the showers as they fall,
 I will not vex my bosom:
 Enough if at the end of all
 A little garden blossom.

SAINT AGNES' EVE

DEEP on the convent-roof the snow
 Are sparkling to the moon;
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes
 May my soul follow soon!
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hoar
 That lead me to my Lord.
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd a
 dark,
 To yonder shining ground;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord! and f
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glitteri
 star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
 The flashes come and go;



'My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
May my soul follow soon'

Heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Shut back, and far within
The Heavenly Bridegroom
awaits,
To make me pure of sin.
O Sabbaths of Eternity,
Be Sabbath deep and wide—
Stretch upon the shining sea—
Meet the Bridegroom with his bride!

EDWARD GRAY

By Emma Moreland of yonder
town
I came walking on yonder way;

'And have you lost your heart?' she
said;
'And are you married yet, Edward
Gray?'

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
'Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward
Gray.

'Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's
will;
To-day I sat for an hour and wept
By Ellen's grave, on the windy
hill.

'Shy she was, and I thought her
cold,
Thought her proud, and fled over
the sea ;
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

'Cruel, cruel the words I said !
Cruelly came they back to-day :
" You 're too slight and fickle," I said,
" To trouble the heart of Edward
Gray."

'There I put my face in the grass —
Whisper'd, " Listen to my despair ;
I repent me of all I did ;
Speak a little, Ellen Adair !"

'Then I took a pencil, and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
" Here lies the body of Ellen Adair ;
And here the heart of Edward
Gray !"

'Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to
tree ;
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

'Bitterly wept I over the stone ;
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away.
There lies the body of Ellen Adair !
And there the heart of Edward
Gray !'

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of
men,

My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and
fly,

The horse and rider reel ;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists, a
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall !

For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall ;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt a
shrine ;

I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam
Me mightier transports move a
thrill ;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy cresce
goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glow
I hear a noise of hymns.
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voice, but none are there ;
The stalls are void, the doors a
wide,

The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swing
And solemn chaunts resound b
tween.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-mere
I find a magic bark,
I leap on board ; no helmsman steers
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the Holy Grail ;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the star

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christm
morn,

The streets are dumb with snow,
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from br
and mail ;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
But blessed forms in whistling storn
Fly o'er waste fens and windy field

WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL MONOLOGUE 137

Aiden knight — to me is given 61
 uch hope, I know not fear;
 am to breathe the airs of heaven
 hat often meet me here.
 se on joy that will not cease,
 are spaces clothed in living beams,
 e lilies of eternal peace,
 Those odors haunt my dreams;
 d, stricken by an angel's hand,
 his mortal armor that I wear, 70
 is weight and size, this heart and
 eyes,
 are touch'd, are turn'd to finest
 air.

e clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 rolling organ-harmony
 swells up and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 'O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near.' 80
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and
 pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the Holy Grail.

WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL MONOLOGUE

MADE AT THE COCK

O PLUMP head-waiter at The Cock,
 To which I most resort,
 How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock
 Go fetch a pint of port;



'Then by some secret shrine I seek;
 I hear a voice, but none are there.'

But let it not be such as that
 You set before chance-comers,
 But such whose father-grape grew
 fat
 On Lusitanian summers.

No vain libation to the Muse,
 But may she still be kind, 10
 And whisper lovely words, and use
 Her influence on the mind,
 To make me write my random rhymes,
 Ere they be half-forgotten ;
 Nor add and alter, many times,
 Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips
 Her laurel in the wine,
 And lays it thrice upon my lips,
 These favor'd lips of mine ; 20
 Until the charm have power to make
 New life-blood warm the bosom,
 And barren commonplaces break
 In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board ;
 Her gradual fingers steal
 And touch upon the master-chord
 Of all I felt and feel.
 Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
 And phantom hopes assemble ; 30
 And that child's heart within the man's
 Begins to move and tremble.

Thro' many an hour of summer suns,
 By many pleasant ways.
 Against its fountain upward runs
 The current of my days.
 I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd ;
 The gaslight wavers dimmer ;
 And softly, thro' a vinous mist,
 My college friendships glimmer. 40

I grow in worth and wit and sense,
 Unboiling critic-pen,
 Or that eternal want of pence
 Which vexes public men,
 Who hold their hands to all, and cry
 For that which all deny them —
 Who sweep the crossings, wet or
 dry,
 And all the world go by them.

Ah ! yet, tho' all the world forsake,
 Tho' fortune clip my wings, 50
 I will not cramp my heart, nor take
 Half-views of men and things.

Let Whig and Tory stir their blood
 There must be stormy weather ;
 But for some true result of good
 All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes
 If old things, there are new ;
 Ten thousand broken lights and shades
 Yet glimpses of the true.
 Let rafts be rife in prose and rhyme,
 We lack not rhymes and reasons
 As on this whirligig of Time
 We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and man
 With fair horizons bound ;
 This whole wide earth of light and
 shade
 Comes out a perfect round.
 High over roaring Temple-bar,
 And set in heaven's third story,
 I look at all things as they are,
 But thro' a kind of glory.

Head-waiter, honor'd by the guest
 Half-mused, or reeling ripe,
 The pint you brought me was t
 best

That ever came from pipe.
 But tho' the port surpasses praise,
 My nerves have dealt with stiffer.
 Is there some magic in the place ?
 Or do my peptics differ ?

For since I came to live and learn,
 No pint of white or red
 Had ever half the power to turn
 This wheel within my head,
 Which bears a season'd brain about,
 Unsubject to confusion,
 Tho' soak'd and saturate, out and on
 Thro' every convolution.

For I am of a numerous house,
 With many kinsmen gay,
 Where long and largely we carouse
 As who shall say me nay ?
 Each month, a birthday coming on,
 We drink, defying trouble,
 Or sometimes two would meet in or
 And then we drank it double ;

Whether the vintage, yet unkept,
 Had relish fiery-new,



' But whither would my fancy go ?
 How out of place she makes
 The violet of a legend blow
 Among the chops and steaks '

ep in sawdust slept,
 Waterloo, 100
 when classic Canning

bins and chambers,
 on its crusty side
 n of ten Decembers.

he jolly Muse, it is !
 er'd to my call ;
 with that mood or this,
 I to all ;
 park within my throat,
 ay blood run quicker, 110
 fiery will, and smote
 to the liquor.

his halo lives about
 r's hands, that reach
 perfect plnt of stout,
 r chop to each.

He looks not like the common breed
 That with the napkin dally ;
 I think he came, like Ganymede,
 From some delightful valley. 120

The Cock was of a larger egg
 Than modern poultry drop,
 Stept forward on a firmer leg,
 And cram'd a plumper crop,
 Upon an ampler dunghill trod,
 Crow'd lustier late and early,
 Sipt wine from silver, praising God,
 And raked in golden barley.

A private life was all his joy,
 Till in a court he saw 130
 A something-pottle-bodded boy
 That knuckled at the taw.
 He stoop'd and clutch'd him, fair and
 good,
 Flew over roof and casement ;

His brothers of the weather stood
Stock-still for sheer amazement.

But he, by farmstead, thorpe, and
spire,
And follow'd with acclaims,
A sign to many a staring shire,
Came crowing over Thames. 140
Right down by smoky Paul's they
bore,
Till, where the street grows straiter,
One fix'd for ever at the door,
And one became head-waiter.

But whither would my fancy go ?
How out of place she makes
The violet of a legend blow
Among the chops and steaks !
'T is but a steward of the can,
One shade more plump than com-
mon ; 150
As just and mere a serving-man
As any born of woman.

I ranged too high : what draws me
down
Into the common day ?
Is it the weight of that half-crown
Which I shall have to pay ?
For, something duller than at first,
Nor wholly comfortable,
I sit, my empty glass reversed,
And thrumming on the table ; 160

Half fearful that, with self at strife,
I take myself to task,
Lest of the fulness of my life
I leave an empty flask :
For I had hope, by something rare,
To prove myself a poet,
But, while I plan and plan, my hair
Is gray before I know it.

So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gather'd up ; 170
The truth, that flies the flowing can,
Will haunt the vacant cup ;
And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches :
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.

Ah, let the rusty theme alone !
We know not what we know.

But for my pleasant hour, 't is gone
'T is gone, and let it go.
'T is gone : a thousand such !
slept
Away from my embraces,
And fallen into the dusty crypt
Of darken'd forms and faces.

Go, therefore, thou ! thy betters
Long since, and came no more ;
With peals of genial clamor sent
From many a tavern-door,
With twisted quirks and ha-
bits,
From misty men of letters ;
The tavern-hours of mighty wits,
Thine elders and thy betters ;

Hours when the Poet's words
looks
Had yet their native glow,
Nor yet the fear of little books
Had made him talk for show ;
But, all his vast heart sherris-wart
He flash'd his random speeches,
Ere days that deal in ana swarm'd
His literary leeches.

So mix for ever with the past,
Like all good things on earth !
For should I prize thee, couldst t
last,
At half thy real worth ?
I hold it good, good things sho
pass ;
With time I will not quarrel ;
It is but yonder empty glass
That makes me maudlin-moral.

Head-waiter of the chop-house he
To which I most resort,
I too must part ; I hold thee dear
For this good pint of port.
For this, thou shalt from all th
suck
Marrow of mirth and laughter ;
And wheresoe'er thou move, g
luck
Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thou wilt never move from he
The sphere thy fate allots ;
Thy latter days increased with pe
Go down among the pots ;

kenest by the greasy gleam
 its of hungry sinners,
 s, larded with the steam
 ty thousand dinners.

we fume, would shift our
 ins,
 quarrel with our lot;
 is, under polish'd tins,
 re the hot-and-hot:
 and go, and come again,
 sing like the pewit, 230
 ch'd by silent gentlemen,
 rifle with the cruet.

g, ere from thy topmost head
 sick-set hazel dies;
 re the hateful crow shall
 ead
 orners of thine eyes;
 g, nor feel in head or chest
 hangeful equinoxes,
 flow Death, like some late
 nest,
 call thee from the boxes. 240

m he calls, and thou shalt cease
 ce the gritted floor,
 ring down an unctuous lease
 e, shalt earn no more,
 red cross-bones, the types of
 eath,
 show thee past to heaven,
 red cross-pipes, and, under-
 eath,
 t-pot neatly graven.

LADY CLARE

he time when lilies blow,
 louds are highest up in air,
 onald brought a lily-white
 e
 re his cousin, Lady Clare.

hey did not part in scorn;
 s long-betroth'd were they;
 o will wed the morrow morn—
 blessing on the day!

i not love me for my birth,
 or my lands so broad and
 ir;
 me for my own true worth, 10
 at is well,' said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
 Said, 'Who was this that went from
 thee?'

'It was my cousin,' said Lady Clare;
 'To-morrow he weds with me.'

'O, God be thank'd,' said Alice the
 nurse,
 'That all comes round so just and
 fair!

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
 And you are *not* the Lady Clare.' 20

'Are ye out of your mind, my nurse,
 my nurse,
 Said Lady Clare, 'that ye speak so
 wild?'

'As God's above,' said Alice the nurse,
 'I speak the truth: you are my child.

'The old earl's daughter died at my
 breast;

I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
 I buried her like my own sweet child,
 And put my child in her stead.'

'Falsely, falsely have ye done, 20
 O mother,' she said, 'if this be true,
 To keep the best man under the sun
 So many years from his due.'

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the
 nurse,

'But keep the secret for your life,
 And all you have will be Lord Ro-
 nald's,
 When you are man and wife.'

'If I'm a beggar born,' she said,
 'I will speak out, for I dare not
 lie.

Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
 And fling the diamond necklace
 by.' 40

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the
 nurse,

'But keep the secret all ye can.'
 She said, 'Not so; but I will know
 If there be any faith in man.'

'Nay now, what faith?' said Alice
 the nurse;

'The man will cleave unto his right.'
 'And he shall have it,' the lady replied,
 'Tho' I should die to-night.'



'Yet give one kiss to your mother
dear!

Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee!⁴⁹
'O mother, mother, mother,' she said,
'So strange it seems to me.

'Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.'

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare;
She went by dale, and she went by
down,
With a single rose in her hair. 60

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had
brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his
tower:

'O Lady Clare, you shame your
worth!

Why come you drest like a village
maid,

That are the flower of the earth?'

'If I come drest like a village maid,

I am but as my fortunes are:—
I am a beggar born,' she said,

'And not the Lady Clare.'

'Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,

'For I am yours in word and in deed!'

'Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,
'Your match is made to me!'

O, and proudly she set she up

Her head, with her hand on her hip

She looked on him with her eyes

And her hand on her hip she set

Her hand on her hip she set

Her hand on her hip she set

Her hand on her hip she set

Her hand on her hip she set

Her hand on her hip she set

Her hand on her hip she set

Her hand on her hip she set

Her hand on her hip she set

THE CAPTAIN

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as hell I count his error.
Let him hear my song.
Brave the Captain was; the sea
Made a gallant crew,
Gallant sons of English freemen
Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression;
Stern he was and rash,
So for every light transgression
Doom'd them to the lash.
Day by day more harsh and cruel
Seem'd the Captain's mood.
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel
Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory
Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story,
Wheresoe'er he came.
So they past by capes and isles
Many a harbor-mouth,
Sailing under palmy highland
Far within the South.
On a day when they were gone
O'er the lone expanse,
In the north, her canvas flown,
Rose a ship of France.
Then the Captain's color bled
Joyful came his speech;
But a cloudy gladness lighted
In the eyes of each.
'Chase,' he said; the ship flew!
And the wind did blow;
Stately, lightly, went she on
Till she near'd the foe.
Then they look'd at him they
Had what they desired;
Men with folded arms they
Nought a gun was fired.
But they heard the foemen
Roaring out their doom;
As the air was torn in sunder
Crashing went the boom.
Sails were splinter'd, and
Shattered.
Sails fell like rain;
Mast and deck were
Shattered and brains of men.
Sails were splinter'd; deck
Broken;
Forth mother's son—

dropt—no word was
 a—
 in his gun.
 as they were lying,
 r faces grim.
 d, as they lay dying,
 smile on him.
 om he had reliance
 ble name
 alle of still defiance
 unto shame. 60
 rath his heart confounded,
 rn'd and red,
 was deadly wounded
 the dead.
 e! fearful slaughter!
 e wander'd by;
 beneath the water
 Captain lie;
 split ocean tosses
 mouldering, 70
 ely seabird crosses
 waft of the wing.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

In her ear he whispers gaily,
 'If my heart by signs can tell,
 Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
 And I think thou lov'st me well.'
 She replies, in accents fainter,
 'There is none I love like thee.'
 He is but a landscape-painter,
 And a village maiden she.
 He to lips that fondly falter
 Presses his without reproof, 80
 Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father's roof.
 'I can make no marriage present;
 Little can I give my wife.
 Love will make our cottage pleas
 ant,
 And I love thee more than life.'
 They by parks and lodges going
 See the lordly castles stand;
 Summer woods, about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land. 85



"Bring the dress and put it on her,
 That she wore when she was wed."

From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
'Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell.'
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great, 30
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer;
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their
days.

O, but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home,
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come. 40
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns,
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before.
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door;
And they speak in gentle murmur.
When they answer to his call, 50
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
'All of this is mine and thine.'
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he. 60
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to
chin;
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove;
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with
love.

So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirit sank, 70
Shaped her heart with woman's meek-
ness
To all duties of her rank;

And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honor
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
And she murmur'd, 'O, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter
Which did win my heart from
me!'

So she droop'd and droop'd before
him,
Fading slowly from his side;
Three fair children first she bore
him,

Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
'Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed;
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

THE VOYAGE

I

We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbor-mouth,
And madly danced our hearts with joy
As fast we fled to the south.
How fresh was every sight and scene
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round
And we might sail for evermore.

II

Warm broke the breeze against
brow,
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail
The Lady's-head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and she
the gale.
The broad seas swell'd to meet the keel
And swept behind; so quick the
We felt the good ship shake and
We seem'd to sail into the sun.

THE VOYAGE

III

we saw the sun retire,
 Turn the threshold of the night,
 In his Ocean-lane of fire,
 Deep beneath his pillar'd light !
 At the purple-skirted robe 21
 Flight slowly downward drawn,
 'Till the slumber of the globe
 As we dash'd into the dawn !

IV

Stars all night above the brim
 Lighten'd into view ;
 Limb'd as quickly, for the rim
 Aged every moment as we flew.
 The naked moon across
 Houseless ocean's heaving field,
 Unglazed, the silver boss 31
 Her own halo's dusky shield.

V

Sandy islet shifted shapes,
 As towns on hills were dimly
 Seen ;
 At long lines of Northern capes
 Dewy Northern meadows green,
 Came to warmer waves, and deep
 O'er the boundless east we drove,
 As those long swells of breaker
 Sweep 39
 Outmeg rocks and isles of clove.

VI

Flames that flamed, or, all in shade,
 Glom'd the low coast and quivering
 Brine
 Ashy rains, that spreading made
 Staccato plume or sable pine ;
 Sands and steaming flats, and floods
 Mighty mouth, we scudded fast,
 Hills and scarlet-mingled woods
 Glom'd for a moment as we past.

VII

Red shores of happy climes,
 A swiftly stream'd ye by the
 Bark ! 50
 Comes the whole sea burn'd, at
 Times
 The wakes of fire we tore the dark ;
 As a carven craft would shoot
 From havens hid in fairy bowers,
 Naked limbs and flowers and
 Fruit,
 We nor paused for fruit nor
 Flowers.

V

For one fair Visior
 Down the wast
 Night,
 And still we follow'd wh
 In hope to gain upon h
 Her face was evermore u
 And fixt upon the far ^{STARRING} ;
 But each man murmur'd, 'O
 Queen,
 I follow till I make thee mine.'

IX

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd
 Like Fancy made of golden air,
 Now nearer to the prow she seem'd
 Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge
 Fair,
 Now high on waves that idly burst
 Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the
 Sea, 70
 And now, the bloodless point reversed,
 She bore the blade of Liberty.

X

And only one among us — him
 We pleas'd not — he was seldom
 Pleas'd ;
 He saw not far, his eyes were dim,
 But ours he swore were all diseased.
 'A ship of fools,' he shriek'd in spite,
 'A ship of fools,' he sneer'd and wept.
 And overboard one stormy night
 He cast his body, and on we swept.

XI

And never sail of ours was fur'd, 81
 Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn ;
 We loved the glories of the world,
 But laws of nature were our scorn.
 For blasts would rise and rave and
 Cease,
 But whence were those that drove
 The sail
 Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
 And to and thro' the counter gale ?

XII

Again to colder climes we came,
 For still we follow'd where she led ;
 Now mate is blind and captain lame,
 And half the crew are sick or dead,
 But, blind or lame or sick or sound,
 We follow that which flies before ;
 We know the merry world is round,
 And we may sail for evermore.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN
GUINEVERE

A FRAGMENT

LIKE souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven
again

The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.

In crystal vapor everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between.
And far, in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song;
Sometimes the throistle whistled
strong;

Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd
along,

Hush'd all the groves from fear of
wrong;

By grassy capes with fuller sound
In curves the yellowing river ran.
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere:
Rode thro' the covert of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seem'd a part of joyous
Spring;
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixt with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern
set;

And fletcher now she skimm'd the
plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings.
When all the glimmering moorland
rings
With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid.

She look'd so lovely, as she swa
The rein with dainty finger
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for t
To waste his whole heart in one
Upon her perfect lips.

A FAREWELL

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and
A rivulet, then a river;
Nowhere by thee my steps shall
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tr
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the l
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on
A thousand moons will quiver
But not by thee my steps shall l
For ever and for ever.

THE EAGLE

FRAGMENT

He clasps the crag with cr
hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world
stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him cr
He watches from his mountain v
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

'MOVE EASTWARD, HA
EARTH'

Move eastward, happy earth, and
Yon orange sunset waning slo
From fringes of the faded eve,
O happy planet, eastward go,
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister-world, and ri
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen be



'In robe and crown the king stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way'

bear me with thee, smoothly
borne,
step forward under starry light,
move me to my marriage-morn,
and round again to happy night.

THE BEGGAR MAID

Arms across her breast she laid ;
She was more fair than words can
say ;
Footed came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.
Robe and crown the king stepped
down,
To meet and greet her on her way ;
'No wonder,' said the lords,
'He is more beautiful than day.'

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen ;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome
mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been.
Cophetua swore a royal oath :
'This beggar maid shall be my
queen !'

'COME NOT, WHEN I AM DEAD'

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my
grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou
wouldst not save.

There let the wind sweep and the
plover cry ;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy
crime
I care no longer, being all unblest :
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick
of time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me
where I lie ;
Go by, go by.

THE LETTERS

I

STILL on the tower stood the vane, .
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant
air :
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane
And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A band of pain across my brow ;
'Cold altar, heaven and earth shall
meet
Before you hear my marriage vow.'

II

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song
That mock'd the wholesome human
heart,
And then we met in wrath and wrong,
We met, but only meant to part.
Full cold my greeting was and dry ;
She faintly smiled, she hardly
moved ;
I saw with half-unconscious eye
She wore the colors I approved.

III

She took the little ivory chest,
With half a sigh she turn'd the key,
Then raised her head with lips com-
prest,
And gave my letters back to me ;
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts of mine could
please.
As looks a father on the things
Of his dead son, I look'd on these.

IV

She told me all her friends had said ;
I raged against the public liar ;

She talk'd as if her love were
But in my words were :
fire.

'No more of love, your sex is
I never will be twice deceiv
Henceforth I trust the man al
The woman cannot be belie

V

'Thro' slander, meanest sp
hell, —
And women's slander is the
And you, whom once I loved
Thro' you my life will be a
I spoke with heart and heat ar
I shook her breast with
alarms —
Like torrents from a mountain
We rush'd into each other's

VI

We parted ; sweetly gleam'd t
And sweet the vapor-braide
Low breezes fann'd the belfry
As homeward by the church
The very graves appear'd to :
So fresh they rose in shadow'
'Dark porch,' I said, 'and silk
There comes a sound of
bells.'

THE VISION OF SI

I

I HAD a vision when the ni
late ;
A youth came riding toward s
gate.
He rode a horse with win,
would have flown,
But that his heavy rider k
down.
And from the palace came a
sin,
And took him by the curls,
him in,
Where sat a company with
eyes,
Expecting when a fountain
arise.
A sleepy light upon their br
lips —
As when the sun, a crescent of
Dreams over lake and lawn, s
and capes —

d them, sitting, lying, languid
shaped,
pe of gourds, and skins of wine,
and piles of grapes.

II

methought I heard a mellow
sound,
ing up from all the lower
ground;
ring in to where they sat as-
sembled,
oluptuous music winding trem-
bled,
in circles. They that heard it
sigh'd,
I hand-in-hand with faces pale,
r themselves, and in low tones
replied;
as fountain spouted, showering
wide
of diamond-drift and pearly hail.
the music touch'd the gates and
died,
again from where it seem'd to
fall,
d in orbs of song, a growing
gale;
bronging in and in, to where
they waited,
were a hundred-throated night-
ingale,
rong tempestuous treblethrob'd
and palpitated;
to its giddiest whirl of sound,
it the sparkles, and in circles, so
e gauzes, golden hazes, liquid
mazes,
the torrent rainbow round.
they started from their places,
l with violence, changed in hue,
t each other with wild grimaces,
visible to the view,
ing with precipitate paces
melody, till they flew,
nd eyes and limbs and faces,
d hard in fierce embraces, 40
o Furies, like to Graces,
l together in blinding dew;
ill'd with some luxurious agony,
rve-dissolving melody
r'd headlong from the sky.

III

ben I look'd up toward a moun-
tain-tract,

That girt the region with high cliff
and lawn,
I saw that every morning, far with-
drawn
Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
God made Himself an awful rose of
dawn, 50
Unheeded; and detaching, fold by
fold,
From those still heights, and, slowly
drawing near,
A vapor heavy, hueless, formless,
cold,
Came floating on for many a month
and year,
Unheeded; and I thought I would
have spoken,
And, warh'd that madman ere it grew
too late, 60
But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine
was broken,
When that cold vapor touch'd the
palace-gate,
And link'd again. I saw within my
head
A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean
as death, 60
Who slowly rode across a wither'd
heath,
And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said:

IV

'Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin!
Here is custom come your way;
Take my brute, and lead him in,
Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.
'Bitter barmaid, waning fast!
See that sheets are on my bed.
What! the flower of life is past;
It is long before you wed. 70
'Slipshod waiter, lank and sour,
At the Dragon on the heath!
Let us have a quiet hour,
Let us hob-and-nob with Death.
'I am old, but let me drink;
Bring me spices, bring me wine;
I remember, when I think,
That my youth was half divine.
'Wine is good for shrivell'd lips,
When a blanket wraps the day, 80
When the rotten woodland drips,
And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

'Sit thee down, and have no shame,
Cheek by jowl, and knee by knee;
What care I for any name?
What for order or degree?

'Let me screw thee up a peg;
Let me loose thy tongue with wine;
Callest thou that thing a leg?
Which is thinnest? thine or mine?

'Thou shalt not be saved by works, 91
Thou hast been a sinner too;
Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks,
Empty scarecrows, I and you!

'Fill the cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn;
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

'We are men of ruin'd blood;
Therefore comes it we are wise. 100
Fish are we that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy-flies.

'Name and fame! to fly sublime
Thro' the courts, the camps, the
schools,
Is to be the ball of Time,
Banded by the hands of fools.

'Friendship! — to be two in one —
Let the canting liar pack!
Well I know, when I am gone,
How she mouths behind my back.

'Virtue! — to be good and just — 111
Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

'O, we two as well can look
Whited thought and cleanly life
As the priest, above his book
Leering at his neighbor's wife.

'Fill the cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn: 120
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

'Drink, and let the parties rave;
They are fill'd with idle spleen,
Rising, falling, like a wave,
For they know not what they mean.

'He that roars for liberty
Faster binds a tyrant's power,
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour.

'Fill the can and fill the cup;
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

'Greet her with applausive breath,
Freedom, gaily doth she tread;
In her right a civic wreath,
In her left a human head.

'No, I love not what is new;
She is of an ancient house,
And I think we know the hue
Of that cap upon her brow.

'Let her go! her thirst she slakes
Where the bloody conduit runs,
Then her sweetest meal she makes
On the first-born of her sons.

'Drink to lofty hopes that cool, —
Visions of a perfect State;
Drink we, last, the public fool,
Frantic love and frantic hate.

'Chant me now some wicked stave,
Till thy drooping courage rise,
And the glow-worm of the grave
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

'Fear not thou to loose thy tongue,
Set thy hoary fancies free;
What is loathsome to the young
Savors well to thee and me.

'Change, reverting to the years,
When thy nerves could und
stand
What there is in loving tears,
And the warmth of hand in hand

'Tell me tales of thy first love —
April hopes, the fools of chance-
Till the graves begin to move,
And the dead begin to dance.

'Fill the can and fill the cup;
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

ing from their moukly dens
hap-fallen circle spreads —
se, fellow-citizens,
w hearts and empty heads !

re bones, and what of that ?
y face, however full,
round with flesh and fat,
a modell'd on a skull.

is king, and Vivat Rex !
d a measure on the stones, 180
— If I know your sex
the fashion of your bones.

cannot praise the fire
our eye — nor yet your lip ;
more do I admire
a of cunning workmanship.

God's Likeness — the ground-
plan —
her modell'd, glazed, nor
framed ;
e, thou rough sketch of man,
too naked to be shamed ! 190

to Fortune, drink to Chance,
e we keep a little breath !
to heavy Ignorance !
and-nob with brother Death !

art mazed, the night is long,
the longer night is near —
I am not all as wrong
bitter jest is dear.

iful hopes, by scores, to all,
n the locks are crisp and curl'd ;
e my maudlin gull 201
my mockeries of the world.

ae cup and fill the can ;
le madness, mingle scorn !
of life, and lees of man ;
we will not die forlorn.

V

ice grew faint ; there came a
further change ;
more uprose the mystic moun-
tain-range.
were men and horses pierced
with worms,
lowly quickening into lower
forms, 210

By shards and scurf of salt, and scum
of dross,
Old plash of rains, and refuse patch'd
with moss.

Then some one spake : ' Behold ! it
was a crime
Of sense avenged by sense that wore
with time.'

Another said : ' The crime of sense be-
came
The crime of malice, and is equal
blame.'

And one : ' He had not wholly quench'd
his power ;
A little grain of conscience made him
sour.'

At last I heard a voice upon the
slope
Cry to the summit, ' Is there any
hope ?' 220

To which an answer peal'd from that
high land,
But in a tongue no man could under-
stand ;

And on the glimmering limit far with-
drawn
God made Himself an awful rose of
dawn.

TO —

AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS

' Cursed be he that moves my bones.'
Shakespeare's Epitaph.

You might have won the Poet's
name,
If such be worth the winning
now,
And gain'd a laurel for your brow
Of sounder leaf than I can claim ;

But you have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious
ends
Thro' troops of unrecording friends,
A deedful life, a silent voice.

And you have miss'd the irreverent
doom
Of those that wear the Poet's
crown ;
Hereafter, neither knave nor clown
Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.



* Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea ![†]

For now the Poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be
cold
Begins the scandal and the cry :

'Proclaim the faults he would not
show ;
Break lock and seal, betray the
trust ;
Keep nothing sacred, 't is but just
The many-headed beast should know.'

Ah, shameless ! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its
worth ;
No public life was his on earth,
No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best ;
His worst he kept, his best
gave.
My Shakespeare's curse on elo
and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest !

Who make it seem more sweet
be
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone
sire
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and low
And drops at Glory's temple-gate
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd

L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE

in woodlands, echoing falls
 ter, sheets of summer glass,
 sing divine Penelopean pass,
 t Akroteraunian walls,

it, Athos, all things fair,
 such a pencil, such a pen,
 shadow forth to distant men,
 and felt that I was there.

as me while I turn'd the page
 track'd you still on classic
 round,
 e in gladness till I found
 its in the golden age.

the torrent ever pour'd
 listen'd — here and there along
 broad-limb'd Gods at random
 brown
 stain-urns; — and Naiads oar'd

nering shoulder under gloom
 vern pillars; on the swell
 liver lily heaved and fell;
 ay a slope was rich in bloom,

im that on the mountain lea
 uncing rivulets fed his flocks
 m who sat upon the rocks
 led to the morning sea.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK'

break, break,
 y cold gray stones, O Sea!
 would that my tongue could
 tter
 thoughts that arise in me.

for the fisherman's boy,
 he shouts with his sister at
 bay!

O, well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the
 bay!

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd
 hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is
 still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is
 dead
 Will never come back to me.

THE POET'S SONG

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 He pass'd by the town and out of
 the street;

A light wind blew from the gates of
 the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the
 wheat;

And he sat him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and
 sweet,

That made the wild-swan pause in her
 cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the
 fly,

The snake slipt under a spray,
 The wild hawk stood with the down
 on his beak,

And stared, with his foot on the
 prey;

And the nightingale thought, 'I have
 sung many songs,

But never a one so gay,
 For he sings of what the world will
 be

When the years have died away.'



'The Abbey-ruin in the park'

THE PRINCESS; A MEDLEY

PROLOGUE

SIR WALTER VIVIAN all a summer's
 day
 Gave his broad lawns until the set of
 sun
 Up to the people; thither flock'd at
 noon
 His tenants, wife and child, and thither
 half
 The neighboring borough with their
 Institute,
 Of which he was the patron. I was
 there
 From college, visiting the son,—the
 son

A Walter too,—with others of our
 Five others; we were seven at Vivian's
 place.

And me that morning Walter showed
 the house,
 Greek, set with busts. From vase
 the hall
 Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier
 than their names,
 Grew side by side; and on the pavement
 lay
 Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in
 park,
 Huge Ammonites, and the first be-
 of Time;

On the tables every clime and age
abled together; celts and calumets,
ymore and snow-shoe, toys in lava,
fans
sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
serious orient ivory sphere in
sphere.

A cursed Malayan crease, and battle-
clothes
on the isles of palm; and higher on
the walls,
twist the monstrous horns of elk
and deer,
down forefathers' arms and armor
hung.

And 'this,' he said, 'was Hugh's at
Agincourt;
that was old Sir Ralph's at Asca-
lon.

Good knight he! we keep a chronicle
th all about him,'—which he
brought, and I
ed in a board of tales that dealt
with knights

Legend, half-historic, counts and
kings

o laid about them at their wills
and died;

I mixt with these a lady, one that
arm'd

cwn fair head, and sallying thro'
the gate.

I beat her foes with slaughter from
her walls.

O miracle of women,' said the
book.

noble heart who, being strait-be-
sieged

this wild king to force her to his
wish,

rbent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a sol-
dier's death,

now when all was lost or seem'd
as lost—

stature more than mortal in the
burst

sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on
fire—

ake with a blast of trumpets from
the gate,

d, falling on them like a thunder-
bolt,

trampled some beneath her horses'
heels.

And some were whelm'd with missiles
of the wall,

And some were push'd with lances
from the rock,

And part were drown'd within the
whirling brook;

O miracle of noble womanhood!

So sang the gallant glorious chroni-
cle;

And, I all rapt in this, 'Come out,' he
said,

'To the Abbey; there is Aunt Eliza-
beth

And sister Lilia with the rest.' We
went—

I kept the book and had my finger in
it—

Down thro' the park. Strange was the
sight to me;

For all the sloping pasture murmur'd,
sown

With happy faces and with holiday.
There moved the multitude, a thou-
sand heads;

The patient leaders of their Institute
Taught them with facts. One rear'd

a font of stone
And drew, from butts of water on the
slope,

The fountain of the moment, playing,
now

A twisted snake, and now a rain of
pearls,

Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded
ball

Danced like a wisp; and somewhat
lower down

A man with knobs and wires and vials
fired

A cannon; Echo answer'd in her
sleep

From hollow fields; and here were
telescopes

For azure views; and there a group
of girls

In circle waited, whom the electric
shock

Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter;
round the lake

A little clock-work steamer paddling
plied

And shook the lilies; perch'd about
the knolls

A dozen angry models jettied steam;
A petty railway ran: a fire-balloon

Rose gem-like up before the dusky
groves
And dropt a fairy parachute and past ;
And there thro' twenty posts of tele-
graph
They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations ; so that
sport
Went hand in hand with science ;
otherwhere
Pure sport ; a herd of boys with clamor
bowl'd
And stump'd the wicket ; babies roll'd
about
Like tumbled fruit in grass ; and men
and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew
thro' light
And shadow, while the twangling
violin
Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and
overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty
lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from
end to end.

Strange was the sight and smacking
of the time ;
And long we gazed, but satiated at
length
Came to the ruins. High-arch'd and
ivy-claspt,
Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,
Thro' one wide chasm of time and
frost they gave
The park, the crowd, the house ; but
all within
The sward was trim as any garden
lawn.
And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,
And Lilia with the rest, and lady
friends
From neighbor seats ; and there was
Ralph himself,
A broken statue propt against the
wall,
As gay as any. Lilia, wild with
sport,
Half child, half woman as she was,
had wound
A scarf of orange round the stony
helm,
And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk,
That made the old warrior from his
ivied nook

Glow like a sunbeam. Near his to
a feast
Shone, silver-set ; about it lay
guests,
And there we join'd them ; then
maiden aunt
Took this fair day for text, and fro
it preach'd
An universal culture for the crowd,
And all things great. But we,
worthier, told
Of college : he had climb'd across
spikes,
And he had squeezed himself betw
the bars,
And he had breathed the Proctor
dogs ; and one
Discuss'd his tutor, rough to com
mon men,
But honeying at the whisper of
lord ;
And one the Master, as a rogue
grain
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talk'd, above the
heads I saw
The feudal warrior lady-clad ; who
brought
My book to mind, and opening this
read
Of old Sir Ralph a page or two th
rang
With tilt and tourney ; then the to
of her
That drove her foes with slaught
from her walls,
And much I praised her noblene
and 'Where,'
Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's head
she lay
Beside him — 'lives there such a w
man now ?'

Quick answer'd Lilia : 'There
thousands now
Such women, but convention be
them down ;
It is but bringing up ; no more th
that.
You men have done it — how I ha
you all !
Ah, were I something great ! I w
I were
Some mighty poetess, I would sha
you then,

not love to keep us children! O, I
wish
not I were some great princess, I
would build
me off from men a college like a
man's,
and I would teach them all that men
are taught;
I'm twice as quick!' And here
she shook aside
the hand that play'd the patron with
her curls.

And one said smiling: 'Pretty were
the sight
If our old halls could change their
sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers
for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their
golden hair.
I think they should not wear our rusty
gowns,
But move as rich as Emperor-moths,
or Ralph
Who shines so in the corner; yet I
fear,
If there were many Lillas in the brood,
However deep you might embower
the nest,
Some boy would spy it.'

At this upon the sward
She tapt her tiny silken-sandall'd foot:
'That's your light way; but I would
make it death
For any male thing but to peep at us.'

Petulant she spoke, and at herself
she laugh'd;
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make
her, she!
But Walter hail'd a score of names
upon her,
And 'petty Ogress,' and 'ungrateful
Puss.'
And swore he long'd at college, only
long'd,
All else was well, for she-society.
They boasted and they cricketed; they
talk'd
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics;
They lost their weeks; they vex'd the
souls of deans;
They rode; they betted; made a hun-
dred friends,

And caught the blossom of the flyin'
terms,
But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian
place,
The little hearth-flower Lilla. Thus
he spoke,
Part banter, part affection.
'True,' she said
'We doubt not that. O, yes, you
miss'd us much!
I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you
d'd.'

She held it out; and as a parrot
turns
Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye
And takes a lady's finger with all care
And bites it for true heart and not for
harm,
So he with Lilla's. Daintily she
shriek'd
And wrung it. 'Doubt my word
again!' he said.
'Come, listen! here is proof that you
were miss'd:
We seven stay'd at Christmas up to
read;
And there we took one tutor as to
read.
The hard-grain'd Muses of the cut
and square
Were out of season; never man,
think,
So moulder'd in a sinecure as he;
For while our cloisters echo'd frost
feet,
And our long walks were stript
bare as brooms,
We did but talk you over, pledge you
all
In wassail; often, like as many girls—
Sick for the hollies and the yews at
home—
As many little trifling Lillas—play'd
Charades and riddles as at Christmas
here,
And *what's my thought and when an
where and how*,
And often told a tale from mouth to
mouth
As here at Christmas.'

She remember'd that
A pleasant game, she thought. She
liked it more
Than magic music, forfeits, all the
rest.

'I have a sister at the foreign court,
Who moves about the Princess; she,
you know,
Who wedded with a nobleman from
thence.
He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,
The lady of three castles in that
land;
Thro' her this matter might be sifted
clean.'
And Cyril whisper'd: 'Take me with
you too.'
Then laughing, 'What if these weird
seizures come
Upon you in those lands, and no one
near
To point you out the shadow from the
truth!
Take me; I'll serve you better in a
strait;
I grate on rusty hinges here.' But
'No!'
Roar'd the rough king, 'you shall not;
we ourself
Will crush her pretty maiden fancies
dead
In iron gauntlets; break the council
up.'

But when the council broke, I rose
and past
Thro' the wild woods that hung about
the town;
Found a still place, and pluck'd her
likeness out;
Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it
lying bathed
In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd
trees.
What were those fancies? wherefore
break her troth?
Proud look'd the lips; but while I
meditated
A wind arose and rush'd upon the
South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and
the shrieks
Of the wild woods together, and a
Voice
Went with it, 'Follow, follow, thou
shalt win.'

Then, ere the silver sickle of that
month
Became her golden shield, I stole from
court

With Cyril and with Florian, unper-
ceived,
Cat-footed thro' the town and half in
dread
To hear my father's clamor at our
backs
With 'Ho!' from some bay-window
shake the night;
But all was quiet. From the bastion'd
walls
Like threaded spiders, one by one, we
dropt,
And flying reach'd the frontier; then
we crost
To a livelier land; and so by tilth and
grange,
And vines, and blowing bosks of
derness,
We gain'd the mother-city thick
towers,
And in the imperial palace found
king.

His name was Gama; crack'd
small his voice,
But bland the smile that like a w
kling wind
On glassy water drove his cheek
lines:
A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a king. Three days he
feasted us,
And on the fourth I spake of why we
came,
And my betroth'd. 'You do us, Prince,
he said,
Airing a snowy hand and signe
gem,
'All honor. We remember love our
self
In our sweet youth. There did a com
pact pass
Long summers back, a kind of cere
mony—
I think the year in which our olive
fail'd.
I would you had her, Prince, with al
my heart,
With my full heart; but there wer
widows here,
Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady
Blanche:
They fed her theories, in and out o
place
Maintaining that with equal hu
bandry



'Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve'

ere an equal to the man.
on this; with this our
ts rang: 131
oke and buzz'd in knots
his; my very ears were

n. Knowledge, so my
er held,
; they had but been, she
t.
they must lose the child,

Then, sir, awful odes
ote,
re, for what they treated

and does is awful; odes
sing of the child; and

rics, prophesying change 140
awn. These the women

And they that know such things — I
sought but peace;

No critic I — would call them master-
pieces.

They master'd *me*. At last she begg'd
a boon,

A certain summer-palace which I have
Hard by your father's frontier. I said
no,

Yet being an easy man, gave it; and
there,

All wild to found an University

For maidens, on the spur she fled; and
more 150

We know not, — only this: they see no
men,

Not even her brother Arac, nor the
twins

Her brethren, tho' they love her, look
upon her

As on a kind of paragon; and I —

Pardon me saying it — were much loth
to breed

Dispute betwixt myself and mine ; but
since —
And I confess with right — you think
me bound
In some sort, I can give you letters to
her ;
And yet, to speak the truth, I rate
your chance
Almost at naked nothing.'

Thus the king ;
And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to
slur 161

With garrulous ease and oily courtesies
Our formal compact, yet, not less —
all frets

But chafing me on fire to find my
bride —

Went forth again with both my friends.
We rode

Many a long league back to the North.
At last

From hills that look'd across a land of
hope

We dropt with evening on a rustic
town

Set in a gleaming river's crescent-
curve,

Close at the boundary of the liberties ;
There, enter'd an old hostel, call'd

mine host 171
To council, plied him with his richest
wines,

And show'd the late-writ letters of the
king.

He with a long low sibilant, stared
As blank as death in marble ; then
exclaim'd,

Averting it was clear against all rules
For any man to go ; but as his brain
Began to mellow, 'If the king,' he
said,

'Had given us letters, was he bound
to speak ?

The king would bear him out ;' and at
the last — 180

The summer of the vine in all his
veins —

'No doubt that we might make it
worth his while.

She once had past that way ; he heard
her speak ;

She scared him ; life ! he never saw
the like ;

She look'd as grand as doomsday and
as grave !

And he, he revered his liege
there ;

He always made a point to post
mares ;

His daughter and his housemaid
the boys ;

The land, he understood, for
about

Was till'd by women ; all the
were sows,

And all the dogs' —
But while he jested

A thought flash'd thro' me whil
clothed in act,

Remembering how we three press
Maid,

Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high ti
feast,

In masque or pageant at my fat
court.

We sent mine host to purchase fe
gear ;

He brought it, and himself, a sig
shake

The midriff of despair with laug
help

To lace us up, till each in mu
plumes

We rustled ; him we gave a c
bribe

To guerdon silence, mounted our
steeds,

And boldly ventured on the liber

We follow'd up the river as we
And rode till midnight, when the
lege lights

Began to glitter firefly-like in cop
And linden alley ; then we pa
arch,

Whereon a woman-statue rose
wings

From four wing'd horses dark ag
the stars,

And some inscription ran along
front,

But deep in shadow. Further c
gain'd

A little street half garden and
house,

But scarce could hear each other s
for noise

Of clocks and chimes, like silver
mers falling

On silver anvils, and the splash
stir

as spouted up and shower-
down
of the jasmine and the rose;
out us peal'd the nightin-
song and careless of the

ood a bust of Pallas for a
phere lamps blazon'd like
ven and Earth
ellation and with continent
entry. Riding in, we call'd;
arm'd ostleress and a stable
ch

ing at the call, and help'd
own.
a buxom hostess forth, and
d,
before us into rooms which

lar'd porch, the bases lost
Her we ask'd of that and

vere tutors. 'Lady Blanche,'
said,
ly Psyche.' 'Which was
first,
ed?' 'Lady Psyche.' 'Hers
we,'

we cried; and I sat down
wrote
hand as when a field of corn
its ears before the roaring
t:

ladies of the Northern em-
pray
ness would enroll them with
rown,
Psyche's pupils.'

This I seal'd;
as Cupid bent above a scroll,
is head Uranian Venus hung,
t the blinding bandage from
eyes.

letter to be sent with dawn;
to bed, where half in doze I
w'd
out a glimmering night, and
ch

glazed with muffled moon-
it swell
lark shore just seen that it
rich.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

II

At break of day the College Portress
came;

She brought us academic silks, in hue
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And zoned with gold; and now when
these were on,

And we as rich as moths from dusk
cocoon,

She, curtseying her obeisance, let us
know

The Princess Ida waited. Out we
paced,

I first, and following thro' the porch
that sang

All round with laurel, issued in a court
Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with
lengths

Of classic frieze, with ample awnings
gay

Betwixt the pillars, and with great
urns of flowers,

The Muses and the Graces, group'd in
threes,

Enring'd a billowing fountain in the
midst,

And here and there on lattice edges
lay

Or book or lute; but hastily we past,
And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper
sat,

With two tame leopards couch'd be-
side her throne,

All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the
sun,

Than our man's earth; such eyes were
in her head,

And so much grace and power, breath-
ing down
From over her arch'd brows, with
every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long
hands,
And to her feet. She rose her height,
and said :

'We give you welcome ; not with-
out redound
Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger ; after-
time, ³⁰
And that full voice which circles round
the grave,
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with
me.
What ! are the ladies of your land so
tall ?'
'We of the court,' said Cyril. 'From
the court,'
She answer'd, 'then ye know the
Prince ?' and he:
'The climax of his age ! as tho' there
were
One rose in all the world, your High-
ness that,
He worships your ideal.' She replied:
'We scarcely thought in our own hall
to hear
This barren verbiage, current among
men, ⁴⁰
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compli-
ment.
Your flight from out your bookless
wilds would seem
As arguing love of knowledge and of
power ;
Your language proves you still the
child. Indeed,
We dream not of him ; when we set
our hand
To this great work, we purposed with
ourselves
Never to wed. You likewise will do
well,
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and
fling
The tricks which make us toys of
men, that so
Some future time, if so indeed you will,
You may with those self-styled our
lords ally ⁵¹
Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale
with scale.'

At those high words, we, con-
of ourselves,
Perused the matting ; then an
Rose up, and read the statutes
as these :
Not for three years to correspond
home ;
Not for three years to cross the
ties ;
Not for three years to speak with
men ;
And many more, which hastily
scribed,
We enter'd on the boards. And
she cried,
'Ye are green wood, see ye war
Look, our hall !
Our statues !—not of those the
desire,
Sleek Odalisques, or oracles of
Nor stunted squaws of West or
but she
That taught the Sabine how to
and she
The foundress of the Babylonian
The Carian Artemisia strong in
The Rhodope that built the pyra-
Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmy-
That fought Aurelian, and the
brows
Of Agrippina. Dwell with these
lose
Convention, since to look on
forms
Makes noble thro' the sensuous
ism
That which is higher. O, lift
natures up ;
Embrace our aims ; work out
freedom. Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fo-
seal'd !
Drink deep, until the habits of
slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and
And slander, die. Better not be
Than not be noble. Leave us
may go.
To-day the Lady Psyche will har-
The fresh arrivals of the week be
For they press in from all the
vinces,
And fill the hive.'
She spoke, and bowing
Dismissal ; back again we cro-
court

and Psyche's. As we enter'd in,
 we sat along the forms, like morn-
 ing doves
 to see their milky bosoms on the
 thatch,
 silent range of pupils; she herself
 behind a desk of satin-wood, so
 quick brunette, well-moulded, fal-
 con-eyed,
 on the hither side, or so she look'd,
 twenty summers. At her left, a
 child,
 shining draperies, headed like a
 star,
 maiden babe, a double April old,
 had slept. We sat; the lady
 glanced;
 in Florian, but no livelier than the
 dame
 it whisper'd 'Ames' ears' among
 the sedge,
 'y sister.' 'Comely, too, by all
 that's fair,'
 d Cyril. 'O, hush, hush!' and she
 began.

This world was once a fluid haze
 of light,
 I toward the centre set the starry
 tides,
 d eddied into suns, that wheeling
 cast
 e planets; then the monster, then
 the man;
 too'd or woaded, winter-clad in
 skins,
 w from the prime, and crushing
 down his mate,
 yet we find in barbarous isles, and
 here
 long the lowest.

Thereupon she took
 bird's-eye view of all the ungracious
 past;
 accord at the legendary Amazon 110
 emblematic of a nobler age;
 praised the Lycian custom, spoke
 of those
 it lay at wine with Lar and Lu-
 cumo;
 down the Persian, Grecian, Roman
 lines
 empire, and the woman's state in
 each,
 w far from just; till warming with
 her theme

She fulminated out her scorn of laws
 Salique
 And little-footed China, touch'd on
 Mahomet
 With much contempt, and came to
 chivalry,
 When some respect, however slight,
 was paid 120
 To woman, superstition all awry.
 However, then commenced the dawn;
 a beam
 Had alighted forward, falling in a
 land
 Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep,
 indeed,
 Their debt of thanks to her who first
 had dared
 To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
 Diayoke their necks from custom, and
 assert
 None lordlier than themselves but
 that which made
 Woman and man. She had founded;
 they must build.
 Here might they learn whatever men
 were taught. 130
 Let them not fear, some said their
 heads were less;
 Some men's were small, not they the
 least of men;
 For often fineness compensated size.
 Besides the brain was like the hand,
 and grew
 With using; thence the man's, if more
 was more.
 He took advantage of his strength to
 be
 First in the field; some ages had been
 lost;
 But woman ripen'd earlier, and her
 life
 Was longer; and albeit their glorious
 names
 Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since
 in truth 140
 The highest is the measure of the man,
 And not the Kafir, Hottentot, Malay,
 Nor those horn handed breakers of
 the glebe,
 But Homer, Plato, Verulam, even so
 With woman; and in arts of govern-
 ment
 Elizabeth and others, arts of war
 The peasant Joan and others, arts of
 grace
 Sappho and others vied with any man;

And, last not least, she who had left
her place,
And bow'd her state to them, that
they might grow ¹⁵⁰
To use and power on this oasis, lapt
In the arms of leisure, sacred from
the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.

At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future: 'everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the
hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the
world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound
the abyss

Of science and the secrets of the mind;
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic,
more; ¹⁶¹

And everywhere the broad and boun-
teous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those
rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood
of the world.'

She ended here, and beckon'd us;
the rest
Parted; and, glowing full-faced wel-
come, she
Began to address us, and was moving
on
In gratulation, till as when a boat
Tacks and the slacken'd sail flaps, all
her voice
Faltering and fluttering in her throat,
she cried, ¹⁷⁰
'My brother!' 'Well, my sister.'
'O,' she said,
'What do you here? and in this dress?
and these?
Why, who are these? a wolf within
the fold!

A pack of wolves! the Lord be gra-
cious to me!

A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all!
'No plot, no plot,' he answer'd.
'Wretched boy,

How saw you not the inscription on
the gate,

LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF
DEATH?'

'And if I had,' he answer'd, 'who
could think

The softer Adams of your Academe
O sister, Sirens tho' they be, ¹
such

As chanted on the blanching bow
men?'

'But you will find it otherwise,'
said.

'You jest; ill jesting with edge-to-
my vow

Binds me to speak, and O that iron
That axelike edge unturnable,
Head,

The Princess!' 'Well then, Psy-
che take my life,

And nail me like a weasel on a gr
For warning; bury me beside the g
And cut this epitaph above my bo
Here lies a brother by a sister slain
All for the common good of womankind
'Let me die too,' said Cyril, 'ha-
seen

And heard the Lady Psyche.'

I struck
'Albeit so mask'd, madam, I love
truth:

Receive it, and in me behold the Pr
Your countryman, affianced years
To the Lady Ida. Here, for here
was,

And thus—what other way was I
—I came.'

'O sir, O Prince, I have no cour-
none;

If any, this; but none. What
was

Disrooted, what I am is grafted h
Afflanced, sir? love-whispers may
breathe

Within this vestal limit, and
should I,

Who am not mine, say, live?
thunderbolt

Hangs silent; but prepare. I sp
it falls.'

'Yet pause,' I said: 'for that ins-
tation there,

I think no more of deadly I
therein,

Than in a clapper clapping in a g
To scare the fowl from fruit; if I
there be,

If more and acted on, what folk
war;

Your own work marr'd; for this
Academe,

Whichever side be victor, in the h

trumpet down, and
 ies only made to
 ' 'Let the Prin-
 farewell, sir — and
 uel, but I go.'
 dy Psyche, I re-
 from that old Flo-
 wait in my father's
 m with his beetle
 heat of dusty
 grandsire, when he
 ve point to it, and
 of Florian is not
 nt yet in kindred
 ie,' Florian added;
 about the morning
 ite, and raced the
 sirrel of the glen?
 to bind my throb-
 v, mix the foaming
 pleasant tales, and
 to happy dreams?
 Psyche, both in
 che, but what are
 he,' Cyril said, 'for
 ever which I seem,
 at sit beside your
 tter'd sapience.'
 Then once more,
 Psyche, I began,

'That on her bridal morn before she
 past
 From all her old companions, when
 the king
 Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that
 ancient ties
 Would still be dear beyond the south-
 ern hills;
 That were there any of our people
 there
 In want or peril, there was one to hear
 And help them? look! for such are
 these and I.'
 'Are you that Psyche,' Florian ask'd,
 'to whom,
 In gentler days, your arrow-wounded
 fawn
 Came flying while you sat beside the
 well?
 The creature laid his muzzle on your
 lap
 And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it,
 and the blood
 Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you
 wept.
 That was fawn's blood, not brother's,
 yet you wept.
 O, by the bright head of my little
 niece,
 You were that Psyche, and what are
 you now?'
 'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said
 again,
 'The mother of the sweetest little maid
 That ever crow'd for kisses.'
 'Out upon it!'
 She answer'd, 'peace! and why
 should I not play
 The Spartan Mother with emotion, be
 The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?
 Him you call great; he for the common
 weal,
 The fading politics of mortal Rome,
 As I might slay this child, if good need
 were,
 Slew both his sons; and I, shall I, on
 whom
 The secular emancipation turns
 Of half this world, be swerved from
 right to save
 A prince, a brother? a little will I
 yield.
 Best so, perchance, for us, and well for
 you.
 O, hard when love and duty clash! I
 fear

My conscience will not count me fleck-
less ; yet —
Hear my conditions: promise — other-
wise
You perish — as you came, to slip away
To-day, to-morrow, soon. It shall be
said,
These women were too barbarous,
would not learn ;
They fled, who might have shamed us.
Promise, all.'

What could we else, we promised
each ; and she, ²⁸⁰
Like some wild creature newly-caged,
commenced

A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused
By Florian ; holding out her lily arms
Took both his hands, and smiling
faintly said :

'I knew you at the first ; tho' you have
grown

You scarce have alter'd. I am sad and
glad

To see you, Florian. I give thee to
death,

My brother ! it was duty spoke, not I.
My needful seeming harshness, pardon
it.

Our mother, is she well ?'

With that she kiss'd
His forehead, then, a moment after,
clung ²⁹¹

About him, and betwixt them blos-
som'd up

From out a common vein of memory
Sweet household talk, and phrases of
the hearth,

And far allusion, till the gracious dews
Began to glisten and to fall ; and while
They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came
a voice,

'I brought a message here from Lady
Blanche.'

Back started she, and turning round
we saw

The Lady Blanche's daughter where
she stood, ³⁰⁰

Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffo-
dilly —

Her mother's color — with her lips
apart,

And all her thoughts as fair within
her eyes,

As bottom agates seen to wave and
float
In crystal currents of clear morning
seas.

So stood that same fair creature
the door.

Then Lady Psyche, 'Ah — Melissa,
you !

You heard us ?' and Melissa, 'O, p-
don me !

I heard, I could not help it, did n-
wish ;

But, dearest lady, pray you fear me not
Nor think I bear that heart within a
breast,

To give three gallant gentlemen
death.'

'I trust you,' said the other, 'for v-
two

Were always friends, none closer, el-
and vine ;

But yet your mother's jealous temp-
ament —

Let not your prudence, dearest, drow-
or prove

The Danaid of a leaky vase, for fea-
This whole foundation ruin, and
lose

My honor, these their lives.' 'A-
fear me not,'

Replied Melissa ; 'no — I would n-
tell,

No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness,
No, not to answer, madam, all the
hard things

That Sheba came to ask of Solomon
'Be it so,' the other, 'that we s-

may lead
The new light up, and culminate
peace,

For Solomon may come to Sheba yet
Said Cyril, 'Madam, he the wis-

man
Feasted the woman wisest then,
halls

Of Lebanonian cedar ; nor shou-
you —

Tho', madam, you should answer,
would ask —

Less welcome find among us, if y-
came

Among us, debtors for our lives
you,

Myself for something more.' He s-
not what,

'Thanks,' she answer'd, 'go; we
have been too long
either; keep your hoods about the
face;
do so that affect abstraction
here.

Push'd her flat hand against his face
and laugh'd;
And thus our conference closed.
And then we strolled
For half the day thro' stately thea-
tres



'The Lady Blanche's daughter where she stood,
Melissu, with her hand upon the lock'

weak little; mix not with the rest;
and hold
our promise. All, I trust, may yet
be well.' 340

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the
child,
and held her round the knees against
his waist.
and blew the swollen cheek of a
trumpeter.
while Psyche watch'd them smiling.
and the child

Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we
sat, we heard
The grave professor. On the lecture
slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration; follow'd
then 331
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thunderous epic lilted
out
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five
words long

That on the stretch'd forefinger of all
Time
Sparkle forever. Then we dipt in all
That treats of whatsoever is, the state,
The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame,
the rock, ³⁶⁰
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell,
the flower,
Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
And whatsoever can be taught and
known;
Till like three horses that have broken
fence,
And glutted all night long breast-deep
in corn,
We issued gorged with knowledge,
and I spoke:
'Why, sirs, they do all this as well as
we.'
'They hunt old trails,' said Cyril,
'very well;
But when did woman ever yet invent?'
'Ungracious!' answer'd Florian;
'have you learnt ³⁷⁰
No more from Psyche's lecture, you
that talk'd
The trash that made me sick, and
almost sad?'
'O, trash,' he said, 'but with a kernel
in it!
Should I not call her wise who made
me wise?
And learnt? I learnt more from her
in a flash
Than if my brainpan were an empty
hull,
And every Muse tumbled a science in.
A thousand hearts lie fallow in these
halls,
And round these halls a thousand
baby loves
Fly twanging headless arrows at the
hearts, ³⁸⁰
Whence follows many a vacant pang:
but O,
With me, sir, enter'd in the bigger
boy,
The head of all the golden-shafted
firm,
The long-limb'd lad that had a Psyche
too;
He cleft me thro' the stomacher. And
now
What think you of it, Florian? do I
chase

The substance or the shadow? will
hold?
I have no sorcerer's malison on me,
No ghostly hauntings like his Hig-
ness. I
Flatter myself that always even
where
I know the substance when I see
Well,
Are castles shadows? Three of them
Is she
The sweet proprietress a shadow?
not,
Shall those three castles patch a
tatter'd coat?
For dear are those three castles to
wants,
And dear is sister Psyche to
heart,
And two dear things are one of double
worth;
And much I might have said, but till
my zone
Unmann'd me. Then the Doctors!
to hear
The Doctors! O, to watch the thir-
plants
Imbibing! once or twice I thought
roar,
To break my chain, to shake
mane; but thou,
Modulate me, soul of mincing mi-
cry!
Make liquid treble of that bassoon,
throat;
Abase those eyes that ever loved
meet
Star-sisters answering under cresc-
brows;
Abate the stride which speaks of m-
and loose
A flying charm of blushes o'er the
check.
Where they like swallows coming
of time
Will wonder why they came. I
hark the bell
For dinner, let us go!
And in we stream
Among the columns, pacing staid
still
By twos and threes, till all from
to end
With beauties every shade of bro-
and fair
In colors gayer than the morning m-

hall glitter'd like a bed of
vera
at a man not wander from
wits
bro' with eyes, but that I
t mine own

her, who rapt in glorious
ama,
d-sight of some Astræan age,
us'd with professors; they,
while,
a doubt and tost it to and

thicken'd, mixt with inmost
na
ad science; Lady Blanche
ne
form and haughtiest linea-
nts,
her autumn tresses falsely
own,
long daggers at us, a tiger-
spring.

At last a solemn grace
d, and we sought the gar-
na. There
k'd reciting by herself, and
430
and held a volume as to read,
th'd a petted peacock down
th that.

A low song our'd a shallop by
arches of the marble bridge
elow'd from the heat; some
land sought

ange thickets; others tost a
ll

be fountain-jets, and back
ain

ghter; others lay about the
vns,

ler sort, and murmur'd that
ir May

ing — what was learning unto
m?

sh'd to marry; they could
e a house;

d learned women. But we
ve

d like the Fates; and often
ne

itting all we saw with shafts
satire, kin to charity,

m'd not. Then day droopt;
chapel bells

Call'd us; we left the walks; we
mixt with those

Six hundred maidens clad in purest
white,

Before two streams of light from wall
to wall,

While the great organ almost burst
his pipes,

Groaning for power, and rolling thro'
the court

A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms and silver litanies,

The work of Ida, to call down from
heaven

A blessing on her labors for the world.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the
nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon;

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

III

Morn in the white wake of the morn-
ing star

Came furrowing all the orient into
gold.

We rose, and each by other drest with
care

Descended to the court that lay three
parts

In shadow, but the Muses' heads were
touch'd

Above the darkness from their native
East.

There while we stood beside the
fount, and watch'd

Or seem'd to watch the dancing bub-
ble, approach'd

Melissa, tinged with wan from lack
of sleep,

Or grief, and glowing round her dewy eyes¹⁰
 The circled Iris of a night of tears;
 And 'Fly,' she cried, 'O fly, while yet you may!
 My mother knows.' And when I ask'd her 'how,'
 'My fault,' she wept, 'my fault! and yet not mine;
 Yet mine in part. O, hear me, pardon me!
 My mother, 'tis her wont from night to night
 To rail at Lady Psyche and her side.
 She says the Princess should have been the Head,
 Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms;
 And so it was agreed when first they came;²⁰
 But Lady Psyche was the right hand now,
 And she the left, or not or seldom used:
 Hers more than half the students, all the love.
 And so last night she fell to canvass you,
Her countrywomen! she did not envy her.
 "Who ever saw such wild barbarians? Girls? — more like men!" and at these words the snake,
 My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast;
 And O, sirs, could I help it, but my cheek
 Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye³⁰
 To fix and make me hotter, till she laugh'd:
 "O marvellously modest maiden, you! Men! girls, like men! why, if they had been men
 You need not set your thoughts in rubric thus
 For wholesale comment." Pardon, I am shamed
 That I must needs repeat for my excuse
 What looks so little graceful: "men" — for still
 My mother went revolving on the word —
 "And so they are, — very like men indeed —
 And with that woman closeted for hours!"⁴⁰

Then came these dreadful words one by one,
 "Why — these — *are* — men;" I shudder'd; "and you know it."
 "O, ask me nothing," I said. "As she knows too,
 And she conceals it." So my mother clutch'd
 The truth at once, but with no word from me;
 And now thus early risen she goes to inform
 The Princess. Lady Psyche will crush'd;
 But you may yet be saved, and then fore fly;
 But heal me with your pardon, if you go.

'What pardon, sweet Melissa, for blush?'
 Said Cyril: 'Pale one, blush again than wear
 Those lilies, better blush our lives away.
 Yet let us breathe for one hour more in heaven.'
 He added, 'lest some classic angel speak
 In scorn of us, "They mounted, Ganymedes,
 To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn."
 But I will melt this marble in wax
 To yield us farther furlough;' and went.

Melissa shook her doubtful cur and thought
 He scarce would prosper. 'Tell us Florian ask'd,
 'How grew this feud betwixt the right and left.'
 'O, long ago,' she said, 'betwixt the two
 Division smoulders hidden; 'tis my mother,
 Too jealous, often fretful as the wife
 Pent in a crevice: much I bear with her.
 I never knew my father, but she says
 God help her! — she was wedded to a fool;
 And still she rail'd against the state of things.

e had the care of Lady Ida's youth,
 ad from the Queen's decease she
 brought her up. ⁷⁰
 at when your sister came she won
 the heart
 f Ida: they were still together,
 grew —
 e so they said themselves — inoscu-
 lated;
 onsonant chords that shiver to one
 note;
 he mind in all things. Yet my mo-
 ther still
 firms your Psyche thieved her
 theories,
 and angled with them for her pupil's
 love:
 e calls her plagiarist, I know not
 what.
 he: I must go; I dare not tarry,' and
 light,
 as flies the shadow of a bird, she
 fled. ⁸⁰

Then murmur'd Florian, gazing
 after her:
 'An open-hearted maiden, true and
 pure.
 If I could love, why this were she.
 How pretty
 Her blushing was, and how she blush'd
 again,
 As if to close with Cyril's random
 wish!
 Not like your Princess cramm'd with
 erring pride,
 Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags
 in tow.'

'The crane,' I said, 'may chatter
 of the crane,
 The dove may murmur of the dove,
 but I
 An eagle clang an eagle to the
 sphere.
 My princess, O my princess! true she
 errs,



'Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and thought
 He scarce would prosper'

But in her own grand way; being
herself
Three times more noble than three
score of men,
She sees herself in every woman else,
And so she wears her error like a
crown
To blind the truth and me. For her,
and her,
Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix
The nectar; but — ah, she — whene'er
she moves
The Samian Herè rises, and she speaks
A Memnon smitten with the morning
sun.' 100

So saying from the court we paced,
and gain'd
The terrace ranged along the northern
front,
And leaning there on those balusters,
high
Above the empurpled champaign,
drank the gale
That blown about the foliage under-
neath,
And sated with the innumerable rose,
Beat balm upon our eyelids. Hither
came
Cyril, and yawning, 'O hard task,'
he cried:
'No fighting shadows here. I forced
a way
Thro' solid opposition crabb'd and
gnarl'd.' 110
Better to clear prime forests, heave
and thump
A league of street in summer solstice
down,
Than hammer at this reverend gentle-
woman.
I knock'd and, bidden, enter'd; found
her there
At point to move, and settled in her
eyes
The green malignant light of coming
storm.
Sir, I was courteous, every phrase
well-oil'd,
As man's could be; yet maiden-meek
I pray'd
Concealment. She demanded who
we were,
And why we came? I fabled nothing
fair, 120
But, your example pilot, told her all.

Up went the hush'd amaze of her
and eye.
But when I dwelt upon your old
ance,
She answer'd sharply that I talk
astray.
I urged the fierce inscription on the
gate,
And our three lives. True — we had
limed ourselves
With open eyes, and we must take
the chance.
But such extremes, I told her, we
might harm
The woman's cause. "Not more than
now," she said,
"So puddled as it is with favoritism
I tried the mother's heart. Shall
might befall
Melissa, knowing, saying not as
knew;
Her answer was, "Leave me to deal
with that."
I spoke of war to come and many
deaths,
And she replied, her duty was
speak,
And duty duty, clear of consequence
I grew discouraged, sir; but since
knew
No rock so hard but that a little war
May beat admission in a thousand
years,
I recommenced: "Decide not ere you
pause.
I find you here but in the second place
Some say the third — the authentic
foundress you.
I offer boldly; we will seat you high
est.
Wink at our advent; help my prince
to gain
His rightful bride, and here I promise
you
Some palace in our land, where you
shall reign
The head and heart of all our fair state
world,
And your great name flow on with
broadening time
For ever." Well, she balanced this
little,
And told me she would answer us to-
day,
Meantime be mute; thus much, no
more I gain'd.'

ceasing, came a message from
the Head,
at afternoon the Princess rode to
take
dip of certain sirata to the north.
ald we go with her? we should find
the land
rth seeing, and the river made a
fall
yonder; then she pointed on to
where
ouble hill ran up his furrowy forks
and the thick-leaved platans of
the vale.

greed to, this, the day fled on thro'
all
range of duties to the appointed
hour.

in summon'd to the porch we went.
She stood
ong her maidens, higher by the
head,
back against a pillar, her foot on
one
those tame leopards. Kitten-like he
roll'd
d paw'd about her sandal. I drew
near;

pazed. On a sudden my strange
seizure came
on me, the weird vision of our house.
e Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show,
r gay-furr'd cats a painted fantasy,
r college and her maidens empty
masks.

d I myself the shadow of a dream,
r all things were and were not. Yet
I felt

heart beat thick with passion and
with awe;
en from my breast the involuntary
sigh

ake, as she smote me with the light
of eyes
at lent my knee desire to kneel, and
shook

pulses, till to horse we got, and so
nt forth in long retinue following
up

r river as it narrow'd to the hills.

rode beside her and to me she
said:
friend, we trust that you esteem'd
us not

Too harsh to your companion yester-
morn;

Unwillingly we spake.' 'No—not to
her,'

I answer'd, 'but to one of whom we
spake

Your Highness might have seem'd the
thing you say.'

'Again?' she cried, 'are you ambassa-
dresses

From him to me? we give you, being
strange,

A license; speak, and let the topic die.'

I stammer'd that I knew him—could
have wish'd—

'Our king expects—was there no pre-
contract?

There is no truer-hearted—ah, you
seem

All he prefigured, and he could not see
The bird of passage flying south but

long'd
To follow. Surely, if your Highness
keep

Your purport, you will shock him even
to death,

Or baser courses, children of despair.'

'Poor boy,' she said, 'can he not
read—no books?

Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor
deals in that

Which men delight in, martial exer-
cise?

To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a

girl;

As girls were once, as we ourself have
been.

We had our dreams; perhaps he mixt
with them.

We touch on our dead self, nor shun
to do it,

Being other—since we learnt our
meaning here,

To lift the woman's fallen divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man.'

She paused, and added with a laugh-
tier smile.

'And as to precontracts, we move, my
friend.

At no man's beck, but know ourself
and thee.

O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd out

She kept her state, and left the drunk-
en king
To brawl at Shushan underneath the
palms.'

'Alas, your Highness breathes full
East,' I said,
'On that which leans to you! I know
the Prince,
I prize his truth. And then how vast
a work
To assail this gray preëminence of man!
You grant me license; might I use it?
think;

Ere half be done perchance your life
may fail;

Then comes the feebler heiress of your
plan,

And takes and ruins all; and thus
your pains

May only make that footprint upon
sand

Which old-recurring waves of preju-
dice

Resmooth to nothing. Might I dread
that you,

With only Fame for spouse and your
great deeds

For issue, yet may live in vain, and
miss

Meanwhile what every woman counts
her due,

Love, children, happiness?'

And she exclaim'd,
'Peace, you young savage of the
Northern wild!

What! tho' your Prince's love were
like a god's,

Have we not made ourself the sacri-
fice?

You are bold indeed; we are not talk'd
to thus.

Yet will we say for children, would
they grew

Like field-flowers everywhere! we like
them well:

But children die; and let me tell you,
girl,

Howe'er you babble, great deeds can-
not die;

They with the sun and moon renew
their light

For ever, blessing those that look on
them.

Children — that men may pluck them
from our hearts,

Kill us with pity, break us with our
selves —

O — children — there is nothing upon
earth

More miserable than she that has a son
And sees him err. Nor would we work
for fame;

Tho' she perhaps might reap the ap-
plause of Great,

Who learns the one road to where
after-hands

May move the world, tho' she herself
effect

But little; wherefore up and act, nor
shrink

For fear our solid aim be dissipated.
By frail successors. Would, indeed,

we had been,

In lieu of many mortal flies, a race
Of giants living each a thousand year

That we might see our own work out
and watch

The sandy footprint harden into stone

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in my
self

If that strange poet-princess with her
grand

Imaginations might at all be won.
And she broke out interpreting my
thoughts:

'No doubt we seem a kind of mon-
ster to you;

We are used to that; for women, not
till this

Cramp'd under worse than South-sea
isle taboo,

Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far
In high desire, they know not, cannot
guess

How much their welfare is a passion
to us.

If we could give them surer, quick
proof —

O, if our end were less achievable
By slow approaches than by single acts

Of immolation, any phase of death,
We were as prompt to spring again
the pikes,

Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it,
To compass our dear sisters' libertie

She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear
And up we came to where the river
sloped



'The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story'

plunge in cataract, shattering on
black blocks
wealth of thunder. O'er it shook
the woods,
d danced the color. and, below,
stuck out
bones of some vast bulk that lived
and rour'd
ere man was. She gazed awhile
and said,
these rude bones to us, are we to
her
it will be.' 'Dare we dream of
that,' I ask'd,
hich wrought us, as the workman
and his work,

That practice betters?' 'How,' she
cried, 'you love
The metaphysics! read and earn our
prize,
A golden brooch. Beneath an emer-
ald plane
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died
Of hemlock -- our device, wrought to
the life --
She rapt upon her subject, he on her;
For there are schools for all.' 'And
yet,' I said,
'Methinks I have not found among
them all
One anatomic.' 'Nay, we thought of
that,'

She answer'd, 'but it pleased us not;
 in truth
 We shudder but to dream our maids
 should ape
 Those monstrous males that carve the
 living hound,
 And cram him with the fragments of
 the grave,
 Or in the dark dissolving human heart,
 And holy secrets of this microcosm,
 Dabbling a shameless hand with shame-
 ful jest,
 Encarnalize their spirits. Yet we
 know
 Knowledge is knowledge, and this
 matter hangs.
 Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,
 Nor willing men should come among
 us, learnt, ³⁰¹
 For many weary moons before we
 came,
 This craft of healing. Were you sick,
 ourself
 Would tend upon you. To your ques-
 tion now,
 Which touches on the workman and
 his work.
 Let there be light and there was light;
 't is so,
 For was, and is, and will be, are but
 is,
 And all creation is one act at once,
 The birth of light; but we that are
 not all,
 As parts, can see but parts, now this,
 now that, ³¹⁰
 And live, perforce, from thought to
 thought, and make
 One act a phantom of succession.
 Thus
 Our weakness somehow shapes the
 shadow, Time;
 But in the shadow will we work, and
 mould
 The woman to the fuller day.'
 She spake
 With kindled eyes: we rode a league
 beyond,
 And, o'er a bridge of pinewood cross-
 ing, came
 On flowery levels underneath the crag,
 Full of all beauty. 'O, how sweet,'
 I said, —
 For I was half-oblivious of my mask, —
 'To linger here with one that loved
 us!' 'Yea,' ³²¹

She answer'd, 'or with fair philo-
 sophies
 That lift the fancy; for indeed the
 fields
 Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian
 lawns,
 Where paced the demigods of old, as
 saw
 The soft white vapor streak the
 crowned towers
 Built to the Sun.' Then, turning to
 her maids,
 'Pitch our pavilion here upon the
 sward;
 Lay out the viands.' At the word
 they raised
 A tent of satin, elaborately wrought
 With fair Corinna's triumph; here she
 stood, ³
 Engirt with many a florid maiden
 cheek,
 The woman-conqueror; woman-con-
 quer'd there
 The bearded Victor of ten-thousand
 hymns,
 And all the men mourn'd at his side
 But we
 Set forth to climb; then, climbing,
 Cyril kept
 With Psyche, with Melissa Florian,
 With mine affianced. Many a little
 hand
 Glanced like a touch of sunshine on
 the rocks,
 Many a light foot shone like a jewel
 set ³
 In the dark crag. And then we turn'd
 we wound
 About the cliffs, the copses, out and in
 Hammering and clinking, chattering
 stony names
 Of shale and hornblende, rag and trachyte,
 and tuff,
 Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the sea
 Grew broader toward his death ar-
 fell, and all
 The rosy heights came out above the
 lawns.

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story; ³
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes fly-
 ing,
 Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying, dying,
 dying.

O, hear! how thin and clear,
 thinner, clearer, farther going!
 And far from cliff and scar
 Comes of Eiland faintly blowing!
 As hear the purple glens replying,
 Gle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
 ing.

they die in yon rich sky, 360
 faint on hill or field or river;
 choes roll from soul to soul,
 I grow for ever and for ever.
 agle, blow, set the wild echoes fly-
 ing.
 365 answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
 dying.

IV

ere sinks the nebulous star we call
 the sun,
 hat hypothesis of theirs be sound,
 d lds: 'let us down and rest;' and
 we
 own from the lean and wrinkled pre-
 cipices,
 every coppice-feather'd chasm and
 cleft,
 apt thro' the ambrosial gloom to
 where below
 bigger than a glowworm shone the
 tent
 amp-lit from the inner. Once she
 lean'd on me,
 ascending; once or twice she lent her
 hand,
 and blissful palpitations in the blood
 stirring a sudden transport rose and
 fell. 11

But when we planted level feet, and
 dipt
 beneath the satin dome and enter'd in,
 there leaning deep in broider'd down
 we sank
 our elbows; on a tripod in the midst
 a fragrant flame rose, and before us
 glow'd
 fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and
 gold.

Then she, 'Let some one sing to us;
 lightlier move
 be minutes fledged with music;' and
 a maid,
 f those beside her, smote her harp
 and sang. 20

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they
 mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a
 sail,
 That brings our friends up from the under-
 world,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer
 dawns 31
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering
 square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no
 more.

'Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
 feign'd
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more!'

She ended with such passion that
 the tear 4
 She sang of shook and fell, an erring
 pearl
 Lost in her bosom; but with some di-
 dain
 Answer'd the Princess: 'If inde-
 there haunt
 About the moulder'd lodges of the p:
 So sweet a voice and vague, fatal
 men,
 Well needs it we should cram our
 with wool
 And so pace by. But thine are far
 hatch'd
 In silken-folded idleness: nor is it
 Wiser to weep a true occasion los-
 But trim our sails, and let old by-
 be,
 While down the streams that fl-
 each and all
 To the issue, goes, like glittering
 of ice,
 Throne after throne, and molto-
 waste
 Becomes a cloud; for all thing
 their time
 Toward that great year of equa-
 and rights

Nor would I fight with iron laws, in
the end
Found golden. Let the past be past,
let be
Their cancell'd Babels; tho' the rough
kex break
The starr'd mosaic, and the beard-
blown goat 60
Hang on the shaft, and the wild fig-
tree split
Their monstrous idols, care not while
we hear
A trumpet in the distance pealing
news
Of better, and Hope, a poisoning eagle,
burns
Above the unrisen morrow.' Then to
me,
'Know you no song of your own
land,' she said,
'Not such as moans about the retro-
spect,
But deals with the other distance and
the hues
Of promise; not a death's-head at the
wine?'

Then I remember'd one myself had
made, 70
What time I watch'd the swallow
winging south
From mine own land, part made long
since, and part
Now while I sang, and maiden-like as
far
As I could ape their treble did I
sing.

'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying
south,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

'O, tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest
each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the
South,
And dark and true and tender is the
North. 80

'O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow,
and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

'O, were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died!

'Why lingereth she to clothe her hair
with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are
green?

'O, tell her, Swallow, that thy brood
flown;
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest
made.

'O, tell her, brief is life but love is long
And brief the sun of summer in the North
And brief the moon of beauty in the South

'O Swallow, flying from the gold
woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and
make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.'

I ceased, and all the ladies, each
each,
Like the Ithacensian suitors in old
time,
Stared with great eyes, and laugh'd
with alien lips,
And knew not what they meant; I
still my voice
Rang false. But smiling, 'Not I
thee,' she said.

'O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan
Shall burst her veil: marsh-dive
rather, maid,
Shall croak thee sister, or the meadow
crake
Grate her harsh kindred in the grass
— and this

A mere love-poem! O, for such, I
friend,

We hold them slight; they mind
of the time

When we made bricks in Egypt
Knave are men,

That lute and flute fantastic tend
ness,

And dress the victim to the offering
And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,

And play the slave to gain the tyrant
Poor soul! I had a maid of honest
once;

She wept her true eyes blind for such
a one,

A rogue of canzonets and serenades
I loved her. Peace be with her. She
is dead.

they blaspheme the muse ! But
 great is song
 ad to great ends ; ourself have often
 tried ¹²⁰
 Myrian hymns, or into rhythm
 have dash'd
 a passion of the prophets ; for
 song
 due unto freedom, force and growth
 ! spirit, than to junketing and
 love.
 we is it ? Would this same mock-
 love, and this
 sack-Hymen were laid up like win-
 ter data,
 If all men grew to rate us at our
 worth,
 at vassals to be beat, nor pretty
 babes
 to be dandled, no, but living wills,
 and spher'd
 hole in ourselves and owed to none.
 Enough ! ¹³⁰
 at now to leaven play with profit,
 you,
 now you no song, the true growth
 of your soil,
 hat gives the manners of your coun-
 trywomen ?

She spoke and turn'd her sumptu-
 ous head with eyes
 of shining expectation fixt on mine.
 then while I dragg'd my brains for
 such a song,
 Cyril, with whom the bell-mouth'd
 glass had wrought,
 to master'd by the sense of sport,
 began
 to troll a careless, careless tavern-
 catch
 of Moll and Meg, and strange experi-
 ences ¹⁴⁰
 to meet for ladies. Florian nodded
 at him,
 frowning : Psyche flush'd and wann'd
 and shook ;
 he hilylike Melissa droop'd her brows.
 Forbear, the Princess cried ; ' For-
 bear, sir, I ;
 and heated thro' and thro' with wrath
 and love,
 smote him on the breast. He started
 up ;
 here rose a shriek as of a city
 sack'd ;

Melissa clamor'd, ' Flee the death ;'
 ' To horse !'
 Said Ida, ' home ! to horse !' and fled,
 as flies
 A troop of snowy doves athwart the
 dusk ¹⁵⁰
 When some one batters at the dove-
 cote doors,
 Disorderly the women. Alone I stood
 With Florian, cursing Cyril, vext at
 heart
 In the pavillon. There like parting
 hopes
 I heard them passing from me ; hoof
 by hoof,
 And every hoof a knell to my desires,
 Clang'd on the bridge ; and then an-
 other shriek,
 ' The Head, the Head, the Princess,
 O the Head !'
 For blind with rage she miss'd the
 plank, and roll'd
 In the river. Out I sprang from glow
 to gloom ; ¹⁶⁰
 There whirl'd her white robe like a
 blossom'd branch
 Rapt to the horrible fall. A glance I
 gave,
 No more, but woman-vested as I was
 Plunged, and the flood drew ; yet I
 caught her ; then
 Ouring one arm, and bearing in my
 left
 The weight of all the hopes of half
 the world,
 Strove to buffet to land in vain. A
 tree
 Was half-disrooted from his place and
 stoop'd
 To drench his dark locks in the gur-
 gling wave
 Mid-channel. Right on this we drove
 and caught, ¹⁷⁰
 And grasping down the boughs I
 gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmer-
 ingly group'd
 In the hollow bank. One reaching
 forward drew
 My burthen from mine arms ; they
 cried, ' She lives.'
 They bore her back into the tent ;
 but I,
 So much a kind of shame within me
 wrought,

Not yet endured to meet her opening
 eyes,
 Nor found my friends; but push'd
 alone on foot —
 For since her horse was lost I left her
 mine —
 Across the woods, and less from In-
 dian craft ¹⁸⁰
 Than beelike instinct hiveward, found
 at length
 The garden portals. Two great stat-
 ues, Art
 And Science, Caryatids, lifted up
 A weight of emblem, and betwixt
 were valves
 Of open-work in which the hunter
 rued
 His rash intrusion, manlike, but his
 brows
 Had sprouted, and the branches there-
 upon
 Spread out at top, and grimly spiked
 the gates.

A little space was left between the
 horns,
 Thro' which I clamber'd o'er at top
 with pain, ¹⁹⁰
 Dropt on the sward, and up the linden
 walks,
 And, tost on thoughts that changed
 from hue to hue,
 Now poring on the glowworm, now
 the star,
 I paced the terrace, till the Bear had
 wheel'd
 Thro' a great arc his seven slow
 suns.

A step
 Of lightest echo, then a loftier form
 Than female, moving thro' the uncer-
 tain gloom,
 Disturb'd me with the doubt 'if this
 were she.'
 But it was Florian. 'Hist, O, hist!'
 he said,
 'They seek us; out so late is out of
 rules. ²⁰⁰
 Moreover, "Seize the strangers" is
 the cry.
 How came you here?' I told him.
 'I,' said he,
 'Last of the train, a moral leper, I,
 To whom none spake, half-sick at
 heart, return'd.
 Arriving all confused among the rest

With hooded brows I crept into the
 hall,
 And, couch'd behind a Judith, under
 neath
 The head of Holofernes peep'd as
 saw.
 Girl after girl was call'd to trial; each
 Disclaim'd all knowledge of us; last
 of all,
 Melissa; trust me, sir, I pitied her.
 She, question'd if she knew us men
 at first
 Was silent; closer prest, denied it not
 And then, demanded if her mother
 knew,
 Or Psyche, she affirm'd not, or denied
 From whence the Royal mind, familiar
 with her,
 Easily gather'd either guilt. She saw
 For Psyche, but she was not then
 she call'd
 For Psyche's child to cast it from the
 doors;
 She sent for Blanche to accuse her
 face to face;
 And I slept out. But whither were
 you now?
 And where are Psyche, Cyril? both
 are fled;
 What, if together? that were not
 well.
 Would rather we had never come!
 dread
 His wildness, and the chances of the
 dark.'

'And yet,' I said, 'you wrong him
 more than I
 That struck him; this is proper to the
 clown,
 Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purple
 still the clown,
 To harm the thing that trusts him
 and to shame
 That which he says he loves. For
 Cyril, howe'er
 He deal in frolic, as to-night — the son
 Might have been worse and sinn'd
 grosser lips
 Beyond all pardon — as it is, I hold
 These flashes on the surface are not his
 He has a solid base of temperament
 But as the water-lily starts and slides
 Upon the level in little puffs of wind
 Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such
 he.'

PART FOURTH

Scarce had I ceased when from a
 tamarisk near
 Two Proctors leapt upon us, crying,
 'Names!' ²⁴⁰
 One, standing still, was clutch'd; but
 I began
 To thrid the musky-circled mazes,
 wind
 And double in and out the boles, and
 race
 By all the fountains. Fleet I was of
 foot;
 Before me shower'd the rose in flakes;
 behind
 I heard the puff'd pursuer; at mine
 ear
 Bubbled the nightingale and heeded
 not,
 And secret laughter tickled all my
 soul.
 At last I hook'd my ankle in a vine
 That claspt the feet of a Mnemosyne,
 And falling on my face was caught
 and known. ²⁵¹

They haled us to the Princess where
 she sat
 High in the hall; above her droop'd a
 lamp,
 And made the single jewel on her
 brow
 Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-
 head,
 Prophet of storm; a handmaid on
 each side
 Bow'd toward her, combing out her
 long black hair
 Damp from the river; and close be-
 hind her stood
 Eight daughters of the plough,
 stronger than men,
 Huge women blowzed with health,
 and wind, and rain, ²⁶⁰
 And labor. Each was like a Druid
 rock;
 Or like a spire of land that stands
 apart
 Off from the main, and wail'd about
 with mews.

Then, as we came, the crowd divid-
 ing clove
 An advent to the throne; and there
 beside,
 Half-naked as if caught at once from
 bed

And tumbled on the purple footstool
 lay
 The lily-shining child; and on the
 Bow'd on her palms and folded
 from wrong,
 Her round white shoulder shaken with
 her sobs,
 Melissa knelt; but Lady Blanche
 Stood up and spake, an affluent ora-

'It was not thus, O Princess, in
 days;
 You prized my counsel, lived up
 my lips.
 I led you then to all the Castles;
 I fed you with the milk of every Muse;
 I loved you like this kneeler, and
 me
 Your second mother: those were
 cious times.
 Then came your new friend;
 began to change—
 I saw it and grieved—to slacken
 to cool;
 Till taken with her seeming openness
 You turn'd your warmer currents
 to her,
 To me you froze; this was my
 for all.
 Yet I bore up in part from
 love,
 And partly that I hoped to win
 back,
 And partly conscious of my
 deserts,
 And partly that you were my
 head,
 And chiefly you were born for
 thing great,
 In which I might your fellow-work-
 be,
 When time should serve; and the
 noble scheme
 Grew up from seed we two long
 had sown;
 In us true growth, in her a Jon-
 gourd,
 Up in one night and due to sud-
 den sun.
 We took this palace; but even
 the first
 You stood in your own light
 darken'd mine.
 What student came but that
 planed her path
 To Lady Psyche, younger, not so

A foreigner, and I your country-
woman,
I your old friend and tried, she new
in all?
But still her lists were swell'd and
mine were lean;
Yet I bore up in hope she would be
known.
Then came these wolves; *they* knew
her; *they* endured,
Long-closeted with her the yesternorn,
To tell her what they were, and she
to hear.
And me none told. Not less to an eye
like mine,
A lidless watcher of the public weal,
Last night, their mask was patent,
and my foot
Was to you. But I thought again; I
fear'd
To meet a cold "We thank you, we
shall hear of it
From Lady Psyche;" you had gone
to her,
She told, perforce, and winning easy
grace,
No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd
among us
In our young nursery still unknown,
the stem
Less grain than touchwood, while my
honest heat
Were all miscounted as malignant
haste
To push my rival out of place and
power.
But public use required she should be
known;
And since my oath was ta'en for pub-
lic use,
I broke the letter of it to keep the
sense.
I spoke not then at first, but watch'd
them well,
Saw that they kept apart, no mischief
done;
And yet this day — tho' you should
hate me for it —
I came to tell you; found that you
had gone,
Ridden to the hills, she likewise.
Now, I thought,
That surely she will speak; if not,
then I.
Did she? These monsters blazon'd
what they were,

According to the coarseness of the
kind,
For thus I hear; and known at last
my work —
And full of cowardice and gulf
shame —
I grant in her some sense of shame
she flies;
And I remain on whom to wreak your
rage,
I, that have lent my life to build
yours,
I, that have wasted here health,
wealth, and time,
And talent, I — you know it — I will
not boast;
Dismiss me, and I prophesy your
plan,
Divorced from my experience, will
chaff
For every gust of chance, and me
will say
We did not know the real light, but
chased
The wisp that flickers where no foot
can tread.
She ceased; the Princess answered
coldly, 'Good;
Your oath is broken; we dismiss you
go.
For this lost lamb' — she pointed
the child —
'Our mind is changed; we take it
ourselves.'
Thereat the lady stretch'd a vulture
throat,
And shot from crooked lips a haggard
smile.
'The plan was mine. I built the nest',
she said,
'To hatch the cuckoo. Rise!' and
stoop'd to updrag
Melissa. She, half on her mother's pro-
Half-drooping from her, turn'd her
face, and cast
A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer,
Which melted Florian's fancy as it
hung.
A Niobeian daughter, one arm out,
Appealing to the bolts of heaven; and
while
We gazed upon her came a little stir
About the doors, and on a sudden rush
Among us, out of breath, as one per-
sued,

woman-post in flying raiment. Fear
 and in her eyes, and chalk'd her
 face, and wing'd
 'transit to the throne, whereby she
 fell
 ivering seal'd dispatches which the
 Head ³⁶⁰
 k half-amazed, and in her lion's
 mood
 e open, silent we with blind surmise
 parding, while she read, till over
 brow
 i cheek and bosom brake the wrath-
 ful bloom
 of some fire against a stormy cloud,
 en the wild peasant rights himself,
 the rich
 men, and his anger reddens in the
 heavens;
 anger most it seem'd, while now
 her breast,
 sm with some great passion at her
 heart,
 litated, her hand shook, and we
 heard ³⁷⁰
 the dead hush the papers that she
 held
 ble. At once the lost lamb at her
 feet
 at out a bitter bleating for its dam.
 e plaintive cry jarr'd on her ire; she
 crush'd
 e scrolls together, made a sudden
 turn
 if to speak, but, utterance failing
 her,
 e whirl'd them on to me, as who
 should say
 lead, and I read — two letters — one
 her sire's :

'Fair daughter, when we sent the
 Prince your way
 e knew not your ungracious laws,
 which learnt, ³⁸⁰
 e, conscious of what temper you are
 built,
 me all in haste to hinder wrong, but
 fell
 to his father's hand, who has this
 night,
 a lying close upon this territory,
 pt round and in the dark invested
 you,
 d here he keeps me hostage for his
 son.'

The second was my father's, running
 thus :
 'You have our son; touch not a hair
 of his head;
 Render him up unscathed; give him
 your hand;
 Cleave to your contract — tho' indeed
 we hear ³⁹⁰
 You hold the woman is the better
 man;
 A rampant heresy, such as if it spread
 Would make all women kick against
 their lords
 Thro' all the world, and which might
 well deserve
 That we this night should pluck your
 palace down;
 And we will do it, unless you send us
 back
 Our son, on the instant, whole.'
 So far I read;
 And then stood up and spoke impet-
 uously :

'O, not to pry and peer on your
 reserve,
 But led by golden wishes, and a
 hope ⁴⁰⁰
 The child of regal compact, did I
 break
 Your precinct; not a scorner of your
 sex
 But venerator, zealous it should be
 All that it might be. Hear me, for I
 bear,
 Tho' man, yet human, whatsoe'er
 your wrongs,
 From the flaxen curl to the gray lock
 a life
 Less mine than yours. My nurse
 would tell me of you;
 I babbled for you, as babies for the
 moon,
 Vague brightness; when a boy, you
 stoop'd to me
 From all high places, lived in all fair
 lights, ⁴¹⁰
 Came in long breezes rapt from inmost
 south
 And blown to inmost north; at eve and
 dawn
 With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;
 The leader wild-swan in among the
 stars
 Would clasp it, and lapt in wreaths of
 glowworm light

The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida.
 Now,
 Because I would have reach'd you, had
 you been
 Sphered up with Cassiopeia, or the
 enthroned
 Persephone in Hades, now at length,
 Those winters of abeyance, all worn
 out,
 A man I came to see you; but, indeed,
 Not in this frequency can I lend full
 tongue,
 O noble Ida, to those thoughts that
 wait
 On you, their centre. Let me say but
 this,
 That many a famous man and woman,
 town
 And landskip, have I heard of, after
 seen
 The dwarfs of presage; tho' when
 known, there grew
 Another kind of beauty in detail
 Made them worth knowing; but in
 you I found
 My boyish dream involved and daz-
 zled down
 And master'd, while that after-beauty
 makes
 Such head from act to act, from hour
 to hour,
 Within me, that except you slay me
 here,
 According to your bitter statute-book,
 I cannot cease to follow you, as they
 say
 The seal does music; who desire you
 more
 Than growing boys their manhood;
 dying lips,
 With many thousand matters left to
 do,
 The breath of life; O, more than poor
 men wealth,
 Than sick men health — yours, yours,
 not mine — but half
 Without you; with you, whole; and
 of those halves
 You worthiest; and howe'er you flock
 and bar
 Your heart with system out from mine,
 I hold
 That it becomes no man to nurse de-
 spair,
 But in the teeth of clench'd antago-
 nisms

To follow up the worthiest till he
 die,
 Yet that I came not all unauthorized
 Behold your father's letter.
 On one knee
 Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught
 and dash'd
 Unopen'd at her feet. A tide of
 fierce
 Inveective seem'd to wait behind her
 lips,
 As waits a river level with the dam
 Ready to burst and flood the world
 with foam;
 And so she would have spoken, but
 there rose
 A hubbub in the court of half the
 maids
 Gather'd together; from the illumined
 hall
 Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er
 press
 Of snowy shoulders, thick as herds
 ewes,
 And rainbow robes, and gems and gems
 like eyes,
 And gold and golden heads. They
 and fro
 Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some
 red, some pale,
 All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the
 light,
 Some crying there was an army in the
 land,
 And some that men were in the ver-
 walls,
 And some they cared not; till a clamor
 grew
 As of a new-world Babel, woman-buff
 And worse-confounded. High above
 them stood
 The placid marble Muses, looking
 peace,
 Not peace she look'd, the Head
 but rising up
 Robed in the long night of her de-
 hair, so
 To the open window moved, remain-
 ing there
 Fixt like a beacon-tower above the
 waves
 Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling
 eye
 Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the
 light

PART FOUR

Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd
her arms and call'd
Across the tumult, and the tumult
fell.

'What fear ye, brawlers? am not I
your Head?
On me, me, me, the storm first breaks;
I dare
All these male thunderbolts; what is
it ye fear?
Peace! there are those to avenge us
and they come; 480
If not, — myself were like enough, O
girls,
To unfurl the maiden banner of our
rights,
And chad in iron burst the ranks of
war,

Or, falling, protomartyr of our cau
Die; yet I blame you not so much
fear;

Six thousand years of fear have m
you that
From which I would redeem you.
for those
That stir this hubbub — you and
— I know

Your faces there in the crowd —
morrow morn

We hold a great convention; t
shall they

That love their voices more than d
learn

With whom they deal, dismiss'd
shame to live

No wiser than their mothers, ho
hold stuff,



'They to and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale'

Live chattels, mincers of each other's
fame,
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the
clown,
The drunkard's football, laughing-
stocks of Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and
in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to
thrum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and
to scour,
For ever slaves at home and fools
abroad.' 500

She, ending, waved her hands;
thereat the crowd
Muttering, dissolved; then with a
smile, that look'd
A stroke of cruel sunshine on the
cliff,
When all the glens are drown'd in
azure gloom
Of thunder-shower, she floated to us
and said:

'You have done well and like a
gentleman,
And like a prince; you have our
thanks for all.
And you look well too in your woman's
dress.
Well have you done and like a gentle-
man.
You saved our life; we owe you bitter
thanks. 510
Better have died and spilt our bones in
the flood —
Then men had said — but now — what
hinders me
To take such bloody vengeance on you
both? —
Yet since our father — wasps in our
good hive,
You would-be quenchers of the light
to be,
Barbarians, grosser than your native
bears —
O, would I had his sceptre for one
hour!
You that have dared to break our
bound, and gull'd
Our servants, wrong'd and lied and
thwarted us —
I wed with thee! I bound by pre-con-
tract 520

Your bride, your bonds slave! not th
all the gold
That veins the world were pack'd t
make your crown.
And every spoken tongue should lo
you. Sir,
Your falsehood and yourself are hat
ful to us;
I trample on your offers and o
you.
Begone; we will not look upon yo
more.
Here, push them out at gates.'

In wrath she spak
Then those eight mighty daughters
the plough
Bent their broad faces toward us an
address'd
Their motion. Twice I sought to ple
my cause, 5
But on my shoulder hung their heav
hands,
The weight of destiny; so from h
face
They push'd us, down the steps, ar
thro' the court,
And with grim laughter thrust us o
at gates.

We cross'd the street and gain'd
petty mound
Beyond it, whence we saw the ligh
and heard
The voices murmuring. While I li
ten'd, came
On a sudden the weird seizure and th
doubt.
I seem'd to move among a world
ghosts;
The Princess with her monstrous
woman-guard, 5
The jest and earnest working side b
side,
The cataract and the tumult and th
kings
Were shadows; and the long fantast
night
With all its doings had and had no
been,
And all things were and were not.
This went b
As strangely as it came, and on m
spirits
Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy -
Not long; I shook it off; for spite o
doubts

sudden ghostly shadowings I was
 one
 hom the touch of all mischance
 but came
 ight to him that sitting on a ⁵⁵⁰
 hill
 the midsummer, midnight, Nor-
 way sun
 to sunrise; then we moved away.

INTERLUDE

r voice is heard thro' rolling drums
 hat beat to battle where he stands;
 r face across his fancy comes,
 and gives the battle to his hands.
 cement, while the trumpets blow,
 he sees his brood about thy knee;
 next, like fire he meets the foe,
 and strikes him dead for thine and thee.

His sang. We thought her half-
 possessed,
 struck such warbling fury thro'
 the words;
 after, feigning pique at what she
 call'd
 railery, or grotesque, or false sub-
 lime —
 one that wishes at a dance to
 change
 music — clapt her hands and cried
 for war,
 some grand fight to kill and make
 an end.
 he that next inherited the tale,
 turning to the broken statue,
 said,
 Ralph has got your colors; if I
 prove
 r knight, and fight your battle,
 what for me?
 anced, her empty glove upon the
 tomb
 by her like a model of her ²⁰
 hand.
 took it and she flung it. 'Fight,'
 she said,
 I make us all we would be, great
 and good.'
 knightlike in his cap instead of
 casque,
 p of Tyrol borrow'd from the
 hall,
 aged the favor, and assumed the
 Prince.

V

Now, scarce three paces measured from
 the mound,
 We stumbled on a stationary voice,
 And 'Stand, who goes?' 'Two from
 the palace,' I
 'The second two; they wait,' he said,
 'pass on;
 His Highness wakes;' and one, that
 clash'd in arms,
 By glimmering lanes and walls of
 canvas led
 Threading the soldier-city, till we
 heard
 The drowsy folds of our great ensign
 shake
 From blazon'd lions o'er the imperial
 tent
 Whispers of war.

Entering, the sudden light
 Dazed me half-blind. I stood and
 seem'd to hear,
 As in a poplar grove when a light
 wind wakes
 A lisping of the innumerable leaf and
 dies,
 Each hissing in his neighbor's ear;
 and then
 A strangled titter, out of which there
 brake
 On all sides, clamoring etiquette to
 death,
 Unmeasured mirth; while now the two
 old kings
 Began to wag their baldness up and
 down,
 The fresh young captains flash'd their
 glittering teeth,
 The huge bush bearded barons heaved
 and blew,
 And slain with laughter roll'd the ²⁰
 gilded squire.

At length my sire, his rough cheek
 wet with tears,
 Panted from weary sides, 'King, you
 are free!
 We did but keep you surety for our
 son,
 If this be he, — or a draggled mawkin,
 thou,
 That tends her bristled grunTERS in the
 sludge;
 For I was drench'd with ooze, and torn
 with briars.

More crumpled than a poppy from the
 sheath,
 And all one rag, disprinc'd from head
 to heel.
 Then some one sent beneath his vaulted
 palm
 A whisper'd jest to some one near him,
 'Look,
 He has been among his shadows.'
 'Satan take
 The old women and their shadows!' —
 thus the king
 Rour'd — 'make yourself a man to
 fight with men.
 Go; Cyril told us all.'
 As boys that slink
 From ferule and the trespass-chiding
 eye,
 Away we stole, and transient in a
 trice
 From what was left of faded woman-
 slough
 To sheathing splendors and the golden
 scale
 Of harness, issued in the sun, that now
 Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the
 earth,
 And hit the Northern hills. Here
 Cyril met us,
 A little shy at first, but by and by
 We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd
 and given
 For stroke and song, resolder'd peace,
 whereon
 Follow'd his tale. Amazed he fled
 away
 Thro' the dark land, and later in the
 night
 Had come on Psyche weeping: 'then
 we fell
 Into your father's hand, and there she
 lies,
 But will not speak nor stir.'
 He show'd a tent
 A stone-shot off; we enter'd in, and
 there
 Among piled arms and rough accou-
 trements,
 Pitiful sight, wrapp'd in a soldier's
 cloak,
 Like some sweet sculpture draped
 from head to foot,
 And push'd by rude hands from its
 pedestal.
 All her fair length upon the ground
 she lay;

And at her head a follower of the
 camp,
 A charr'd and wrinkled piece of w
 manhood,
 Sat watching like a watcher by th
 dead.
 Then Florian knelt, and 'Come
 he whisper'd to her,
 'Lift up your head, sweet sister;
 not thus.
 What have you done but right?
 could not slay
 Me, nor your prince; look up,
 comforted.
 Sweet is it to have done the thing
 ought,
 When fallen in darker ways.'
 likewise I:
 'Be comforted; have I not lost her to
 In whose least act abides the namel
 charm
 That none has else for me?' S
 heard, she moved,
 She moan'd a folded voice; and u
 she sat,
 And raised the cloak from brows
 pale and smooth
 As those that mourn half-shroud
 over death
 In deathless marble. 'Her,' she sai
 'my friend —
 Parted from her — betray'd her cau
 and mine —
 Where shall I breathe? why kept
 not your faith?
 O base and bad! what comfort? no
 for me!
 To whom remorseful Cyril, 'Yet
 pray
 Take comfort; live, dear lady, f
 your child!
 At which she lifted up her voice a
 cried:
 'Ah me, my babe, my blossom, a
 my child,
 My one sweet child, whom I shall s
 no more!
 For now will cruel Ida keep her bac
 And either she will die from want
 care,
 Or sicken with ill-usage, when the
 say
 The child is hers — for every litt
 fault.



'All her fair length upon the ground she lay;
And at her head a follower of the camp.'

ers; and they will beat
her mother—O my
ake her, they will make
d,
pass me by in after-life
ad reverence worse than
e dead.
hat I was to leave her
1, scared by the cry they
the shame among them
and sit beside the doors.
wild petition night and
te to hear me like a wind
ver, till they open to me,
little blossom at my feet,
r sweet Aglaia, my unc
ke her up and go my way,
ay soul with kissing her,
ight that man not de-
f me

101

Who gave me back my child?' 'Be
comforted,'
Said Cyril, 'you shall have it;' but
again,
She veil'd her brows, and prone she
sank, and so,
Like tender things that being caught
feign death,
Spoke not, nor stirr'd.
By this a murmur ran
Thro' all the camp, and inward raced
the scouts
With rumor of Prince Arac hard at
hand.
We left her by the woman, and with-
out
Found the gray kings at parle; and
'Look you,' cried
My father, 'that our compact be ful-
fill'd.
You have spoilt this child; she laughs
at you and man;
She wrongs herself, her sex, and me,
and him.
But red-faced war has rods of steel
and fire;
She yields, or war.'

110

Then Gama turn'd to me :
 'We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy
 time
 With our strange girl; and yet they
 say that still
 You love her. Give us, then, your
 mind at large :
 How say you, war or not ?'
 'Not war, if possible,
 O king,' I said, 'lest from the abuse
 of war, ¹²⁰
 The desecrated shrine, the trampled
 year,
 The smouldering homestead, and the
 household flower
 Torn from the lintel — all the common
 wrong —
 As smoke go up thro' which I loom to her
 Three times a monster. Now she
 lightens scorn
 At him that mars her plan, but then
 would hate —
 And every voice she talk'd with ratify
 it,
 And every face she look'd on justify
 it —
 The general foe. More soluble is this
 knot
 By gentleness than war. I want her
 love. ¹³⁰
 What were I nigher this altho' we
 dash'd
 Your cities into shards with cata-
 pults ? —
 She would not love — or brought her
 chain'd, a slave,
 The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord ?
 Not ever would she love, but brood-
 ing turn
 The book of scorn, till all my flitting
 chance
 Were caught within the record of her
 wrongs
 And crush'd to death; and rather,
 Sire, than this
 I would the old god of war himself
 were dead,
 Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills, ¹⁴⁰
 Rotting on some wild shore with ribs
 of wreck,
 Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd
 in ice,
 Not to be molten out.'
 And roughly spake
 My father : 'Tut, you know them
 not, the girls.

Boy, when I hear you prate I almost
 think
 That idiot legend credible. Look you
 sir !
 Man is the hunter; woman is his game
 The sleek and shining creatures of the
 chase,
 We hunt them for the beauty of the
 skins;
 They love us for it, and we ride the
 down.
 Wheedling and siding with them
 Out ! for shame !
 Boy, there's no rose that's half
 dear to them
 As he that does the thing they do
 not do,
 Breathing and sounding beauteous
 battle, comes
 With the air of the trumpet round
 him, and leaps in
 Among the women, snares them !
 the score
 Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, the
 dash'd with death
 He reddens what he kisses. Thus
 won
 Your mother, a good mother, a good
 wife,
 Worth winning; but this firebrand
 gentleness
 To such as her ! if Cyril spake the
 true,
 To catch a dragon in a cherry net,
 To trip a tigress with a gossamer,
 Were wisdom to it.'
 'Yea, but, Sire,' I cried
 'Wild natures need wise curbs. The
 soldier ? No !
 What dares not Ida do that she should
 prize
 The soldier ? I beheld her, when she
 rose
 The yesternight, and storming in ex-
 tremes
 Stood for her cause, and flung defiance
 down
 Gagelike to man, and had not shun-
 the death.
 No, not the soldier's; yet I hold her
 king,
 True woman; but you clash them
 in one,
 That have as many differences as w
 The violet varies from the lily
 far

k from elm. One loves the sol-
 dier, one
 silken priest of peace, one this,
 one that,
 some unworthily; their sinless
 faith,
 hidden moon that sparkles on a sty,
 flying clown and satyr; whence
 they need
 breadth of culture. Is not Ida
 right?
 worth it? truer to the law withfn?
 ser in the logic of a life?
 e as magnetic to sweet influences
 with and heaven? and she of whom
 you speak,
 mother, looks as whole as some
 serene
 tion minted in the golden moods
 overign artists; not a thought, a
 touch,
 pure as lines of green that streak
 the white
 he first snowdrop's inner leaves; I
 say,
 like the piebald miscellany, man,
 its of great heart and slips in sen-
 sual mire,
 whole and one; and take them all
 in all,
 e we ourselves but half as good.
 as kind,
 truthful, much that Ida claims as
 right
 ne'er been mooted, but as frankly
 theirs
 lues of Nature. To our point; not
 war,
 I lose all.'
 'Nay, nay, you spake but sense,'
 Gama. 'We remember love our-
 self
 ur sweet youth; we did not rate
 him then
 red-hot iron to be shaped with
 blows.
 talk almost like Ida; she can talk;
 there is something in it as you say:
 you talk kindlier; we esteem you
 for it. —
 seems a gracious and a gallant
 Prince.
 ould he had our daughter. For the
 rest,
 own detention, why, the causes
 weigh'd,

Fatherly fears—you used us cour-
 teously —
 We would do much to gratify your
 Prince —
 We pardon it; and for your ingress
 here
 Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair
 land,
 You did but come as goblins in the
 night,
 Nor in the furrow broke the plough
 man's head,
 Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the
 milking-maid,
 Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of
 cream.
 But let your Prince — our royal word
 upon it,
 He comes back safe — ride with us to
 our lines,
 And speak with Arac. Arac's word is
 thrice
 As ours with Ida; something may be
 done —
 I know not what — and ours shall see
 us friends.
 You, likewise, our late guests, if so
 you will,
 Follow us. Who knows? we four may
 build some plan
 Foursquare to opposition.'
 Here he reach'd
 White hands of farewell to my sire,
 who grow'd
 An answer which, half-muffled in his
 beard,
 Let so much out as gave us leave to go.
 Then rode we with the old king
 across the lawns
 Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings
 of Spring
 In every bole, a song on every spray
 Of birds that piped their Valentines,
 and woke
 Desire in me to infuse my tale of love
 In the old king's ears, who promised
 help, and oozed
 All o'er with honey'd answer as we
 rode;
 And blossom-fragrant slipt the heavy
 dews
 Gather'd by night and peace, with
 each light air
 On our mail'd heads. But other
 thoughts than peace

Burnt in us, when we saw the embat-
tled squares
And squadrons of the Prince, tram-
pling the flowers
With clamor; for among them rose a
cry
As if to greet the king; they made a
halt;
The horses yell'd; they clash'd their
arms; the drum ²⁴⁰
Beat; merrily-blowing shrill'd the
martial fife;
And in the blast and bray of the long
horn
And serpent-throated bugle, undulated
The banner. Anon to meet us lightly
pranced
Three captains out; nor ever had I seen
Such thews of men. The midmost and
the highest
Was Arac; all about his motion
clung
The shadow of his sister, as the beam
Of the East, that play'd upon them,
made them glance
Like those three stars of the airy
Giant's zone, ²⁵⁰
That glitter burnish'd by the frosty
dark;
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald,
shone
Their morions, wash'd with morning,
as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first
I heard
War-music, felt the blind wild-beast
of force,
Whose home is in the sinews of a
man,
Stir in me as to strike. Then took the
king
His three broad sons; with now a
wandering hand
And now a pointed finger, told them
all. ²⁶⁰
A common light of smiles at our dis-
guise
Broke from their lips, and, ere the
windy jest
Had labor'd down within his ample
lungs,
The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself
Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in
words:

'Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and
himself
Your captive, yet my father wills a
war!
And, 'sdeath! myself, what care
war or no?
But then this question of your tro
remains;
And there's a downright honest mea
ing in her.
She flies too high, she flies too high;
and yet
She ask'd but space and fair-play for
her scheme;
She prest and prest it on me—I myself
What know I of these things? but, I
and soul!
I thought her half-right talking of her
wrongs;
I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! what
of that?
I take her for the flower of womankind
And so I often told her, right or wrong
And, Prince, she can be sweet to those
she loves,
And, right or wrong, I care not; that
is all,
I stand upon her side; she made me
swear it—
'Sdeath!—and with solemn rites
candle-light—
Swear by Saint something—I forgot
her name—
Her that talk'd down the fifty wis-
men;
She was a princess too; and so I swo
Come, this is all; she will not; waive
your claim.
If not, the foughten field, what el
at once
Decides it, 'sdeath! against my father's
will.'

I lagg'd in answer, loth to render
My precontract, and loth by brain
war
To cleave the rift of difference deep
yet;
Till one of those two brothers, half as
And fingering at the hair about his
To prick us on to combat, 'Like
like!
The woman's garment hid the woman's
heart.'
A taunt that clench'd his purpose like
a blow!

r fiery-short was Cyril's counter-
 scoff,
 and sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon
 the point
 here idle boys are cowards to their
 shame,
 decide it here; why not? we are three
 to three. 300

Then spake the third: 'But three
 to three? no more?
 no more, and in our noble sister's
 cause?
 here, more, for honor! every captain
 waits
 hungry for honor, angry for his king.
 here, more, some fifty on a side, that
 each
 may breathe himself, and quick! by
 overthrow
 if these or those, the question settled
 die.'

'Yea,' answer'd I, 'for this wild
 wreath of air,
 this flake of rainbow flying on the
 highest
 foam of men's deeds — this honor, if
 ye will. 310
 : needs must be for honor if at all;
 : we what decision? if we fail we
 fail,
 and if we win we fail; she would not
 keep
 her compact.' 'Sdeath! but we will
 send to her.'
 said Arac, 'worthy reasons why she
 should
 bid by this issue; let our missive
 thro',
 and you shall have her answer by the
 word.'

'Boys!' shriek'd the old king, but
 vainlier than a hen
 to her false daughters in the pool;
 for none
 regarded; neither seem'd there more
 to say. 320
 look rode we to my father's camp,
 and found
 he thrice had sent a herald to the
 gates,
 to learn if Ida yet would cede our
 claim,
 : by denial flush her babbling wells

With her own people's life; three
 times he went.
 The first, he blew and blew, but none
 appear'd;
 He batter'd at the doors, none came;
 the next,
 An awful voice within had warn'd
 him thence;
 The third, and those eight daughters
 of the plough
 Came sallying thro' the gates, and
 caught his hair, 330
 And so belabor'd him on rib and cheek
 They made him wild. Not less one
 glance he caught
 Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there
 Unshaken, clinging to her purpose,
 firm
 Tho' compass'd by two armies and
 the noise
 Of arms; and standing like a stately
 pine
 Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
 When storm is on the heights, and
 right and left
 Suck'd from the dark heart of the
 long hills roll
 The torrents, dash'd to the vale; and
 yet her will 340
 Bred will in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I
 was pledged
 To fight in tourney for my bride, he
 clash'd
 His iron palms together with a cry;
 Himself would tilt it out among the
 lads;
 But overborne by all his bearded lords
 With reasons drawn from age and
 state, perforce
 He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce
 demur;
 And many a bold knight started up
 in heat,
 And swore to combat for my claim
 till death. 350

All on this side the palace ran the
 field
 Flat to the garden wall; and likewise
 here,
 Above the garden's glowing blossom
 belts,
 A column'd entry shone and marble
 stairs,

And great bronze valves, emboss'd
with Tomyris
And what she did to Cyrus after fight,
But now fast barr'd. So here upon
the flat
All that long morn the lists were
hammer'd up,
And all that morn the heralds to and
fro,
With message and defiance, went and
came; ³⁶⁰
Last, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,
But shaken here and there, and roll-
ing words
Oration-like. I kiss'd it and I read:

'O brother, you have known the
pangs we felt,
What heats of indignation when we
heard
Of those that iron-cramp'd their wo-
men's feet;
Of lands in which at the altar the
poor bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift
a scourge;
Of living hearts that crack within the
fire
Where smoulder their dead despots;
and of those, — ³⁷⁰
Mothers, — that, all prophetic pity,
fling
Their pretty maids in the running
flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at the
heart
Made for all noble motion. And I saw
That equal baseness lived in sleeker
times
With smother men; the old heaven
leaven'd all;
Millions of throats would bawl for
civil rights,
No woman named; therefore I set my
face
Against all men, and lived but for
mine own.
Far off from men I built a fold for
them; ³⁸⁰
I stored it full of rich memorial;
I fenced it round with gallant insti-
tutes,
And biting laws to scare the beasts of
prey,
And prosper'd, till a rout of saucy
boys

Brake on us at our books, and mar
our peace,
Mask'd like our maids, blustering
know not what
Of insolence and love, some prett
held
Of baby troth, invalid, since my w
Seal'd not the bond — the stripling
— for their sport! —
I tamed my leopards; shall I not ta
these?
Or you? or I? for since you think
touch'd
In honor — what! I would not aug
of false —
Is not our cause pure? and where
know
Your prowess, Arac, and what
ther's blood
You draw from, fight! You fail
I abide
What end soever; fail you will n
Still,
Take not his life, he risk'd it for
own:
His mother lives. Yet whatsoe'er y
do,
Fight and fight well; strike and str
home. O dear
Brothers, the woman's angel gua
you, you
The sole men to be mingled with
cause,
The sole men we shall prize in
after-time,
Your very armor hallow'd, and y
statues
Rear'd, sung to, when, this gar
brush'd aside,
We plant a solid foot into the Tim
And mould a generation strong
move
With claim on claim from right
right, till she
Whose name is yoked with childre
know herself;
And Knowledge in our own h
make her free,
And, ever following those two crow
twins,
Commerce and Conquest, shower
fiery grain
Of freedom broadcast over all t
orbs
Between the Northern and the Sou
ern morn.'

Then came a postscript dash'd across
 the rest :
 That there be no traitors in your
 camp.
 A nest of traitors—none to
 trust
 As our arms fail'd—this Egypt-
 plague of men !
 Next our maids were better at their
 homes,
 As thus man-girdled here. Indeed
 I think
 The chiefest comfort is the little child
 Of an unworthy mother, which she
 left.
 I shall not have it back; the child
 shall grow
 I prize the authentic mother of her
 mind.
 Ask it for an hour in mine own bed
 to-morrow; there the tender orphan
 hands
 Kiss at my heart, and seem'd to charm
 from thence
 A wrath I nursed against the world.
 Farewell.

I ceased; he said, 'Stubborn, but
 she may sit
 On a king's right hand in thunder-
 storms,
 And breed up warriors! See now,
 tho' yourself
 dazzled by the wildfire Love to
 sloughs
 At swallow common sense, the
 spindling king,
 In Gama swamp'd in lazy tolerance.
 When the man wants weight, the wo-
 man takes it up,
 And topples down the scales; but
 this is fixt
 Are the roots of earth and base of
 all,—
 As for the field and woman for the
 hearth;
 As for the sword, and for the needle
 she;
 As with the head, and woman with
 the heart;
 As to command, and woman to
 obey:
 The confusion. Look you! the
 gray mare
 Is to live with, when her whinny
 shrills

From tile to scullery, and her small
 goodman
 Shrinks in his arm-chair while the
 fires of hell
 Mix with his hearth. But you—she's
 yet a colt—
 Take, break her; strongly groom'd
 and straitly curb'd
 She might not rank with those detest-
 able
 That let the bantling scald at home,
 and brawl!
 Their rights or wrongs like potherba
 in the street.
 They say she's comely; there's the
 fairer chance.
 I like her none the less for rating at
 her!
 Besides, the woman wed is not as we,
 But suffers change of frame. A lusty
 brace
 Of twins may weed her of her folly.
 Boy,
 The bearing and the training of a child
 Is woman's wisdom.

Thus the hard old king.
 I took my leave, for it was nearly
 noon;
 I pored upon her letter which I held,
 And on the little clause, 'take not his
 life.'
 I mused on that wild morning in the
 woods,
 And on the 'Follow, follow, thou
 shalt win.'
 I thought on all the wrathful king
 had said,
 And how the strange betrothment
 was to end.
 Then I remember'd that burnt sor-
 cerer's curse
 That one should fight with shadows
 and should fall;
 And like a flash the weird affection
 came.
 King, camp, and college turn'd to hol-
 low shows;
 I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,
 And doing battle with forgotten
 ghosts,
 To dream myself the shadow of a
 dream;
 And ere I woke it was the point of
 noon.
 The lists were ready. Empanoplied
 and plumed

We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there
 Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet
 blared
 At the barrier like a wild horn in a
 land
 Of echoes, and a moment, and once
 more
 The trumpet, and again ; at which the
 storm
 Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge
 of spears
 And riders front to front, until they
 closed
 In conflict with the crash of shivering
 poins, ⁴⁸⁰
 And thunder. Yet it seem'd a dream,
 I dream'd
 Of fighting. On his haunches rose the
 steed,
 And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,
 And out of stricken helmets sprang the
 fire.
 Part sat like rocks ; part reel'd but
 kept their seats ;
 Part roll'd on the earth and rose again
 and drew ;
 Part stumbled mixt with floundering
 horses. Down
 From those two bulks at Arac's side,
 and down
 From Arac's arm, as from a giant's
 flail,
 The large blows rain'd, as here and
 everywhere ⁴⁹⁰
 He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing
 lists,
 And all the plain -- brand, mace, and
 shaft, and shield --
 Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil
 bang'd
 With hammers ; till I thought, can
 this be he
 From Gama's dwarfish loins ? if this
 be so,
 The mother makes us most -- and in
 my dream
 I glanced aside, and saw the palace
 front
 Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies'
 eyes,
 And highest, among the statues,
 statue-like,
 Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,
 With Psyche's babe, was Ida watch-
 ing us, ⁵⁰⁰
 A single band of gold about her hair,

Like a saint's glory up in heaven ; b
 she,
 No saint -- inexorable -- no tend
 ness --
 Too hard, too cruel. Yet she sees :
 fight,
 Yea, let her see me fall. With tha
 drave
 Among the thickest and bore down
 prince,
 And Cyril one. Yea, let me make n
 dream
 All that I would. But that larg
 moulded man,
 His visage all agrin as at a wake, :
 Made at me thro' the press, and, sta
 gering back
 With stroke on stroke the horse a
 horseman, came
 As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
 Flaying the roofs and sucking up t
 drains,
 And shadowing down the champai
 till it strikes
 On a wood, and takes, and breaks, a
 cracks, and splits,
 And twists the grain with such a re
 that Earth
 Reels, and the herdsmen cry ; for ever
 thing
 Gave way before him. Only Floria
 he
 That loved me closer than his ov
 right eye,
 Thrust in between ; but Arac rode h
 down.
 And Cyril seeing it, push'd against t
 Prince,
 With Psyche's color round his helm
 tough
 Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt
 arms ;
 But tougher, heavier, stronger, he tl
 smote
 And threw him. Last I spurr'd ;
 felt my veins
 Stretch with fierce heat ; a mome
 hand to hand,
 And sword to sword, and horse
 horse we hung,
 Till I struck out and shouted ; the bla
 glanced,
 I did but shear a feather, and drea
 and truth
 Flow'd from me ; darkness closed n
 and I fell.

30 they brought her warrior dead;
 She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry.
 Her maidens, watching, said,
 'She must weep or she will die.'

Yet they praised him, soft and low,
 Val'd him worthy to be loved,
 Best friend and noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

540 With a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took the face-cloth from the face;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee —
 Like summer tempest came her tears —
 'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

VI

My dream had never died or lived again ;

As in some mystic middle state I lay,
 Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard ;
 Tho' if I saw not, yet they told me all
 So often that I speak as having seen



* Like summer tempest came her tears —
 'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

For so it seem'd, or so they said to me,
That all things grew more tragic and more strange;
That when our side was vanquish'd and my cause
For ever lost, there went up a great cry,
'The Prince is slain!' My father heard and ran¹⁰
In on the lists, and there unlaced my casque
And grovell'd on my body, and after him
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglafa.

But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm; there on the roofs
Like that great dame of Lapidoth she sang.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: the seed,
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side 20
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears; they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand;
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fallen themselves.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,³⁰
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain;
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade.

'Our enemies have fallen, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power; and roll'd

With music in the growing breeze of T
The tops shall strike from star to star,
fangs

Shall move the stony bases of the world

'And now, O maids, behold
sanctuary

Is violate, our laws broken; fear we
To break them more in their behalf
whose arms

Champion'd our cause and won it w
a day

Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual
feast,

When dames and heroines of
golden year

Shall strip a hundred hollows bare
Spring,

To rain an April of ovation round
Their statues, borne aloft, the thr
but come,

We will be liberal, since our rights
won.

Let them not lie in the tents w
coarse mankind,

Ill nurses; but descend, and pro
these

The brethren of our blood and car
that there

Lie bruised and maim'd, the ten
ministries

Of female hands and hospitality.'

She spoke, and with the babe ye
her arms,

Descending, burst the great bro
valves, and led

A hundred maids in train across
park.

Some cowl'd, and some bare-head
on they came,

Their feet in flowers, her lovel
By them went

The enamor'd air sighing, and on th
curls

From the high tree the blossom w
ering fell,

And over them the tremulous isle
light

Slided, they moving under shade;
Blanche

At distance follow'd. So they car
anon

Thro' open field into the lists t
wound

Timorously; and as the leader of
herd

led a stately fretwork to the
 in, ⁷⁰
 bow'd up by a hundred airy
 pos,
 ith a tender foot, light as on
 r,
 ely, lordly creature floated on
 re her wounded brethren lay;
 ere stay'd,
 a one knee, — the child on one,
 — and prest
 ands, and call'd them dear de-
 verers,
 ppy warriors, and immortal
 ames.
 id, 'You shall not lie in the
 ents, but here,
 rsed by those for whom you
 ought, and served
 male hands and hospitality.' so
 , whether moved by this, or
 as it chance,
 e my way. Up started from
 y side
 lion, glaring with his whelp-
 eye,
 but when she saw me lying
 tark,
 d and mute, and motionlessly
 ale,
 ven to her, she sigh'd; and
 when she saw
 gguard father's face and rever-
 and beard
 ly twine, all dabbled with the
 blood
 own son, shudder'd, a twitch of
 ain
 d her mouth, and o'er her
 orehead past ⁹⁰
 w, and her hue changed, and
 he said:
 red my life; my brother slew
 dm for it.'
 e; at which the king in bitter
 eorn
 rom my neck the painting and
 he tress,
 id them up. She saw them,
 and a day
 on the distance on her memory,
 the good queen, her mother,
 here the tress
 times, ere the days of Lady
 Banche.

And then once more she look'd at my
 pale face; ⁹⁹
 Till understanding all the foolish work
 Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,
 Her iron will was broken in her mind;
 Her noble heart was molten in her
 breast;
 She bow'd, she set the child on the
 earth; she laid
 A feeling finger on my brows, and
 presently
 'O Sire,' she said, 'he lives; he is
 not dead!
 O, let me have him with my brethren
 here
 In our own palace; we will tend on
 him
 Like one of these; if so, by any
 means,
 To lighten this great clog of thanks,
 that make ¹¹⁰
 Our progress falter to the woman's
 goal.'

She said; but at the happy word
 'he lives!'
 My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my
 wounds.
 So those two foes above my fallen
 life,
 With brow to brow like night and
 evening mixt
 Their dark and gray, while Psyche
 ever stole
 A little nearer, till the babe that by
 us,
 Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden
 brede,
 Lay like a new-fallen meteor on the
 grass,
 Uncared for, spied its mother and
 began ¹²⁰
 A blind and babbling laughter, and to
 dance
 Its body, and reach its fatling inno-
 cent arms
 And lazy lingering fingers. She the
 appeal
 Brook'd not, but clamoring out 'Mine
 — mine — not yours!
 It is not yours, but mine; give me the
 child!'
 Ceased all on tremble; piteous was
 the cry.
 So stood the unhappy mother open-
 mouth'd,

And turn'd each face her way. Wan
 was her cheek
 With hollow watch, her blooming
 mantle torn.
 Red grief and mother's hunger in her
 eye,
 And down dead-heavy sank her curls,
 and half
 The sacred mother's bosom, panting,
 burst
 The laces toward her babe; but she
 nor cared
 Nor knew it, clamoring on, till Ida
 heard,
 Look'd up, and rising slowly from me,
 stood
 Erect and silent, striking with her
 glance
 The mother, me, the child. But he
 that lay
 Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was,
 Trail'd himself up on one knee; then
 he drew
 Her robe to meet his lips, and down
 she look'd
 At the arm'd man sideways, pitying
 as it seem'd,
 Or self-involved; but when she learnt
 his face,
 Remembering his ill-omen'd song,
 arose
 Once more thro' all her height, and
 o'er him grew
 Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand
 When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and
 he said:
 'O fair and strong and terrible!
 Lioness
 That with your long locks play the
 lion's mane!
 But Love and Nature, these are two
 more terrible
 And stronger. See, your foot is on
 our necks,
 We vanquish'd, you the victor of your
 will.
 What would you more? give her the
 child! remain
 Orb'd in your isolation; he is dead
 Or all as dead: henceforth we let you
 be.
 Win you the hearts of women; and
 beware
 Lest, where you seek the common
 love of these,

The common hate with the revolv
 wheel
 Should drag you down, and so
 great Nemesis
 Break from a darken'd future, crow
 with fire,
 And tread you out for ever. B
 howsoe'er
 Fixt in yourself, never in your o
 arms
 To hold your own, deny not her
 her,
 Give her the child! O, if, I say, y
 keep
 One pulse that beats true woman,
 you loved
 The breast that fed or arm that de
 dled you,
 Or own one port of sense not flint
 prayer,
 Give her the child! or if you scorn
 lay it,
 Yourself, in hands so lately clai
 with yours,
 Or speak to her, your dearest, her o
 fault
 The tenderness, not yours, that cou
 not kill,
 Give me it; I will give it her.'
 He sai
 At first her eye with slow dilati
 roll'd
 Dry flame, she listening; after sa
 and sank
 And, into mournful twilight mello
 ing, dwelt
 Full on the child. She took i
 'Pretty bud!
 Lily of the vale! half-open'd bell
 the woods!
 Sole comfort of my dark hour, wh
 a world
 Of traitorous friend and broken syst
 made
 No purple in the distance, mystery,
 Pledge of a love not to be mine, fa
 well!
 These men are hard upon us as of ol
 We two must part; and yet how fa
 was I
 To dream thy cause embraced in mi
 to think
 I might be something to thee, wher
 felt
 Thy helpless warmth about my barr
 breast



'Then felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close enough'

e; but may thy mo-
false, false, false to
sals must bear the
sh it
m' — here she kiss'd
th thee! take it, sir,'
e in his hard-mailed
round to Psyche as
an eye that swum in
ind and whole from
st,
never hugg'd it close
er mouth'd and mum-

And hid her bosom with it; after
that
Put on more calm and added suppli-
antly :

'We two were friends: I go to mine
own land
For ever. Find some other; as for
me
I scarce am fit for your great plans:
yet speak to me,
Say one soft word and let me part for-
given.'

But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the
child.
Then Arac: 'Ida — 'sdeath! you blame
the man;
You wrong yourselves — the woman
is so hard
Upon the woman. Come, a grace to
me!

I am your warrior; I and mine have
fought
Your battle. Kiss her; take her hand,
she weeps.
'Sdeath! I would sooner fight thrice
o'er than see it.'

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the
ground.
And reddening in the furrows of his
chin,
And moved beyond his custom, Gama
said:

'I've heard that there is iron in the
blood,
And I believe it. Not one word? not
one?

Whence drew you this steel temper?
not from me.

Not from your mother, now a saint
with saints.

She said you had a heart—I heard
her say it—

"Our Ida has a heart"—just ere she
died—

"But see that some one with authority
Be near her still;" and I—I sought
for one—

All people said she had authority—
The Lady Blanche—much profit!

Not one word;

No! tho' your father sues. See how
you stand

Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good
knights maim'd.

I trust that there is no one hurt to
death.

For your wild whim. And was it then
for this.

Was it for this we gave our palace
up,

Where we withdrew from summer
heats and state.

And had our wine and chess beneath
the planes.

And many a pleasant hour with her
that's gone.

Ere you were born to vex us? Is it
kind?

Speak to her. I say; is this not she of
whom.

When first she came, all flush'd you
said to me.

Now had you got a friend of your
own age,

Now could you share your thou
now should men see

Two women faster welded in
love

Than pairs of wedlock? she you w
with, she

You talk'd with, whole nights k
up in the tower,

Of sine and arc, spheroid and
muth,

And right ascension, heaven kn
what; and now

A word, but one, one little kn
word,

Not one to spare her! Out upon;
flint!

You love nor her, nor me, nor s
nay,

You shame your mother's judgm
too. Not one?

You will not? well—no heart k
you, or such

As fancies like the vermin in a nu
Have fretted all to dust and bi
ness.'

So said the small king moved bey
his wont.

But Ida stood nor spoke, drain'
her force

By many a varying influence am
long.

Down thro' her limbs a droop
languor wept;

Her head a little bent; and on
mouth

A doubtful smile dwelt like a clou
moon

In a still water. Then brake out
sire,

Lifting his grim head from
wounds: 'O you,

Woman, whom we thought wo
even now,

And were half fool'd to let you t
our son,

Because he might have wish'd it—
we see

The accomplice of your madness
forgiven,

And think that you might mix
draught with death,

When your skies change again;
rougher hand

Is safer. On to the tents; take up
Prince.'

He rose, and while each ear was
prick'd to attend
tempest, thro' the cloud that dimm'd
her broke
genial warmth and light once more,
and shone
bro' glittering drops on her sad friend.
'Come hither,
'Psyche,' she cried out, 'embrace
me, come,
quick while I melt; make reconcile-
ment sure
With one that cannot keep her mind
an hour;
come to the hollow heart they slander
so!
Us and be friends, like children being
child!
'seem no more, I want forgiveness
too;
should have had to do with none
but maids,
that have no links with men. Ah
false but dear,
dear traitor, too much loved, why? —
why? — yet see
before these kings we embrace you yet
once more
With all forgiveness, all oblivion,
and trust, not love, you less.
And now, O Sire,
grant me your son, to nurse, to wait
upon him,
like mine own brother. For my debt
to him,
this nightmare weight of gratitude, I
know it.
Grant me no more; yourself and yours
shall have
free adit: we will scatter all our
maids
Till happier times each to her proper
hearth.
That use to keep them here — now?
grant my prayer.
help, father, brother, help; speak to
the king;
show this male nature to some touch
of that
which kills me with myself, and
drags me down
from my fixt height to mob me up
with all
the soft and milky rabble of woman-
kind,
or weakling even as they are.'

Passionate tears
Follow'd; the king replied not; Cyril
said:
'Your brother, lady, — Florian, — ask
for him
Of your great Head — for he is
wounded too —
That you may tend upon him with the
Prince.'
'Ay, so,' said Ida with a bitter smile,
'Our laws are broken; let him enter
too.'
Then Violet, she that sang the mourn-
ful song,
And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,
Petition'd too for him. 'Ay, so,' she
said,
'I stagger in the stream; I cannot keep
My heart an eddy from the brawling
hour.
We break our laws with ease, but let
it be.'
'Ay, so?' said Blanche: 'Amazed am
I to hear
Your Highness; but your Highness
breaks with ease
The law your Highness did not make;
't was I.
I had been wedded wife, I knew man-
kind,
And block'd them out; but these men
came to woo
Your Highness, — verily I think to
win.'

So she, and turn'd askance a wintry
eye;
But Ida, with a voice that, like a bell
Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling
tower,
Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and
scorn:

'Fling our doors wide! all, all, not
one, but all,
Not only he, but by my mother's soul,
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or
foe,
Shall enter, if he will! Let our girls
flit,
Till the storm die! but had you stood
by us,
The roar that breaks the Pharos from
his base
Had left us rock. She fain would sting
us too,

But shall not. Pass, and mingle with
your likes.
We brook no further insult, but are
gone.'

She turn'd; the very nape of her
white neck
Was rosed with indignation; but the
Prince
Her brother came; the king her father
charm'd
Her wounded soul with words; nor
did mine own
Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his
hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead
weights, and bare
Straight to the doors; to them the
doors gave way
Groaning, and in the vestal entry
shriek'd ³³⁰
The virgin marble under iron heels.
And on they moved and gain'd the
hall, and there
Rest'd; but great the crush was, and
each base,
To left and right, of those tall col-
umns drown'd
In silken fluctuation and the swarm
Of female whisperers. At the further
end
Was Ida by the throne, the two great
cats
Close by her, like supporters on a
shield,
Bow-back'd with fear; but in the
centre stood
The common men with rolling eyes;
amazed ³⁴⁰
They glared upon the women, and
aghast
The women stared at these, all silent,
save
When armor clash'd or jingled, while
the day,
Descending, struck athwart the hall,
and shot
A flying splendor out of brass and
steel,
That o'er the statues leapt from head
to head,
Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm,
Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on
flame;
And now and then an echo started up,

And shuddering fled from room to
room, and died
Of fright in far apartments.

Then the voice
Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance;
And me they bore up the broad stain
and thro'
The long-laid galleries past a hundred
doors
To one deep chamber shut from sound
and due
To languid limbs and sickness, let
me in it;
And others elsewhere they laid; an
all
That afternoon a sound arose of hoo!
And chariot, many a maiden passing
home
Till happier times; but some were
left of those
Held sagest, and the great lords of
and in,
From those two hosts that lay beside
the wall,
Walk'd at their will, and everythin
was changed.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw th
sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven an
take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should
give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye;
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are
seal'd;
I strove against the stream and all in vain
Let the great river take me to the main
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield
Ask me no more.

VII

So was their sanctuary violated,
So their fair college turn'd to hospita
At first with all confusion; by and by
Sweet order lived again with other
laws,
A kindlier influence reign'd, an
everywhere

PART SEVENTH

Low voices with the ministering hand
 Hung round the sick. The maidens
 came, they talk'd,
 They sang, they read; till she not fair
 began
 To gather light, and she that was be-
 came
 Her former beauty treble; and to and
 fro
 With books, with flowers, with angel
 offices,
 Like creatures native unto gracious
 act,
 And in their own clear element, they
 moved.

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,
 And hatred of her weakness, blent
 with shame.
 Old studies fail'd; seldom she spoke;
 but oft
 Climb to the roofs, and gazed alone
 for hours
 on that disastrous leaguer, swarms of
 men
 besetting her female field. Void
 was her use,
 As she as one that climbs a peak to
 gaze
 over land and main, and sees a great
 black cloud
 Drag inward from the deeps, a wall
 of night,
 Cut off the slope of sea from verge
 to shore,
 And sack the blinding splendor from
 the sand,
 And quenching lake by lake and tarn
 by tarn
 To smother the world; so fared she gaz-
 ing there,
 So lock'd all her world in secret,
 blank
 And waste it seem'd and vain; till
 dawn she came,
 And fair peace once more among
 the sick.

And twilight dawn'd; and morn by
 morn the lark
 She up and shrill'd in flickering gyres
 but I
 Lay silent in the muffled cage of
 life
 And twilight gloom'd, and broader
 grown the bowers

Drew the great night into themself
 and heaven,
 Star after star, arose and fell; but
 Deeper than those weird doubts co-
 reach me, lay
 Quite sunder'd from the moving
 verse,
 Nor knew what eye was on me,
 the hand
 That nursed me, more than infant
 their sleep.

But Psyche tended Florian; v
 her oft
 Melissa came, for Blanche had go
 but left
 Her child among us, willing she sho
 keep
 Court-favor. Here and there the s
 bright head,
 A light of healing, glanced about
 couch,
 Or thro' the parted silks the ter
 face
 Peep'd, shining in upon the woun
 man
 With blush and smile, a medicine
 themselves
 To wile the length from languor
 hours, and draw
 The sting from pain; nor seem'd
 strange that soon
 He rose up whole, and those fair c
 ities
 Join'd at her side; nor stranger see
 that hearts
 So gentle, so employ'd, should c
 in love,
 Than when two dewdrops on
 petal shake
 To the same sweet air, and tren
 deeper down,
 And slip at once all fragrant into c

Less prosperously the second
 obtain'd
 At first with Psyche. Not tho' Blan
 had sworn
 That after that dark night among
 fields
 She needs must wed him for her c
 good name;
 Not tho' he built upon the babe
 stand;
 Not tho' she liked him, yielded
 but fear'd

To incense the Head once more; till
on a day
When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind
Seen but of Psyche; on her foot she
lung
A moment, and she heard, at which
her face
A little flush'd, and she past on; but
each
Assumed from thence a half-consent
involved
In stillness, plighted troth, and were
at peace.

Nor only these; Love in the sacred
halls
Held carnival at will, and flying
struck
With showers of random sweet on
maid and man.
Nor did her father cease to press my
claim,
Nor did mine own now reconciled;
nor yet
Did those twin brothers, risen again
and whole;
Nor Arac, satiate with his victory.

But I lay still, and with me oft she
sat.
Then came a change; for sometimes I
would catch
Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it
hard,
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek,
'You are not Ida;' clasp it once again,
And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not,
And call her sweet, as if in irony,
And call her hard and cold, which
seem'd a truth;
And still she fear'd that I should lose
my mind,
And often she believed that I should
die;
Till out of long frustration of her
care,
And pensive tendance in the all-weary
noons,
And watches in the dead, the dark,
when clocks
Throb'd thunder thro' the palace
floors, or call'd
On flying Time from all their silver
tongues —
And out of memories of her kinelier
days,

And side-long glances at my father
grief,
And at the happy lovers heart
heart —
And out of hauntings of my spoken
love,
And lonely listenings to my mutter
dream.
And often feeling of the helpless hand
And wordless broodings on the waste
check —
From all a closer interest flourish'd up
Tenderness touch by touch, and last
to these,
Love, like an Alpine harebell hun
with tears
By some cold morning glacier; frail
first
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
But such as gather'd color day by day

Last I woke sane, but well-nigh clo
to death
For weakness. It was evening; still
light
Slept on the painted walls, where
were wrought
Two grand designs; for on one side
arose
The women up in wild revolt, an
storm'd
At the Oppian law. Titanic shape
they crann'd
The forum, and half-crush'd among
the rest
A dwarf-like Cato cower'd. On the
other side
Hortensia spoke against the tax; be
hind,
A train of dames. By axe and eagle
sat,
With all their foreheads drawn in
Roman scowls,
And half the wolf's-milk curdled in
their veins,
The fierce triumvirs; and before them
paused
Hortensia, pleading; angry was her
face.

I saw the forms; I knew not where
I was.
They did but look like hollow shows
nor more
Sweet Ida. Palm to palm she sat
the dew

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20

Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her
 shape
 And rounder seem'd. I moved, I
 sigh'd; a touch
 Came round my wrist, and tears upon
 my hand.
 Then all for languor and self-pity ran
 Mine down my face, and with what
 life I had,
 And like a flower that cannot all un-
 fold,
 So drench'd it is with tempest, to the
 sun,
 Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on
 her
 Fix my faint eyes, and utter'd whis-
 peringly :

'If you be what I think you, some
 sweet dream,

I would but ask you to fulfil yourse
 But if you be that Ida whom I knew
 I ask you nothing; only, if a dream
 Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall
 to-night.
 Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere
 die.'

I could no more, but lay like one
 trance,
 That hears his burial talk'd of by
 friends,
 And cannot speak, nor move, nor ma
 one sign,
 But lies and dreads his doom. S
 turn'd, she paused,
 She stoop'd; and out of languor let
 a cry,
 Leapt fiery Passion from the brink
 death,



“I shall die to-night.
 Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die.”

And I believed that in the living world
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips;
Till back I fell, and from mine arms
she rose

Glowing all over noble shame; and all
Her falsar self slipt from her like a
robe,

And left her woman, lovelier in her
mood

Than in her mould that other, when
she came

From barren deeps to conquer all with
love,

And down the streaming crystal dropt;
and she

Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,¹⁵⁰
Naked, a double light in air and
wave,

To meet her Graces, where they deck'd
her out

For worship without end — nor end of
mine,

Stateliest, for thee! but mute she
glided forth,

Nor glanced behind her, and I sank
and slept,

Fill'd thro' and thro' with love, a
happy sleep.

Deep in the night I woke: she, near
me, held

A volume of the poets of her land.
There to herself, all in low tones, she
read:

'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the
white;

Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry
font.

The fire-fly wakens; waken thou with me.

'Now droops the milk-white peacock like
a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

'Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the
stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

'Now slides the silent meteor on, and
leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in
me.

'Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake.
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
into my bosom and be lost in me.'

I heard her turn the page; she found
a small
Sweet idyl, and once more, as low, she
read:

'Come down, O maid, from yond
mountain height.

What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd
sang),

In height and cold, the splendor of the
hills?

But cease to move so near the heavens, and
cease

To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;

And come, for Love is of the valley, come
For Love is of the valley, come thou down

And find him; by the happy threshold, hand
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the main

Or red with spiced purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk

With Death and Morning on the Silver
Horns,

Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice;

That huddling slant in furrow-cloven fall
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors.

But follow; let the torrent dance th
down

To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave

The monstrous ledges there to slope, and
spill

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water
smoke,

That like a broken purpose waste in air.
So waste not thou, but come; for all t
vales

Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I

Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is eve
sound,

Sweeter thy voice, but every sound
sweet;

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the law
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,

And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

So she low-toned, while with shut
eyes I lay

Listening, then look'd. Pale was th
perfect face;

The bosom with long sighs labor'd
and meek

Seem'd the full lips, and mild th
luminous eyes.

And the voice trembled and the hand
She said

Brokenly, that she knew it, she had
fail'd

In sweet humility, had fail'd in all;
That all her labor was but as a block

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the quarry; but she still were
loth,
I were loth to yield herself to
one
holly scorn'd to help their equal
rights
at the sons of men and barbarous
laws.
Ay'd me not to judge their cause
from her
²²⁰
wrong'd it, sought far less for
truth than power
wledge. Something wild with-
in her breast,
ter than all knowledge, beat her
down.
he had nursed me there from
week to week;
and she learnt in little time. In
part
ill counsel had misled the girl
true hearts; yet was she but a
girl—
of, and made myself a queen of
farce!
comes another such? never, I
think,
sun drop, dead, from the signs.'
Her voice
I, and her forehead sank upon
her hands,
²³¹
a great heart thro' all the fault-
ful past
orrowing in a pause I dared not
break;
tice of a change in the dark
world
ept about the acacias, and a
bird,
rily woke to feed her little ones,
an a dewy breast a cry for light.
ved, and at her feet the volume
fell.
me not thyself too much,' I
aid, 'nor blame
uch the sons of men and bar-
barous laws;
²⁴⁰
were the rough ways of the
world till now.
with thou hast a helper, me,
hat know
oman's cause is man's; they
ae or sink
er, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or
ree.

For she that out o
man
The shining steps
with man
His nights, his day
to one goal,
Stays all the fair y
hands—
If she be small, sh
able,
How shall men g
more alon
Our place is mu
as
We two will serve the
ing her—
Will clear away the parasitic fo
That seem to keep her up but
her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon
of all
Within her—let her make herse
own
To give or keep, to live and lea
be
All that not harms distinctive wom
hood.
For woman is not undevelop't man,
But diverse. Could we make her as
the man,
²⁶⁰
Sweet Love were slain; his dearest
bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they
grow;
The man be more of woman, she of
man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral
height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that
throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in child-
ward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger
mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of
Time,
²⁷¹
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all
their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing
each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who
love.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
 Then reign the world's great bridals,
 chaste and calm;
 Then springs the crowning race of humankind. 279

May these things be!' Sighing she spoke: 'I fear
 They will not.'

'Dear, but let us type them now
 In our own lives, and this proud
 watchword rest

Of equal; seeing either sex alone
 Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
 Nor equal, nor unequal. Each fulfils
 Defect in each, and always thought
 in thought,

Purpose in purpose, will in will, they
 grow.

The single pure and perfect animal,
 The two-cell'd heart beating, with
 one full stroke.

Life.'

And again sighing she spoke: 'A
 dream 290

That once was mine! what woman
 taught you this?'

'Alone,' I said, 'from earlier than
 I know,
 Immersed in rich foreshadowings of
 the world,

I loved the woman. He, that doth
 not, lives

A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
 Or pines in sad experience worse than
 death,

Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt
 with crime.

Yet was there one thro' whom I loved
 her, one

Not learned, save in gracious house-
 hold ways,

Not perfect, nay, but full of tender
 wants, 300

No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
 In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
 Interpreter between the gods and men,
 Who look'd all native to her place,
 and yet

On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a
 sphere

'Too gross to tread, and all male minds
 perforce

Sway'd to her from their orbits as
 they moved,

And girdled her with modesty
 he

With such a mother! full of
 kind

Beats with his blood, and
 things high

Comes easy to him, and
 and fall

He shall not blind his soul

Said Ida, tremulously, 'and
 It seems you love to dwell

with words;

This mother is your mother
 heard

Of your strange doubts; and
 might be; I seem

A mockery to my own self.
 Prince!

You cannot love me.'

'Nay, but then
 'From yearlong poring on
 tired eyes,

Ere seen I loved, and loved
 and saw

Thee woman thro' the crust
 moods

That mask'd thee from men
 ence up, and forced

Sweet love on pranks of saucy
 hood; now,

Given back to life, to life indeed
 thee,

Indeed I love. The new day
 the light

Dearer for night, as dearer to
 faults

Lived over. Lift thine eyes,
 doubts are dead,

My haunting sense of hollow
 the change,

This truthful change in thee has
 it. Dear,

Look up, and let thy nature speak
 mine,

Like yonder morning on the
 half-world.

Approach and fear not; breathe
 my brows;

In that fine air I tremble, all that
 Melts mist-like into this bright
 and this

Is morn to more, and all the
 come

Reels, as the golden Autumn
 hand reels



“A dream
That once was mine! what woman taught you this?”

Stew the smoke of burning weeds.
 Forgive me,
 waste my heart in signs; let be.
 My bride,
 wife, my life! O, we will walk
 this world,
 asked in all exercise of noble end, ³⁴⁰
 and as thro' those dark gates across
 the wild
 as no man knows. Indeed I love
 these; come,
 hold thyself up; my hopes and thine
 are one.
 accomplish thou my manhood and
 thyself;
 thy sweet hands in mine and
 trust to me.'

CONCLUSION

closed our tale, of which I give
 you all

The random scheme as wildly as it
 rose.
 The words are mostly mine; for when
 we ceased
 There came a minute's pause, and
 Walter said,
 'I wish she had not yielded!' then to
 me,
 'What if you drest it up poetical-
 ly!'
 So pray'd the men, the women; I
 gave assent.
 Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme
 of seven
 Together in one sheaf? What style
 could suit?
 The men required that I should give
 throughout
 The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque, ³⁵⁰
 With which we banter'd little Lilia
 first;
 The women—and perhaps they felt
 their power,

For something in the ballads which
they sang.
Or in their silent influence as they
sat,
Had ever seem'd to wrestle with bur-
lesque,
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn
close —
They hated banter, wish'd for some-
thing real.
A gallant fight, a noble princess — why
Not make her true-heroic — true-sub-
lime ?
Or all, they said, as earnest as the
close ?
Which yet with such a framework
scarce could be.
Then rose a little feud betwixt the
two,
Betwixt the mockers and the realists ;
And I, betwixt them both, to please
them both,
And yet to give the story as it rose,
I moved as in a strange diagonal.
And maybe neither pleased myself nor
them.

But Lilia pleased me, for she took no
part
In our dispute ; the sequel of the
tale
Had touch'd her, and she sat, she
pluck'd the grass,
She flung it from her, thinking ; last,
she fixt
A showery glance upon her aunt, and
said,
'You — tell us what we are' — who
might have told,
For she was crammi'd with theories
out of books,
But that there rose a shout. The gates
were closed
At sunset, and the crowd were swarm-
ing now,
To take their leave, about the garden
rails.

So I and some went out to these ;
we climb'd
The slope to Vivian-place, and turning
saw
The happy valleys, half in light, and
half
Far shadowing from the west, a land
of peace ;

Gray halls alone among their mass
groves ;
Trim hamlets ; here and there a rus-
sow
Half-lost in belts of hop and bread
of wheat ;
The shimmering glimpses of a stream
the seas ;
A red sail, or a white ; and far
yond,
Imagined more than seen, the sky
of France.

'Look there, a garden !' said a
college friend,
The Tory member's elder son, 'a
there !
God bless the narrow sea which keeps
her off,
And keeps our Britain, whole with
herself,
A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled
Some sense of duty, something of
faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselv
have made,
Some patient force to change the
when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the
crowd —
But yonder, whiff ! there comes a sud-
den heat,
The gravest citizen seems to lose his
head,
The king is scared, the soldier will not
fight,
The little boys begin to shoot at
stabs,
A kingdom topples over with a shriek
Like an old woman, and down rolls
the world
In mock heroics stranger than our
own ;
Revolts, republics, revolutions, more
No graver than a schoolboys' barrack
out ;
Too comic for the solemn things that
are,
Too solemn for the comic touches
them,
Like our wild Princess with as wise a
dream
As some of theirs — God bless the narrow
seas !
I wish they were a whole Atlantic
broad.'

'Have patience,' I replied, 'ourselves are full of social wrong; and maybe wildest dreams are but the needful preludes of the truth. For me, the genial day, the happy crowd, the sport half-science, fill me with a faith, this fine old world of ours is but a child set in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time to learn its limbs; there is a hand that guides.' In such discourse we gain'd the garden rails, 20

And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood, Before a tower of crimson holly-oaks, Among six boys, head under head, and look'd No little lily-handed baronet he, A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman, A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep, A raiser of huge melons and of pine, A patron of some thirty charities, A pamphleteer on guano and on grain, A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none; Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn; Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those



"— You — tell us what we are —"

That stood the nearest — now address'd
to speech —
Who spoke few words and pithy, such
as closed
Welcome, farewell, and welcome for
the year
To follow. A shout rose again, and
made
The long line of the approaching rook-
ery swerve
From the elms, and shook the branches
of the deer
From slope to slope thro' distant ferns,
and rang
Beyond the bourn of sunset — O, a
shout¹⁰⁰
More joyful than the city-roar that
hails
Premier or king! Why should not
these great sirs
Give up their parks some dozen times
a year
To let the people breathe? So thrice
they cried,
I likewise, and in groups they stream'd
away.

But we went back to
and sat on,
So much the gathering
charm'd; we sat
But spoke not, rapt in m
erie,
Perchance upon the fane
walls
Blacken'd about us, hain
owls whoop'd,
And gradually the pen
night,
That range above the m
wind,
Deepening the courts of te
them up
Thro' all the silent m
worlds,
Beyond all thought into
of heavens.

Last little Lilla, riding
Disrobed the glimmering
Ralph
From those rich silks, as
pleased we went.



ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBITU MDCCCXXXIII

Young Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy
face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
believing where we cannot prove ;

Where are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust ;
Thou madest man, he knows not
why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day and cease to
 be ;
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than
 they.

We have but faith : we cannot know,
 For knowledge is of things we see ;
 And yet we trust it comes from
 thee,
 A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to
 more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
 We mock thee when we do not fear ;
 But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,
 What seem'd my worth since I
 began ;
 For merit lives from man to man,
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering
 cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth ;
 Forgive them where they fail in
 truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.
 1849.

I

I held it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-
 stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
 And find in loss a gain to match ?
 Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
 The far-off interest of tears ?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both
 drown'd,
 Let darkness keep her raven glo
 Ah, sweeter to be drunk with lo
 To dance with Death, to beat
 ground,

Than that the victor Hours sho
 scorn
 The long result of love, and bos
 'Behold the man that loved and l
 But all he was is overworn.'

II

Old yew, which graspest at the sto
 That name the underlying dead,
 Thy fibres net the dreamless hea
 Thy roots are wrapt about the bon

The seasons bring the flower again
 And bring the firstling to the flo
 And in the dusk of thee the cloc
 Beats out the little lives of men.

O, not for thee the glow, the bloor
 Who changest not in any gale,
 Nor branding summer suns avai
 To touch thy thousand years of gloo

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
 Sick for thy stubborn hardihood
 I seem to fail from out my blood
 And grow incorporate into thee.

III

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
 O Priestess in the vaults of Deat
 O sweet and bitter in a breath,
 What whispers from thy lying lip

'The stars,' she whispers, 'blin
 run ;
 A web is woven across the sky ;
 From out waste places comes a c
 And murmurs from the dying sun

'And all the phantom, Nat
 stands —
 With all the music in her tone,
 A hollow echo of my own, —
 A hollow form with empty hands.'

And shall I take a thing so blind,
 Embrace her as my natural good
 Or crush her, like a vice of blood
 Upon the threshold of the mind ?

IN MEMORIAM

IV

Up I give my powers away ;
Will is bondsman to the dark ;
Within a helmless bark,
With my heart I muse and say :

But, how fares it with thee now,
That thou shouldst fail from thy
desire,
So scarcely darest to inquire,
Is it makes me beat so low ?

Knowing it is which thou hast lost,
The pleasure from thine early
years,
And, that deep vase of chilling
tears,
Grief hath snaken into frost !

Clouds of nameless trouble cross
Sight below the darken'd eyes ;
A morning wakes the will, and
cries,
Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.

V

Sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

For the unquiet heart and brain,
That in measured language lies ;
For the sad mechanic exercise,
Half narcotics, numbing pain.

And, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
The coarsest clothes against the
cold ;
That large grief which these en-
fold
Lies in outline and no more.

VI

Writes, that 'other friends remain,'
That 'loss is common to the race' —
Common is the commonplace,
And scant chaff well meant for grain.

Common is common would not make
Own less bitter, rather more.
Common ! Never morning wore
Singing, but some heart did break.

Where, wheresoe'er thou be,
I pledged now thy gallant son,

A shot, ere half thy draught be
Hath still'd the life that beat from

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor, — while thy head
Bow'd,

His heavy-shot hammock-shroud,
Drops in his vast and wandering grave

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well ;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something
thought ;

Expecting still his advent home ;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, 'here to-day,'
Or 'here to-morrow will he come.'

O, somewhere, meek, unconscious
dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair ;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love !

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest ;
And thinking 'this will please him
best,'

She takes a riband or a rose ;

For he will see them on to-night ;
And with the thought her color
burns ;

And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right ;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Had fallen, and her future lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the
ford,

Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O, what to her shall be the end ?
And what to me remains of good ?
To her perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

VII

Dark house, by which once more I
stand

Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to
beat

So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more —
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling
rain
On the bald street breaks the blank
day.

VIII

A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who 'lights and rings the gateway
bell,
And learns her gone and far from
home;

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and
hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight :

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to
meet,
The field, the chamber, and the
street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care :

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy
Which, little cared for, fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or, dying, there at least may die.

IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailed the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved re-
mains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him
o'er.

So draw him home to those thine
mourn
In vain; a favorable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and leave
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor
bright
As our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above
Sleep, gentle heavens, before thy
prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he slept
now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

X

I hear the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night;
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife
And travell'd men from foreign
lands;
And letters unto trembling hands
And, thy dark freight, a vanished
life.

So bring him; we have idle dreams
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies. O, to us
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the
rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet draws
The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring well
Should gulf him fathom-deep
brine,
And hands so often clasp'd
mine,
Should toss with tangle and with
shells.



'Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sallest the placid ocean-plains'

XI

is the morn without a sound,
as to suit a calmer grief,
d only thro' the faded leaf
hestnut pattering to the ground ;

and deep peace on this high
wold,
d on these dews that drench the
furze,
d all the silvery goesamers
twinkle into green and gold ;

and still light on yon great
plain
at sweeps with all its autumn
bowers,
d crowded farms and lessening
towers,
agle with the bounding main ;

and deep peace in this wide air,
as leaves that redden to the fall,

And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair ;

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in
rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving
deep.

XII

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
To bear thro' heaven a tale of
woe,
Some dolorous message knit be-
low
The wild pulsation of her wings ;

Like her I go, I cannot stay ;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a
mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern
skies.

And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying, 'Comes he thus, my
friend ?

Is this the end of all my care ?
And circle moaning in the air,
Is this the end ? Is this the end ?'

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.

XIII

Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and
feels
Her place is empty, fall like these ;

Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart re-
posed ;

And, where warm hands have prest
and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too ;

Which weep the comrade of my
choice,

An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come, Time, and teach me, many
years,

I do not suffer in a dream :
For now so strange do these things
seem,

Mine eyes have leisure for their
tears,

My fancies time to rise on wing.

And glance about the approaching
sails,

As tho' they brought but merchants'
bales,

And not the burthen that they bring.

XIV

If one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-
day,

And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port ;

And standing, muffled round with woe
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the
plank,
And beckoning unto those they know

And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine,
Should strike a sudden hand i
mine,
And ask a thousand things of home ;

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd o
late,

And he should sorrow o'er my stat
And marvel what possess'd my brain

And I perceived no touch of change.
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

XV

To-night the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and sti

That makes the barren branches loud
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder clow

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast
And topples round the dreary west
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI

What words are these have fallen
from me ?

Can calm despair and wild unrest

IN MEMORIAM

nants of a single breast,
ow such a changeling be ?

she only seem to take
touch of change in calm or
form,
nows no more of transient form
leep self, than some dead lake

lds the shadow of a lark
in the shadow of a heaven ?
s the shock, so harshly given,
d me like the unhappy bark

fikes by night a craggy shelf,
taggers blindly ere she sink ?
stun'd me from my power to
sink
my knowledge of myself ;

de me that delirious man
e fancy fuses old and new,
lashes into false and true,
ogles all without a plan ?

XVII

smest, much wept for ; such a
reeze
ell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
as the whisper of an air
the thee over lonely seas.

spirit saw thee move
circles of the bounding sky,
after week ; the days go by ;
uick, thou bringest all I love.

orth, wherever thou mayst
am,
lessing, like a line of light,
the waters day and night,
e a beacon guards thee home.

whatever tempest mars
cean spare thee, sacred bark,
salmy drops in summer dark
on the bosom of the stars ;

an office hath been done,
precious relics brought by thee,
ust of him I shall not see
my widow'd race be run.

XVIII

ill ; 't is something ; we may
and

Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'T is little ; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the
head
That sleeps or wears the mask of
sleep,

And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, even yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing thro' his lips im-
part
The life that almost dies in me ;

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

XIX

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no
more ;

They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills ;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot
fall,

I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls ;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

XX

The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender
vows,

Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead ;

XXVI

Still onward winds the dreary way ;
 I with it, for I long to prove
 No lapse of moons can canker Love,
 Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt
 And goodness, and hath power to
 see
 Within the green the moulder'd tree,
 And towers fallen as soon as built —

O, if indeed that eye foresee
 Or see — in Him is no before —
 In more of life true life no more
 And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
 Breaks hither over Indian seas,
 That Shadow waiting with the keys,
 To shroud me from my proper scorn.

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
 The captive void of noble rage,
 The linnet born within the cage,
 That never knew the summer woods ;

I envy not the beast that takes
 His license in the field of time,
 Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
 To whom a conscience never wakes ;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
 The heart that never plighted troth
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;
 Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
 I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII

The time draws near the birth of
 Christ.
 The moon is hid, the night is still ;
 The Christmas bells from hill to
 hill
 Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
 From far and near, on mead and
 moor,
 Swell out and fail, as if a door
 Were shut between me and the sound ;

Each voice four changes on the wind
 That now dilate, and now decrease
 Peace and goodwill, goodwill an
 peace,
 Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain
 I almost wish'd no more to wake,
 And that my hold on life would
 break
 Before I heard those bells again ;

But they my troubled spirit rule,
 For they controll'd me when a boy
 They bring me sorrow touch'd with
 joy,
 The merry, merry bells of Yule.

XXIX

With such compelling cause to grieve
 As daily vexes household peace,
 And chains regret to his decease,
 How dare we keep our Christmas-even

Which brings no more a welcome guest
 To enrich the threshold of the night
 With shower'd largess of delight
 In dance and song and game and jest

Yet go, and while the holly boughs
 Entwine the cold baptismal font,
 Make one wreath more for Use as
 Wont,
 That guard the portals of the house

Old sisters of a day gone by,
 Gray nurses, loving nothing new.
 Why should they miss their year
 due
 Before their time ? They too will die

XXX

With trembling fingers did we weave
 The holly round the Christmas
 hearth ;
 A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
 And sadly fell our Christmas-even.

At our old pastimes in the hall
 We gamboll'd, making vain pro
 tence
 Of gladness, with an awful sense
 Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused : the winds were in the
 beech :

Then each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with
Thought
The Thought could wed itself with
Speech ;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could
bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Lived in the chambers of the blood :

And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
In many a flute of Arcady.

XXIV

And was the day of my delight
As pure and perfect as I say ?
The very source and fount of day
Is dark'd with wandering isles of
night.

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since our first sun arose and set.

And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom a
great ?

The lowness of the present state,
That sets the past in this relief ?

Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far,
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not when we moved therein

XXV

I know that this was Life,—the
track
Whereon with equal feet we fared
And then, as now, the day pre-
pared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air ;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love ;

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave the
twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.



'They laid him by the pleasant shore',
And in the hearing of the wave'

This round of green, this orb of flame,
 Fantastic beauty ; such as lurks
 In some wild poet, when he works
 Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I ?
 'Twere hardly worth my while to
 choose
 Of things all mortal, or to use
 A little patience ere I die ;

'T were best at once to sink to peace,
 Like birds the charming serpent
 draws,
 To drop head-foremost in the jaws
 Of vacant darkness and to cease.

XXXV

Yet if some voice that man could trust
 Should murmur from the narrow
 house,
 'The cheeks drop in, the body bows :
 Man dies, nor is there hope in dust ;'

Might I not say ? ' Yet even here,
 But for one hour, O Love, I strive
 To keep so sweet a thing alive.'
 But I should turn mine ears and hear

The meanings of the homeless sea,
 The sound of streams that swift or
 slow

Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
 The dust of continents to be ;

And Love would answer with a sigh,
 'The sound of that forgetful shore
 Will change my sweetness more and
 more,
 Half-dead to know that I shall die.'

O me, what profits it to put
 An idle case ? If Death were seen
 At first as Death, Love had not
 been,
 Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
 Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
 Had bruised the herb and crush'd
 the grape,
 And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

XXXVI

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
 Deep-seated in our mystic frame,

We yield all blessing to
 Of Him that made th
 coin ;

For Wisdom dealt with mo
 Where truth in closest
 fail,
 When truth embodied i
 Shall enter in at lowly do

And so the Word had
 wrought
 With human hands t
 creeds
 In loveliness of perfect
 More strong than all poeti

Which he may read the
 sheaf,
 Or builds the house,
 grave,
 And those wild eyes tha
 wave
 In roarings round the cor

XXXVII

Urania speaks with darke
 'Thou pratest here who
 least ;

This faith has many a f
 And many an abler voice

'Go down beside thy nati
 On thy Parnassus set th
 And hear thy laurel wh
 About the ledges of the h

And my Melpomene replie
 A touch of shame upon
 'I am not worthy even t
 Of thy prevailing mysteri

'For I am but an earthly
 And owning but a little
 To lull with song an ael
 And render human love h

'But brooding on the dea
 And all he said of thing
 And dear to me as sacre
 To dying lips is all he saie

'I murmur'd, as I came a
 Of comfort clasp'd in tr
 And loiter'd in the mast
 And darken'd sanctities w



'Streams that swift or slow
Draw down Æonian hills'

XXXVIII

'th weary steps I loiter on,
Tho' always under alter'd skies
The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives,
The herald melodies of spring,
But in the songs I love to sing
Doubtful gleam of solace lives.

'My care for what is here
Survive in spirits render'd free,
Then are these songs I sing of thee
At all ungrateful to thine ear.

XXXIX

Mid wander of these buried bones,
And answering now my random
stroke
With fruitful cloud and living
smoke,

ark yew, that graspest at the stones
ad dippest toward the dreamless
head,

To thee too comes the golden hour
When flower is feeling after flower;
at Snow, — fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of
men, —

What whisper'd from her lying
lips?

Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,
And passes into gloom again.

XL

Could we forget the widow'd hour
And look on Spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower!

When crown'd with blessing she doth
rise

To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that
come

Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love;

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern !
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have
told,
And bring her babe, and make her
boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most
Shall count new things as dear as
old ;

But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low ;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

XLI

Thy spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher,
As mounts the heavenward altar-
fire,
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something
strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes : here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.

Deep folly ! yet that this could be —
That I could wing my will with
might

To leap the grades of life and light,
And flash at once, my friend, to thee !

For tho' my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in death,
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields ;

Yet oft when sundown skirts the
moor

An inner trouble I behold,
A spectral doubt which makes me
cold,

That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind
The wonders that have come to thee,

Thro' all the secular to-be,
But evermore a life behind.

XLII

I vex my heart with fancies dim.
He still outstript me in the race ;
It was but unity of place
That made me dream I rank'd wi
him.

And so may Place retain us still,
And he the much-beloved again,
A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and will ;

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves, but know
not, reaps
A truth from one that loves a
knows ?

XLIII

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Thro' all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slum
on ;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the color of the flower :

So then were nothing lost to man ;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began :

And love will last as pure and who
As when he loved me here in Tir
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

XLIV

How fares it with the happy dead !
For here the man is more and mo
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head

The days have vanish'd, tone a
tint,

And yet perhaps the hoarding se
Gives out at times — he knows
whence —

A little flash, a mystic hint ;

IN MEMORIAM

the long harmonious years —
 with so taste Lethæan springs —
 some dim touch of earthly
 things
 these ranging with thy peers.

a dreamy touch should fall,
 in these round, resolve the
 doubt;
 guardian angel will speak out
 in high place, and tell thee all.

XLV

new to earth and sky,
 time his tender palm is prest
 at the circle of the breast,
 or thought that 'this is I;'

as grows he gathers much,
 learns the use of 'I' and 'me,'
 and 'I am not what I see,'
 or than the things I touch.'

is he to a separate mind
 whence clear memory may
 begin,
 of the frame that binds him in
 action grows defined.

may lie in blood and breath,
 else were fruitless of their
 life,
 man to learn himself anew
 the second birth of death.

XLVI

ling down this lower track,
 with we came by, thorn and
 power,
 slow'd by the growing hour,
 should fail in looking back.

there no shade can last
 at deep dawn behind the tomb,
 clear from marge to marge
 all bloom
 real landscape of the past;

ig tract of time reveal'd,
 fruitful hours of still increase;
 order'd in a wealthy peace,
 as five years its richest field.

thy province were not large,
 unded field, nor stretching
 far;

Look also, Love,
 A rosy warmth from

XLVII

That each, who
 whole,
 Should move his
 all
 The skirts of s
 fall
 Remembrance in the

Is faith as vague
 Eternal form sh
 The eternal sou,
 And I shall know and
 meet;

And we shall sit at endless feast,
 Enjoying each the other's good
 What vaster dream can hit the
 Of Love on earth? He seeks al

Upon the last and sharpest height,
 Before the spirits fade away,
 Some landing-place, to clasp and
 say,
 'Farewell! We lose ourselves in
 light.'

XLVIII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
 Were taken to be such as closed
 Grave doubts and answers here pro-
 posed,
 Then these were such as men might
 scorn.

Her care is not to part and prove;
 She takes, when harsher moods re-
 mit,
 What slender shade of doubt may
 flit,
 And makes it vassal unto love;

And hence, indeed, she sports with
 words,
 But better serves a wholesome law,
 And holds it sin and shame to draw
 The deepest measure from the chords;

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
 But rather loosens from the lip
 Short swallow-flights of song, that
 dip
 Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLIX

From art, from nature, from the
schools,

Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools.

The lightest wave of thought shall
lisp,

The fancy's tenderest eddy wreath,
The slightest air of song shall
breathe

To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way.
But blame not 'thou the winds that
make

The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-pencill'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly
drown

The bases of my life in tears.

L

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the
nerves prick

And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer
trust;

And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and
sing

And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

LI

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would
hide?

No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove
I had such reverence for his blame
See with clear eye some hidden
shame

And I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue
Shall love be blamed for want
faith?

There must be wisdom with great
Death;

The dead shall look me thro' and thro'

Be near us when we climb or fall;
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours
To make allowance for us all.

LII

I cannot love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing below
My words are only words, and move
Upon the topmost froth of thought

Yet blame not thou thy plaint
song;

The Spirit of true love replied;
'Thou canst not move me from this
side.

Nor human frailty do me wrong.

'What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears?
What record? not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue

'So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks
sin.

Abide; thy wealth is gather'd in
When Time hath sunder'd shell from
pearl.'

LIII

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish
noise,

Who wears his manhood hale and
green;

And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been so
The soil, left barren, scarce
grown

The grain by which a man may live

the doctrine sound
ving heats of youth,
ild preach it as a truth
ddy round and round ?

good, define it well ;
ne Philosophy
beyond her mark, and

e Lords of Hell.

LIV

that somehow good
nal goal of ill,
nature, sins of will,
st, and taints of blood ;

'alks with aimless feet ;
life shall be destroy'd,
bbish to the void,
h made the pile com-

m is cloven in vain ;
oth with vain desire
n a fruitless fire,
es another's gain.

ow not anything ;
st that good shall fall
off — at last, to all,
ter change to spring.

am : but what am I ?
'ing in the night ;
'ing for the light,
nguage but a cry.

LIV

of the living whole
fail beyond the grave,
t from what we have
within the soul ?

ature then at strife,
ends such evil dreams ?
the type she seems,
he single life,

ring everywhere
aning in her deeds,
that of fifty seeds
s but one to bear,

firmly trod,
ith my weight of cares

Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and
grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

'So careful of the type ?' but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are
gone ;
I care for nothing, all shall go.

'Thou makest thine appeal to me :
I bring to life, I bring to death ;
The spirit does but mean the breath :
I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law —
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his
creed —

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills ?

No more ? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail !
O for thy voice to soothe and bless
What hope of answer, or redress ?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII

Peace : come away : the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song
Peace : come away : we do him
wrong
To sing so wildly : let us go.

Come : let us go : your cheeks are pale :
But half my life I leave behind.

Methinks my friend is richly
shrined ;
But I shall pass, my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead ;
And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said,
'Adieu, adieu,' for evermore.

LVIII

In those sad words I took farewell.
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell ;

And, falling, idly broke the peace
Of hearts that beat from day to
day,
Half-conscious of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall
cease.

The high Muse answer'd : ' Wherefore
grieve
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear ?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave.'

LIX

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and half of life ;
As I confess it needs must be ?

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good ?

My centred passion cannot move,
Nor will it lessen from to-day ;
But I'll have leave at times to
play
As with the creature of my love ;

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
With so much hope for years to
come,
That, howsoe'er I know thee, some
Could hardly tell what name were
thine.

LX

He past, a soul of nobler tone ;
My spirit loved and loves him yet
Like some poor girl whose heart
set
On one whose rank exceeds her own

He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot,
Half jealous of she knows not what
And envying all that meet him then

The little village looks forlorn :
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways
In that dark house where she was born

The foolish neighbors come and go,
And tease her till the day draws by
At night she weeps, 'How vain am I !'
How should he love a thing so low ?

LXI

If, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransom'd reason change repli
With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time ;

And if thou cast thine eyes below,
How dimly character'd and slight
How dwarf'd a growth of cold air
night,
How blanch'd with darkness must
grow !

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
Where thy first form was made
man ;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor
The soul of Shakespeare love th
more.

LXII

Tho' if an eye that's downward cast
Could make thee somewhat blen
or fail,
Then be my love an idle tale
And fading legend of the past ;

And thou, as one that once declined
When he was little more than boy
On some unworthy heart with joy
But lives to wed an equal mind,

And breathes a novel world, the wh
His other passion wholly dies,

the light of deeper eyes
or for a flying smile.

LXIII

for a horse o'er-driven,
love in which my hound has
art,
hang no weight upon my heart
sumptions up to heaven;

am so much more than these,
ou, perchance, art more than I,
yet I spare them sympathy,
would set their pains at ease.

yet thou watch me where I
reep,
into vaster motions bound,
circuits of thine orbit round
or height, a deeper deep.

LXIV

how look back on what hath
seen,
me divinely gifted man,
se life in low estate began
a simple village green;

rears his birth's invidious bar,
grasps the skirts of happy
chance,
breasts the blows of circum-
stance,
apples with his evil star;

akes by force his merit known
lives to clutch the golden keys,
ould a mighty state's decrees,
ape the whisper of the throne;

oving up from high to higher,
mes on Fortune's crowning
lope
pillar of a people's hope,
tre of a world's desire;

is, as in a pensive dream,
all his active powers are
till,
tant dearness in the hill,
t sweetness in the stream,

it of his narrower fate,
yet beside its vocal springs
ay'd at counsellors and kings,
re that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labor of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands:
'Does my old friend remember me?'

LXV

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt;
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With 'Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.'

And in that solace can I sing,
Till out of painful phases wrought
There flutters up a happy thought,
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing;

Since we deserved the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And move thee on to noble ends.

LXVI

You thought my heart too far diseased;
You wonder when my fancies play
To find me gay among the gay,
Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost;

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,
Whose jest among his friends is free,
Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand.

He plays with threads, he beats his
chair
For pastime, dreaming of the sky;
His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there.

LXVII

When on my bed the moonlight falls
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away,
From off my bed the moonlight dies;

And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray ;

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers in the dawn.

LXVIII

When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times
my breath ;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows
not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead.

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with
dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this ? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye,
Which makes me sad I know not
why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt ;

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth ;
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXIX

I dream'd there would be Spring no
more,
That Nature's ancient power was
lost ;
The streets were black with smoke
and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door ;

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs ;
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown ;

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
From youth and babe and hoary
hairs ;

They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns.

They call'd me fool, they call'd me
child :

I found an angel of the night ;

The voice was low, the
bright ;
He look'd upon my crown a

He reach'd the glory of a ha
That seem'd to touch it in
The voice was not the
grief,

The words were hard to und

LXX

I cannot see the features rig
When on the gloom I
paint.

The face I know ; the hue
And mix with hollow masks

Cloud-towers by ghostly
wrought,

A gulf that ever shuts and
A hand that points, and pal
In shadowy thoroughfares of

And crowds that stream from
doors,

And shoals of pucker'd fa
Dark bulks that tumble h
And lazy lengths on boundle

Till all at once beyond the v
I hear a wizard music roll
And thro' a lattice on the
Looks thy fair face and mal

LXXI

Sleep, kinsman thou to c
trance

And madness, thou hast
last

A night-long present of th
In which we went thro'
France.

Hadst thou such credit
soul ?

Then bring an opiate treb
Drug down the blindfok
wroug,

That so my pleasure may be

While now we talk as once
Of men and minds, the
change,

The days that grow to
strange,

In walking as of old we wal

Side the river's wooded reach,
The fortress, and the mountain
ridge,
The cataract flashing from the
bridge,
The breaker breaking on the beach.

LXXII

Meet thou thus, dim dawn, again,
And howlest, issuing out of night,
With blasts that blow the poplar
white,
And lash with storm the streaming
pane?

Or, when my crown'd estate begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,

Which sicken'd every living bloom,
And blurr'd the splendor of the
sun;

Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make the
rose

Pull sideways, and the daisy close
Her crimson fringes to the shower;

Who mightst have heaved a windless
flame

Up the deep East, or, whispering,
play'd

A chequer-work of beam and
shade

Along the hills, yet look'd the same,



'I found a wood with thorny boughs'

As wan, as chill, as wild as now :
 Day, mark'd as with some hideous
 crime,
 When the dark hand struck down
 thro' time,
 And cancell'd nature's best : but thou,

Lift as thou mayst thy burthen'd
 brows
 Thro' clouds that drench the morn-
 ing star,
 And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
 And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound
 Climb thy thick noon, disastrous
 day ;
 Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
 And hide thy shame beneath the
 ground.

LXXIII

So many worlds, so much to do,
 So little done, such things to be,
 How know I what had need of thee,
 For thou wert strong as thou wert
 true ?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw.
 The head hath miss'd an earthly
 wreath :

I curse not Nature, no, nor Death ;
 For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass : the path that each man trod
 Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds.
 What fame is left for human deeds
 In endless age ? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
 Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
 And self-infolds the large results
 Of force that would have forged a
 name.

LXXIV

As sometimes in a dead man's face.
 To those that watch it more and
 more,
 A likeness, hardly seen before,
 Comes out — to some one of his race ;

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
 I see thee what thou art, and know
 Thy likeness to the wise below,
 Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see
 And what I see I leave un-
 Nor speak it, knowing De-
 made
 His darkness beautiful with th

LXXV

I leave thy praises unexpress'd
 In verse that brings myself
 And by the measure of my
 I leave thy greatness to be gu

What practice howsoe'er expe-
 In fitting aptest words to th
 Or voice the richest-ton
 sings,
 Hath power to give thee as th

I care not in these fading day
 To raise a cry that lasts not
 And round thee with the l
 song
 To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the g
 And, while we breathe ben-
 sun,
 The world which credits
 done

Is cold to all that might have
 So here shall silence guard th
 But somewhere, out of hum
 Whate'er thy hands are set
 Is wrought with tumult of ac

LXXVI

Take wings of fancy, and asc
 And in a moment set thy fa
 Where all the starry heavens
 Are sharpen'd to a needle's en

Take wings of foresight ; ligh
 The secular abyss to come,
 And lo, thy deepest lays ar
 Before the mouldering of a ye

And if the matin songs, that
 The darkness of our planet
 Thine own shall wither in t
 Ere half the lifetime of an oa

Ere these have clothed their
 bowers
 With fifty Mays, thy sc
 vain ;

What are they when these remain
And shells of hollow towers?

LXXVII

Hope is here for modern rhyme
In who turns a musing eye
On age, and deeds, and lives; that
Is
Written in the tract of time?

Mortal lullabies of pain
Bind a book, may line a box,
Serve to curl a maiden's locks;
A thousand moons shall wane

Upon a stall may find,
Passing, turn the page that tells
Is, then changed to something
Else,
Of a long-forgotten mind.

What of that? My darken'd ways
Ring with music all the same;
Breathe my loss is more than
Fame,
Or love more sweet than praise.

LXXVIII

At Christmas did we weave
Holly round the Christmas
Hearth;
Silent snow possess'd the earth,
Silently fell our Christmas-eve.

Rule-clog sparkled keen with
Frost,
Wing of wind the region swept,
Over all things brooding slept
A sense of something lost.

The winters left behind,
In our ancient games had place,
Mimic picture's breathing grace,
Lance and song and hoodman-
blind.

How'd a token of distress?
Single tear, no mark of pain —
Grow, then can sorrow wane?
If, can grief be changed to less?

Regret, regret can die!
— mixt with all this mystic
frame,
Deep relations are the same,
As long use her tears are dry.

LXXIX

'More than my brothers are to me,' —
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
I know thee of what force thou art
To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in Nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
Thro' all his eddying coves, the same
All winds that roam the twilight
came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
One lesson from one book we learn'd;
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX

If any vague desire should rise,
That holy Death ere Arthur died
Had moved me kindly from his side,
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
The grief my loss in him had
wrought,
A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain;
I hear the sentence that he speaks;
He bears the burthen of the weeks,
But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free;
And, influence-rich to soothe and
save,
Unused example from the grave
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXXI

Could I have said while he was here,
'My love shall now no further range;
There cannot come a mellow
change,
For now is love mature in ear'?

Love, then, had hope of richer store:
 What end is here to my complaint?
 This haunting whisper makes me faint,
 'More years had made me love thee more.'

But Death returns an answer sweet:
 'My sudden frost was sudden gain
 And gave all ripeness to the grain,
 It might have drawn from after-heat.'

LXXXII

I wage not any feud with Death
 For changes wrought on form and face;
 No lower life that earth's embrace
 May breed with him can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
 From state to state the spirit walks:
 And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
 Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
 The use of virtue out of earth;
 I know transplanted human worth
 Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
 The wrath that garners in my heart:
 He put our lives so far apart
 We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXIII

Dip down upon the northern shore,
 O sweet new-year delaying long:
 Thou doest expectant Nature wrong:
 Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
 Thy sweetness from its proper place?
 Can trouble live with April days,
 Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
 The little speedwell's darling blue,
 Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
 Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
 Delayest the sorrow in my blood,

That longs to burst a froze
 And flood a fresher throat with

LXXXIV

When I contemplate all alone
 The life that had been thin
 And fix my thoughts on glow
 To which thy crescent wou
 grown,

I see thee sitting crown'd wit
 A central warmth diffusing
 In glance and smile, and c
 kiss,

On all the branches of thy bl
 Thy blood, my friend, and part
 For now the day was draw
 When thou shouldst link
 with one

Of mine own house, and boys
 Had habbled 'Uncle' on my l
 But that remorseless iron h
 Made cypress of her orange
 Despair of hope, and earth of

I seem to meet their least des
 To clap their cheeks, to c
 mine.

I see their unborn faces shi
 Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honor'd guest
 Thy partner in the flowery
 Of letters, genial table-talk
 Or deep dispute, and gracefu

While now thy prosperous la
 The lips of men with hone
 And sun by sun the happy
 Descend below the golden hil

With promise of a morn as fa
 And all the train of b
 hours

Conduct, by paths of
 powers,
 To reverence and the silver h

Till slowly worn her earthly
 Her lavish mission richly w
 Leaving great legacies of t
 Thy spirit should fail from
 globe;

in mine own might also flee,
 'd with thine in love and fate,
 hovering o'er the dolorous
 ait
 her shore, involved in thee,

last the blessed goal,
 e that died in Holy Land
 reach us out the shining
 ad,
 us as a single soul.

nd was that on which I leant?
 ackward fancy, wherefore
 like
 d bitterness again, and break
 beginnings of content!

LXXXV

th came borne with bier and
 ll,
 t, when I sorrow'd most,
 ster to have loved and lost,
 ver to have loved at all —

word, and tried in deed,
 iding, so to bring relief
 which is our common grief,
 ad of life is that I lead;

ther trust in things above
 am'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;
 whether love for him have
 sin'd
 bilities of love;

rds have virtue such as draws
 iful answer from the breast,
 light reproaches, half exprest,
 d unto kindly laws.

I an even tenor kept,
 mine ear this message falls,
 a Vienna's fatal walls
 ger touch'd him, and he slept.

Intelligences fair
 ange above our mortal state,
 le round the blessed gate,
 and gave him welcome there;

him thro' the blissful climes,
 how'd him in the fountain
 sh
 wledge that the sons of flesh
 her in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
 Whose life, whose thoughts were
 little worth,
 To wander on a darken'd earth,
 Where all things round me breathed
 of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
 O heart, with kindest motion warm,
 O sacred essence, other form,
 O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
 How much of act at human hands
 The sense of human will demands
 By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
 I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
 His being working in mine own,
 The footsteps of his life in mine;

A life that all the Muses deck'd
 With gifts of grace, that might ex-
 press
 All-comprehensive tenderness,
 All-subtilizing intellect:

And so my passion hath not swerved
 To works of weakness, but I find
 An image comforting the mind,
 And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,
 That loved to handle spiritual strife,
 Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
 But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
 For other friends that once I met;
 Nor can it suit me to forget
 The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
 To mourn for any overmuch;
 I, the divided half of such
 A friendship as had master'd Time;

Which masters Time indeed, and is
 Eternal, separate from fears,
 The all-assuming months and years
 Can take no part away from this;

But Summer on the steaming floods,
 And Spring that swells the narrow
 brooks,

And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave.

My old affection of the tomb,
A part of stillness, yearns to speak :
' Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

' I watch thee from the quiet shore ;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach ;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more.'

And I, ' Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free ?
How is it ? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain ?'

And lightly does the whisper fall :
' 'T is hard for thee to fathom this ;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all.'

So hold I commerce with the dead :
Or so methinks the dead would
say,
Or so shall grief with symbols play
And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I shall
prove
A meeting somewhere, love with
love,

I crave your pardon, O my friend ;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours ?
First love, first friendship, equal
powers,
That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, ^{rest}

Quite in the love of what is
But seeks to beat in th
one
That warms another living be

Ah, take the imperfect gift I
Knowing the primrose yet
The primrose of the later ye
As not unlike to that of Spring

LXXXVI

Sweet after showers, ambrosia
That rollest from the gloom
Of evening over brake and
And meadow, slowly breathing

The round of space, and rapt
Thro' all the dewy tassell'd
And shadowing down the
flood
In ripples, fan my brows and

The fever from my cheek, and
The full new life that feeds
breath
Throughout my frame, till
and Death,

Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson
On leagues of odor streamin
To where in yonder orient
A hundred spirits whisper ' Peace'

LXXXVII

I past beside the reverend wall
In which of old I wore the
I roved at random thro' the
And saw the tumult of the ha

And heard once more in
fanes
The storm their high-built
make,
And thunder-music, rolling,
The prophet blazon'd on the j

And caught once more the
shout,

The measured pulse of racing
Among the willows ; pa
shores

And many a bridge, and all a



'Thro' all the dewy tassell'd wood'

gray flats again, and felt
but not the same; and last
long walk of limes I past
rooms in which he dwelt.

me was on the door.
; all within was noise
, and clapping hands, and

'd the glass and beat the
;

we held debate, a band
ful friends, on mind and

e, and the changing mart,
framework of the land;

would aim an arrow fair,
It slackly from the string;
would pierce an outer

inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he,
Would cleave the mark. A willing
ear
We lent him. Who but hung to
hear

The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and
grace

And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo?

LXXXVIII

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
O, tell me where the senses mix,
O, tell me where the passions meet.

Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ

Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy ;

And I—my harp would prelude woe—
I cannot all command the strings ;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

LXXXIX

Witch-elms that counterchange the
floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and
bright ;
And thou, with all thy breadth and
height
Of foliage, towering sycamore ;

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town !

He brought an eye for all he saw ;
He mixt in all our simple sports ;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling
courts
And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking thro' the
heat !

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning
dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn !

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and
flung
A ballad to the brightening moon.

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,

And break the livelong summer
day
With banquet in the distant woods ;

Whereat we glanced from theme to
theme,
Discuss'd the books to love or hate
Or touch'd the changes of the state
Or threaded some Socratic dream ;

But if I praised the busy town,
He loved to rail against it still,
For 'ground in yonder social mill
We rub each other's angles down,

'And merge,' he said, 'in form and
gloss
The picturesque of man and man ;'
We talk'd: the stream beneath us
ran,

The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss
Or cool'd within the glooming wave
And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fallen into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers
We heard behind the woodbine voice
The milk that bubbled in the pail
And buzzings of the honeyed hours

XC

He tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spirit
Where highest heaven, who first
could fling
This bitter seed among mankind :

That could the dead, whose dying
eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their
life,

They would but find in child a
wife
An iron welcome when they rise.

'T was well, indeed, when warm with
wine,
To pledge them with a kindly toast
To talk them o'er, to wish them
here,

To count their memories half divine

But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hands

their strides about their
field them for a day.

sons were none of these,
a yet-loved sire would
worse than death, and
domestic peace.

come thou back to me!
change the years have
t,
it one lonely thought
inst my wish for thee.

XCII
imelets tuft the larch,
ipes the mounted thrush,
ith the barren bush
a-blue bird of March;

e form by which I know
ime among thy peers;
unaccomplish'd years
acid round thy brow.

er's hourly-mellowing

, with many roses sweet,
ousand waves of wheat
und the lowly grange,

watches of the night,
the sunbeam broadeth

eous in thine after form.
er light in light.

XCIII
should reveal
s, I might count it vain
anker of the brain;
ake and made appeal

ere our lots were cast
the days behind,
say, I hear a wind
urmuring the past.

ake and bared to view
in the coming year;
months, revolving near,
the phantom-warning

They might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.

XCIII

I shall not see thee. Dare I say,
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walk'd when clasp'd in
clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb,
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
O, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
The wish too strong for words to
name,
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIV

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought
would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst
say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest;

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

XCV

By night we linger'd on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd;
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn.

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine
capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that
peal'd
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd
at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the
trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and
night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart: I read
Of that glad year which once had
been,
In those fallen leaves which kept
their green,
The noble letters of the dead.

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and
strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward
back,
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the
past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine.

And mine in this was wound, and
whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and
caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Eonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of
Chance—
The blows of Death. At length
my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with
doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to
frame
In matter-moulded forms of speed
Or even for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became:
Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knolls once more where, couch'd
at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the
trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, as
swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said,

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away
And East and West, without
breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life at
death,
To broaden into boundless day.

xcvi

You say, but with no touch of scorn
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light
blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first
But ever strove to make it true;

Perplex'd in faith, but pure in deeds
At last he beat his music out,
There lives more faith in honest
doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.



poet's soul 'as feminine

IN MEMORIAM

PRINCE

ught his doubts and gather'd
strength,
would not make his judgment
blind,
faced the spectres of the mind
did them; thus he came at length

d a stronger faith his own,
Power was with him in the
night,
which makes the darkness and the
light,
wells not in the light alone,

the darkness and the cloud,
over Sinai's peaks of old,
He Israel made their gods of gold,
the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII

ve has talk'd with rocks and
trees;
sinks on misty mountain-ground
own vast shadow glory-crown'd;
as himself in all he sees.

partners of a married life —
ok'd on these and thought of thee
restless and in mystery,
of my spirit as of a wife. —

two — they dwelt with eye on
eye,
in hearts of old have beat in
tune,
in meetings made December
June,
every parting was to die.

love has never past away;
days she never can forget
earnest that he loves her yet,
e'er the faithless people say.

fe is lone, he sits apart;
loves her yet, she will not weep,
in rapt in matters dark and deep
comes to alight her simple heart.

rides the labyrinth of the mind,
reads the secret of the star,
seems so near and yet so far,
looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

saps the gift of years before,
rather'd violet is her bliss;

She knows not what his greatness
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise.
She dwells on him with faithful eyes
'I cannot understand; I love.'

XCVIII

You leave us: you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sail'd below,
When I was there with him; and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,
That city. All her splendor seems
No livelier than the wisp that gleams
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair
Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me;
I have not seen, I will not see
Vienna; rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts
The birth, the bridal; friend from
friend
Is oftener parted, fathers bend
Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey
By each cold hearth, and sadness
flings
Her shadow on the blaze of kings.
And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town
With statelier progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves; nor more content,
He told me, lives in any crowd,
When all is gay with lamps, and loud
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain;
And wheels the circled dance, and
breaks
The rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

XCIX

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,
So loud with voices of the birds,
So thick with lowings of the herds,
Day, when I lost the flower of men ;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
On yon swollen brook that bubbles
fast
By meadows breathing of the past,
And woodlands holy to the dead ;

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
A song that slights the coming
care,
And Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves ;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
To myriads on the genial earth,
Memories of bridal, or of birth,
And unto myriads more, of death.

O, wheresoever those may be,
Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
To-day they count as kindred souls ;
They know me not, but mourn with
me.

C

I climb the hill : from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend :

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering
reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold :

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw ;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock :
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy
curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock ;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day :
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die.

CI

Unwatch'd, the garden bough
sway,
The tender blossom flutter do
Unloved, that beech will
brown,
This maple burn itself away ;

Unloved, the sunflower, shining
Ray round with flames her
seed,
And many a rose-carnation fe
With summer spice the hummin

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble dow
plain,
At noon or when the Lesser V
Is twisting round the polar star

Uncared for, gird the windy gr
And flood the haunts of her
crake,
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and

Till from the garden and the wi
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the lan
grow
Familiar to the stranger's child

As year by year the laborer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the
And year by year our memory
From all the circle of the hilla.

CII

We leave the well-beloved plac
Where first we gazed upon th
The roofs that heard our earli
Will shelter one of stranger rac

We go, but ere we go from hon
As down the garden-walks I
Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, 'Here thy bc
sung
Long since its matin song, and
The low love-language of the
In native hazels tassel-hung.'

The other answers, 'Yea, but h
Thy feet have stray'd in after

Thy lost friend among the
bowers,
his bath made them trebly dear.

Two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate claim,
Or rivals in a losing game,
Will not yield each other way.

To go; my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and
farms,
To mix in one another's arms
The pure image of regret.

CIII

That last night before we went
On out the doors where I was
bred,
I dream'd a vision of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me; distant hills
From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is wise and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veil'd, to which they sang:

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to
me,

The shape of him I loved, and love
For ever. Then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea;

And when they learnt that I must go,
They wept and wail'd, but led the
way

To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below;



"You will see the Rhine,
And those tall hills I said I love!"

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the
banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris and the golden reed ;

And still as vaster grew the shore
And roll'd the floods in grander
space,
The maidens gather'd strength and
grace
And presence, lordlier than before ;

And I myself, who sat apart
And watch'd them, wax'd in every
limb ;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart ;

As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star ;

Until the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck ;

Whereat those maidens with one mind
Bewail'd their lot ; I did them
wrong :
'We served thee here,' they said,
'so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind ?'

So rapt I was, they could not win
An answer from my lips, but he
Replying, 'Enter likewise ye
And go with us : ' they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steer'd her toward a crimson
cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV

The time draws near the birth of
Christ ;
The moon is hid, the night is still ;

A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound
In lands where not a memory stray
Nor landmark breathes of old
days,
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CV

To-night ungather'd let us leave
This laurel, let this holly stand :
We live within the stranger's land
And strangely falls our Christmas
eve.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows:
There in due time the woodbi
blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse
The genial hour with mask and
mime ;
For change of place, like growth
time,
Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly
proved,
A little spare the night I loved,
And hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor,
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm
For who would keep an ancient
form
Thro' which the spirit breathes
more ?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feat
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute
blown ;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid East

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in
seed :

out your measured arcs, and
ad
ing cycle rich in good.

CVI

t, wild bells, to the wild sky,
ying cloud, the frosty light:
ear is dying in the night;
t, wild bells, and let him die.

t the old, ring in the new,
happy bells, across the snow:
ear is going, let him go;
t the false, ring in the true.

t the grief that saps the mind,
nose that here we see no more;
out the feud of rich and poor,
redress to all mankind.

t a slowly dying cause,
incient forms of party strife;
in the nobler modes of life,
rester manners, purer laws.

t the want, the care, the sin,
althless coldness of the times;
out, ring out my mournful
ymes,
; the fuller minstrel in.

t false pride in place and blood,
ivic slander and the spite;
in the love of truth and right,
the common love of good.

t old shapes of foul disease;
ut the narrowing lust of gold;
out the thousand wars of old,
the thousand years of peace.

the valiant man and free,
urger heart, the kindlier hand;
out the darkness of the land,
the Christ that is to be.

CVII

day when he was born,
er day that early sank
d a purple-frosty bank
r, leaving night forlorn.

e admits not flowers or leaves
ck the banquet. Fiercely flies
last of North and East, and ice
ladders at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and
clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns.

Together, in the drifts that pass
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch
the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass:

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things even as he were by;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVIII

I will not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

What profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho' with
might
To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of death?

What find I in the highest place,
But mine own phantom chanting
hymns?
And on the depths of death there
swims
The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be
Of sorrow under human skies:
'T is held that sorrow makes us wise.
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CIX

Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never
dry;
The critic clearness of an eye
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk;

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of
man;

Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course ;

High nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom ;
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Thro' all the years of April blood ;

A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England ; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt ;

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face ;

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have look'd on : if they look'd in
vain,
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

CX

Thy converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe and riper years ;
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarm'd of
pride,
Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert
by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften'd, and he knew not why ;

While I, thy nearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine ;
And loved them more, that they
were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art :

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

CXI

The churl in spirit, up or down
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,

To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown, -

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale ;

For who can always act ? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind ;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye
Where God and Nature met in light

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXII

High wisdom holds my wisdom less
That I, who gaze with temper
eyes
On glorious insufficiencies,
Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room
Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

For what wert thou ? some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope to
much,
In watching thee from hour to hour

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from temp
made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway
In vassal tides that follow'd though

CXIII

'T is held that sorrow makes us wise
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with
thee

not alone had guided me,
 and the seasons that may rise ;

I doubt, who knew thee keen
 elect, with force and skill
 ive, to fashion, to fulfil —
 not what thou wouldst have
 een :

civic action warm,
 d on highest mission sent,
 ent voice of Parliament,
 steadfast in the storm,

licensed boldness gather force,
 ning, when the time has birth,
 er to uplift the earth
 l it in another course,

housand shocks that come and
 go,
 agonies, with energies,
 overthrowings, and with cries,
 dulations to and fro,

CXIV

oves not Knowledge ? Who
 hall rail
 at her beauty ? May she mix
 men and prosper ! Who shall fix
 lars ? Let her work prevail.

her forehead sits a fire ;
 ets her forward countenance
 eaps into the future chance,
 ting all things to desire.

own as yet, a child, and vain —
 cannot fight the fear of death,
 is she, cut from love and faith,
 se wild Pallas from the brain

ons ? fiery-hot to burst
 arriers in her onward race
 ower. Let her know her place ;
 he second, not the first.

er hand must make her mild,
 be not in vain, and guide
 ootsteps, moving side by side
 iadom, like the younger child ;

is earthly of the mind,
 Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
 and, who camest to thy goal
 r, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like
 thee,
 Who grewest not alone in power
 And knowledge, but by year and
 hour
 In reverence and in charity.

CXV

Now fades the last long streak of
 snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and
 thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and
 long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and
 lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their
 sky
 To build and brood, that live their
 lives

From land to land ; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too, and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI

Is it, then, regret for buried time
 That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
 And meets the year, and gives and
 takes
 The colors of the crescent prime ?

Not all : the songs, the stirring air,
 The life re-orient out of dust,
 Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
 In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret : the face will shine
 Upon me, while I muse alone,
 And that dear voice, I once have
 known,
 Still speak to me of me and mine.

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead,
Less yearning for the friendship fled
Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII

O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss ;

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet,
And unto meeting, when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothed wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant laboring in his youth ;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime ;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man ;

Who throve and branch'd from clime
to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more ;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and
show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ;

Move upward, working on
beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX

Doors, where my heart was
beat
So quickly, not as one that
I come once more ; the city
I smell the meadow in the street

I hear a chirp of birds ; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long
drawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn
And think of early days and the

And bless thee, for thy lip
bland,
And bright the friendship of
eye ;
And in my thoughts with a
sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand

CXX

I trust I have not wasted breath
I think we are not wholly bra
Magnetic mockeries ; not in v
Like Paul with beasts, I fought
Death ;

Not only cunning casts in clay :
Let Science prove we are, and
What matters Science unto m
At least to me ? I would not st

Let him, the wiser man who sp
Hereafter, up from childhood
His action like the greater ap
But I was *born* to other things.

CXXI

Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun
And ready, thou, to die with
Thou watchest all things even
And dimmer, and a glory done.

The team is loosen'd from the w
The boat is drawn upon the s
Thou listenest to the closing
And life is darken'd in the brain

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the
By thee the world's great w
heard



'There rolls the deep'

ding, and the wakeful bird ;
 here comes the greater light.

ket boat is on the stream,
 voices hail it from the brink ;
 hear'st the village hammer
 ink,
 at the moving of the team.

esper-Phosphor, double name
 hat is one, the first, the last,
 like my present and my
 ast,
 ce is changed ; thou art the
 me.

CXXII

thou with me, dearest, then,
 I rose up against my doom,
 earn'd to burst the folded
 oom,
 the eternal heavens again,

once more, in placid awe,
 strong imagination roll
 ere of stars about my soul,
 r motion one with law ?

If thou wert with me, and the grave
 Divide us not, be with me now,
 And enter in at breast and brow,
 Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
 And like an inconsiderate boy,
 As in the former flash of joy,
 I slip the thoughts of life and death ;

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
 And every dewdrop paints a bow,
 The wizard lightnings deeply glow,
 And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXIII

There rolls the deep where grew the
 tree.

O earth, what changes hast thou
 seen !

There where the long street roars
 hath been

The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing
 stands ;

They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves
and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it
true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV

That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest
doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, with-
out;
The Power in darkness whom we
guess, —

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye,
Nor thro' the questions men may
try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, 'believe no more.'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep,

A warmth within the breast would
melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear;
But that blind clamor made me wise:
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV

Whatever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would
give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth,
She did but look through dimmer
eyes;

Or Love but play'd with
lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth

And if the song were full of
He breathed the spirit of th
And if the words were sw
strong
He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic
And this electric force, that
A thousand pulses dancing, fi

CXXVI

Love is and was my lord and
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my f
Which every hour his courier

Love is and was my king and
And will be, tho' as yet I k
Within the court on earth, a
Encompass'd by his faithful g

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from
place,
And whispers to the worlds
In the deep night, that all is

CXXVII

And all is well, tho' faith and
Be sunder'd in the night of
Well roars the storm to th
hear
A deeper voice across the stor

Proclaiming social truth shall
And justice, even tho' thric
The red fool-fury of the Sei
Should pile her barricades wit

But ill for him that wears a c
And him, the lazar, in his r
They tremble, the sustainin
The spires of ice are toppled

And molten up, and roar in fl
The fortress crashes from o
The brute earth lightens to
And the great Aeon sinks in b

And compass'd by the fires of
While thou, dear spirit, har

look'at the tumult from afar,
allest, knowing all is well.

CXXVIII

ve that rose on stronger wings,
ailed when he met with Death,
mrade of the lesser faith
ces the course of human things.

abt vast eddies in the flood
eward time shall yet be made,
throned races may degrade;
ye mysteries of good,

Hours that fly with Hope and
Fear,
I your office had to do
hold results that look like new —
were all your mission here,

iw, to sheathe a useless sword,
ool the crowd with glorious lies,
leave a creed in sects and cries,
nge the bearing of a word,

ft an arbitrary power,
ramp the student at his desk,
ake old bareness picturesque
aft with grass a feudal tower,

then my scorn might well de-
scend
you and yours. I see in part
t all, as in some piece of art,
cobperant to an end.

CXXIX

friend, far off, my lost desire,
ar, so near in woe and weal,
ved the most, when most I feel
is a lower and a higher;

a and unknown, human, divine;
et human hand and lips and eye;
r heavenly friend that canst not
die,
mine, for ever, ever mine.

re friend, past, present, and to be;
ad deeper, darker understood;
old, I dream a dream of good,
single all the world with thee.

CXXX

sice is on the rolling air;
r thee where the waters run;

Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature
thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer
shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them
pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and
trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O true and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house, nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er
Some thrice three years; they went
and came,
Remade the blood and changed the
frame,
And yet is love not less, but more;

No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret,
But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I made
As echoes out of weaker times,
As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
That must be made a wife ere noon?
She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower.

On me she bends her blissful eyes
And then on thee; they meet thy look
And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of Paradise.

O, when her life was yet in bud,
He too foretold the perfect rose.
For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy, full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near,
And I must give away the bride;
She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear.

For I that danced her on my knee,
That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
That shielded all her life from harm,
At last must part with her to thee;

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The 'Wilt thou?' answer'd, and
again
The 'Wilt thou?' ask'd, till out of
twain
Her sweet 'I will' has made you one.

Now sign your names, whi
read,

Mute symbols of a joyfu
By village eyes as yet un
The names are sign'd, and

Begins the clash and clang
The joy to every wander
The blind wall rocks, t
trees

The dead leaf trembles to t

O happy hour, and happier
Await them. Many a m
Salutes them — maidens
That pelt us in the porch w

O happy hour, behold the
With him to whom her h
They leave the porch, th
grave

That has to-day its sunny

To-day the grave is bright
For them the light of lif
Who stay to share the mo
Who rest to-night beside t

Let all my genial spirits ac
To meet and greet a whi
My drooping memory w
The foaming grape of east

It circles round, and fancy
And hearts are warm'd
bloom,

As drinking health to
groom

We wish them store of hap

Nor count me all to blame
Conjecture of a stiller g
Perchance, perchance,
rest,

And, tho' in silence, wishir

But they must go, the tim
And those white-fav
wait:

They rise, but linger; it
Farewell, we kiss, and the

A shade falls on us like th
From little cloudlets on
But sweeps away as out
To range the woods, to ro

ng how their courtship grew,
 alk of others that are wed,
 ow she look'd, and what he
 id,
 k we come at fall of dew.

ie feast, the speech, the glee,
 hade of passing thought, the
 ealth
 rds and wit, the double health,
 wning cup, the three-times-
 ree,

the dance; — till I retire.
 is that tower which spake so
 ud,
 igh in heaven the streaming
 oud,
 the downs a rising fire:

O moon, from yonder down,
 ver down and over dale
 ght the shining vapor sail
 s the silent-lighted town,

ite-faced halls, the glancing
 ls,
 atch at every mountain head,
 'er the friths that branch and
 read
 eeping silver thro' the hills;

ch with shade the bridal doors,
 tender gloom the roof, the
 all.

And breaking let the splendor fall
 To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
 And, star and system rolling past,
 A soul shall draw from out the vast
 And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
 Result in man, be born and think,
 And act and love, a closer link
 Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
 On knowledge; under whose com-
 mand
 Is Earth and Earth's, and in their
 hand

Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,
 For all we thought and loved and
 did,
 And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
 Of what in them is flower and fruit:

Whereof the man that with me trod
 This planet was a noble type
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,
 That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
 One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves.



'I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood'

MAUD AND OTHER POEMS

MAUD ; A MONODRAMA

PART I

I

I

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind
the little wood ;
Its lips in the field above are dabbled
with blood-red heath,
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent
horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her,
answers ' Death.'

II

For there in the ghastly pit long since
a body was found,
His who had given me life — O father
O God ! was it well ? —
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd
and dinted into the ground ;
There yet lies the rock that fell
on him when he fell.

III

Did he fling himself down ?
I know not ; for a vast speculation
had fail'd,

and ever he mutter'd and madden'd,
and ever wann'd with despair, so
about he walk'd when the wind like
a broken worldling wail'd,
and the flying gold of the ruin'd wood-
lands drove thro' the air.

IV

remember the time, for the roots of
my hair were stirr'd
a shuffled step, by a dead weight
trail'd, by a whisper'd fright,
and my pulses closed their gates with
a shock on my heart as I heard
a shrill-edged shriek of a mother
divide the shuddering night.

V

lately somewhere! whose? One
says, we are villains all.
his honest fame should at least
by me be maintained;
that old man, now lord of the
broad estate and the Hall,
apt off gorged from a scheme that
had left us flaccid and drain'd. 20

VI

why do they prate of the blessings of
peace? we have made them a
curse,
pockets, each hand lusting for all
that is not its own;
and lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain,
is it better or worse
as the heart of the citizen hissing
in war on his own hearthstone?

VII

at these are the days of advance, the
works of the men of mind,
then who but a fool would have faith
in a tradesman's ware or his
word?
is peace or war? Civil war, as I
think, and that of a kind
is viler, as underhand, not openly
bearing the sword.

VIII

never or later I too may passively
take the print
the golden age—why not? I have
neither hope nor trust; 30
I make my heart as a millstone, set
my face as a flint,

Cheat and be cheated, and die—who
knows? we are ashes and dust.

IX

Peace sitting under her olive, and
slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hus-
tled together, each sex, like
swine,
When only the ledger lives, and when
only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a
company forges the wine.

X

And the vitriol madness flushes up in
the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell
of the trampled wife,
And chalk and alum and plaster are
sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the
very means of life, 40

XI

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for
the villainous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush
of the moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of
a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his
crimson lights.

XII

When a Mammonite mother kills her
babe for a burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile
of children's bones,
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud
war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shak-
ing a hundred thrones!

XIII

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came
yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from
the three-decker out of the
foam, 50
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed
rogue would leap from his
counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but
with his cheating yardwand,
home.—

XIV

What! am I raging alone as my father
 raged in his mood?
 Must I too creep to the hollow and
 dash myself down and die
 Rather than hold by the law that I
 made, nevermore to brood
 On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a
 wretched swindler's lie?

XV

Would there be sorrow for *me*? there
was love in the passionate shriek,
 Love for the silent thing that had made
 false haste to the grave—
 Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and
 thought he would rise and speak
 And rave at the lie and the liar, ah
 God, as he used to rave. 60

XVI

I am sick of the Hall and the hill,
 I am sick of the moor and the
 main.
 Why should I stay? can a sweeter
 chance ever come to me here?
 O, having the nerves of motion as
 well as the nerves of pain,
 Were it not wise if I fled from the
 place and the pit and the fear?

XVII

Workmen up at the Hall! — they are
 coming back from abroad;
 The dark old place will be gilt by the
 touch of a millionaire.
 I have heard, I know not whence, of
 the singular beauty of Maud;
 I play'd with the girl when a child:
 she promised then to be fair.

XVIII

Maud, with her venturous climbings
 and tumbles and childish es-
 capes,
 Maud, the delight of the village, the
 ringing joy of the Hall, 70
 Maud, with her sweet purse-mouth
 when my father dangled the
 grapes,
 Maud, the beloved of my mother, the
 moon-faced darling of all, —

XIX

What is she now? My dreams are bad.
 She may bring me a curse.

No, there is fatter game on the
 she will let me alone.
 Thanks; for the fiend best I
 whether woman or man I
 worse.
 I will bury myself in myself, and
 Devil may pipe to his ow

II

Long have I sigh'd for a
 God grant I may find
 last!
 It will never be broken by Maud
 has neither savor nor salt.
 But a cold and clear-cut face
 found when her carriage
 Perfectly beautiful; let it be g
 her; where is the fault?
 All that I saw — for her eyes
 downcast, not to be seen.
 Faultily faultless, icily regular,
 didly null,
 Dead perfection, no more; no
 more, if it had not been
 For a chance of travel, a palene
 hour's defect of the rose.
 Or an underlip, you may call it:
 too ripe, too full,
 Or the least little delicate ac
 curve in a sensitive nose,
 From which I escaped heart-free
 the least little touch of s

III

Cold and clear-cut face, why cor
 so cruelly meek,
 Breaking a slumber in whi
 spleenful folly was drow
 Pale with the golden beam of a
 lash dead on the cheek,
 Passionless, pale, cold face, star
 on a gloom profound;
 Womanlike, taking revenge to
 for a transient wrong
 Done but in thought to your b
 and ever as pale as before
 Growing and fading and gr
 upon me without a sound
 Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike,
 like, half the night long
 Growing and fading and growin
 I could bear it no more,

MAUD

arose, and all by myself in my
own dark garden ground,
coming now to the tide in its broad-
flung shipwrecking roar,
to the scream of a madden'd
beach dragg'd down by the
wave,
led in a wintry wind by a ghastly
glimmer, and found
shining daffodil dead, and Orion
low in his grave.

IV

million emeralds break from the
ruby-budded lime
the little grove where I sit — ah,
wherefore cannot I be
things of the season gay, like the
bountiful season bland,
when the far-off sail is blown by the
breeze of a softer clime,
lost in the liquid azure bloom of
a crescent of sea,
silent sapphire-spangled marriage
ring of the land ?

II

low me, there, is the village, and
looks how quiet and small !
yet bubbles o'er like a city, with
gossip, scandal, and spite ;
Jack on his ale-house bench has
as many lies as a Czar ;
here on the landward side,
by a red rock, glimmers the
Hall ;
up in the high Hall-garden I see
her pass like a light ;
a sorrow seize me if ever that light
be my leading star !

III

Can have I bow'd to her father, the
wrinkled head of the race ?
met her to-day with her brother, but
not to her brother I bow'd ;
bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode
by on the moor,
at the fire of a foolish pride flash'd
over her beautiful face.
Will you wrong your beauty, be-
lieve it, in being so proud ;
your father has wealth well-gotten,
and I am nameless and poor.

IV

I keep but a man and a maid, eve
ready to slander and steal ;
I know it, and smile a hard-set smile,
like a stoic, or like
A wiser epicurean, and let the world
have its way
For nature is one with rapine, a harm
no preacher can heal ;
The Mayfly is torn by the swallow,
the sparrow spear'd by the
shrike,
And the whole little wood where I sit
is a world of plunder and prey.

V

We are puppets, Man in his pride,
and Beauty fair in her flower ;
Do we move ourselves, or are moved
by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board,
and others ever succeed ?
Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each
other here for an hour ;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle,
and grin at a brother's shame ;
However we brave it out, we men are
a little breed.

VI

A monstrous eft was of old the lord
and master of earth,
For him did his high sun flame, and
his river billowing ran,
And he felt himself in his force to be
Nature's crowning race.
As nine months go to the shaping an
infant ripe for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone
to the making of man :
He now is first, but is he the last ? is
he not too base ?

VII

The man of science himself is fonder
of glory, and vain,
An eye well-practised in nature, a
spirit bounded and poor ;
The passionate heart of the poet is
whirl'd into folly and vice,
I would not marvel at either, but keep
a temperate brain ;
For not to desire or admire, if a man
could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day like the sultan
of old in a garden of spice.

VIII

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an
Isis hid by the veil.
Who knows the ways of the world,
how God will bring them
about?

Our planet is one, the suns are many,
the world is wide.
Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I
shriek if a Hungary fail?
Or an infant civilization be ruled with
rod or with knout?
I have not made the world, and He
that made it will guide.

IX

Be mine a philosopher's life in the
quiet woodland ways, ¹⁵⁰
Where if I cannot be gay let a pas-
sionless peace be my lot,
Far-off from the clamor of liars belied
in the hubbub of lies;
From the long-neck'd geese of the
world that are ever hissing dis-
praise
Because their natures are little, and,
whether he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head
in a cloud of poisonous flies.

X

And most of all would I flee from the
cruel madness of love,
The honey of poison-flowers and all
the measureless ill.
Ah, Maud, you milk-white fawn, you
are all unmeet for a wife.
Your mother is mute in her grave as
her image in marble above;
Your father is ever in London, you
wander about at your will; ¹⁶⁰
You have but fed on the roses and
lain in the lilies of life.

V

I

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to
me.
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of
May,

Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and
fife
To the death, for their native land.

II

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the
sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an En-
lish green,
Maud in the light of her youth and
her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honor that
cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time
sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

III

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the
mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me
a choice
But to move to the meadow and find
before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and
adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor
kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

VI

I

Morning arises stormy and pale,
No sun, but a wannish glare
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud;
And the budded peaks of the woods
are bow'd,
Caught, and cuff'd by the gale:
I had fancied it would be fair.

II

Whom but Maud should I meet
Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable-ends
At the head of the village street,
Whom but Maud should I meet?
And she touch'd my hand with a smile
so sweet,

side me divine amends
courtesy not return'd.

III

has a delicate spark
wing and growing light
the livelong hours of the dark
self warm in the heart of my
dreams,
to burst in a color'd flame;
last, when the morning came
loud, it faded, and seems 210
ashen-gray delight.

IV

if with her sunny hair,
mile as sunny as cold,
cant to weave me a snare
ne coquettish deceit,
stra-like as of old
tangle me when we met,
ve her lion roll in a silken net
own at a victor's feet.

V

hat shall I be at fifty 220
l Nature keep me alive,
d the world so bitter
I am but twenty-five?
f she were not a cheat,
d were all that she seem'd,
er smile were all that I dream'd,
the world were not so bitter
smile could make it sweet.

VI

if, tho' her eye seem'd full
ind intent to me, 230
if that dandy-despot, he,
swell'd mass of millinery,
sil'd and curl'd Assyrian bull
ng of musk and of insolence,
rother, from whom I keep
aloof,
wants the finer politic sense
sk, tho' but in his own behoof,
a glassy smile his brutal scorn —
if he had told her yesternorn
prettily for his own sweet
sake 240
of tenderness might be feign'd,
mist mirage in desert eyes,
so, when the rotten hustings
shake
ther month to his brazen lies,
ched vote may be gain'd?

VII

For a raven ever croaks, at my
side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch
and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea, too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride 250
is cap and bells for a fool.

VIII

Perhaps the smile and tender tone
Came out of her pitying womanhood,
For am I not, am I not, here alone
So many a summer since she died,
My mother, who was so gentle and
good?
Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday
moan,
And the shrieking rush of the wain-
scot mouse, 260
And my own sad name in corners
cried,
When the shiver of dancing leaves is
thrown
About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have
grown
Of a world in which I have hardly
mixt,
And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

IX

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and
caught
By that you swore to withstand?
For what was it else within me
wrought 270
But, I fear, the new strong wine of
love,
That made my tongue to stammer and
trip
When I saw the treasured splendor,
her hand,
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
And the sunlight broke from her lip?

X

I have play'd with her when a
child;
She remembers it now we meet.
Ah, well, well, well, I *may* be beguiled
By some coquettish deceit.

Yet, if she were not a cheat, 280
 If Maud were all that she seem'd,
 And her smile had all that I dream'd,
 Then the world were not so bitter
 But a smile could make it sweet.

VII

I

Did I hear it half in a doze
 Long since, I know not where ?
 Did I dream it an hour ago,
 When asleep in this arm-chair ?

II

Men were drinking together,
 Drinking and talking of me : 290
 'Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
 Will have plenty ; so let it be.'

III

Is it an echo of something
 Read with a boy's delight,
 Viziers nodding together
 In some Arabian night ?

IV

Strange, that I hear two men,
 Somewhere, talking of me :
 'Well, if it prove a girl, my boy
 Will have plenty ; so let it be.' 300

VIII

She came to the village church,
 And sat by a pillar alone ;
 An angel watching an urn
 Wept over her, carved in stone ;
 And once, but once, she lifted her
 eyes,
 And suddenly, sweetly, strangely
 blush'd
 To find they were met by my own ;
 And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat
 stronger
 And thicker, until I heard no longer
 The snowy-banded, dilettante, 310
 Delicate-handed priest intone :
 And thought, is it pride ? and mused
 and sigh'd,
 'No surely, now it cannot be pride.'

IX

I was walking a mile,
 More than a mile from the shore,

The sun look'd out with a smile
 Betwixt the cloud and the moor
 And riding at set of day
 Over the dark moor land,
 Rapidly riding far away,
 She waved to me with her hair
 There were two at her side,
 Something flash'd in the sun,
 Down by the hill I saw them ;
 In a moment they were gone ;
 Like a sudden spark
 Struck vainly in the night,
 Then returns the dark
 With no more hope of light.

X

I

Sick, am I sick of a jealous dress
 Was not one of the two at her side
 This new-made lord, whose splendor
 plucks
 The slavish hat from the village
 head ?
 Whose old grandfather has lately
 Gone to a blacker pit, for whom
 Grimy nakedness dragging his train
 And laying his trams in a pool of
 gloom
 Wrought, till he crept from a grave
 mine
 Master of half a servile shire,
 And left his coal all turn'd into gold
 To a grandson, first of his noble
 Rich in the grace all women desire
 Strong in the power that all
 adore,
 And simper and set their voices low
 And soften as if to a girl, and he
 Awe-stricken breaths at a word di-
 Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,
 New as his title, built last year,
 There amid perky larches and pi-
 And over the sullen-purple moor
 Look at it — pricking a cockney

II

What, has he found my jewel on
 For one of the two that rode at his
 Bound for the Hall, I am sure
 he ;
 Bound for the Hall, and I think
 bride,
 Blithe would her brother's acceptance
 be.
 Maud could be gracious too, no doubt



'She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone.'

For lord, a captain, a padded shape,
A bought commission, a waxen face,
A rabbit mouth that is ever agape —
What is it he cannot buy? 361
And therefore splenetic, personal, base,
A wounded thing with a rancorous
cry,
It war with myself and a wretched
race,
Sick to the heart of life, am I.

III.

One week came one to the county
town,
To preach our poor little army down,
And play the game of the despot
kings.

Tho' the state has done it and thrice
as well.
This broad-brimm'd hawker of holy
things, 372
Whose ear is cram'd with his cotton,
and rings
Even in dreams to the chink of his
pence,
This huckster put down war! can he
tell
Whether war be a cause or a conse-
quence?
Put down the passions that make earth
hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear!

Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil
ear,
For each is at war with mankind! 380

IV

I wish I could hear again
The chivalrous battle-song
That she warbled alone in her joy!
I might persuade myself then
She would not do herself this great
wrong,
To take a wanton dissolute boy
For a man and leader of men.

V

Ah God, for a man with heart, head,
hand,
Like some of the simple great ones
gone 390
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him—what care
I?—

Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie!

VI

And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!

XI

I

O, let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found 400
What some have found so sweet!
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

II

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me!
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad, 410
I shall have had my day.

XII

I

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,

Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and callin

II

Where was Maud? in our wood
And I—who else?—was
her,
Gathering woodland lillies,
Myriads blow together.

III

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lillies.

IV

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

V

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favor!
O, Maud were sure of heaven
If lowliness could save her!

VI

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy
For her feet have touch'd the
dows
And left the daisies rosy.

VII

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud
One is come to woo her.

VIII

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charley
ing!
Go back, my lord, across the
You are not her darling.

XIII

I

Scorn'd, to be scorn'd by one
scorn,
Is that a matter to make me fret
That a calamity hard to be born
Well, he may live to hate me ye

at I am to be vext with his
side!

him, I was crossing his lands;
d on the path a little aside; 450
s, as I grant, in spite of spite,
road-blown comeliness, red and
white,
feet two, as I think, he stands;
s essences turn'd the live air
ick,
rbarous opulence jewel-thick
itself on his breast and his
ands.

II

all call me ungentle, unfair?
I so heartily then and there
him the grasp of fellowship;
ile I part he was humming an
ar, 460
and then with a riding-whip
ly tapping a glossy boot,
rving a contumelious lip,
ized me from head to foot
stony British stare.

III

ts be here in his father's chair?
d man never comes to his place;
I believe him ashamed to be
een?
ly once, in the village street,
ar, I caught a glimpse of his
face, 470
old wolf and a lean.
y, now, would I call him a
cheat;
m, perhaps, as a child of deceit,
ight by a true descent be un-
true;
and is as true as Maud is sweet,
fancy her sweetness only due
sweeter blood by the other side;
ther has been a thing complete,
er she came to be so allied.
ir without, faithful within, 480
o him is nothing akin.
ecular mystic grace
as only the child of her mother,
ap'd the whole inherited sin
t huge scapegoat of the race,
upon the brother.

IV

saggy spirit, and let him be!
t his sister smiled on me?

XIV

I

Maud has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn;
There she walks in her state 490
And tends upon bed and bower,
And thither I climb'd at dawn
And stood by her garden-gate.
A lion ramps at the top,
He is claspt by a passion-flower.

II

Maud's own little oak-room —
Which Maud, like a precious stone
Set in the heart of the carven gloom,
Lights with herself, when alone 500
She sits by her music and books
And her brother lingers late
With a roystering company — looks
Upon Maud's own garden-gate;
And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as
white
As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid
On the hasp of the window, and my
Delight
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious
ghost, to glide,
Like a beam of the seventh heaven,
down to my side,
There were but a step to be made. 510

III

The fancy flatter'd my mind,
And again seem'd overbold;
Now I thought that she cared for
me,
Now I thought she was kind.
Only because she was cold.

IV

I heard no sound where I stood
But the rivulet on from the lawn
Running down to my own dark wood,
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as
it swell'd
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn;
But I look'd, and round, all round the
house I beheld 520
The death-white curtain drawn,
Felt a horror over me creep,
Prickle my skin and catch my breath
Knew that the death-white curtain
meant but sleep,
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a
fool of the sleep of death.

XV

So dark a mind within me dwells,
 And I make myself such evil cheer,
 That if I be dear to some one else,
 Then some one else may have much
 to fear; 530
 But if I be dear to some one else,
 Then I should be to myself more
 dear.
 Shall I not take care of all that I
 think,
 Yea, even of wretched meat and drink,
 If I be dear,
 If I be dear to some one else?

XVI

I

This lump of earth has left his estate
 The lighter by the loss of his weight;
 And so that he find what he went to
 seek,
 And fulsome pleasure clog him, and
 drown 540
 His heart in the gross mud-honey of
 town,
 He may stay for a year who has gone
 for a week.
 But this is the day when I must
 speak,
 And I see my Oread coming down,
 O, this is the day!
 O beautiful creature, what am I
 That I dare to look her way?
 Think I may hold dominion sweet,
 Lord of the pulse that is lord of her
 breast,
 And dream of her beauty with tender
 dread, 550
 From the delicate Arab arch of her
 feet
 To the grace that, bright and light as
 the crest
 Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,
 And she knows it not—O, if she
 knew it,
 To know her beauty might half undo
 it!
 I know it the one bright thing to
 save
 My yet young life in the wilds of
 Time,
 Perhaps from madness, perhaps from
 crime,
Perhaps from a selfish grave.

II

What, if she be fasten'd to the
 lord,
 Dare I bid her abide by her word
 Should I love her so well if she
 Had given her word to a thing
 Shall I love her as well if she
 Can break her word were it ev
 me?
 I trust that it is not so.

III

Catch not my breath, O clasp
 heart,
 Let not my tongue be a thrall
 eye.
 For I must tell her before we part
 I must tell her, or die.

XVII

Go not, happy day,
 From the shining fields,
 Go not, happy day,
 Till the maiden yields,
 Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
 Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.
 When the happy Yes
 Falter from her lips,
 Pass and blush the news
 Over glowing ships;
 Over blowing seas,
 Over seas at rest,
 Pass the happy news,
 Blush it thro' the West;
 Till the red man dance
 By his red cedar-tree,
 And the red man's babe
 Leap, beyond the sea.
 Blush from West to East,
 Blush from East to West
 Till the West is East,
 Blush it thro' the West.
 Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
 Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.

XVIII

I

I have led her home, my love
 only friend.
 There is none like her, none.

er yet so warmly ran my
rod
stly, on and on
itself to the long-wish'd-for
l,
be banks, close on the pro-
sed good.

II

her, none.
the dry-tongued laurels' pat-
ting talk
er light foot along the garden
alk,
ok my heart to think she
mes once more.
then I heard her close the
or :
s of heaven are closed, and
s is gone. 610

III

none like her, none,
be when our summers have
ceased.
ou sighing for Lebanon
ng breeze that streams to thy
licious East,
for Lebanon,
lar, tho' thy limbs have here
ceased,
astoral slope as fair,
ing to the South and fed
sey'd rain and delicate air,
nted by the starry head 620
those gentle will has changed
y fate,
de my life a perfumed altar-
ume;
er whom thy darkness must
ve spread
h delight as theirs of old, thy
eat
ers of the thornless garden,
ere
ing the snow-limb'd Eve from
bom she came ?

IV

ill I lie, while these long
naches sway,
i fair stars that crown a happy
ay
d out as if at merry play,
no more so all forlorn 630
it seem'd far better to be born

To labor and the mattock-harden'd
hand
Than nursed at ease and brought to
understand
A sad astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron
skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and
brand
His nothingness into man.

V

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found
a pearl 640
The countercharm of space and hollow
sky,
And do accept my madness, and would
die
To save from some slight shame one
simple girl ?—

VI

Would die, for sullen-seeming Death
may give
More life to Love than is or ever
was
In our low world, where yet 't is sweet
to live.
Let no one ask me how it came to
pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to
me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the
grass, 649
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

VII

Not die, but live a life of truest
breath,
And teach true life to fight with mor-
tal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in
drinking songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust
of death ?
Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long
loving kiss.
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer
this ?
The dusky strand of Death inwoven
here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love
himself more dear.'

VIII

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder
bay ?

And hark the clock within, the silver
knell

Of twelve sweet hours that past in
bridal white,

And died to live, long as my pulses
play ;

But now by this my love has closed
her sight

And given false death her hand, and
stolen away

To dreamful wastes where footless
fancies dwell

Among the fragments of the golden
day.

May nothing there her maiden grace
affright !

Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy
spell.

My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart, my ownest own,
farewell :

It is but for a little space I go.
And ye meanwhile far over moor and
fell

Beat to the noiseless music of the night !
Has our whole earth gone nearer to
the glow

Of your soft splendors that you look
so bright ?

I have climb'd nearer out of lonely
hell.

Beat, happy stars, timing with things
below,

Beat with my heart more blest than
heart can tell,

Blest, but for some dark undercurrent
woe

That seems to draw — but it shall not
be so :

Let all be well, be well.

XIX

I

Her brother is coming back to-night,
Breaking up my dream of delight.

II

My dream ? do I dream of bliss ?
I have walk'd awake with Truth.
O, when did a morning shine
So rich in atonement as this

For my dark-dawning youth,
Darken'd watching a mother decline
And that dead man at her heart as
mine ;

For who was left to watch her but I
Yet so did I let my freshness die.

III

I trust that I did not talk
To gentle Maud in our walk —
For often in lonely wanderings
I have cursed him even to lifeless
things —

But I trust that I did not talk,
Not touch on her father's sin.

I am sure I did but speak
Of my mother's faded cheek

When it slowly grew so thin
That I felt she was slowly dying

Vext with lawyers and harass'd with
debt ;

For how often I caught her with eyes
all wet,

Shaking her head at her son and sight
ing

A world of trouble within !

IV

And Maud too, Maud was moved
To speak of the mother she loved

As one scarce less forlorn,
Dying abroad and it seems apart

From him who had ceased to share
her heart,

And ever mourning over the feud,
The household Fury sprinkled with
blood

By which our houses are torn,
How strange was what she said,

When only Maud and the brother
Hung over her dying bed —

That Maud's dark father and mine
Had bound us one to the other,

Betrothed us over their wine,
On the day when Maud was born ;

Seal'd her mine from her first sweet
breath !

Mine, mine by a right, from birth till
death !

Mine, mine — our fathers have sworn

V

But the true blood spilt had in it a her
To dissolve the precious seal on a bond

That, if left uncancell'd, had been as
sweet ;

And none of us thought of a something
beyond,

730

A desire that awoke in the heart of
the child,

As it were a duty done to the
tomb,

To be friends for her sake, to be re-
conciled;

And I was cursing them and my
doom,

And letting a dangerous thought run
wild

While often abroad in the fragrant
gloom

Of foreign churches — I see her there,
Bright English lily, breathing a prayer

To be friends, to be reconciled!

VI

But then what a flint is he!

740

Abrud, at Florence, at Rome,

And whenever she touch'd on me

This brother had laugh'd her down,

And at last, when each came home,

He had darken'd into a frown,

And then, and forbid her to speak

To him, her friend of the years be-
fore.

And this was what had reddened her
check

When I bowed to her on the moor.

VII

But Maud, altho' not blind

750

Of the faults of his heart and mind,

Yet she cannot but love him,

And says he is rough but kind,

And wishes me to approve him,

And tells me, when she lay

Supping, with a fear of worse,

How he left his wine and horses and

play,

And with her, read to her, night and

day

And tended her like a nurse.

VIII

Kind! but the death he I desire

760

Steadfast by this heir of the bar

And of kind? yet I know

He has plotted against me in this,

That he plots against me still!

Kind to Maud? that were not un-
less

Will I teach but know: why, let it be

so,

For shall not Maud have her will?

IX

For, Maud, so tender and true,

As long as my life endures

I feel I shall owe you a debt

That I never can hope to pay;

And if ever I should forget

That I owe this debt to you

And for your sweet sake to yours,

O, then, what then shall I say? —

If ever I *should* forget,

May God make me more wretched

Than ever I have been yet!

X

So now I have sworn to bury

All this dead body of hate,

I feel so free and so clear

By the loss of that dead weight,

That I should grow light-headed

fear,

Fantastically merry,

But that her brother comes, like

blight

On my fresh hope, to the Hall to-night

XX

I

Strange, that I felt so gay,

Strange, that I tried to day

To be guile her meekly;

The Sultan, as we name him —

She did not wish to blame him —

But he vexed her and perplexed her

With his worldly talk and folly,

Was it gentle to reprove her

For stealing out of view

From a little lazy lover

Who but claims her as his due?

Or for chilling his caresses

By the coldness of her manners,

Nay, the plainness of her dresses?

Now I know her but too true,

Not can prove so contemptible

Those should not, and so forth,

The habit that I wear

Or the treacherous lip that I wear

Be the reason against me,

For nothing can I do to alter

That matter Maud is other

Than matter Maud is other

But then, so, so, so, so

Our poor hearts are so, so, so

A stupid, stupid, stupid

To halt the squabbles near,

And Maud will wear her jewels,
And the bird of prey will hover,
And the titmouse hope to win her
With his chirrup at her ear.

III

A grand political dinner
To the men of many acres,
A gathering of the Tory,
A dinner and then a dance 820
For the maids and marriage-makers,
And every eye but mine will glance
At Maud in all her glory.

IV

For I am not invited,
But, with the Sultan's pardon,
I am all as well delighted,
For I know her own rose-garden,
And mean to linger in it
Till the dancing will be over ;
And then, O, then, come out to me 830
For a minute, but for a minute,
Come out to your own true lover,
That your true lover may see
Your glory also, and render
All homage to his own darling,
Queen Maud in all her splendor.

XXI

Rivulet crossing my ground,
And bringing me down from the
Hall
This garden-rose that I found,
Forgetful of Maud and me, 840
And lost in trouble and moving round
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
And trying to pass to the sea ;
O rivulet, born at the Hall,
My Maud has sent it by thee —
If I read her sweet will right —
On a blushing mission to me,
Saying in odor and color, ' Ah, be
Among the roses to-night.'

XXII

I

Come into the garden, Maud, 850
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted
abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

II

For a breeze of morning move
And the planet of Love is on
Beginning to faint in the light
she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the
loves,
To faint in his light, and to

III

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement je-
stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in the
Till a silence fell with the waking
And a hush with the setting

IV

I said to the lily, ' There is but
With whom she has heart
gay.
When will the dancers leave her
She is weary of dance and p
Now half to the setting moon and
And half to the rising day ;
Low on the sand and loud on the
The last wheel echoes away.

V

I said to the rose, ' The brief nig
In babble and revel and win
O young lord-lover, what sh
those,
For one that will never be t
But mine, but mine,' so I s
the rose,
' For ever and ever, mine.'

VI

And the soul of the rose went
blood,
As the music clash'd in the l
And long by the garden lake I
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow
to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer tha

VII

From the meadow your wall
left so sweet
That whenever a March-win
He sets the jewel-print of you
In violets blue as your eyes,

To the woody hollows in which we
meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;
The white luke-blossom fell into the
lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;
But the rose was awake all night for
your sake,
Knowing your promise to me ;
The lilies and roses were all awake, too ;
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

IX

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of
girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
Kisses of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one ;
She cut little head, sunning over
with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun

X

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the
gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she
is near ;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She
late ;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I
hear ;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

XI

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat, 9
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her
feet,
And blossom in purple and red.



'Come into the garden, Maud.'

PART II

I

I

'The fault was mine, the fault was mine'—

Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still,

Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill?—

It is this guilty hand!—

And there rises ever a passionate cry

From underneath in the darkening land—

What is it, that has been done?

O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky,

The fires of hell brake out of thy rising sun,

The fires of hell and of hate; ¹⁰

For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a word,

When her brother ran in his rage to the gate,

He came with the babe-faced lord, Heap'd on her terms of disgrace;

And while she wept, and I strove to be cool,

He fiercely gave me the lie, Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,

And he struck me, madman, over the face,

Struck me before the languid fool, Who was gaping and grinning by; ²⁰

Struck for himself an evil stroke, Wrought for his house an irredeem-

able woe. For front to front in an hour we stood,

And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke

From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood,

And thunder'd up into heaven the Christless code

That must have life for a blow. Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to grow.

Was it he lay there with a fading eye?

'The fault was mine,' he whisper'd. 'fly!' ³⁰

Then glided out of the joyous wood The ghastly Wraith of one that I know,

And there rang on a sudden a sionate cry,

A cry for a brother's blood;

It will ring in my heart and my till I die, till I die.

II

Is it gone? my pulses beat— What was it? a lying trick of brain?

Yet I thought I saw her stand, A shadow there at my feet,

High over the shadowy land. It is gone; and the heavens fall

gentle rain, When they should burst and dr

with deluging storms The feeble vassals of wine and

and lust, The little hearts that know not

to forgive. Arise, my God, and strike, for

hold Thee just, Strike dead the whole weak rac

venomous worms, That sting each other here in

dust; We are not worthy to live.

II

I

See what a lovely shell, Small and pure as a pearl,

Lying close to my foot, Frail, but a work divine,

Made so fairly well With delicate spire and whorl,

How exquisitely minute, A miracle of design!

II

What is it? a learned man Could give it a clumsy name.

Let him name it who can, The beauty would be the same.

III

The tiny cell is forlorn, Void of the little living will

That made it stir on the shore. Did he stand at the diamond door

Of his house in a rainbow frik? Did he push, when he was uncurl'

A golden foot or a fairy horn Thro' his dim water-world?

IV e crush'd with a tap r-nail on the sand, a work divine, of force to withstand, year, the shock seas that snap ecker's oaken spine e ledges of rock, : Breton strand !	Which else would have been past by ! And now I remember, I, When he lay dying there, I noticed one of his many rings — For he had many, poor worm -- and thought, It is his mother's hair.
V Briton ; here wreck'd man on a coast fable and fear — ith a fitting to and fro, a hard mechanic ghost came from on high rose from below, moves with the moving ig the land and the main — d it look like Maud ? overawed cannot but know born of the brain ?	IX Who knows if he be dead ? Whether I need have fled ? Am I guilty of blood ? However this may be, Comfort her, comfort her, all things good, While I am over the sea ! Let me and my passionate love go by, But speak to her all things holy and high, Whatever happen to me ! Me and my harmful love go by ; But come to her waking, find her asleep, Powers of the height, Powers of the deep, And comfort her tho' I die !
VI the Breton coast, ameless fear, : dark sea-line thinking of all I have g vexes my ear, Lamech is mine.	III Courage, poor heart of stone ! I will not ask thee why Thou canst not understand That thou art left for ever alone : Courage, poor stupid heart of stone ! — Or if I ask thee why, Care not thou to reply : She is but dead, and the time is at hand When thou shalt more than die.
VII a measureless ill, for ever, to part — e would love me still ; g, O God, as she in of love for me, doubt, no doubt, se in my dark heart, teary, a spark of will rampled out.	IV I O that 't were possible After long grief and pain To find the arms of my true love Round me once again !
VIII at the mind, when fraught sion so intense think that it well on all life in the eye, — ould, by being so over- ight, trike on a sharper sense or a flower, little things	II When I was wont to meet her In the silent woody places By the home that gave me birth, We stood tranced in long embraces Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter Than anything on earth

III

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might
tell us
What and where they be !

IV

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels 160
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

V

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies ;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies. 170

VI

'T is a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls ;
'T is a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet.
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings ;
In a moment we shall meet.
She is singing in the meadow, 180
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

VII

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye ?
But there rings on a sudden a passion-
ate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd ;
For a tumult shakes the city. 190
And I wake, my dream is fled.
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold !

VIII

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about !
'T is the blot upon the brain
That will show itself without.

IX

Then I rise, the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide ;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

X

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame ;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused
loud,
The shadow still the same ;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

XI

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurel
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall !

XII

Would the happy spirit descend
From the realms of light and song
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say 'Forgive the wrong,'
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest' ?

XIII

But the broad light glares and be
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be ;
And I loathe the squares and stre
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me.
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep,
weep
My whole soul out to thee.

V

I

long dead,
dead !
my heart is a handful of dust,
he wheels go over my head,
my bones are shaken with pain,
into a shallow grave they are
thrust,
a yard beneath the street,
the hoofs of the horses beat,
beat,
coofs of the horses beat,
into my scalp and my brain,
never an end to the stream of
passing feet,
ag, hurrying, marrying, burying,
r and rumble, and ringing and
clatter ;
were beneath it is all as bad,
thought the dead had peace, but
it is not so.
I have no peace in the grave, is that
not sad ?
up and down and to and fro,
about me the dead men go ;
then to hear a dead man chatter
enough to drive one mad.

II

cheapest age, since Time began,
cannot even bury a man ;
tho' we paid our tithes in the
days that are gone,
bell was rung, not a prayer was
read.
that which makes us loud in the
world of the dead ;
is none that does his work, not
one.
much of their office might have
sufficed,
the churchmen fain would kill
their church,
the churches have kill'd their
Christ.

III

there is one of us sobbing,
omit to his distress ;
another, a lord of all things,
praying
own great self, as I guess ;
another, a statesman there, be-
traying

His party-secret, fool, to the press ;
And yonder a vile physician, blabbing
The case of his patient — all for what ?
To tickle the maggot born in an empty
head,
And wheedle a world that loves him
not,
For it is but a world of the dead.

IV

Nothing but idiot gabble !
For the prophecy given of old
And then not understood,
Has come to pass as foretold ;
Not let any man think for the public
good,
But babble, merely for babble.
For I never whisper'd a private affair
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,
No, not to myself in the closet alone,
But I heard it shouted at once from
the top of the house ;
Everything came to be known.
Who told him we were there ?

V

Not that gray old wolf, for he came
not back
From the wilderness, full of wolves,
where he used to lie ;
He has gather'd the bones for his
o'ergrown whelp to crack —
Crack them now for yourself, and
howl, and die.

VI

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the
rat ;
I know not whether he came in the
Hanover ship,
But I know that he lies and listens
mute
In an ancient mansion's crannies and
holes.
Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,
Except that now we poison our babes,
poor souls !
It is all used up for that.

VII

Tell him now : she is standing here at
my head ;
Not beautiful now, not even kind ;
He may take her now ; for she never
speaks her mind,



But is ever the one thing silent here.
She is not *of* us, as I divine ;
She comes from another stiller world
of the dead,
Stillter, not fairer than mine.

VIII

But I know where a garden grows, 310
Fairer than aught in the world beside,
All made up of the lily and rose
That blow by night, when the season
is good,
To the sound of dancing music and
flutes :
It is only flowers, they had no fruits,
And I almost fear they are not roses,
but blood ;
For the keeper was one, so full of
pride,
He linkt a dead man there to a spec-
tral bride ;
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of
brutes,
Would he have that hole in his side ?

IX

But what will the old man say ? 321
He laid a cruel snare in a pit
To catch a friend of mine one stormy
day ;
Yet now I could even weep to think
of it ;
For what will the old man say
When he comes to the second corpse
in the pit ?

X

Friend, to be struck by the public foe,
Then to strike him and lay him low,
That were a public merit, far,
Whatever the Quaker holds, from
sin ; 330
But the red life spilt for a private
blow —
I swear to you, lawful and lawless
war
Are scarcely even akin.

XI

O me, why have they not buried me
deep enough ?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so
rough,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper ?
Maybe still I am but half-dead ;
Then I cannot be wholly dumb.

I will cry to the steps above
head
And somebody, surely, some
heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper.

PART III

I

My life has crept so long on a
wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts
ror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at
a little thing
My mood is changed, for it
time of year
When the face of night is fai
dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies
Charioteer
And starry Gemini hang like
crowns
Over Orion's grave low dow
west,
That like a silent lightning
stars
She seem'd to divide in a dr
a band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the
the coming wars —
'And in that hope, dear
trouble have rest,
Knowing I tarry for thee,' an
to Mars
As he glow'd like a ruddy
the Lion's breast.

II

And it was but a dream, yet
a dear delight
To have look'd, tho' but in
upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary
one thing bright ;
And it was but a dream, ye
en'd my despair
When I thought that a w
arise in defence of the
That an iron tyranny no
bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stia
ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God b
lionaire.

more shall commerce be all in all,
and Peace
on her pastoral hillock a languid
note,
and watch her harvest ripen, her
herd increase,
the cannon-bullet rust on a sloth-
ful shore,
and the cobweb woven across the
cannon's throat
shall shake its threaded tears in the
wind no more.

III

as months ran on and rumor of
battle grew,
it is time, it is time, O passionate
heart, said I, —
I cleaved to a cause that I felt to
be pure and true, —
it is time, O passionate heart and
morbid eye,
at old hysterical mock-disease
should die,
and I stood on a giant deck and mixt
my breath
with a loyal people shouting a battle-
cry.
I saw the dreary phantom arise
and fly
into the North, and battle, and
seas of death.

IV

it go or stay, so I wake to the
higher aims
a land that has lost for a little her
lust of gold,
and love of a peace that was full of
wrougs and shames,
terrible, hateful, monstrous, not to
be told;
I hail once more to the banner of
battle unroll'd!
many a light shall darken, and
many shall weep
those that are crush'd in the clash
of jarring claims,
God's just wrath shall be wreak'd
on a giant liar,
I many a darkness into the light
shall leap,
I shine in the sudden making of
splendid names,
I noble thought be freer under the
sun.

And the heart of a people beat with
one desire;
For the peace, that I deem'd no peace,
is over and done,
And now by the side of the Black and
the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the
fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a
heart of fire.

V

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll
down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a
cause, we are noble still,
And myself have awaked, as it seems,
to the better mind.
It is better to fight for the good than
to rail at the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am
one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and
the doom assign'd.

THE BROOK

HERE by this brook we parted, I to
the East
And he for Italy — too late — too late:
One whom the strong sons of the
world despise;
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip
and share,
And mellow metres more than cent
for cent.
Nor could he understand how money
breeds,
Thought it a dead thing; yet himself
could make
The thing that is not as the thing that
is.
O, had he lived! In our schoolbooks
we say
Of those that held their heads above
the crowd,
They flourish'd then or then: but life
in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only
touch'd
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist
of green,
And nothing perfect. Yet the brook
he loved,

For which, in branding summers of
Bengal,
Or even the sweet half-English Neil-
gherry air,
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
Prattling the primrose fancies of the
boy
To me that loved him; for "O brook,"
he says, ²⁰
"O babbling brook," says Edmund
in his rhyme,
"Whence come you?" and the brook
— why not? — replies:

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges. ³⁰

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite
worn out,
Travelling to Naples. There is Darn-
ley bridge,
It has more ivy; there the river; and
there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and
river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles, ⁴⁰
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever. ⁵⁰

'But Philip chatter'd more than
brook or bird,
Old Philip: all about the fields you
caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the
dry
High-elbow'd grigs that leap in sum-
mer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing
And here and there a lusty tru
And here and there a grayli

And here and there a foamy f
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-be
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men
But I go on for ever.

'O darling Katie Willow
child!
A maiden of our century,
meek;
A daughter of our meadow
coarse;
Straight, but as lissome as
wand;
Her eyes a bashful azure,
hair
In gloss and hue the chesti
the shell
Divides threefold to show
within.

'Sweet Katie, once I did I
turn,
Her and her far-off cousin
trothed,
James Willows, of one name
with her.
For here I came, twenty y
— the week
Before I parted with poor E
crost
By that old bridge which
ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow
gleam
Beyond it, where the waters
crost,
Whistling a random bar c
Doon,
And push'd at Philip's ga
The gate,
Half-parted from a weak and
hinge,
Stuck; and he clamor'd fre
ment. "Run,"
To Katie somewhere in the
low,
"Run, Katie!" Katie never
moved



'I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern'

inding under woodbine

I, with her eyelids down,
Lasson, blushing for a

it? less of sentiment

illiterate, nor of those
in the fount of fictive

mealy-mouth'd philan-

feeling from her mate

e. She and James had
'd. Why?

f quarrel? None, she
cause;

cause; but when I prest

James had flickering

d her. Who anger'd
I said.

But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once
from mine,

And sketching with her slender pointed
foot

Some figure like a wizard pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I
ask'd

If James were coming. "Coming
every day,"

She answer'd, "ever longing to ex-
plain,

But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke
him short;

And James departed vext with him
and her."

How could I help her? "Would I—
was it wrong?"—

Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere
she spoke—

"O, would I take her father for one
hour,

For one half-hour, and let him talk to
me!"

And even while she spoke, I saw where
James
Made toward us, like a wader in the
surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in mea-
dow-sweet.

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your
sake!
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out
To show the farm. Full willingly he
rose;
He led me thro' the short sweet-smell-
ing lanes
Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he
went.
He praised his land, his horses, his
machines;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his
hogs, his dogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his
guinea-hens,
His pigeons, who in session on their
roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own
deserts.
Then from the plaintive mother's teat
he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies,
naming each,
And naming those, his friends, for
whom they were;
Then crost the common into Darnley
chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse
and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and
said,
"That was the four-year-old I sold
the Squire."
And there he told a long, long-winded
tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt
at grass,
And how it was the thing his daugh-
ter wish'd,
And how he sent the bailiff to the
farm
To learn the price, and what the price
he ask'd,
And how the bailiff swore that he was
mad,
But he stood firm, and so the matter
hung;

He gave them line; and five days after
that
He met the bailiff at the Golden
Fleece,
Who then and there had offer'd some
thing more,
But he stood firm, and so the matter
hung;
He knew the man, the colt would
fetch its price;
He gave them line; and how by
chance at last —
It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May —
He found the bailiff riding by the
farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew
him in,
And there he mellow'd all his heart
with ale.
Until they closed a bargain, hand in
hand.

'Then, while I breathed in sight of
haven, he —
Poor fellow, could he help it? — re-
commenced,
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tal-
lyho,
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the
Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the
rest,
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Philip, talking still; and
so
We turn'd our foreheads from the fall-
ing sun,
And following our own shadows thrice
as long
As when they follow'd us from Philip's
door,
Arrived, and found the sun of sweet
content
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things
well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

THE BROOK

2

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars,
 180 I loiter round my cresses;
 And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.
 For men may come and go; and these
 are gone,
 All gone. My dearest brother, Ed-
 mund, sleeps,
 Not by the well-known stream and
 rustic spire,
 But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
 of Brunelleschi, sleeps in peace; and
 he,
 For Philip, of all his lavish waste of
 words 190
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb;
 I scraped the lichen from it. Katie
 walks

By the long wash of Australasi-
 seas
 Far off, and holds her head to other
 stars,
 And breathes in April-autumns. 'are
 gone.'
 So Lawrence Aylmer, seated or
 stile
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his
 mind
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing to
 the brook
 A tansured head in middle age forlorn
 Mused, and was mute. On a sudden
 a low breath
 Of tender air made tremble in the
 hedge
 The fragile bindweed bells and briar
 rings;
 And he look'd up. There stood a maiden
 near,



THE BROOK
 1. side by bare cresses

Waiting to pass. In much amaze he
 stared
 On eyes a baahful azure, and on hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when
 the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit
 within ;
 Then, wondering, ask'd her, 'Are you
 from the farm ?'
 'Yes,' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a
 little ; pardon me, ²¹⁰
 What do they call you ?' 'Katie.'
 'That were strange.
 What surname ?' 'Willows.' 'No !'
 'That is my name.'
 'Indeed !' and here he look'd so self-
 perplext,
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing
 blush'd, till he
 Laugh'd also, but as one before he
 wakes,
 Who feels a glimmering strangeness
 in his dream.
 Then looking at her : 'Too happy,
 fresh and fair,
 Too fresh and fair in our sad world's
 best bloom,
 To be the ghost of one who bore your
 name
 About these meadows, twenty years
 ago.' ²²⁰

'Have you not heard ?' said Katie,
 'we came back.
 We bought the farm we tenanted be-
 fore.
 Am I so like her ? so they said on
 board.
 Sir, if you knew her in her English
 days,
 My mother, as it seems you did, the
 days
 That most she loves to talk of, come
 with me.
 My brother James is in the harvest-
 field ;
 But she—you will be welcome—O,
 come in !'

THE DAISY

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH

O LOVE, what hours were thine and
 mine,
 In lands of palm and southern pine ;

In lands of palm, or orange-blossom
 Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine !

What Roman strength Turbia show'
 In ruin, by the mountain road ;
 How like a gem, beneath, the city
 Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd !

How richly down the rocky dell
 The torrent vineyard streaming fell ;
 To meet the sun and sunny water
 That only heaved with a summe
 swell !

What slender campanili grew
 By bays, the peacock's neck in hue ;
 Where, here and there, on sand-
 beaches
 A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew !

How young Columbus seem'd to rove
 Yet present in his natal grove,
 Now watching high on mountai
 cornice,
 And steering, now, from a purpl
 cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim ;
 Till, in a narrow street and dim,
 I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,
 And drank, and loyally drank to him

Nor knew we well what pleased u
 most ;
 Not the clipt palm of which the
 boast,
 But distant color, happy hamlet,
 A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen
 A light amid its olives green ;
 Or olive-hoary cape in ocean ;
 Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed
 Of silent torrents, gravel-spread ;
 And, crossing, oft we saw the glist
 Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and col
 Those niched shapes of noble mould
 A princely people's awful princes,
 The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,
 In those long galleries, were ours ;

It drives about the fresh Cas-
cine,
like in Boboli's ducal bowers !

At vignettes, and each complete,
In or duomo, sunny-sweet,
Alas, how the city glitter'd,
Cypress avenues, at our feet !

When we cross the Lombard plain
Remember what a plague of rain ;
Rain at Reggio, rain at Parma,
In rain, Piacenza rain.

Dark and sad — so rare the smiles
Bright — look'd the Lombard
Piles ;
Arch-pillars on the lion resting,
Where, old, colonnaded aisles.

And, O the chanting quires,
Ancient windows' blazon'd fires,
Height, the space, the gloom,
The glory !
In front of marble, a hundred spires !

And the roofs at break of day ;
Sixteen Alps before me lay.
And among the silent statues,
Attuned pinnacles, mute as they.

Faintly-flush'd, how phantom-
fair,
Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd val-
leys
In lowly dells in a golden air !

Remember how we came at last
In no ; shower and storm and blast
Blows the lake beyond his limit,
All was flooded ; and how we
Past

Como, when the light was gray,
In my head, for half the day,
Rich Virgilian rustic measure
In 'Muri Maxime,' all the way,

All day-burthen music, kept,
The Lariano crept
That fair port below the castle
In Theodolind, where we slept ;

And sleep'd, but watch'd awake
In the moonlight shake,

The moonlight touching o'er a ter-
race
One tall agave above the lake.

What more ? we took our last adieu,
And up the snowy Splügen drew ;
But ere we reach'd the highest sum-
mit
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,
And now it tells of Italy.
O love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea,

So dear a life your arms enfold
Whose crying is a cry for gold ;
Yet here to-night in this dark city,
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and
dry,
This nurling of another sky
Still in the little book you lent me,
And where you tenderly laid it by ;

And I forgot the clouded Forth,
The gloom that saddens heaven and
earth,
The bitter east, the misty summer
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance to lull the throbs of pain,
Perchance to charm a vacant brain,
Perchance to dream you still beside
me,
My fancy fled to the South again.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE

Come, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy ;
Your presence will be sun in win-
ter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand college-
councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you,

Should all our churchmen foam in
spite
At you, so careful of the right,

Yet one lay-hearth would give you
welcome —
Take it and come — to the Isle of
Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of
town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you
dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine; 20

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand,
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on thro' zones of light and
shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin, 30
Dispute the claims, arrange the
chances, —
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win;

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood;
Till you should turn to dearer mat-
ters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God, —

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor,
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity more and more. 40

Come, Maurice, come; the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime or spongy-wet.
But when the wreath of March has
blossom'd, —
Crocus, anemone, violet, —

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear;
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year.
January, 1854.

WILL

I

O, WELL for him whose will is strong
He suffers, but he will not suffer long
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong
For him nor moves the loud work
random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves or
found,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbule
sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging
shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

II

But ill for him who, bettering a
with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-d
scended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' act
crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps ha'
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstro
hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON

I

BURY the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation;
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of
mighty nation;
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and ha'

II

Where shall we lay the man whom
deplora?
Here, in streaming London's cent
roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought
for,
And the feet of those he fought for
Echo round his bones for evermore

III

he pageant : sad and slow,
universal woe,
1g. long procession go,
e sorrowing crowd about it
w,
he mournful martial music
v ;
reat Englishman is low.

IV

r to us he seems the last,
ing all his greatness in the
t in soldier fashion will he
t hand the gazer in the
et.
our chief state-oracle is
e !
the man of long-enduring
d,
aman - warrior, moderate,
lute,
himself, a common good.
the man of amplest influ-
t.
st of ambitious crime,
st yet with least pretence,
ouncil and great in war, 30
captain of his time,
ving common-sense,
e greatest only are,
plicity sublime.
y head which all men knew,
rom which their omens all
drew,
ve to true occasion true.
at length that tower of
ngth
sol four-square to all the
ds that blew !
he whom we deplore, 40
self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
: World-victor's victor will
een no more.

V

and done.
anks to the Giver,
for thy son.
ll be toll'd.
anks to the Giver,
r him to the mould.
cross of gold
as over city and river, 50

There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds.
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a deeper knell in the heart be
knoll'd ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem
roll'd 60
Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his
loss ;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom.
When he with those deep voices
wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from
shame,
With those deep voices our dead cap-
tain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song !

VI

Who is he that cometh, like an hon-
or'd guest, 80
With banner and with music, with
soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking
on my rest ? —
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, the
famous man.
The greatest sailor since our work
began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea. 90
His foes were thine ; he kept us free
O, give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,

And worthy to be laid by thee ;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun ;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won ; 100
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labor'd rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms, 110
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamor of men.
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close.
 Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadow-
 ing wings, 120
 And barking for the thrones of kings ;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron
 crown
 On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler
 down ;
 A day of onsets of despair !
 Dash'd on every rocky square,
 Their surging charges foam'd them-
 selves away ;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and
 overthrew. 130
 So great a soldier taught us there
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven
 guile,
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at
 all, 140
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by
 thine !

And thro' the centuries let a people's
 voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to
 him,
 Eternal honor to his name. 15

VII

A people's voice ! we are a people yet
 Tho' all men else their nobler dream
 forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and law
 less Powers,
 Thank Him who isled us here, and
 roughly set
 His Briton in blown seas and storming
 showers,
 We have a voice with which to pay
 the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and
 regret
 To those great men who fought, and
 kept it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brut
 control !
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye
 the soul 16
 Of Europe, keep our noble England
 whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom
 sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancien
 throne,
 That sober freedom out of which ther
 springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperat
 kings !
 For, saving that, ye help to save man
 kind
 Till public wrong be crumbled int
 dust,
 And drill the raw world for the marc
 of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and
 crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful over
 trust. 17
 Remember him who led your hosts ;
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seawar
 wall ;

ice is silent in your council-hall
 er ; and whatever tempests lour
 or silent ; even if they broke
 under, silent ; yet remember all
 like among you, and the Man
 who spoke ;
 ever sold the truth to serve the
 hour,
 alter'd with Eternal God for
 power ; 180
 at the turbid streams of rumor
 flow
 either babbling world of high
 and low ;
 life was work, whose language
 life
 rugged maxims hewn from life ;
 ever spoke against a foe ;
 eighty winters freeze with one
 rebuke
 at self-seekers trampling on the
 right.
 teller was our England's Alfred
 named ;
 lover was our English Duke ;
 ver record leap to light 190
 er shall be shamed.

VIII

e leader in these glorious wars
 o glorious burial slowly borne,
 'd by the brave of other lands,
 whom from both her open
 hands
 Honor shower'd all her stars,
 fluent Fortune emptied all her
 horn.
 t all good things await
 ho cares not to be great
 he saves or serves the state. 200
 ce or twice in our rough island-
 story
 ath of duty was the way to
 glory.
 t walks it, only thirsting
 e right, and learns to deaden
 of self, before his journey closes,
 ll find the stubborn thistle burst-
 ing
 leasy purples, which outresdden
 uptuous garden-roses.
 ce or twice in our fair island
 story
 ath of duty was the way to
 glory. 210
 it ever following her commands,

On with toil of heart and knees and
 hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light
 has won
 His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty
 scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon
 and sun.
 Such was he : his work is done.
 But while the races of mankind endure
 Let his great example stand 220
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the states-
 man pure ;
 Till in all lands and thro' all human
 story
 The path of duty be the way to glory.
 And let the land whose hearths he
 saved from shame
 For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illumin'd cities
 flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to
 him, 230
 Eternal honor to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet un moulded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not
 see.
 Peace, it is a day of pain
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung.
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one upon whose hand and heart
 and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe
 hung. 240
 Ours the pain, be his the gain !
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here
 At this, our great solemnity.
 Whom we see not we revere ;
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,
 And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility
 As befits a solemn fane ; 250
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,

Uplifted high in heart and hope are
we,

Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.

For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore 260
Make and break, and work their will,
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads
roll

Round us each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our
trust.

Hush, the Dead March wails in the
people's ears;

The dark crowd moves, and there are
sobs and tears;

The black earth yawns; the mortal
disappears;

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust: 270

He is gone who seem'd so great. —
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave
him.

Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him, 280
God accept him, Christ receive him!

1852.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,

All in the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

'Forward the Light Brigade!

Charge for the guns!' he said.

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'

Was there a man dismay'd?

Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd.

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die.

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of hell

Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,

Flash'd as they turn'd in air

Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while

All the world wonder'd.

Plunged in the battery-smoke

Right thro' the line they broke

Cossack and Russian

Reel'd from the sabre-stroke

Shatter'd and sunder'd.

Then they rode back, but not,

Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them

Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,

While horse and hero fell,

They that had fought so well

Came thro' the jaws of Death,

Back from the mouth of hell,

All that was left of them,

Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?

O the wild charge they made!

All the world wonder'd.

Honor the charge they made!

Honor the Light Brigade,

Noble six hundred!



64.



65

'Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know "'

ENOCH ARDEN AND OTHER POEMS

ENOCH ARDEN

586. lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ; in the chasm are foam and yel- low sands ; and, red roofs about a narrow wharf ruster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher 187. street climbs to one tall tower'd mill ;	 And high in heaven behind it a gray down With Danish barrows : and a hazel wood, By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes Green in a cuplike hollow of the down. Here on this beach a hundred years ago, Three children of three houses, Annie Lee, The prettiest little damsel in the port, And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
--	---

And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck,
play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the
shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fish-
ing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up-
drawn;
And built their castles of dissolving
sand
To watch them overflow'd, or follow-
ing up
And flying the white breaker, daily
left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the
cliff;
In this the children play'd at keeping
house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the
next,
While Annie still was mistress; but
at times
Enoch would hold possession for a
week:
'This is my house and this my little
wife.'
'Mine too,' said Philip; 'turn and
turn about;'
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch
stronger-made
Was master. Then would Philip, his
blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of
tears,
Shriek out, 'I hate you, Enoch,' and
at this
The little wife would weep for com-
pany.
And pray them not to quarrel for her
sake,
And say she would be little wife to
both.

But when the dawn of rosy child-
hood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascend-
ing sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke
his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the
girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;

But she loved Enoch, tho' she
it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch
A purpose evermore before his eye
To hoard all savings to the utter
To purchase his own boat, and
a home
For Annie; and so prosper'd that a
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not brea
For leagues along that breaker-be
coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he se
a year
On board a merchantman, and
himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had pl
a life
From the dread sweep of the d
streaming seas,
And all men look'd upon him fi
ably.
And ere he touch'd his one-and-t
tieth May
He purchased his own boat, and
a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, hal
up
The narrow street that clamber'
ward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eve
The younger people making holi
With bag and sack and basket,
and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. I
stay'd—
His father lying sick and ne
him—
An hour behind; but as he cl
the hill,
Just where the prone edge o
wood began
To feather toward the hollow,
the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting ha
hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-t
face
All-kindled by a still and sacred
That burn'd as on an altar. I
look'd,
And in their eyes and faces re
doom;
Then, as their faces drew tog
groan'd,

And slipt aside, and like a wounded
life
rept down into the hollows of the
wood;
ere, while the rest were loud in
merry-making,
and his dark hour unseen, and rose
and past
aring a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang
the bells,
and merrily ran the years, seven
happy years,
even happy years of health and com-
petence,

and mutual love and honorable toil,
with children, first a daughter. In
him woke,
with his first babe's first cry, the
noble wish

to save all earnings to the uttermost,
and give his child a better bringing-up
than his had been, or hers; a wish re-
new'd,

when two years after came a boy to be
his rose-idol of her solitudes,
while Enoch was abroad on wrathful
seas,

Or often journeying landward; for in
truth

Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's
ocean-spoil

In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand win-
ter gales,

Not only to the market-cross were
known,

But in the leafy lanes behind the down
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp

And peacock yew-tree of the lonely
Hall,

Whose Friday fare was Enoch's minis-
tering.

100

Then came a change, as all things
human change.

Ten miles to northward of the narrow
port

Open'd a larger haven. Thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or

sea;

And once when there, and clambering
on a mast

In harbor, by mischance he slipt and
fell.

A limb was broken when they lifted
him;



'He thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas'

And while he lay recovering there, his
 wife
 Bore him another son, a sickly one.
 Another hand crept too across his
 trade 110
 Taking her bread and theirs; and on
 him fell,
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing
 man,
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and
 gloom.
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the
 night,
 To see his children leading evermore
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
 And her he loved a beggar. Then he
 pray'd,
 'Save them from this, whatever comes
 to me.'
 And while he pray'd, the master of
 that ship
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mis-
 chance, 120
 Came, for he knew the man and valued
 him,
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would
 he go?
 There yet were many weeks before
 she sail'd,
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch
 have the place?
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance
 appear'd
 No graver than as when some little
 cloud
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
 And isles a light in the offing. Yet
 the wife — 131
 When he was gone — the children —
 what to do?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his
 plans:
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved
 her well —
 How many a rough sea had he
 weather'd in her!
 He knew her, as a horseman knows
 his horse —
 And yet to sell her — then with what
 she brought
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth
 in trade

With all that seamen ne-
 wives —
 So might she keep the ho-
 was gone.
 Should he not trade hin-
 der? go
 This voyage more than
 twice or thrice —
 As oft as needed — last, r
 Become the master of a l
 With fuller profits lead s
 Have all his pretty you
 cated,
 And pass his days in pea-
 own.

Thus Enoch in his hea-
 all;
 Then moving homewa-
 Annie pale,
 Nursing the sickly bab-
 born.
 Forward she started with
 And laid the feeble infan-
 Whom Enoch took, and l
 limbs,
 Appraised his weight
 fatherlike,
 But had no heart to breal-
 To Annie, till the morn-
 spoke.

Then first since Enoch
 had girt
 Her finger, Annie fough-
 will;
 Yet not with brawling o-
 But manifold entreaties,
 Many a sad kiss by day,
 new'd —
 Sure that all evil wou-
 it —
 Besought him, supplicati-
 For her or his dear child-
 He not for his own self c-
 Her and her children, let
 vain;
 So grieving held his wil-
 thro'.

For Enoch parted with
 friend,
 Bought Annie goods ar-
 set his hand
 To fit their little street
 room



'Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms'

th shelf and corner for the goods
and stores.
all day long till Enoch's last at
home,
aking their pretty cabin, hammer
and axe,
ger and saw, while Annie seem'd to
bear
'own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd
and rang,
this was ended, and his careful
hand, —
space was narrow, — having
order'd all
lost as neat and close as Nature
packs

Her blossom or her seedling, paused,
and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to
the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till
morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of
farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's
fears,
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to
him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mys-
tery

Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes,
 Whatever came to him; and then he said:
 'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it;'
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, 'and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —
 Nay — for I love him all the better for it —
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go.'

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to graver things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in heaven, she heard,
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke: 'O Enoch, you are wise;
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I
 That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well, then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here' —

He named the day; — 'get you man's glass,
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all fears.'

But when the last of those lamentations came.
 'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
 Look to the babes, and till I come keep everything shipshape, for I go.
 And fear no more for me; or if fear,
 Cast all your cares on God; that a holds.
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning? if I flee to
 Can I go from Him? and the His,
 The sea is His; He made it.'

Enoch
 Cast his strong arms about his clinging wife,
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken ones;
 But for the third, the sickly one slept
 After a night of feverous wakefulness
 When Annie would have raised him.
 Enoch said,
 'Wake him not, let him sleep; should the child
 Remember this?' and kiss'd him his cot.
 But Annie from her baby's for clipt
 A tiny curl, and gave it; this he Thro' all his future, but now he caught
 His bundle, waved his hand, and his way.

She, when the day that Enoch tion'd came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain.
 She could not fix the glass to sue eye;
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand ulous;
 She saw him not, and while he on deck
 Waving, the moment and the past.

Given to the last dip of the vanish-
ing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping
for him ;
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as
his grave,
Yet her sad will no less to chime with
his,
That throve not in her trade, not being
bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of
lies,
For asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding 'what would
Enoch say ?'
For more than once, in days of diffi-
culty
And pressure, had she sold her wares
for less
Than what she gave in buying what
she sold.
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it ;
and thus,
Expectant of that news which never
came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty suste-
nance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born
and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care ; nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her
from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed
most,
Or means to pay the voice who best
could tell
What most it needed — howsoe'er it
was,
After a lingering, — ere she was
aware, —
Like the caged bird escaping sud-
denly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie
buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd
for her peace, —
Since Enoch left he had not look'd
upon her, —
Smote him, as having kept aloof so
long.

'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see h
now,
May be some little comfort ;' then
fore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front
Paused for a moment at an inner door
Then struck it thrice, and, no on
opening,
Enter'd, but Annie, seated with h
grief,
Fresh from the burial of her litt
one,
Cared not to look on any human fac
But turn'd her own toward the wa
and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falte
ingly,
'Annie, I came to ask a favor of you

He spoke ; the passion in her moan
reply,
'Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am !' half abash'd him ; yet u
ask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at wa
He set himself beside her, saying
her :

'I came to speak to you of what I
wish'd,
Enoch, your husband. I have ev
said
You chose the best among us —
strong man ;
For where he fixt his heart he set h
hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore
thro',
And wherefore did he go this wear
way,
And leave you lonely ? not to see th
world —
For pleasure ? — nay, but for th
wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing u
Than his had been, or yours ; that wa
his wish.
And if he come again, vext will he b
To find the precious morning hour
were lost.
And it would vex him even in h
grave,
If he could know his babes were ru
ning wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Anni
now —

Have we not known each other all our
lives?
I do beseech you by the love you
bear
Him and his children not to say me
nay —
For, if you will, when Enoch comes
again
Why then he shall repay me — if you
will.
Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to
school;
This is the favor that I came to ask.³¹¹

Then Annie with her brows against
the wall
Answer'd, 'I cannot look you in the
face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke
me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks
me down.
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on
me;
He will repay you. Money can be
repaid.³¹²
Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd,
'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes
upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly
face,
Then calling down a blessing on his
head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it pas-
sionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl
to school,
And bought them needful books, and
every way,
Like one who does his duty by his
own,³¹³
Made himself theirs; and tho' for
Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest
wish.

And seldom crost her threshold, yet
he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herb
and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall
Or conies from the down, and now
and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the
meal
To save the offence of charitable
flour
From his tall mill that whistled o'er
the waste.³¹⁴

But Philip did not fathom Annie's
mind;
Scarce could the woman, when he
came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gra-
titude
Light on a broken word to thank him
with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
From distant corners of the street they
ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill
were they,
Worried his passive ear with petty
wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd
with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip
gain'd
As Enoch lost, for Enoch seem'd to
them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where: and so
ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native
land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch
came.

It chanced one evening Annie's
children long'd
To go with others nutting to the
wood,³¹⁵
And Annie would go with them
then they begg'd
For Father Philip, as they call'd him
too.
Him, like the working bee in blossom
dust.



'Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books'

anch'd with his mill, they found ;
and saying to him,
'Come with us, Father Philip,' he
denied ;
at when the children pluck'd at him
to go,
laugh'd, and yielded readily to
their wish,
r was not Annie with them ? and
they went.

But after scaling half the weary
down,
at where the prone edge of the
wood began

To feather toward the hollow, all her
force
Fail'd her ; and sighing, 'Let me rest,'
she said.
So Philip rested with her well-content ;
While all the younger ones with jubi-
lant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumult-
uously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made
a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and
bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear
away

Their tawny clusters, crying to each
other
And calling, here and there, about
the wood. 380

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one
dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a
wounded life
He crept into the shadow. At last he
said,
Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen,
Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in
the wood.
Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak
a word.

'Tired?' but her face had fallen upon
her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in
him,
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship
was lost! 390
No more of that! why should you kill
yourself
And make them orphans quite?'
And Annie said,
'I thought not of it; but—I know
not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer
spoke:
'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long
That, tho' I know not when it first
came there,
I know that it will out at last.
O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all
chance, 400
That he who left you ten long years
ago
Should still be living; well, then—let
me speak.
I grieve to see you poor and wanting
help;
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so
quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have
you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would
prove
A father to your children; I do think

They love me as a father; I am
That I love them as if they were
own;

And I believe, if you were fast
wife, ^{Raven}
That after all these sad uncertain
We might be still as happy as
grants
To any of his creatures. Think
it;
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no
No burthen, save my care for you
yours,
And we have known each other all
lives,
And I have loved you longer than
know.'

Then answer'd Annie—tenderly
spoke:
'You have been as God's good
in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward
for it,
Philip, with something happier
myself.
Can one love twice? can you be
loved
As Enoch was? what is it that
ask?'

'I am content,' he answer'd, 'I
loved
A little after Enoch.' 'O,' she
Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, v
while.
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will
come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so
Surely I shall be wiser in a year.
O, wait a little!' Philip sadly
'Annie, as I have waited all my
I well may wait a little.' 'Nay
cried,
'I am bound; you have my promise
—in a year.
Will you not bide your year as I
mine?'
And Philip answer'd, 'I will bide
year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip
glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the
day
Pass from the Danish barrow
head;

earring night and chill for Annie,
⁴⁴⁰
 at his voice beneath him thro'
 the wood.
 the children laden with their
 spoil;
 all descended to the port, and
 there
 nie's door he paused and gave
 his hand,
 ; gently, 'Annie, when I spoke
 to you,
 was your hour of weakness. I
 was wrong,
 always bound to you, but you
 are free.'
 Annie weeping answer'd, 'I am
 bound.'

spoke; and in one moment as it
 were,
 yet she went about her house-
 hold ways,
⁴⁵⁰

Even as she dwelt upon his latest
 words,
 That he had loved her longer than she
 knew,
 That autumn into autumn flash'd
 again,
 And there he stood once more before
 her face,
 Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year?'
 she ask'd.
 'Yes, if the nuts,' he said, 'be ripe
 again;
 Come out and see.' But she — she put
 him off —
 So much to look to — such a change —
 a month —
 Give her a month — she knew that she
 was bound —
 A month — no more. Then Philip with
 his eyes
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his
 voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,



'Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke:
 "Annie, there is a thing upon my mind"'

'Take your own time, Annie, take
your own time.'
And Annie could have wept for pity
of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-suffer-
ance,
Till half another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost, ⁴⁷⁰
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle
with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him
on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip
too,
As simple folk that knew not their
own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her
own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his
wish;
But evermore the daughter prest upon
her ⁴⁸⁰
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting
grew
Careworn and wan; and all these
things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but ear-
nestly
Pray'd for a sign, 'My Enoch, is he
gone?'
Then compass'd round by the blind
wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her
heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself
a light, ⁴⁹⁰
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
'Under the palm-tree.' That was no-
thing to her,
No meaning there; she closed the Book
and slept.
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,

Under a palm-tree, over him the s
'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is ha
he is singing
Hosanna in the highest; yonder sh
The Sun of Righteousness, and t
be palms
Whereof the happy people strov
cried
"Hosanna in the highest!"' Her
woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wi
to him,
'There is no reason why we sh
not wed.'
'Then for God's sake,' he answe
'both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at o

So these were wed, and merrily:
the bells,
Merrily rang the bells, and they
wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's he
A footstep seem'd to fall beside
path,
She knew not whence; a whispe
her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved al
be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out a
What ail'd her then that, ere
enter'd, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on
latch,
Fearing to enter? Philip thougl
knew:
Such doubts and fears were com
to her state,
Being with child; but when her
was born,
Then her new child was as hersel
new'd,
Then the new mother came about
heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in
And that mysterious instinct w
died.

And where was Enoch? Pro
ously sail'd
The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at
ting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastw
shook
And almost overwhelm'd her, ye
vext

ENOCH ARDEN

He slept across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 He passing thro' the summer world
 Again,
 The breath of heaven came continually
 And sent her sweetly by the golden
 Isles,
 All silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and
 Bought
 Saint monsters for the market of
 Those times,
 Gilded dragon also for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at
 First indeed
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by
 Day,

Carree-rocking, her full-busted figure-
 Head
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from
 Her bows:

Then follow'd calms, and then winds
 Variable,
 Then baffling, a long course of them;
 And last

Storm, such as drove her under moon-
 Less heavens
 Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers'
 Came

The crash of ruin, and the loss of
 All
 But Enoch and two others. Half the
 Night,
 Laid upon floating tackle and broken
 Spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at
 Morn
 Ich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human suste-
 Nance,
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nour-
 Iishing roots;

For save for pity was it hard to take
 The helpless life so wild that it was
 Tame.

There in a seaward-gazing mountain-
 Gorge
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves
 Of palm, a hut,

Half hut, half n cav
 three,
 Set in this Eden . . . all plenteo
 Dwelt with eternal summer,
 tent.

For one, the youngest, hardly more
 than boy,

Hurt in that night of sudden ruin
 and wreck,

Lay lingering out a five-years' death-
 in-life.

They could not leave him. After he
 was gone.

The two remaining found a fallen
 stem;

And Enoch's comrade, careless of
 himself,

Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion,
 fell

Sun-stricken, and that other lived
 alone.

In those two deaths he read God's
 warning 'wait.'

The mountain wooded to the peak,
 the lawns

And winding glades high up like
 ways to heaven,

The slender coco's drooping crown of
 plumes,

The lightning flash of insect and of
 bird,

The lustre of the long, convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems,
 and ran

Even to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the
 world,—

All these he saw; but what he fain
 had seen

He could not see, the kindly human
 face,

Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but
 heard

The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean
 fowl,

The league-long roller thundering on
 the reef,

The moving whisper of huge trees
 that branch'd

And blossom'd in the zenith, or the
 sweep

Of some precipitous rivulet to the
 wave,

As down the shore he ranged, or all
 day long



'A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail'

Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a
sail.

No sail from day to day, but every
day

The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and pre-
cipices;

The blaze upon the waters to the
east ;

The blaze upon his island overhead ;

The blaze upon the waters to the west ;

Then the great stars that globed them-
selves in heaven,

The hollower-bellowing ocean, and
again

The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no
sail.

There often as he watch'd or set
to watch,

So still the golden lizard on
paused,

A phantom made of many phant
moved

Before him haunting him, or he
self

Moved haunting people, things,
places, known

Far in a darker isle beyond
line ;

The babes, their babble, Annie,
small house,

The climbing street, the mill, the l
lunes,

The peacock yew-tree and the le
Hall,

The horse he drove, the boat he sold,
the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming
downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying
leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd
seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his
carn,
Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far
away — 610
He heard the pealing of his parish
bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore,
started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous
hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor
heart
Spoken with That which being every-
where
Lets none who speaks with Him seem
all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering
head
The sunny and rainy seasons came
and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his
own, 620
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely
doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another
ship —
She wanted water — blown by baffling
winds,
Like the 'Good Fortune,' from her
destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where
she lay;
For since the mate had seen at early
dawn
Across a break on the mist wreathen
isle
The silent water slipping from the
hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst
away 630
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd
the shores
With clamor. Downward from his
mountain gorge

Stept the long-hair'd, long-bear
solitary,
Brown, looking hardly hum
strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-
it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and mak-
signs
They knew not what; and yet he
the way
To where the rivulets of sweet wa-
ran,
And ever as he mingled with the crew
And heard them talking, his lo-
bouden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them
derstand;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd
they took aboard.
And there the tale he utter'd broken
Scarce-credited at first but more &
more,
Amazed and melted all who liste-
to it;
And clothes they gave him and f
passage home,
But oft he work'd among the rest &
shook
His isolation from him. None of th
Came from his country, or could
swer him.
If question'd, aught of what he ca-
to know.
And dull the voyage was with lo-
delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; 1
evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded mo-
He like a lover down thro' all his ble-
Drew in the dewy meadowy morn-
breath
Of England, blown across her ghos-
wall.
And that same morning officers &
men
Levied a kindly tax upon themself
Pitying the lonely man, and gave h
it;
Then moving up the coast they land-
him,
Even in that harbor whence he sa-
before.

There Enoch spoke no word to s
one,

But homeward — home — what home?
 had he a home? —
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was
 that afternoon.
 Sunny but chill; till drawn thro'
 either chasm,
 Where either haven open'd on the
 deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the
 world in gray,
 Cut off the length of highway on be-
 fore,
 And left but narrow breadth to left
 and right ⁶⁷⁰
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping
 haze
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore
 it down.
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the
 gloom;
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted
 light
 Flared on him, and he came upon the
 place.

Then down the long street having
 slowly stolen,
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd
 the home ⁶⁸⁰
 Where Annie lived and loved him,
 and his babes
 In those far-off seven happy years
 were born;
 But finding neither light nor murmur
 there —
 A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the driz-
 zle — crept
 Still downward thinking, 'dead or
 dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf
 he went,
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,
 So prompt, worm-eaten, ruinously old.
 He thought it must have gone; but
 he was gone ⁶⁹⁰
 Who kept it, and his widow Miriam
 Lane,
 With daily dwindling profits held the
 house;
 A haunt of brawling seamen once, but
 now

Still, with yet a bed for wander-
 men.
 There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and gen-
 erulous,
 Nor let him be, but often breaking
 in,
 Told him, with other annals of the past,
 Not knowing — Enoch was so brown,
 so bow'd,
 So broken — all the story of his house:
 His baby's death, her growing pov-
 erty, ⁷⁰⁰
 How Philip put her little ones to
 school,
 And kept them in it, his long wooing
 her,
 Her slow consent and marriage, and
 the birth
 Of Philip's child; and o'er his counte-
 nance
 No shadow past, nor motion. Any one,
 Regarding, well had deem'd he felt
 the tale
 Less than the teller; only when she
 closed,
 'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and
 lost,'
 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
 Repeated muttering, 'cast away and
 lost;' ⁷¹⁰
 Again in deeper inward whispers,
 'lost!'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face
 again:
 'If I might look on her sweet face
 again,
 And know that she is happy.' So the
 thought
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove
 him forth,
 At evening when the dull November
 day
 Was growing duller twilight, to the
 hill.
 There he sat down gazing on all below;
 There did a thousand memories roll
 upon him, ⁷²⁰
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's
 house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze al-
 lures

bird of passage, till he madly
strikes
lest it and beats out his weary life.

or Philip's dwelling fronted on the
street,
latest house to landward; but be-
hind,
a one small gate that open'd on
the waste,
erish'd a little garden square and
wall'd, 730
I in it throve an ancient evergreen,
yew-tree, and all round it ran a
walk
shingle, and a walk divided it.
: Enoch shunn'd the middle walk
and stole
by the wall, behind the yew; and
thence
at which he better might have
shunn'd, if griefs
as his have worse or better, Enoch
saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd
board
arkled and shone; so genial was the
hearth;
d on the right hand of the hearth
he saw 740
lip, the slighted suitor of old
times,
out, rosy, with his babe across his
knees;
d o'er her second father stooped a
girl,
ater but a loftier Annie Lee,
r-hair'd and tall, and from her
lifted hand
ngled a length of ribbon and a
ring
tempt the babe, who rear'd his
creasy arms,
ight at and ever miss'd it, and they
laugh'd;
I on the left hand of the hearth he
saw
: mother glancing often toward her
babe, 750
: turning now and then to speak
with him,
son, who stood beside her tall and
strong,
I saying that which pleased him,
for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to
life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw
the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's
knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the
happiness,
And his own children tall and beauti-
ful,
And him, that other, reigning in his
place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's
love — 760
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told
him all,
Because things seen are mightier than
things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the
branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible
cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast
of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the
hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a
thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate
underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-
wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and
be found, 770
Crept to the gate, and open'd it and
closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-
door,
Behind him, and came out upon the
waste.

And there he would have knelt, but
that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he
dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and
pray'd:

'Too hard to bear! why did they
take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour,
Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely
isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness

A little longer! aid me, give me
 strength ⁷⁸¹
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her
 peace.
 My children too! must I not speak to
 these?
 They know me not. I should betray
 myself.
 Never! no father's kiss for me—the
 girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my
 son.'

There speech and thought and nature
 fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced; but when he rose
 and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street
 he went ⁷⁹¹
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 'Not to tell her, never to let her
 know.'

He was not all unhappy. His re-
 solve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and ever-
 more
 Prayer from a living source within the
 will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter
 world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the
 sea,
 Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's
 wife.' ⁸⁰¹
 He said to Miriam, 'that you spoke
 about,
 Has she no fear that her first husband
 lives?'
 'Ay, ay, poor soul,' said Miriam, 'fear
 know!
 If you could tell her you had seen him
 dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort;' and
 he thought,
 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall
 know.
 I wait His time;' and Enoch set him-
 self,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to
 live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his
 hand.

Cooper he was and carpenter
 wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-
 help'd
 At lading and unlading the tal
 That brought the stinted corn
 those days,
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for
 Yet since he did but labor for
 Work without hope, there was
 in it
 Whereby the man could live;
 the year
 Roll'd itself round again to a
 day
 When Enoch had return'd, a
 came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, ga
 Weakening the man, till he c
 no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, a
 his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness
 fully.
 For sure no gladlier does the s
 wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a
 squall
 The boat that bears the hap
 approach
 To save the life despair'd o
 saw
 Death dawning on him, and
 of all.

For thro' that dawning
 kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking, 'after
 Then may she learn I loved
 last.'
 He call'd aloud for Miriam
 said:
 'Woman, I have a secret—
 Before I tell you—swear
 book
 Not to reveal it, till you s
 'Dead,' clamor'd the g
 'hear him talk!
 I warrant, man, that we
 you round.'
 'Swear,' added Enoch
 the book;
 And on the book, half-fri
 swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gra
 upon her,

Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?'
 Know him?' she said, 'I knew him far away.
 ay, I mind him coming down the street;
 held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
 Howly and sadly Enoch answer'd her:
 'His head is low, and no man cares for him.
 I think I have not three days more to live;
 I am the man.' At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry:
 'You Arden, you! nay, — sure he was a foot⁸⁵⁰
 Higher than you be.' Enoch said again:
 'My God has bow'd me down to what I am;

My grief and solitude have broken me;
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married — but that name has twice been changed —
 I married her who married Philip Ray.
 Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,⁸⁶⁰
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,



'Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer I and me, give me strength'

Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect
 else, 70
 But subject to the season or the mood,
 Shone like a mystic star between the
 less
 And greater glory varying to and fro,
 We know not wherefore; bounteously
 made,
 And yet so finely, that a troublous
 touch
 Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in
 a day,
 A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.
 And these had been together from the
 first.
 Leolin's first nurse was, five years after,
 hers.
 So much the boy foreran; but when
 his date 80
 Doubled her own, for want of play-
 mates, he —
 Since Averill was a decad and a half
 His elder, and their parents under-
 ground —
 Had tost his ball and flown his kite,
 and roll'd
 His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her
 dipt
 Against the rush of the air in the prone
 swing.
 Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, ar-
 ranged
 Her garden, sow'd her name and kept
 it green
 In living letters, told her fairy-tales.
 Show'd her the fairy footings on the
 grass, 90
 The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
 The petty mare's-tail forest, fairy
 pines,
 Or from the tiny pitted target blew
 What look'd a flight of fairy arrows
 aim'd
 All at one mark, all hitting, make-
 believes
 For Edith and himself; or else he
 forged,
 But that was later, boyish histories
 Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon,
 wreck,
 Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and
 true love
 Crown'd after trial; sketches rude and
 faint, 100
 But where a passion yet unborn per-
 haps

Lay hidden as the music of the moor
 Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nig-
 ingale.
 And thus together, save for colle-
 times
 Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, f
 As ever painter painted, poet sang,
 Or heaven in lavish bounty mould-
 grew.
 And more and more, the maiden wom-
 grown,
 He wasted hours with Averill; the
 when first
 The tented winter-field was broken
 Into that phalanx of the summer spe-
 That soon should wear the garlar
 there again
 When burr and bine were gather-
 lastly there
 At Christmas; ever welcome at
 Hall,
 On whose dull sameness his full t
 of youth
 Broke with a phosphorescence char-
 ing even
 My lady, and the baronet yet l
 laid
 No bar between them. Dull and s
 involved,
 Tall and erect, but bending from
 height
 With half-allowing smiles for all
 world,
 And mighty courteous in the main
 his pride
 Lay deeper than to wear it as his ring
 He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmer's
 Would care no more for Leolin's wa-
 ing with her
 Than for his old Newfoundland's, w
 they ran
 To loose him at the stables, for he n
 Two footed at the limit of his chair
 Roaring to make a third; and h
 should Love,
 Whom the cross lightnings of f
 chance-met eyes
 Flash into fiery life from nothing, l
 low
 Such dear familiarities of dawn?
 Seldom, but when he does, master
 all.
 So these young hearts, not know
 that they loved.
 Not she at least, nor conscious of a

a them, nor by plight or broken
lag
but an immemorial intimacy,
r'd at will, and oft accompanied
will; his, a brother's love, that sang
rings of brooding shelter o'er
her peace,
have been other, save for Leo-
lin's —¹⁴⁰
nows? but so they wander'd,
hour by hour
'd the blossom that re-bloom'd,
and drank
agic cup that fill'd itself anew.

hisper half reveal'd her to her-
self.

t beyond her lodges, where the
brook

with here and there a silence,
ran

lowy rims, arose the laborers'
homes,

uent haunt of Edith, on low
knolls

limpling died into each other,
huts

dom scatter'd, each a nest in
bloom.¹⁵⁰

t, her hand, her counsel, all had
wrought

them. Here was one that, sum-
mer-blanch'd,

arcel-bearded with the travel-
ler's joy

umn, parcel ivy-clad; and here
arm-blue breathings of a hid-
den hearth

from a bower of vine and
honeysuckle.

ok'd all rose-tree, and another
wore

aset robe of jasmine sown with
stars.

ad a rosy sea of gillyflowers
it; this, a milky-way on earth,

isions in the Northern dreamer's
heavens,¹⁶⁰

avenue climbing to the doors;
almost to the martin-haunted
caves

mer burial deep in hollyhocks;
its own charm; and Edith's
everywhere;

dith ever visitant with him,

He but less loved than Edith, of her
poor.

For she — so lowly-lovely and so lov-
ing,

Queenly responsive when the loyal
hand

Rose from the clay it work'd in as she
past,¹⁷⁰

Not sowing hedgerow texts and pass-
ing by,

Nor dealing goodly counsel from a
height

That makes the lowest hate it, but a
voice

Of comfort and an open hand of help,
A splendid presence flattering the
poor roofs

Revered as theirs, but kindlier than
themselves

To ailing wife or wailing infancy
Or old bedridden palsy, — was adored;

He, loved for her and for himself. A
grasp

Having the warmth and muscle of the
heart,¹⁸⁰

A childly way with children, and a
laugh

Ringing like proven golden coinage
true,

Were no false passport to that easy
realm,

Where once with Leolin at her side
the girl,

Nursing a child, and turning to the
warmth

The tender pink five-beaded baby-soles,
Heard the good mother softly whisper,

'Bless,
God bless 'em! marriages are made in
heaven.'

A flash of semi-jealousy clear'd it
to her.

My lady's Indian kinsman unan-
nounced¹⁹⁰

With half a score of swarthy faces
came.

His own, tho' keen and bold and sol-
dierly,

Sear'd by the close ecliptic, was not
fair;

Fairer his talk, a tongue that ruled
the hour,

Tho' seeming boastful. So when first
he dash'd

Into the chronicle of a deedful day,

Sir Aylmer half forgot his lazy smile
Of patron, 'Good! my lady's kins-
man! good!' ¹⁹⁸

My lady with her fingers interlock'd
And rotatory thumbs on silken knees,
Call'd all her vital spirits into each ear
To listen; unawares they flitted off,
Busying themselves about the flower-
age

That stood from out a stiff brocade in
which,

The meteor of a splendid season, she,
Once with this kinsman, ah! so long
ago,

Stept thro' the stately minuet of those
days.

But Edith's eager fancy hurried with
him

Snatch'd thro' the perilous passes of
his life;

Till Leolin, ever watchful of her eye,
Hated him with a momentary hate. ²¹¹

Wife-hunting, as the rumor ran, was
he.

I know not, for he spoke not, only
shower'd

His oriental gifts on every one

And most on Edith. Like a storm he
came,

And shook the house, and like a storm
he went.

Among the gifts he left her — pos-
sibly

He flow'd and ebb'd uncertain, to re-
turn

When others had been tested — there
was one,

A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels
on it ²²⁰

Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd
itself

Fine as ice-ferns on January panes
Made by a breath. I know not whence
at first,

Nor of what race, the work; but as
he told

The story, storming a hill-fort of
thieves

He got it; for their captain after fight,
His comrades having fought their last
below,

Was climbing up the valley, at whom
he shot.

Down from the beetling crag to which
he clung

Tumbled the tawny rascal at
This dagger with him, which
now admired

By Edith whom his pleasure
please,

At once the costly Sahib yik
her.

And Leolin, coming after
gone,

Tost over all her presents pet
And when she show'd the

scabbard, saying,
'Look what a lovely piece of

manship!'

Slight was his answer, 'Well,
not for it.'

Then playing with the blade he
his hand,

'A gracious gift to give a lad;
'But would it be more gracious

the girl,
'Were I to give this gift of h

That is no lady?' 'Gracious
said he.

'Me?—but I cared not for
pardon me,

I seem to be ungraciousness it
'Take it,' she added sweetly

his gift;
For I am more ungracious ev

you,
I care not for it either;' and h

'Why, then I love it;' but Sir
past,

And neither loved nor liked t
he heard.

The next day came a n
Blues and reds

They talk'd of; blues were su
he thought;

Then of the latest fox — wher
— kill'd

In such a bottom. 'Peter
brush,

My Peter, first;' and did Sir
know

That great pock-pitten fell
been caught?

Then made his pleasure echo,
hand,

And rolling as it were the s
of it

Between his palms a moment
down —

The birds were warm, the birds were
 warm upon him; ²⁶⁰
 I have him now; 'and had Sir Ayl-
 mer heard—
 ay, but he must—the land was
 ringing of it—
 the blacksmith border-marriage—
 one they knew—
 far from the nursery—who could
 trust a child?
 But cursed France with her egalities!
 He did Sir Aylmer—deferentially
 with nearing chair and lower'd accent
 —think—
 as people talk'd—that it was wholly
 wise
 but that handsome fellow Averill
 walk
 as freely with his daughter? people
 talk'd— ²⁷⁰
 the boy might get a notion into
 him;
 the girl might be entangled ere she
 knew.
 As Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening
 spoke:
 The girl and boy, sir, know their
 differences!
 Good,' said his friend, 'but watch!'
 and he, 'Enough,
 fore than enough, sir! I can guard
 my own.'
 They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer
 watch'd.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the
 house
 had fallen first, was Edith that same
 night;
 pale as the Jephtha's daughter, a
 rough piece ²⁸⁰
 of early rigid color, under which
 withdrawing by the counter door to
 that
 which Leolin open'd, she cast back
 upon him
 piteous glance, and vanish'd. He,
 as one
 caught in a burst of unexpected storm,
 and pelted with outrageous epithets,
 turning beheld the Powers of the
 House
 on either side the hearth, indignant;
 her,
 coloring her false cheek with a feather
 fan,

Him, glaring, by his own stale devil
 spur'd, ²⁹⁰
 And, like a beast hard-riden, breath-
 ing hard.
 'Ungenerous, dishonorable, base,
 Presumptuous! trusted as he was with
 her,
 The sole succeder to their wealth,
 their lands,
 The last remaining pillar of their
 house,
 The one transmitter of their ancient
 name,
 Their child.' 'Our child!' 'Our
 heiress!' 'Ours!' for still,
 Like echoes from beyond a hollow,
 came
 Her sicklier iteration. Last he said:
 'Boy, mark me! for your fortunes
 are to make. ³⁰⁰
 I swear you shall not make them out
 of mine.
 Now inasmuch as you have practised
 on her,
 Perplexed her, made her half forget
 herself,
 Swerve from her duty to herself and
 us—
 Things in an Aylmer deem'd impossi-
 ble,
 Far as we track ourselves—I say that
 this—
 Else I withdraw favor and counte-
 nance
 From you and yours for ever—shall
 you do.
 Sir, when you see her—but you shall
 not see her—
 No, you shall write, and not to her,
 but me; ³¹⁰
 And you shall say that having spoken
 with me,
 And after look'd into yourself, you
 find
 That you meant nothing—as indeed
 you know
 That you meant nothing. Such a
 match as this!
 Impossible, prodigious!' These were
 words,
 As meted by his measure of himself,
 Arguing boundless forbearance: after
 which,
 And Leolin's horror-stricken answer, 'I
 So foul a traitor to myself and her!
 Never, O, never!' for about as long

As the wind-hover hangs in balance,
 paused ³²¹
 Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm
 within,
 Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and
 crying,
 'Boy, should I find you by my doors
 again,
 My men shall lash you from them like
 a dog;
 Hence!' with a sudden execration
 drove
 The footstool from before him, and
 arose;
 So, stammering 'scoundrel' out of
 teeth that ground
 As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin
 still
 Retreated half-aghast, the fierce old
 man ³³⁰
 Follow'd, and under his own lintel
 stood
 Storming with lifted hands, a hoary
 face
 Meet for the reverence of the hearth,
 but now,
 Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd
 moon,
 Vext with unworthy madness, and
 deform'd.

Slowly and conscious of the rageful
 eye
 That watch'd him, till he heard the
 ponderous door
 Close, crashing with long echoes thro'
 the hall,
 Went Leolin; then, his passions all in
 flood
 And masters of his motion, furiously
 Down thro' the bright lawns to his
 brother's ran,
 And foam'd away his heart at Aver-
 ill's ear;
 Whom Averill solaced as he might,
 amazed;
 The man was his, had been his father's
 friend;
 He must have seen, himself had seen
 it long;
 He must have known, himself had
 known; besides,
 He never yet had set his daughter
 forth
 Here in the women-markets of the
 west,

Where our Caucasians let themselves
 be sold.
 Some one, he thought, had slander'd
 Leolin to him.
 'Brother, for I have loved you
 as son
 Than brother, let me tell you: I
 self—
 What is their pretty saying? jilted
 it?
 Jilted I was; I say it for your pain
 Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself
 shame
 The woman should have borne, I
 mutilated,
 I lived for years a stunted sun-
 life;
 Till after our good parents past away
 Watching your growth, I seem'd again
 to grow.
 Leolin, I almost sin in envying you.
 The very whitest lamb in all my fold
 Loves you; I know her; the woman
 thought she has
 Is whiter even than her pretty hand.
 She must prove true; for, brother,
 where two fight
 The strongest wins, and truth and
 love are strength.
 And you are happy; let her parent
 be.'

But Leolin cried out the more upon
 them—
 Insolent, brainless, heartless! heiress
 wealth,
 Their wealth, their heiress! wealth
 enough was theirs
 For twenty matches. Were he lord
 of this,
 Why, twenty boys and girls should
 marry on it,
 And forty blest ones bless him, and
 himself
 Be wealthy still, ay, wealthier. He
 believed
 This filthy marriage-hindering Mam-
 mon made
 The harlot of the cities; Nature ever
 Was mother of the foul adulteries
 That saturate soul with body. Name
 too! name,
 Their ancient name! they might be
 proud; its worth
 Was being Edith's. Ah, how pale
 she had look'd



AYLMER HALL.

o-night ! they must have
 l her ³⁸⁰
 ll tolerance. These old
 sant-lords,
 tridge-breeders of a thou-
 years,
 mildew'd in their thousands,
 g nothing
 ert — why, the greater their
 race !
 upon a name ! rest, rot in
 !
 it noble, make it nobler ?
 t,
 a vantage-ground for noble-
 !
 own a man, a quintessence
 an,
 all — who madly loved —
 he,
 by one of these old father-
 t, ³⁹⁰
 his life out, and made an

He would not do it ! her sweet face
 and faith
 Held him from that ; but he had pow-
 ers, he knew it.
 Back would he to his studies, make a
 name,
 Name, fortune too ; the world should
 ring of him,
 To shame these mouldy Aylmers in
 their graves.
 Chancellor, or what is greatest would
 he be —
 'O brother, I am grieved to learn
 your grief —
 Give me my fling, and let me say my
 say.'

At which, like one that sees his own
 excess, ⁴⁰⁰
 And easily forgives it as his own,
 He laugh'd, and then was mute, but
 presently
 Wept like a storm ; and honest Aver
 ill, seeing

How low his brother's mood had fallen,
 fetch'd
 His richest bee's-wing from a binn reserved
 For banquets, praised the waning red,
 and told
 The vintage — when *this* Aylmer came
 of age —
 Then drank and past it; till at length
 the two,
 Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again,
 agreed
 That much allowance must be made
 for men. ⁴¹⁰
 After an angry dream this kindlier
 glow
 Faded with morning, but his purpose
 held.

Yet once by night again the lovers
 met,
 A perilous meeting under the tall
 pines
 That darken'd all the northward of
 her Hall.
 Him, to her meek and modest bosom
 prest
 In agony, she promised that no force,
 Persuasion, no, nor death could alter
 her;
 He, passionately hopefuller, would go,
 Labor for his own Edith, and return
 In such a sunlight of prosperity ⁴²¹
 He should not be rejected. 'Write
 to me!
 They loved me, and because I love
 their child
 They hate me. There is war between
 us, dear,
 Which breaks all bonds but ours; we
 must remain
 Sacred to one another.' So they
 talk'd,
 Poor children, for their comfort. The
 wind blew,
 The rain of heaven and their own bit-
 ter tears,
 Tears and the careless rain of heaven,
 mixt
 Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each
 other ⁴³⁰
 In darkness, and above them roar'd
 the pine.

So Leolin went; and as we task
 ourselves

To learn a language known but s
 teringly
 In phrases here and there at ran
 toil'd
 Mastering the lawless science of
 law,
 That codeless myriad of preceden
 That wilderness of single instanc
 Thro' which a few, by wit or for
 led,
 May beat a pathway out to w
 and fame.
 The jests, that flash'd about the p
 er's room,
 Lightning of the hour, the pun
 scurrilous tale, —
 Old scandals buried now seven de
 deep
 In other scandals that have lived
 died,
 And left the living scandal that
 die —
 Were dead to him already; bent
 was
 To make disproof of scorn, and st
 in hopes,
 And prodigal of all brain-labor h
 Charier of sleep, and wine, and
 cise,
 Except when for a breathing-whi
 eve,
 Some niggard fraction of an hou
 ran
 Beside the river-bank. And the
 deed
 Harder the times were, and the b
 of power
 Were bloodier, and the accor
 hearts of men
 Seem'd harder too; but the soft
 breeze,
 Which fann'd the gardens of
 rival rose
 Yet fragrant in a heart remember
 His former talks with Edith, on
 breathed
 Far purer in his rushings to
 fro,
 After his books, to flush his blood
 air,
 Then to his books again. My l
 cousin,
 Half-sickening of his pension'd
 noon,
 Drove in upon the student on
 twice,

a Malay an amuck against the
 times,
 golden hopes for France and all
 mankind,
 never'd all queries touching those at
 home
 with a heaved shoulder and a saucy
 smile,
 he fain had haled him out into the
 world,
 he air'd him there. His nearer
 friend would say,
 knew not the chord too sharply lest
 it snap.
 he left alone he pluck'd her dagger
 forth ⁴⁷⁰
 where his worldless heart had
 kept it warm,
 being his vows upon it like a knight.
 and wrinkled benchers often talk'd of
 him
 approvingly, and prophesied his rise;
 in heart, I think, help'd head. Her
 letters too,
 he far between, and coming fitfully
 like broken music, written as she
 found
 he made occasion, being strictly
 watch'd,
 harm'd him thro' every labyrinth till
 he saw
 a end, a hope, a light breaking upon
 him. ⁴⁸⁰

But they that cast her spirit into
 flesh,
 or worldly-wise begetters, plagued
 themselves
 to sell her, those good parents, for her
 good.
 whatever eldest-born of rank or wealth
 might lie within their compass, him
 they lured
 to their net made pleasant by the
 baits
 gold and beauty, wooing him to
 woo.
 month by month the noise about
 their doors,
 and distant blaze of those dull ban-
 quets, made
 the nightly wirer of their innocent
 hare ⁴⁹⁰
 her before he took it. All in vain.
 then, defiant, pitying, wrath, re-
 turn'd

Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit
 So often, that the folly taking wings
 Slit o'er those lazy limits down the
 wind
 With rumor, and became in other
 fields
 A mockery to the yeomen over ale,
 And laughter to their lords. But those
 at home,
 As hunters round a hunted creature
 draw
 The cordon close and closer toward
 the death, ⁵⁰⁰
 Narrow'd her goings out and comings
 in;
 Forbade her first the house of Averill,
 Then closed her access to the wealth-
 ier farms,
 Last from her own home-circle of the
 poor
 They barr'd her. Yet she bore it, yet
 her cheek
 Kept color — wondrous! but, O mys-
 tery!
 What amulet drew her down to that
 old oak,
 So old, that twenty years before, a
 part
 Falling had let appear the brand of
 John —
 Once grove-like, each huge arm a tree,
 but now ⁵¹⁰
 The broken base of a black tower, a
 cave
 Of touchwood, with a single flourish-
 ing spray.
 There the manorial lord too curiously
 Raking in that millennial touchwood-
 dust
 Found for himself a bitter treasure
 trove;
 Burst his own wyvern on the seal, and
 read
 Writhing a letter from his child, for
 which
 Came at the moment Leolin's emis-
 sary,
 A crippled lad, and coming turn'd to
 fly,
 But scared with threats of jail and
 halter gave ⁵²⁰
 To him that fluster'd his poor parish
 wits
 The letter which he brought, and
 swore besides
 To play their go-between as heretofore

Nor let them know themselves be-
tray'd; and then,
Soul-stricken at their kindness to him,
went
Hating his own lean heart and miser-
able.

Thenceforward oft from out a des-
pot dream
The father panting woke, and oft, as
dawn
Aroused the black republic on his
clms,
Sweeping the froth fly from the fescue
brush'd
Thro' the dim meadow toward his
treasure-trove,
Seized it, took home, and to my lady,
— who made
A downward crescent of her minion
mouth,
Listless in all despondence, — read;
and tore,
As if the living passion symbol'd
there
Were living nerves to feel the rent;
and burnt,
Now chafing at his own great self de-
fied,
Now striking on huge stumbling-
blocks of scorn
In babyisms and dear diminutives
Scatter'd all over the vocabulary
Of such a love as like a chidden child,
After much wailing, hush'd itself at
last
Hopeless of answer. Then tho' Aver-
ill wrote
And bade him with good heart sus-
tain himself —
All would be well — the lover heeded
not,
But passionately restless came and
went,
And rustling once at night about the
place,
There by a keeper shot at, slightly
hurt,
Raging return'd. Nor was it well for
her
Kept to the garden now, and grove of
pines,
Watch'd even there; and one was set
to watch
The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd
them all,

Yet bitterer from his readings. O
indeed,
Warm'd with his wines, or tak-
ing pride in her,
She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her
derly,
Not knowing what possess'd him
That one kiss
Was Leolin's one strong rival upon
earth;
Seconded, for my lady follow'd and
Seem'd hope's returning rose;
then ensued
A Martin's summer of his fa-
vorite love,
Or ordeal by kindness. After this
He seldom crost his child without
sneer;
The mother flow'd in shallower a-
monies,
Never one kindly smile, one kin-
d word;
So that the gentle creature shut from
all
Her charitable use, and face to face
With twenty months of silence, slowly
lost,
Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold
life.
Last some low fever ranging round
spy
The weakness of a people or
house,
Like flies that haunt a wound, or de-
stroy or men,
Or almost all that is, hurting
hurt —
Save Christ as we believe him — for
the girl
And flung her down upon a couch
fire,
Where careless of the household fa-
nor,
And crying upon the name of Leolin
She, and with her the race of Aylmer
past.
Star to star vibrates light; may
to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her
So, — from afar, — touch as at once
or why
That night, that moment, when
named his name,
Did the keen shriek, 'Yes, love,
Edith, yes,'

till the comrade of his chambers
 woke.
 Came upon him half-arisen from
 sleep,
 A weird bright eye, sweating and
 trembling,
 As it were crackling into flames,
 Body half flung forward in pur-
 suit,
 His long arms stretch'd as to grasp
 a flyer.
 Knew he wherefore he had made
 the cry;
 Being much befooled and idi-
 oted
 the rough amity of the other,
 sank
 into sleep again. The second day,
 Lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,
 breaker of the bitter news from
 home,
 And a dead man, a letter edged
 with death
 Side him, and the dagger which
 hid himself
 In Edith, reddened with no bandit's
 blood;
 On Edith's was engraven on the
 blade.
 Then Averill went and gazed upon
 his death.
 When he came again, his flock be-
 lieved —
 Telling how the years which are
 not Time's
 Had blasted him — that many thou-
 sand days
 He clipt by horror from his term of
 life.
 The sad mother, for the second
 death
 Once touch'd her thro' that nearness
 of the first,
 Being used to find her pastor
 texts,
 To the harrow'd brother, praying
 him
 Speak before the people of her child,
 First the Sabbath. Darkly that
 day rose.
 Sun's mock sunshine of the faded
 woods
 All the life of it; for hard on these,
 breathless burthen of low-folded
 heavens

Stifled and chill'd at once; but every
 roof
 Sent out a listener. Many too had
 known
 Edith among the hamlets round, and
 since
 The parents' harshness and the hapless
 loves
 And double death were widely mur-
 mur'd, left
 Their own gray tower, or plain-faced
 tabernacle,
 To hear him; all in mourning these,
 and those
 With blots of it about them, ribbon,
 glove,
 Or kerchief; while the church, — one
 night, except
 For greenish glimmerings thro' the
 lancets, — made
 Still paler the pale head of him, who
 tower'd
 Above them, with his hopes in either
 grave.
 Long o'er his bent brows linger'd
 Averill,
 His face magnetic to the hand from
 which
 Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labor'd
 thro'
 His brief prayer-prelude, gave the
 verse, 'Behold,
 Your house is left unto you desolate!'
 But lapsed into so long a pause again
 As half amazed, half frightened, all his
 flock;
 Then from his height and loneliness of
 grief
 Bore down in flood, and dash'd his
 angry heart
 Against the desolations of the world.
 Never since our bad earth became
 one sea,
 Which rolling o'er the palaces of the
 proud,
 And all but those who knew the living
 God —
 Eight that were left to make a purer
 world —
 When since had flood, fire, earthquake,
 thunder, wrought
 Such waste and havoc as the idols
 tries
 Which from the low light of mortality

Shot up their shadows to the heaven
of heavens,
And worshipt their own darkness in
the Highest?
'Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy
brute Baäl,
And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,
For with thy worst self hast thou
clothed thy God.
Then came a Lord in no wise like to
Baäl.
The babe shall lead the lion. Surely
now
The wilderness shall blossom as the
rose.
Crown thyself, worm, and worship
thine own lusts! — 650
No coarse and blockish God of acreage
Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel
to —
Thy God is far diffused in noble groves
And princely halls, and farms, and
flowing lawns,
And heaps of living gold that daily
grow,
And title-scrolls and gorgeous herald-
ries.
In such a shape dost thou behold thy
God.
Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for *him*;
for thine
Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair
Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while
The deathless ruler of thy dying house
Is wounded to the death that cannot
die; 662
And tho' thou numberest with the
followers
Of One who cried, "Leave all and
follow me."
Thee therefore with His light about
thy feet,
Thee with His message ringing in thine
ears,
Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord
from heaven,
Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,
Wonderful, Prince of Peace, the
Mighty God,
Count the more base idolater of the
two; 670
Crueller, as not passing thro' the fire
Bodies, but souls — thy children's —
thro' the smoke,
The blight of low desires — darkening
thine own

To thine own likeness; or if one
these,
Thy better born unhappily from the
Should, as by miracle, grow straight
and fair —
Friends, I was bid to speak to such
one
By those who most have cause to
row for her —
Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields
corn,
Fair as the Angel that said "Hail!"
she seem'd,
Who entering fill'd the house with
den light.
For so mine own was brighten'd-
where indeed
The roof so lowly but that beam'd
heaven
Dawn'd sometime thro' the doorway
whose the babe
Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,
Warm'd at her bosom? The poor child
of shame,
The common care whom no one care
for, leapt
To greet her, wasting his forgotten
heart,
As with the mother he had never
known, 69
In gambols; for her fresh and inno-
cent eyes
Had such a star of morning in their
blue,
That all neglected places of the field
Broke into nature's music when they
saw her.
Low was her voice, but won myster-
ious way
Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder
one
Was all but silence — free of alms her
hand —
The hand that robed your cottage
walls with flowers
Has often toil'd to clothe your little
ones;
How often placed upon the sick man's
brow 71
Cool'd it, or laid his feverish pillow
smooth!
Had you one sorrow and she shared
not?
One burthen and she would not lighten
it?

I doubt she did not soothe ?
 The heat of difference spar-
 out,
 ly would she glide between
 wraths,
 you from each other ! for
 walk'd
 the light yoke of that Lord
 ve
 the rolling wave of Galilee !
 of him I was not bid to
 k —
 s with her, whom you also
 r.
 a loved, for he was worthy
 had been together from the
 :
 it have been together till
 ast.
 Is frail bark of ours, when
 y tried,
 : itself without the pilot's
 he captain's knowledge ;
 with me.
 me is that, if he went hence
 shame ?
 the fault, if losing both of
 :
 acant chairs and widow'd
 a,
 : is left unto me desolate."
 us he spoke, his hearers
 : but some,
 e glebe, with other frowns
 those
 themselves for summer
 ow, scow'd
 great lord. He, when it
 'd he saw
 meet-lightnings from afar,
 ork'd
 storm, and aiming at his
 harm'd from sorrow, sol-
 like,
 when the preacher's ca-
 e flow'd
 thro' all the gentle attri-
 :
 hild, the wife, who watch'd
 ice,
 sudden twitch of his iron
 h ;

And 'O, pray God that he hold up !'
 she thought,
 'Or surely I shall shame myself and
 him.'
 'Nor yours the blame—for who
 beside your hearths
 Can take her place—if echoing me
 you cry
 "Our house is left unto us desolate" ?
 But thou, O thou that killest, hadst
 thou known,
 O thou that stonest, hadst thou under-
 stood
 The things belonging to thy peace and
 ours !
 Is there no prophet but the voice that
 calls
 Doom upon kings, or in the waste "Re-
 pent" ?
 Is not our own child on the narrow
 way,
 Who down to those that saunter in
 the broad
 Cries, "Come up hither," as a prophet
 to us ?
 Is there no stoning save with flint and
 rock ?
 Yes, as the dead we weep for testify —
 No desolation but by sword and fire ?
 Yes, as your moanings witness, and
 myself
 Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my
 loss,
 Give me your prayers, for he is past
 your prayers,
 Not past the living fount of pity in
 heaven.
 But I that thought myself long suf-
 fering, meek,
 Exceeding "poor in spirit" — how the
 words
 Have twisted back upon themselves
 and mean
 Vileness, we are grown so proud — I
 wish'd my voice
 A rushing tempest of the wrath of
 God
 To blow these sacrifices thro' the
 world —
 Sent like the twelve-divided concubine
 To inflame the tribes ; but there —
 out yonder — earth
 Lightens from her own central hell —
 O, there
 The red fruit of an old idolatry —

The heads of chiefs and princes fall
 so fast,
 They cling together in the ghastly
 sack —
 The land all shambles — naked mar-
 riages
 Flash from the bridge, and ever-
 murder'd France,
 By shores that darken with the gather-
 ing wolf,
 Runs in a river of blood to the sick
 sea.
 Is this a time to madden madness then ?
 Was this a time for these to flaunt
 their pride ? 770
 May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as
 dense as those
 Which hid the Holiest from the peo-
 ple's eyes
 Ere the great death, shroud this great
 sin from all !
 Doubtless our narrow world must
 canvass it.
 O, rather pray for those and pity
 them,
 Who, thro' their own desire accom-
 plish'd, bring
 Their own gray hairs with sorrow to
 the grave —
 Who broke the bond which they de-
 sired to break,
 Which else had link'd their race with
 times to come —
 Who wove coarse webs to snare her
 purity, 780
 Grossly contriving their dear daugh-
 ter's good —
 Poor souls, and knew not what they
 did, but sat
 Ignorant, devising their own daugh-
 ter's death !
 May not that earthly chastisement
 suffice ?
 Have not our love and reverence left
 them bare ?
 Will not another take their heritage ?
 Will there be children's laughter in
 their hall
 For ever and for ever, or one stone
 Left on another, or is it a light thing
 That I, their guest, their host, their
 ancient friend, 790
 I made by these the last of all my
 race,
 Must cry to these the last of theirs, as
 cried

Christ ere His agony to those th
 swore
 Not by the temple but the gold, a
 made
 Their own traditions God, and a
 the Lord,
 And left their memories a worl
 curse — "Behold,
 Your house is left unto you de
 late" ?

Ended he had not, but she brood
 no more ;
 Long since her heart had beat remor-
 lessly,
 Her cramp'd-up sorrow pain'd her, a
 a sense
 Of meanness in her unresisting life.
 Then their eyes vex'd her ; for on-
 tering
 He had cast the curtains of their s
 aside —
 Black velvet of the costliest — she h
 self
 Had seen to that. Fain had she clo
 them now,
 Yet dared not stir to do it, or
 near'd
 Her husband inch by inch, but w
 she laid,
 Wifelike, her hand in one of his,
 veil'd
 His face with the other, and at on
 as falls
 A creeper when the prop is brok
 fell
 The woman shrieking at his feet, a
 swoon'd,
 Then her own people bore along t
 nave
 Her pendent hands, and narrow m
 gre face
 Seam'd with the shallow cares of fi
 years,
 And her the lord of all the landse
 round
 Even to its last horizon, and of all
 Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow
 out
 Tall and erect, but in the middle ai
 Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowd
 ways
 Stumbling across the market to
 death,
 Unpitied ; for he groped as blind, a
 seem'd

says about to fall, grasping the
pews
oaken finials till he touch'd the
door ;
to the lychgate, where his chariot
stood,
stepped from the porch, tall and erect
again.

but nevermore did either pass the
gate
under pall with bearers. In one
month,
his weary and yet ever wearier
hours,
his childless mother went to seek her
child ;
and when he felt the silence of his
house
out him, and the change and not
the change,
and those fix'd eyes of painted ances-
tors
gazing for ever from their gilded
walls
behind him their last descendant, his own
head
gan to droop, to fall. The man
became
beefy ; his one word was 'deso-
late.'
and for two years before his death
was he ;
till when the second Christmas came,
escaped
keepers, and the silence which he
felt,
find a deeper in the narrow gloom
wife and child ; nor wanted at his
end
dark retinue reverencing death
golden thresholds ; nor from tender
hearts,
those who sorrow'd o'er a van-
ish'd race,
the violet on the tyrant's grave.
in the great Hall was wholly
broken down,
the broad woodland parcell'd
into farms ;
where the two contrived their
daughter's good,
the hawk's cast, the mole has
made his run,
the hedgehog underneath the plan-
tain bores,

The rabbit fondles his own harmless
face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin
weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open
field.

SEA DREAMS

A city clerk, but gently born and
bred ;
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan
child—
One babe was theirs, a Margaret,
three years old.
They, thinking that her clear german-
der eye
Droopt in the giant-factored city-
gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given
them, to the sea ;
For which his gains were dock'd,
however small.
Small were his gains, and hard his
work ; besides,
Their slender household fortunes—
for the man
Had risk'd his little—like the little
thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a
deep.
And oft, when sitting all alone, his
face
Would darken, as he cursed his cred-
ulousness,
And that one unctuous mouth which
lured him, rogue,
To buy strange shares in some Peru-
vian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they
gain'd a coast,
All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning
cave,
At close of day ; slept, woke, and
went the next,
The Sabbath, pious varlers from the
church,
To chapel ; where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple
men,
Announced the coming doom, and
fulminated
Against the Scarlet Woman and her
creed.
For sideways up he swung his arms,
and shriek'd

'Thus, thus with violence,' even as
 if he held
 The Apocalyptic millstone, and him-
 self
 Were that great angel; 'Thus with
 violence
 Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;
 Then comes the close.' The gentle-
 hearted wife
 Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world.
 He at his own; but when the wordy
 storm
 Had ended, forth they came and paced
 the shore,
 Ran in and out the long sea-framing
 caves,
 Drank the large air, and saw, but
 scarce believed—
 The soot-flake of so many a summer
 still
 Clung to their fancies—that they saw,
 the sea.
 So now on sand they walk'd, and now
 on cliff,
 Lingered about the thymy promon-
 tories,
 Till all the sails were darken'd in the
 west,
 And rosed in the east, then homeward
 and to bed;
 Where she, who kept a tender Chris-
 tian hope,
 Haunting a holy text, and still to
 that
 Returning, as the bird returns, at
 night,
 'Let not the sun go down upon your
 wrath,'
 Said, 'Love, forgive him.' But he did
 not speak;
 And silenced by that silence lay the
 wife,
 Remembering her dear Lord who died
 for all,
 And musing on the little lives of men,
 And how they mar this little by their
 feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a
 full tide
 Rose with ground-swell, which, on the
 foremost rocks
 Touching, upjetted in spirits of wild
 sea-smoke,
 And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam,
 and fell

In vast sea-cataracts—ever and
 Dead claps of thunder from v
 the cliffs
 Heard thro' the living roar. A
 the babe,
 Their Margaret cradled near
 wail'd and woke
 The mother, and the father sad
 cried,
 'A wreck, a wreck!' then turn'
 groaning said:

'Forgive! How many will
 "forgive," and find
 A sort of absolution in the sound
 To hate a little longer! No; the
 That neither God nor man can
 forgive,
 Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at on
 Is it so true that second though
 best?
 Not first, and third, which are a
 first?
 Too ripe, too late! they come to
 for use.
 Ah, love, there surely lives in
 and beast
 Something divine to warn the
 their foes;
 And such a sense, when first I fr
 him,
 Said, "Trust him not;" but
 when I came
 To know him more, I lost it, knev
 less,
 Fought with what seem'd my ow
 charity,
 Sat at his table, drank his
 wines,
 Made more and more allowance f
 talk;
 Went further, fool! and trusted
 with all,
 All my poor scrapings from a
 years
 Of dust and desk-work. There
 such mine,
 None; but a gulf of ruin, swallo
 gold,
 Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! t
 roars
 Ruin—a fearful night!'

'Not fearful;
 Said the good wife, 'if every s
 heaven



"I dream'd
Of such a tide swelling toward the land"

an make it fair; you do but hear the
tide.
lad you ill dreams?'

'O, yes,' he said, 'I dream'd
Of such a tide swelling toward the
land,
And I from out the boundless outer
deep
swept with it to the shore, and enter'd
one
Of those dark caves that run beneath
the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless
deep
Bore thro' the cave, and I was heaved
upon it
In darkness; then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. "What a world,"
I thought,
"To live in!" but in moving on I
found

Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream
beyond;
And near the light a giant woman sat
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pickaxe in her hand. Then out
slept
Into a land all sun and blossom, tree
As high as heaven, and every bird tha
sings;
And here the night light flickering in
my eyes
Awoke me.'

'That was then your dream,' she
said,
'Not sad, but sweet.'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he
'And mused upon it, drifting up the
stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and piece

The broken vision ; for I dream'd that
 still
 The motion of the great deep bore me
 on,
 And that the woman walk'd upon the
 brink.
 I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd
 her of it.
 "It came," she said, "by working in
 the mines."
 O, then to ask her of my shares, I
 thought ;
 And ask'd ; but not a word ; she shook
 her head.
 And then the motion of the current
 ceased,
 And there was rolling thunder ; and
 we reach'd
 A mountain, like a wall of burs and
 thorns ;
 But she with her strong feet up the
 steep hill
 Trod out a path. I follow'd, and at
 top
 She pointed seaward ; there a fleet of
 glass,
 That seem'd a fleet of jewels under
 me,
 Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
 That not one moment ceased to thun-
 der, past
 In sunshine. Right across its track
 there lay,
 Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
 Or what seem'd gold ; and I was glad
 at first
 To think that in our often-ransack'd
 world
 Still so much gold was left ; and then
 I fear'd
 Lest the gay navy there should splin-
 ter on it,
 And fearing waved my arm to warn
 them off ;
 An idle signal, for the brittle fleet —
 I thought I could have died to save
 it — near'd,
 Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and
 vanish'd, and I woke,
 I heard the clash so clearly. Now I
 see
 My dream was Life, the woman honest
 Work,
 And my poor venture but a fleet of
 glass
 Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to
 fort him,
 'You raised your arm, you tun
 down and broke
 The glass with little Margaret's r
 cine in it ;
 And, breaking that, you made
 broke your dream.
 A trifle makes a dream, a trifle bre
 'No trifle,' groan'd the husb
 'yesterday
 I met him suddenly in the street,
 ask'd
 That which I ask'd the woman h
 dream.
 Like her, he shook his head. "G
 me the books !"
 He dodged me with a long and
 account.
 "The books, the books !" but h
 could not wait,
 Bound on a matter he of life
 death ;
 When the great Books — see D
 seven and ten —
 Were open'd, I should find he n
 me well ;
 And then began to bloat himself
 ooze
 All over with the fat affectionate
 That makes the widow lean.
 dearest friend,
 Have faith, have faith ! We liv
 faith," said he ;
 "And all things work together fo
 good
 Of those" — it makes me sick to c
 him — last
 Gript my hand hard, and with
 bless you went.
 I stood like one that had receiv
 blow.
 I found a hard friend in his
 accounts,
 A loose one in the hard grip of
 hand,
 A curse in his God-bless-you ;
 my eyes
 Pursued him down the street, an
 away,
 Among the honest shoulders of
 crowd,
 Read rascal in the motions of his l
 And scoundrel in the supple-sh
 knee.'

Was he so bound, poor soul?' said
the good wife;
are we all; but do not call him,
love,
are you prove him, rogue, and
proved, forgive.
gain is loss; for he that wrongs
his friend
sings himself more, and ever bears
about
fiest court of justice in his breast,
nself the judge and jury, and him-
self
prisoner at the bar, ever con-
demn'd.
that drags down his life; then
comes what comes
reafter; and he meant, he said he
meant,
haps he meant, or partly meant,
you well.'

"With all his conscience and one
eye askew"—
ve, let me quote these lines, that
you may learn
man is likewise counsel for himself,
o often, in that silent court of
yours—
With all his conscience and one eye
askew,
false, he partly took himself for
true;
lose pious talk, when most his
heart was dry,
de wet the crafty crowsfoot round
his eye;
no, never naming God except for
gain,
never took that useful name in vain,
de Him his catspaw and the Cross
his tool,
d Christ the bait to trap his dupe
and fool;
r deeds of gift, but gifts of grace
he forged,
d snake-like slimed his victim ere
he gorged;
d oft at Bible meetings, o'er the
rest
sing, did his holy oily best,
opping the too rough H in Hell
and Heaven,
spread the Word by which himself
had thriven."
like you this old satire?

'Nay,' she said,
'I loathe it; he had never kindly
heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity
in it.
But will you hear my dream, for I
had one
That altogether went to music? Still
It awed me.'

Then she told it, having dream'd
Of that same coast. —

But round the North, a light,
A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapor,
lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd,
a ridge
Of breaker issued from the belt, and
still
Grew with the growing note, and
when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on
those cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light—the
same as that
Living within the belt—whereby she
saw
That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs
no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every
age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could
see,
One after one; and then the great
ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt and swell'd
again
Slowly to music. Ever when it broke
The statues, king, or saint, or founder
fell;
Then from the gaps and chasms of
ruin left
Came men and women in dark clus-
ters round,
Some crying, 'Set them up! they
shall not fall!'
And others, 'Let them lie, for they
have fallen.'
And still they strove and wrangled;
and she grieved
In her strange dream, she knew not
why, to find

Their wildest wailings never out of
tune
With that sweet note; and ever as
their shrieks
Ran highest up the gamut, that great
wave
Returning, while none mark'd it, on
the crowd
Broke, mixt with awful light, and
show'd their eyes
Glaring, and passionate looks, and
swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men
of stone, 230
To the waste deeps together.

'Then I fixt
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crown'd with stars and high
among the stars, —
The Virgin Mother standing with her
child
High up on one of those dark minster-
fronts —
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a
cry
Which mixt with little Margaret's,
and I woke,
And my dream awed me; — well —
but what are dreams?
Yours came but from the breaking of
a glass. 240
And mine but from the crying of a
child.'

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this
tide's roar, and his,
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom
And loud-lung'd Antibabylonian-
isms —
Altho' I grant but little music there —
Went both to make your dream; but
if there were
A music harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd
about,
Why, that would make our passions
far too like
The discords dear to the musician.
No — 250
One shriek of hate would jar all the
hymns of heaven.
True devils with no ear, they howl in
tune
With nothing but the devil!'

'"True"!'
One of our town, but later by;
Here than ourselves, spoke w
on the shore;
While you were running do
sands, and made
The dimpled flounce of the sea
low flap,
Good man, to please the child
brought strange news.
Why were you silent when I
to-night?
I had set my heart on your fo
him
Before you knew. We must
the dead.'

'Dead! who is dead?'

'The man your eye p
A little after you had part
him,
He suddenly dropt dead of h
ease.'

'Dead? he? of heart-disease
heart had he
To die of? dead!'

'Ah, dearest, if t
A devil in man, there is an ang
And if he did that wrong you
him with,
His angel broke his heart. B
rough voice —
You spoke so loud — has rou
child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will
sleep
Without her "little birdie"
then, sleep,
And I will sing you "birdie."

Say:
The woman half turn'd roun
him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reachin
the night
Her other, found — for it wa
beside —
And half-embraced the basket
head
With one soft arm, which, l
pliant bough
That moving moves the nest a
ling, sway'd

e, while she sang this baby-
g: 280

does little birdie say
nest at peep of day?
fly, says little birdie,
let me fly away.
rest a little longer,
little wings are stronger,
rests a little longer,
he flies away.

does little baby say,
bed at peep of day? 290
says, like little birdie,
rise and fly away.
sleep a little longer,
little limbs are stronger;
sleeps a little longer,
oo shall fly away.

sleeps; let us too, let all evil
sp.
sleeps—another sleep than
a.
lo no more wrong; forgive
a, dear,
all sleep the sounder!

Then the man,
is yet live, the worst is yet
come. 301
our sleep for this one night
sound;
ive him!

'Thanks, my love,' she said,
vn will be the sweeter' and
y slept.

NG AT THE OPENING THE INTERNATIONAL SITION

I
a thousand voices full and
cet,
wide hall with earth's inven-
n stored,
raise the invisible universal
rd,
s once more in peace the
ions meet,
Science, Art, and Labor have
poured
riad horns of plenty at our
t.

II

O silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jub-
lee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks
to thee!

III

The world-compelling plan was
thine,—

And, lo! the long laborious miles
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design.
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and enginery,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or fairy-fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Art divine!
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
The works of peace with works of
war.

IV

Is the goal so far away?
Far, how far no tongue can say,
Let us dream our dream to-day.

V

O ye, the wise who think, the wise
who reign,
From growing Commerce loose her
latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peace
maker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden
hours;
Till each man find his own in all
men's good,
And all men work in noble brother-
hood,
Breaking their muffled fleets and armed
towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's
powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth
and crown'd with all her flowers.

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA

MARCH 7, 1863

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the
sea,

Alexandra !

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of
thee,

Alexandra !

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of
fleet !

Welcome her, thundering cheer of the
street !

Welcome her, all things youthful and
sweet,

Scatter the blossom under her feet !

Break, happy land, into earlier flowers !

Make music, O bird, in the new-budded
bowers !

Blazon your mottoes of blessing and
prayer !

Welcome her, welcome her, all that is
ours !

Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare !

Flags, flutter out upon turrets and
towers !

Flames, on the windy headland flare !

Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire !

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air !

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire !

Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and
higher

Melt into stars for the land's desire !

Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,

Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the
strand,

Roar as the sea when he welcomes the
land,

And welcome her, welcome the land's
desire,

The sea-kings' daughter as happy as
fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the
sea —

O joy to the people and joy to the
throne,

Come to us, love us and make us your
own ;

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome
of thee,

Alexandra !

THE GRANDMOTHER

I

AND Willy, my eldest-born, is
you say, little Anne ?

Ruddy and white, and strong
legs, he looks like a man.

And Willy's wife has written
never was over-wise,

Never the wife for Willy ; he wo
take my advice.

II

For, Annie, you see, her fath-
not the man to save,

Had n't a head to manage, and
himself into his grave.

Pretty enough, very pretty ! bu
against it for one.

Eh ! — but he would n't hear me
Willy, you say, is gone.

III

Willy, my beauty, my eldest-bo
flower of the flock :

Never a man could fling hi
Willy stood like a rock.

' Here's a leg for a babe of a
says Doctor ; and he wo
bound

There was not his like that y
twenty parishes round.

IV

Strong of his hands, and strong
legs, but still of his tong

I ought to have gone before I
wonder he went so youn,

I cannot cry for him, Annie ;
not long to stay.

Perhaps I shall see him the soo
he lived far away.

V

Why do you look at me, Annie

think I am hard and colic

But all my children have gone
me, I am so old.

I cannot weep for Willy, nor
weep for the rest ;

Only at your age, Annie, I coul
wept with the best.

VI

For I remember a quarrel I ha

your father, my dear,

THE GRANDMOTHER



'Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago'

All for a slanderous story, that cost
me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie; it
cost me a world of woe,
seventy years ago, my darling, seventy
years ago.

VII

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to
the place, and I knew right well
That Jenny had tript in her time; I
knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering
me, the base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire, as you know,
my dear, the tongue is a fire.

VIII

And the parson made it his text that
week, and he said likewise
That a lie which is half a truth is
ever the blackest of lies.
That a lie which is all a lie may be
met and fought with outright.
But a lie which is part a truth is a
harder matter to fight.

IX

And Willy had not been down to
farm for a week and a day;
And all things look'd half-dead,
it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew w
Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will ne
make oneself clean.

X

And I cried myself well-nigh bli
and all of an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth,
stood by the road at the gate
The moon like a rick on fire
rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the b
beside me chirrup the n
ingale.

XI

All of a sudden he stopt; there I
by the gate of the farm
Willy, — he didn't see me, —
Jenny hung on his arm.

Out into the road I started, and spoke
I scarce knew how ;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one —
it makes me angry now.

XII

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd
the thing that he meant ;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking
curtsey and went.
And I said, 'Let us part; in a hun-
dred years it 'll all be the same.
You cannot love me at all, if you love
not my good name.'

XIII

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all
wet, in the sweet moonshine :
'Sweetheart, I love you so well that
your good name is mine. 50
And what do I care for Jane, let her
speak of you well or ill ;
But marry me out of hand ; we two
shall be happy still.'

XIV

'Marry you, Willy!' said I, 'but I
needs must speak my mind,
And I fear you 'll listen to tales, be
jealous and hard and unkind.'
But he turn'd and claspt me in his
arms, and answer'd, 'No, love,
no ;'
Seventy years ago, my darling, sev-
enty years ago.

XV

So Willy and I were wedded. I wore
a lilac gown ;
And the ringers rang with a will, and
he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead
before he was born ;
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie,
flower and thorn. 60

XVI

That was the first time, too, that ever
I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that
never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Anne, not since
I had been a wife ;
But I wept like a child that day, for
the babe had fought for his life.

XVII

His dear little face was troubled, as
if with anger or pain ;
I look'd at the still little body — his
trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see
him another morn ;
But I wept like a child for the child
that was dead before he was
born.

XVIII

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for
he seldom said me nay.
Kind, like a man, was he ; like a man
too, would have his way ;
Never jealous — not he. We had
many a happy year ;
And he died, and I could not weep —
my own time seem'd so near.

XIX

But I wish'd it had been God's wil
that I, too, then could have
died ;
I began to be tired a little, and fair
had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more
if I don't forget ;
But as to the children, Annie, they 'r
all about me yet.

XX

Pattering over the boards, my Anni
who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie
an Annie like you ;
Pattering over the boards, she come
and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and
Charlie ploughing the hill. 70

XXI

And Harry and Charlie, I hear ther
too — they sing to their team :
Often they come to the door in
pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, the
hover about my bed —
I am not always certain if they b
alive or dead.

XXII

And yet I know for a truth there'
none of them left alive,

Harry went at sixty, your father
at sixty-five;
Willy, my eldest-born, at nigh
threescore and ten.
I knew them all as babies, and now
they're elderly men.

XXIII

Time is a time of peace, it is not
often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my
father's farm at eve;
And the neighbors come and laugh
and gossip, and so do I;
And myself often laughing at things
that have long gone by.

XXIV

Be sure the preacher says, our
sins should make us sad;
Time is a time of peace, and there
is Grace to be had;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us
all when life shall cease;
And in this Book, little Annie, the
message is one of peace.

XXV

Old age is a time of peace, so it be
free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I
would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all,
and long for rest;
Truly at your age, Annie, I could have
wept with the best.

XXVI

Willy has gone, my beauty, my
eldest-born, my flower;
I know can I weep for Willy, he has
but gone for an hour, —
I see for a minute, my son, from this
room into the next;
Too, shall go in a minute. What
time have I to be vexed?

XXVII

And Willy's wife has written, she
never was over-wise,
I give me my glasses, Annie; thank
God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I
shall have past away.
I stay with the old woman now;
You cannot have long to stay.

NORTHERN FARMER

OLD STYLE

I

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä
liggin' 'ere aloän?
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse;
whoy, Doctor'sabeän an' agoän,
Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle,
but I beänt a fool;
Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gawin'
to break my rule.

II

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says
what's nawways true;
Naw soort o' koind o' use to säy the
things that a do.
I've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight
sin' I beän 'ere.
An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-
noight for foorty year.

III

Parson's a beän loikewise, an' a sit-
tin' 'ere o' my bed.
'The Amoighty's a taäkin o' you' to
'issén, my friend,' a said,
An' a towd ma my sins, an' 's toithe
were due, an' I gied it in
hond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done
boy the lond.

IV

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot
sa mooch to larn.
But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy
Marris's barne.
Thaw a knaws I hallus voästed wi'
Squire an' choorch an' staäte,
An' I' the woost o' toimes I wur niver
agin the raäte.

V

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor
moy Sally wur dead,
An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike
a buzzard-clock² ower my 'eä.
An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd
but I thowt a 'ad summut to
säy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a
said, an' I coom'd awaäy.

¹ *as in hour.*² *Cockchafer.*

VI

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she
laaid it to meä.
Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a
bad un, sheil.
'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass,
tha mun understond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done
boy the lond.

VII

But Parson a cooms an' a goäs, an' a
says it eäsy an' freeä:
'The Amoighty 's a taäkin o' you to
'iseän, my friend,' says 'eä.
I weänt saäly men be loiars, thaw sum-
mun said it in 'aäste;
But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weäkä, an'
I 'a stubb'd Thurnaby waäste.

VIII

D' ya moind the waäste, my lass?
naw, naw, tha was not born
then;
Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eärd
'um mysen;
Moäst loike a butter-bump,¹ fur I 'eärd
'um about an' about,
But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an'
raäved an' rembled 'um out.

IX

Keäper's it wur: fo' they fun 'um theer
a-laaid of 'is faäce
Down i' the woild 'emies² afoor I
coom'd to the plaäce.
Noäks or Thimbleby — toäner³ 'ed
shot 'um as deääd as a naäil.
Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize —
but git ma my aäle.

X

Dubbut looök at the waäste; theer
warn't not feeäld for a cow;
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an'
looök at it now —
Warn't worth nowt a haäere, an' now
theer's lots o' feeäld,
Fourscoor⁴ yows upon it, an' some on
it down i' seeäld.⁵

XI

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd
to 'a stubb'd it at fall.

¹ Bittern. ² Anemones. ³ One or other.
⁴ ou as in hour. ⁵ Clover.

Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'
plow thruff it an' all,
If Godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbu
let ma aloän, —
Meä, wi' haäte hoonderd haäcre o'
Squire's, an' lond o' my oän.

XII

Do Godamoighty know what a 's do
ing a-taäkin' o' meä?
I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an
yonder a peä;
An' Squire 'ull be sa mad an' all —
a' dear, a' Gear!
And I 'a managed for Squire eoon
Michaelmas thutty year.

XIII

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'an
not a 'aäpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins —
niver mended a fence;
But Godamoighty a moost taäke me
an' taäke ma now,
Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurn-
aby hoäilms to plow!

XIV

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when they
seeäs ma a passin' boy,
Says to thessän, naw doubt, 'What
man a beä sewer-loy!
Fur they knaws what I beän to Squoir
sin' fust a coom'd to the 'All;
I done moy duty by Squire an' I done
moy duty boy hall.

XV

Squire 's i' Lunnon, an' summun
reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
For whoä 's to howd the lond ater meä
thot muddles ma quoit;
Sartin-sewer I beä thot a weänt nive
give it to Joänes,
Naw, nor a moänt to Robins — a nive
rembles the stoäns.

XVI

But sunmun 'ull come ater meä may
hap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feäld
wi' the devil's oän teäm.
Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loit
they says is sweet,
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for
couldn abeär to see it.

XVII

at attie stannin' theer fur, an' doesn
bring ma the aile ?
ctor's a 'tattler, lass, an a's hallus
f' the owd talle ;
weint breik rules fur Doctor, a
knows naw moor nor a floy ;
ma my aile, I tell tha, an' if I mun
doy I mun doy.

NORTHERN FARMER

NEW STYLE

I

an't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as
they canthers awaay ?
oputty, proputty, proputty — that's
what I 'ears 'em saay.
oputty, proputty, proputty — Sam,
thou's an ass for thy pains ;
weir's moor sense f' one o' 'is legs,
nor in all thy brains.

II

oa — theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha,
Sam : yon's parson's 'ouse —
an't thou know that a man mun be
eather a man or a mouse ?
ime to think on it then ; for thou'll
be twenty to weelk.¹
oputty, proputty — woä then, woä
— let ma 'ear mysen speäk.

III

e an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän
a-talkin' o' thee ;
ou's beän talkin' to muther, an' she
beän a-tellin' it me.
ou'll not marry for munny — thou's
sweet upo' parson's lass —
ä — thou'll marry for luvv — an' we
boäth on us thinks tha an ass.

IV

ä'd her to-däy goä by — Säint's-
däy — they was ringin' the
bella,
e's a beauty, thou thinks — an' soä
is scoors o' gella,
em as 'as munny an' all — wot's a
beauty ? — the flower as blaws.
t proputty, proputty sticks, an' propu-
tutty, proputty graws.

¹ This week.

V

Do'ant be stunt ;¹ taäke time. I
knows what maäkes tha sa mad.
Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysen
when I wur a lad ?
But I know'd a Quaäker feller as
often 'as tow'd ma this :
'Doänt thou marry for munny, but
goä wheer munny is !'

VI

An' I went wheer munny war ; an'
thy muther coom to 'and,
Wi' lots o' munny laäid by, an' a nice-
tish bit o' land.
Maäybe she warn't a beauty — I niver
giv it a thowt —
But warn't she as good to cuddle an'
kiss as a lass as 'ant nowt ?

VII

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt
'a nowt when 'e's deä
Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut,
and addle² her breä.
Why ? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an'
weänt niver get hiss'en clear,
An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor
'e coom'd to the shere.

VIII

An' thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi'
lots o' Varsity debt,
Stook to his taäl they did, an' 'e 'ant
got shut on 'em yet.
An' 'e ligs on 'is back f' the grip, wi'
noän to lend 'im a shove,
Woorse nor a far-welter'd³ yowe ; fur,
Sammy, 'e married fur luvv.

IX

Luvv ? what's luvv ? thou can luvv
thy lass an' 'er munny too,
Maäkin' 'em goä together, as they've
good right to do.
Couldn I luvv thy muther by cause
'er munny laäid by ?
Naäy — fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight
moor fur it ; reäson why.

X

Ay, an' thy muther says thou wants to
marry the lass,

¹ Obstinate.

² Earn.

³ Or, low-welter'd, - - said of a sheep lying
on its back in the furrow.

Cooms of a gentleman burn ; an' we
boath on us thinks tha an
ass.

Woa then, propuppy, wiltha ? — an ass
as near as mays nowt ¹ —

Woa then, wiltha ? dangtha ! — the
bees is as fell as owt. ²

XI

Break me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd,
lad, out o' the fence !

Gentleman burn ! what 's gentleman
burn ? is it shillins an' pence ?

Propuppy, propuppy 's ivrything 'ere,
an', Sammy, I 'm blest

If it is n't the saäme oop yonder, fur
them as 'as it 's the best.

XII

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breaks
into 'ouses an' steäls,

Them as 'as coäts to their backs an'
taäkes their regular meäls.

Noä, but it 's them as niver knaws
wheer a meäl 's to be 'ad.

Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the
poor in a loomp is bad.

XIII

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun
'a beän a laäzy lot,

Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin'
whiniver munny was got.

Feyther 'ad ammost nowt ; leästways
'is munny was 'id.

But 'e tued an' moil'd issén deäd, an'
'e died a good un, 'e did.

XIV

Looök thou theer wheer Wigglesby
beck cooms out by the 'ill !

Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I
runs oop to the mill ;

An' I 'll run oop to the brig, an' that
thou 'll live to see ;

And if thou marries a good un I 'll
leäve the land to thee.

XV

Thim 's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby
I meäns to stick ;

But if thou marries a bad un, I 'll
leäve the land to Dick. —

¹ Makes nothing.

² The flies are as fierce as anything.

Coom oop, propuppy, propuppy —
what I 'ears 'im saäy —
Propuppy, propuppy, propuppy —
an' canter awaäy.

IN THE VALLEY OF CA
RETZ

ALL along the valley, strea
flashest white,

Deepening thy voice with the d
ing of the night,

All along the valley, where thy
flow,

I walk'd with one I loved tv
thirty years ago.

All along the valley, while I
to-day,

The two and thirty years were
that rolls away ;

For all along the valley, dow
rocky bed,

Thy living voice to me was
voice of the dead,

And all along the valley, by ro
cave and tree,

The voice of the dead was a
voice to me.

THE FLOWER

ONCE in a golden hour

I cast to earth a seed.

Up there came a flower,

The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went

Thro' my garden-bower,

And muttering discontent

Cursed me and my flower

Then it grew so tall

It wore a crown of light,

But thieves from o'er the w

Stole the seed by night ;

Sow'd it far and wide

By every town and towe

Till all the people cried,

'Splendid is the flower.'

Read my little fable :

He that runs may read.

Most can raise the flowers ;

For all have got the seed

some are pretty enough,
 d some are poor indeed;
 now again the people
 ll it but a weed.

REQUIESCAT

her cottage in its place,
 re you broad water sweetly,
 slowly glides
 itself from thatch to base
 in the sliding tides.

irer she, but ah, how soon to
 file!
 quiet dream of life this hour
 may cease.
 aceful being slowly passes by
 ome more perfect peace.

THE SAILOR BOY

at dawn and, fired with hope,
 o'er the seething harbor-bar,
 ach'd the ship and caught the
 ope,
 whistled to the morning star

And while he whistled long and loud
 He heard a fierce mer maiden cry,
 'O boy, tho' thou art young and
 proud,
 I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
 In caves about the dreary bay,
 And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
 And in thy heart the scrawl shall
 play.'

'Fool,' he answer'd, 'death is sure
 To those that stay and those that
 roam,
 But I will nevermore endure
 To sit with empty hands at home.

'My mother clings about my neck,
 My sisters crying, "Stay for
 shame;"
 My father raves of death and wreck, —
 They are all to blame, they are all
 to blame.

'God help me! save I take my part
 Of danger on the roaring sea,
 A devil rises in my heart,
 Far worse than any death to me.'



"God help me! save I take my part
 Of danger on the roaring sea!"

THE ISLET

'WHITHER, O whither, love, shall we
 go,
 For a score of sweet little summers or
 so?'
 The sweet little wife of the singer
 said,
 On the day that follow'd the day she
 was wed,
 'Whither, O whither, love, shall we
 go?'
 And the singer shaking his curly
 head
 Turn'd as he sat, and struck the keys
 There at his right with a sudden
 crash,
 Singing, 'And shall it be over the
 seas
 With a crew that is neither rude nor
 rash,
 But a bevy of Eroses apple-cheek'd,
 In a shallop of crystal ivory-beak'd?
 With a satin sail of a ruby glow,
 To a sweet little Eden on earth that I
 know,
 A mountain islet pointed and peak'd:
 Waves on a diamond shingle dash,
 Cataract brooks to the ocean run,
 Fairily-delicate palaces shine
 Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine,
 And overstream'd and silvery-streak'd
 With many a rivulet high against the
 sun
 The facets of the glorious mountain
 flash
 Above the valleys of palm and pine.'
 'Thither, O thither, love, let us go.'
 'No, no, no!
 For in all that exquisite isle, my dear,
 There is but one bird with a musical
 throat,
 And his compass is but of a single
 note,
 That it makes one weary to hear.'
 'Mock me not! mock me not! love,
 let us go.'
 'No, love, no.
 For the bud ever breaks into bloom
 on the tree,
 And a storm never wakes on the lonely
 sea,

And a worm is there in the lo
 wood,
 That pierces the liver and black
 the blood,
 And makes it a sorrow to be.'

A DEDICATION

DEAR, near and true, — no truer I
 himself
 Can prove you, tho' he make
 evermore
 Dearer and nearer, as the rapid
 life
 Shoots to the fall, — take this
 pray that he
 Who wrote it, honoring your s'
 faith in him,
 May trust himself; and after p
 and scorn,
 As one who feels the immeasur
 world,
 Attain the wise indifference of
 wise;
 And after autumn past — if left
 pass
 His autumn into seeming-less
 days —
 Draw toward the long frost and l
 est night,
 Wearing his wisdom lightly, like
 fruit
 Which in our winter woodland l
 a flower.¹

EXPERIMENTS

BOÄDICÉA

WHILE about the shore of Mona t
 Xeronian legionaries
 Burnt and broke the grove and
 of the Druid and Druidess,
 Far in the East Boädicéa, stand
 loftily charioted,
 Mad and maddening all that h
 her in her fierce volubility,
 Girt by half the tribes of Britain,
 the colony Cámulodúne,
 Yell'd and shriek'd between
 daughters o'er a wild cor
 eracy.

¹ The fruit of the Spindle-tree (*Emus Europæus*).

'They that scorn the tribes and call
us Britain's barbarous popu-
laces,

Did they hear me, would they listen,
did they pity me supplicating?
Shall I heed them in their anguish?
shall I brook to be supplicated?

Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear,
Coritanian, Trinobant!

Must their ever-ravaging eagle's beak
and talon annihilate us?

Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave
it gorily quivering?

Bark an answer, Britain's raven!
bark and blacken innumerable,

Blacken round the Roman carrion,
make the carcase a skeleton,

Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin,
from the wilderness, wallow in
it,

Till the face of Bel be brighten'd,
Taranis be propitiated.

Lo their colony half-defended! lo
their colony, C  mulod  ne!

There the horde of Roman robbers
mock at a barbarous adversary.

There the hive of Roman liars wor-
ship an emperor-idiot.

Such is Rome, and this her deity;
hear it, Spirit of C  ssiv  laun!

'Hear it, Gods! the Gods have
heard it, O Icenian, O Corita-
nian!

Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd,
Catieuchlanian, Trinobant.

These have told us all their anger in
miraculous utterances,

Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a
murmur heard aerially,

Phantom sound of blows descending,
moan of an enemy massacred,

Phantom wail of women and children,
multitudinous agonies.

Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling
phantom bodies of horses and
men;

Then a phantom colony smoulder'd
on the reflux estuary;

Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly
giddily tottering—

There was one who watch'd and told
me— down their statue of Vic-
tory fell.

Lo their precious Roman bantling, lo
the colony C  mulod  ne,

Shall we teach it a Roman lesson
shall we care to be pitiful?

Shall we deal with it as an infant
shall we dandle it amorously

'Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian
hear, Coritanian, Trinobant!

While I roved about the forest, lo
and bitterly meditating,

There I heard them in the darkness
at the mystical ceremony;

Loosely robed in flying raiment, as
the terrible prophetesses:

"Fear not, isle of blowing woodlands
isle of silvery parapets!

Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee
tho' the gathering enemy row thee,

Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle
thou shalt be the mighty

yet!

Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine
the deeds to be celebrated,

Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, thine
and shadow illimitable,

Thine the lands of lasting summer
many-blossoming Paradises,

Thine the North and thine the South
and thine the battle-thunder

God."

So they chanted: how shall Britain
light upon auguries happier

So they chanted in the darkness, so
there cometh a victory now.

'Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian
hear, Coritanian, Trinobant!

Me the wife of rich Prasutagus,
the lover of liberty,

Me they seized and me they tortured
me they lash'd and humiliate

Me the sport of ribald Veterans, me
of ruffian violators!

See, they sit, they hide their faces
miserable in ignominy!

Wherefore in me burns an anger,
by blood to be satiated.

Lo the palaces and the temple, lo
the colony C  mulod  ne!

There they ruled, and thence they
wasted all the flourishing to-
tory,

Thither at their will they haled
yellow-ringed Britoness—

Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle
unexhausted, inexorable.

Shout, Icenian, Catleuchlanian, shout,
Coritanian, Trinobant,
Till the victim hear within and yearn
to hurry precipitously,
Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind,
like the smoke in a hurricane
whirl'd.

Lo the colony, there they rioted in the
city of Cúnobeline! 60

There they drank in cups of emerald,
there at tables of ebony lay,
Rolling on their purple couches in their
tender effeminacy.

There they dwelt and there they rioted;
there—there—they dwell no
more.

Burst the gates, and burn the palaces,
break the works of the statuary,
Take the hoary Roman head and shat-
ter it, hold it abominable,

Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his
lust and voluptuousness,

Lash the maiden into swooning, me
they lash'd and humiliated,

Chop the breasts from off the mother,
dash the brains of the little one
out,

Up, my Britons! on, my chariot! on,
my chargers, trample them
under us!

So the Queen Boádicæa, standing
loftily charioted, 70

Brandishing in her hand a dart and
rolling glances lioness-like,

Yell'd and shriek'd between her daugh-
ters in her fierce volubility.

Till her people all around the royal
chariot agitated,

Madly dash'd the darts together, writh-
ing barbarous lineaments,

Made the noise of frosty woodlands,
when they shiver in January,

Roar'd as when the roaring breakers
boom and blanch on the preci-
pices,

Yell'd as when the winds of winter
tear an oak on a promontory.

So the silent colony, hearing her tumultu-
ous adversaries

Clash the darts and on the buckler beat
with rapid unanimous hand,

Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all
her pitiless avarice, 80

Till she felt the heart within her fall
and flutter tremulously,

Then her pulses at the clamor
her enemy fainted away

Out of evil evil flourishes, out
anny tyranny buds.

Ran the land with Roman slaves
multitudinous agonies.

Perish'd many a maid and
many a valorous legion

Fell the colony, city, and citad-
don, Verulam, Cúmulod

IN QUANTITY

(HEXAMETERS AND PENTAMETERS)

ON TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER

THESE lame hexameters the
wing'd music of Homer

No—but a most burlesque
rous experiment.

When was a harsher sound eve
ye Muses, in England?

When did a frog coarser cro
our Helicon?

Hexameters no worse than dari
many gave us,

Barbarous experiment, be
hexameters.

(ALCAICS)

MILTON

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor
monies,

O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity
God-gifted organ-voice of Earth

Milton, a name to resound
ages;

Whose Titan angels, Gabriel,
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeons

ries,
Tower, as the deep-domed en

Rings to the roar of an ange
Me rather all that bowery lone

The brooks of Eden mazily n
ing,

And bloom profuse and ceda
Charm, as a wanderer out i

Where some refulgent sunset
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial oc

And crimson-hued the statel
woods

Whisper in odorous hei
even.

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852

(HEPHESTIASTILLARIS)

TO THE CHORUS OF INDOLENT REVIEWERS'

O you chorus of indolent reviewers,
 Responsible, indolent reviewers,
 Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem
 All composed in a metre of Catullus,
 All in quantity, careful of my motion,
 Like the skater on ice that hardly bears
 him,
 Lest I fall unawares before the people,
 Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.
 Should I flounder awhile without a
 tumble
 Thro' this metrification of Catullus,
 They should speak to me not without
 a welcome,
 All that chorus of indolent reviewers.
 Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to
 tumble,
 So fantastical is the dainty metre.
 Therefore slight me not wholly, nor
 believe me
 Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers.
 O blatant Magazines, regard me
 rather —
 Since I blush to belaud myself a moment —
 As some rare little rose, a piece of in-
 most
 Horticultural art, or half coquette-like
 Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD IN BLANK VERSE

[ILIAD, VIII 542-561]

So Hector spake; the Trojans roar'd
 applause;
 Then loosed their sweating horses from
 the yoke,
 And each beside his chariot bound his
 own;
 And oxen from the city, and goodly
 sheep
 In haste they drove, and honey hearted
 wine
 And bread from out the houses
 brought, and heap'd

Their firewood, and the winds
 off the plain
 Roll'd the rich vapor far into
 heaven.
 And these all night upon the brink
 of war
 Sat glorying; many a fire before
 t
 blazed.
 As when in heaven the stars about
 moon
 Look beautiful, when all the w
 are laid,
 And every height comes out, and
 ting peak
 And valley, and the immeasur
 heavens
 Break open to their highest, and
 the stars
 Shine, and the shepherd gladden
 his heart;
 So many a fire between the ships
 stream
 Of Xanthus blazed before the tow
 of Troy,
 A thousand on the plain; and close
 each
 Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fl
 And eating hoary grain and pulse
 steeds,
 Fixt by their cars, waited the gol
 dawn.

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1

My Lords, we heard you speak:
 told us all
 That England's honest censure w
 too far,
 That our free press should cease
 brawl,
 Not sting the fiery Frenchman
 war.
 It was our ancient privilege, my Lo
 To fling whate'er we felt, not fear
 into words.
 We love not this French God, the c
 of hell,
 Wild War, who breaks the conv
 of the wise;
 But though we love kind Peace
 well,
 We dare not even by silence sanc
 lies.

1 Or, ridge.

It might be safe our censures to with-
draw,
And yet, my Lords, not well; there is
a higher law.

As long as we remain, we must speak
free,

Tho' all the storm of Europe on us
break.

No little German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe; we
must speak,

That if to-night our greatness were
struck dead,
There might be left some record of
the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be
bold.

Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant
o'er.

Better the waste Atlantic roll'd
On her and us and ours for evermore.

What! have we fought for Freedom
from our prime,

At last to dodge and palter with a
public crime?

Shall we fear *him*? our own we never
fear'd.

From our first Charles by force we
wrung our claims.

Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
We flung the burthen of the second
James.

I say, we *never* fear'd! and as for
these,

We broke them on the land, we drove
them on the seas.

And you, my Lords, you make the
people muse

In doubt if you be of our Barons'
breed—

Were those your sires who fought at
Lewes?

Is this the manly strain of Runny-
mede?

O fallen nobility that, overawed,
Would lisp in honey'd whispers of
this monstrous fraud!

We feel, at least, that silence here were
sin,

Not ours the fault if we have feeble
hosts—

If easy patrons of their kin
Have left the last free race
naked coasts!

They knew the precious thing
had to guard;

For us, we will not spare the
one hard word.

Tho' niggard throats of Man
may bawl,

What England was, shall be
sons forget?

We are not cotton-spinners all,
But some love England at
honor yet.

And these in our Thermopylæ
stand,

And hold against the world this
of the land.

A WELCOME TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, DUCHESS OF ALBANY

MARCH 7, 1874

I

THE Son of him with whom we
for power—

Whose will is lord thro' all his
domain—

Who made the serf a man, and
his chain—

Has given our Prince his own in
Flower,

Alexandrovi
And welcome, Russian flower,

ple's pride,

To Britain, when her flowers
to blow!

From love to love, from home
home you go,

From mother unto mother,
bride,

Marie Alexandrovi

II

The golden news along the steppes
blown,

And at thy name the Tartars
are stirr'd;

Elburz and all the Caucasus
heard;

CHILD SONGS

And all the sultry palms of India
known,

Alexandrovna.

The voices of our universal sea

On capes of Afric as on cliffs of
Kent,

The Maoris and that Isle of Conti-
nent,

And loyal pines of Canada murmur
there,

Marie Alexandrovna !

III

But empires branching, both, in lusty
life !—

Yet Harold's England fell to Norman
swords ;

Yet thine own land has bow'd to
Tartar hordes

Since English Harold gave its throne
a wife,

Alexandrovna !

For thrones and peoples are as waifs
that swing,

And float or fall, in endless ebb and
flow ;

But who love best have best the
grace to know

That Love by right divine is deathless
king,

Marie Alexandrovna !

IV

And Love has led thee to the stranger
land,

Where men are bold and strongly
say their say ;—

See, empire upon empire smiles to-
day,

As thou with thy young lover hand in
hand,

Alexandrovna !

So now thy fuller life is in the west,
Whose hand at home was gracious

to thy poor ;
Thy name was blest within the nar-
row door ;

Here also, Marie, shall thy name be
blest,

Marie Alexandrovna !

V

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame
again ?

Or at thy coming, Princess, every-
where,

The blue heaven break, and so
diviner air

Breathe thro' the world and cha-
nge the hearts of men,

Alexandrovna ?

But hearts that change not, love t
cannot cease,

And peace be yours, the peace
soul in soul !

And howsoever this wild world n
roll,

Between your peoples truth and m
ful peace,

Alfred — Alexandrovna

IN THE GARDEN AT SWAIN TON

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,
Within was weeping for thee ;

Shadows of three dead men
Walk'd in the walks with me,

Shadows of three dead men, t
thou wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods,
The Master was far away ;

Nightingales warbled and sang
Of a passion that lasts but a day

Still in the house in his coffin
Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known
In courtesy like to thee ;

Two dead men have I loved
With a love that ever will be ;

Three dead men have I loved, t
thou art last of the three.

CHILD SONGS

I

THE CITY CHILD

DAINTY little maiden, whither wo
you wander ?

Whither from this pretty home,
home where mother dwells ?

'Far and far away,' said the dai
little maiden,

'All among the gardens, auricul
anemones,

Roses and lilies and Canterb
bella.'

Dainty little maiden, whither would
you wander?

Whither from this pretty house,
this city-house of ours?
'Far and far away,' said the dainty
little maiden,
'All among the meadows, the clover
and the clematis,
Daisies and kingcups and honey-
suckle-flowers.'

II

MINNIE AND WINNIE

MINNIE and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell.
'What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?'

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies!
The sun is aloft!

THE SPITEFUL LETTER

HERE, it is here, the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter.
My name in song has done him much
wrong,
For himself has done much better.

O little bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine,
I hear the roll of the ages.

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of
the times!
Are mine for the moment stronger?

Yet hate me not, but abide your lot
I last but a moment longer.

This faded leaf, our names are as brief
What room is left for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the green
leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I — is that your cry?
And men will live to see it.
Well — if it be so — so it is, you know
And if it be so, so be it.

Brief, brief is a summer leaf,
But this is the time of hollies.
O hollies and ivies and evergreens,
How I hate the spites and the follies

LITERARY SQUABBLES

AN God! the petty fools of rhyme
That shriek and sweat in pigmy war
Before the stony face of Time,
And look'd at by the silent stars;

Who hate each other for a song,
And do their little best to bite
And pinch their brethren in the throng
And scratch the very dead for spite

And strain to make an inch of room
For their sweet selves, and cannot
hear
The sullen Lethe rolling doom
On them and theirs and all things
here;

When one small touch of Charity
Could lift them nearer Godlike state
Than if the crowded Orb should cry
Like those who cried Diana great.

And I too talk, and lose the touch
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is perfect stillness when they brav

THE VICTIM

I

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low;
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe

WAGES

So thick they died the people cried,
 'The Gods are moved against the
 land.'

The Priest in horror about his altar
 To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:
 'Help us from famine
 And plague and strife!
 What would you have of us?
 Human life?
 Were it our nearest,
 Were it our dearest, —
 Answer, O answer! —
 We give you his life.'

II

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
 And cattle died, and deer in wood,
 And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
 And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
 And dead men lay all over the way,
 Or down in a furrow scathed with
 flame;
 And ever and aye the Priesthood
 moan'd,
 Till at last it seem'd that an answer
 came:
 'The King is happy
 In child and wife;
 Take you his dearest,
 Give us a life.'

III

The Priest went out by heath and
 hill;

The King was hunting in the wild;
 They found the mother sitting still;
 She cast her arms about the child.
 The child was only eight summers old,
 His beauty still with his years in-
 creased,

His face was ruddy, his hair was gold;
 He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
 The Priest beheld him,
 And cried with joy,
 'The Gods have answer'd;
 We give them the boy.'

IV

The King return'd from out the wild,
 He bore but little game in hand;
 The mother said, 'They have taken
 the child
 To spill his blood and heal the land.
 The land is sick, the people diseased,
 And blight and famine on all the
 sea;

The holy Gods, they must be appeas'd
 So I pray you tell the truth to me
 They have taken our son,
 They will have his life,
 Is he your dearest?
 Or I, the wife?'

V

The King bent low, with hand
 brow,
 He stay'd his arms upon his knee
 'O wife, what use to answer now
 For now the Priest has judged
 me.'

The King was shaken with holy fear
 'The Gods,' he said, 'would I
 chosen well;
 Yet both are near, and both are dear
 And which the dearest I can
 tell!'

But the Priest was happy,
 His victim won:
 'We have his dearest,
 His only son!'

VI

The rites prepared, the victim bare
 The knife uprising toward the altar
 To the altar-stone she sprang along
 'Me, not my darling, no!
 He caught her away with a sudden
 cry;

Suddenly from him brake his wail
 And shrieking, 'I am his dearest,
 I am his dearest!' rush'd on
 knife.

And the Priest was happy:
 'O Father Odin,
 We give you a life.
 Which was his nearest?
 Who was his dearest?
 The Gods have answer'd;
 We give them the wife!'

WAGES

GLORY of warrior, glory of ore
 glory of song,

Paid with a voice flying by to be
 on an endless sea —

Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle
 to right the wrong —

Nay, but she aim'd not at glory
 lover of glory she;

Give her the glory of going on,
 still to be.

The wages of sin is death : if the
wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for
the life of the worm and the
fly ?
She desires no isles of the blest, no
quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to
bask in a summer sky ;
Give her the wages of going on, and
not to die.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas,
the hills and the plains, —
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of
Him who reigns ?

Is not the Vision He, tho' He be not
that which He seems ?
Dreams are true while they last, and
do we not live in dreams ?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of
body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy
division from Him ?

Dark is the world to thee ; thyself art
the reason why,
For is He not all but thou, that hast
power to feel ' I am I ' ?

Glory about thee, without thee ; and
thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams and a
stilled splendor and gloom.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
and Spirit with Spirit can
meet —
Closer is He than breathing, and
nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise ; O Soul, and
let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thun-
der is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some : no God at all,
says the fool.
For all we have power to see is a
straight staff bent in a pool ;

And the ear of man cannot hear,
the eye of man cannot see ;
But if we could see and hear,
Vision — were it not He ?

THE VOICE AND THE PEAK

I

THE voice and the Peak
Far over summit and lawn,
The lone glow and long roar
Green-rushing from the rosy thr
of dawn !

II

All night have I heard the voice
Rave over the rocky bar,
But thou wert silent in heaven,
Above thee glided the star.

III

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,
That standest high above all ?
I am the voice of the Peak,
I roar and rave, for I fall.

IV

A thousand voices go
To North, South, East, and West
They leave the heights and
troubled,
And moan and sink to their rest

V

The fields are fair beside them,
The chestnut towers in his blood
But they — they feel the desire of
deep —
Full, and follow their doom.

VI

The deep has power on the height
And the height has power on the
deep ;
They are raised for ever and ever,
And sink again into sleep.

VII

Not raised for ever and ever,
But when their cycle is o'er,
The valley, the voice, the peak,
star
Pass, and are found no more.



'Hast thou no voice, O Peak'

VIII

Peak is high and flush'd
his highest with sunrise fire;
Peak is high, and the stars are high,
and the thought of a man is higher.

IX

Deep below the deep,
and a height beyond the height!
hearing is not hearing,
and our seeing is not sight.

X

voice and the Peak
er into heaven withdrawn,
lone glow and long roar
een-rushing from the rosy thrones
of dawn!

OWER IN THE CRANNIED
WALL'

wen in the crannied wall,
ack you out of the crannies,

I hold you here, root and all, in my
hand,
Little flower—but if I could under-
stand
What you are, root and all, and all in
all,
I should know what God and man is.

LUCRETIVS

LUCILLA, wedded to Lucretius, found
Her master cold; for when the morn-
ing flush
Of passion and the first embrace had
died
Between them, tho' he loved her none
the less,
Yet often when the woman heard his
foot
Return from pacings in the field, and
ran
To greet him with a kiss, the master
took

Small notice, or austere, for — his
mind
Half buried in some weightier argu-
ment,
Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise
And long roll of the hexameter — he
past¹¹
To turn and ponder those three hun-
dred scrolls
Left by the Teacher, whom he held
divine.
She brook'd it not, but wrathful, pet-
ulant,
Dreaming some rival, sought and
found a witch
Who brew'd the philtre which had
power, they said,
To lead an errant passion home again.
And this, at times, she mingled with
his drink,
And this destroy'd him; for the wicked
broth
Confused the chemic labor of the
blood,²⁰
And tickling the brute brain within
the man's
Made havoc among those tender cells,
and check'd
His power to shape. He loathed him-
self, and once
After a tempest woke upon a morn
That mock'd him with returning calm,
and cried:

'Storm in the night! for thrice I
heard the rain
Rushing; and once the flash of a
thunderbolt —
Methought I never saw so fierce a
fork —
Struck out the streaming mountain-
side, and show'd
A riotous confluence of watercourses
Blanching and billowing in a hollow
of it,³¹
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-
dry.

'Storm, and what dreams, ye holy
Gods, what dreams!
For thrice I waken'd after dreams.
Perchance
We do but recollect the dreams that
come
Just ere the waking. Terrible: for it
seem'd

A void was made in Nature, all
bonds
Crack'd; and I saw the flaring at-
streams
And torrents of her myriad universe
Ruining along the illimitable mass,
Fly on to clash together again, at
make
Another and another frame of things
For ever. That was mine, my dream
I knew it —
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless fore-
plies
His function of the woodland; but I
next!
I thought that all the blood by Syl-
shed
Came driving rainlike down again
earth,
And where it dash'd the redden
meadow, sprang
No dragon warriors from Cadme
teeth,
For these I thought my dream was
show to me,
But girls, Hetairai, curious in ar-
art,
Hired animalisms, vile as those I
made
The mulberry-faced Dictator's
worse
Than aught they fable of the
Gods.
And hands they mixt, and yell'd
round me drove
In narrowing circles till I yell'd
Half-suffocated, and sprang up,
saw —
Was it the first beam of my latest
day?
'Then, then, from utter gloom
out the breasts,
The breasts of Helen, and hovering
a sword
Now over and now under, now
Pointed itself to pierce, but mark'd
shamed
At all that beauty; and as I stared
fire,
The fire that left a roofless Ilion.
Shot out of them, and scorch'd as I
I woke.

'Is this thy vengeance, holy Ven-
thine,



not one of thine own	Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs
were offer'd to thee?	are glad
my rich procemion	Nosing the mother's udder, and the
ing the Italian field,	bird
outlast thy deity?	Makes his heart voice amid the blaze
	of flowers;
	Which things appear the work of
	mighty Gods.
by worshippers. My	'The Gods! and if I go my work is
profanely. Which	left
t, or angers thee at	Unfinish'd — if I go. The Gods, who
t of those who, far	haunt
and pity, and spite	The lucid interspace of world and
which all our great-	world,
tried in eternal calm.	Where never creeps a cloud, or moves
ant, O Goddess, like	a wind,
uch'd, then would I	Nor ever falls the least white star of
rors, roll thy tender	snow,
keep him from the	Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
d steaming, slaughter-	Nor sound of human sorrow mounts
ome.	to mar
nt not thee; I meant	Their sacred everlasting calm! and
s of Ida shook to see	such,
iet heaven of hers,	Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
e his neatherds were	Not such, nor all unlike it, man may
her wounded hunter	gain
in human-amorous	Letting his own life go. The Gods,
ardless apple-arbiter	the Gods!
Rather, O ye Gods,	If all be atoms, how then should the
great Sicilian called	Gods
his golden verse —	Being atomic not be dissoluble,
ris also — did I take	Not follow the great law? My master
ie of thine to shadow	held
g powers and genial	That Gods there are, for all men so
she strikes thro' the	believe.
	I prest my footsteps into his, and meant
	Surely to lead my Memmius in a
	train
	Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
	That Gods there are, and deathless.
	Meant? I meant?
	I have forgotten what I meant; my
	mind
	Stumbles, and all my faculties are
	lamed.
	'Look where another of our Gods,
	the Sun,
	Apollo, Delius, or of older use
	All-seeing Hyperion — what you
	will —
	Has mounted yonder; since he never
	sware,
	Except his wrath were wreak'd on
	wretched man.

That he would only shine among the
dead
Hereafter—tales! for never yet on
earth¹³⁰
Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roast-
ing ox
Moan round the spit—nor knows he
what he sees;
King of the East altho' he seem, and
girt
With song and flame and fragrance,
slowly lifts
His golden feet on those empurpled
stairs
That climb into the windy halls of
heaven.
And here he glances on an eye new-
born,
And gets for greeting but a wail of
pain;
And here he stays upon a freezing
orb
That fain would gaze upon him to the
last;
And here upon a yellow eyelid fallen
And closed by those who mourn a
friend in vain.
Not thankful that his troubles are no
more.
And me, altho' his fire is on my face
Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell
Whether I mean this day to end my-
self,
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
That men like soldiers may not quit
the post
Allotted by the Gods. But he that
holds
The Gods are careless, wherefore need
he care¹⁵⁰
Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at
once,
Being troubled, wholly out of sight,
and sink
Past earthquake—ay, and gout and
stone, that break
Body toward death, and palsy, death-
in-life,
And wretched age—and worst dis-
ease of all,
These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,
And twisted shapes of lust, unspeak-
able,
Abominable, strangers at my hearth
Not welcome, harpies miring every
dial,

The phantom husks of something
foully done,
And fleeting thro' the boundless w
verse,
And blasting the long quiet of a
breast
With animal heat and dire insanity!

'How should the mind, except
loved them, clasp
These idols to herself? or do they f
Now thinner, and now thicker, li
the flakes
In a fall of snow, and so press in, p
force
Of multitude, as crowds that in
hour
Of civic tumult jam the doors, a
bear
The keepers down, and throng, th
rags and they
The basest, far into that council-hal
Where sit the best and stateliest
the land?

'Can I not fling this horror off r
again,
Seeing with how great ease Natu
can smile,
Balmier and nobler from her bath
storm,
At random ravage? and how easily
The mountain there has cast his clou
slough,
Now towering o'er him in serenest a
A mountain o'er a mountain,—a
and within
All hollow as the hopes and fears
men?

'But who was he that in the garden
snared
Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a te
To laugh at—more to laugh at
myself—
For look! what is it? there? you
butus
Totters: a noiseless riot underneath
Strikes through the wood, sets all t
tops quivering—
The mountain quickens into Nym
and Faun;
And here an Oread—how the sun d
lights
To glance and shift about her slipper
sides,

a sony knees and supple rounded-
 ness,¹⁹⁰
 a budded bosom-peaks—who this
 way runs
 less the rest!—A satyr, a satyr, see,
 flows; but him I proved impossible;
 ry-natured is no nature. Yet he
 draws
 ever and nearer, and I scan him
 now
 softer than any phantom of his kind
 as ever butted his rough brother-
 brute
 r heat or lusty blood or provender.
 hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him;
 and she
 hates him as well; such a precipi-
 tate heel,²⁰⁰
 saged as it were with Mercury's
 ankle-wing,
 bids her to me—but will she fling
 herself
 useless upon me? Catch her, goat-
 foot! nay,
 de, hide them, million-myrtled wil-
 derness,
 d cavern-shadowing laurels, hide!
 do I wish—
 hat?—that the bush were leafless?
 or to whelm
 of them in one massacre? O ye
 Gods,
 now you careless, yet, behold, to
 you
 as childly wont and ancient use I
 call—
 thought I lived securely as your-
 selves—²¹⁰
 lewdness, narrowing envy, mon-
 key-spite,
 madness of ambition, avarice, none;
 larger feast than under plane or
 pine
 th neighbors laid along the grass,
 to take
 ly such cups as left us friendly-
 warm,
 lring each his own philosophy—
 thing to mar the sober majesties
 settled, sweet, Epicurean life.
 it now it seems some unseen mon-
 ster lays
 a vast and filthy hands upon my
 will,²²⁰
 reaching it backward into his, and
 spoils

My bias in being; and it was not
 great,
 For save when shutting reasons up in
 rhythm,
 Or Heliconian honey in living words,
 To make a truth less harsh, I often
 grew
 Tired of so much within our little life,
 Or of so little in our little life—
 Poor little life that toddles half an
 hour
 Crown'd with a flower or two, and
 there an end—
 And since the nobler pleasure seems
 to fade,²³⁰
 Why should I, beastlike as I find my-
 self,
 Not manlike end myself?—our privi-
 lege—
 What beast has heart to do it? And
 what man,
 What Roman would be dragg'd in
 triumph thus?
 Not I; not he, who bears one name
 with her
 Whose death-blow struck the dateless
 doom of kings,
 When, brooking not, the Tarquin in
 her veins,
 She made her blood in sight of Collatine
 And all his peers, flushing the guilt-
 less air,
 Spout from the maiden fountain in
 her heart.²⁴⁰
 And from it sprang the Common-
 wealth, which breaks
 As I am breaking now!
 'And therefore now
 Let her, that is the womb and tomb
 of all,
 Great Nature, take, and forcing far
 apart
 Those blind beginnings that have
 made me man,
 Dash them anew together at her will
 Thro' all her cycles—into man once
 more,
 Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent
 flower.
 But till this cosmic order everywhere
 Shatter'd into one earthquake in one
 day,²⁵⁰
 Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour
 perhaps
 Is not so far when momentary man

Shall seem no more a something to
 himself,
 But he, his hopes and hates, his homes
 and fanes,
 And even his bones long laid within
 the grave,
 The very sides of the grave itself shall
 pass,
 Vanishing, atom and void, atom and
 void,
 Into the unseen for ever, — till that
 hour,
 My golden work in which I told a
 truth
 That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
 And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake,
 and plucks ²⁶¹
 The mortal soul from out immortal
 hell,
 Shall stand. Ay, surely; then it fails
 at last
 And perishes as I must; for O Thou,
 Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
 Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
 Who fail to find thee, being as thou art

Without one pleasure and without
 pain,
 Howbeit I know thou surely must
 mine
 Or soon or late, yet out of season, th
 I woo thee roughly, for thou carest
 How roughly men may woo thee
 they win —
 Thus — thus — the soul flies out a
 dies in the air.'

With that he drove the knife in
 his side.
 She heard him raging, heard him f
 ran in,
 Beat breast, tore hair, cried out up
 herself
 As having fall'd in duty to h
 shriek'd
 That she but meant to win him be
 fell on him,
 Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wall'd. He
 swer'd, 'Care not thou!
 Thy duty? What is duty? Fare th
 wall!'



'The home of my love'

WINDOW; OR, THE SONG OF THE WRENS

WORDS WRITTEN FOR MUSIC

THE MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such poems with his lute,' and I dressed up for him, partly in the old style, a most only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instigation that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark days; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise.

A. TENNYSON.

THE HILL.

and shadows fly!
lightens and darkens down
dawn.

A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye!
O, is it the brook, or a pool, or her
window-pane,
When the winds are up in the
morning?

Clouds that are racing above,
And winds and lights and shadows
that cannot be still,
All running on one way to the home
of my love,
You are all running on, and I stand
on the slope of the hill,
And the winds are up in the
morning! 10

Follow, follow the chase!
And my thoughts are as quick and as
quick, ever on, on, on.
O lights, are you flying over her
sweet little face?
And my heart is there before you are
come, and gone,
When the winds are up in the
morning!

Follow them down the slope!
And I follow them down to the win-
dow-pane of my dear,
And it brightens and darkens and
brightens like my hope,
And it darkens and brightens and
darkens like my fear,
And the winds are up in the
morning! 20

AT THE WINDOW

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and twine!
Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,
Kiss, kiss; and make her a bower
All of flowers, and drop me a
flower,
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Canst a flower, a flower, be mine?
Rose, rose and clematis, 30
Drop me a flower, a flower to kiss,
Kiss, kiss—and out of her bower
All of flowers, a flower, a flower,
Drop, a flower.

GONE

Gone!
Gone, till the end of the year,
Gone, and the light gone with her,
and left me in shadow here!
Gone—flitted away,

Taken the stars from the night
the sun from the day!
Gone, and a cloud in my heart, a
storm in the air!
Flown to the east or the west, fit
I know not where!
Down in the south is a flash as
groan: she is there! she
there!

WINTER

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the g
year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue wood-louse and the ph
dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the
are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of
house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of
earth,
But not into mine.

SPRING

Birds' love and birds' song
Flying here and there,
Birds' song and birds' love,
And you with gold for hair!
Birds' song and birds' love,
Passing with the weather,
Men's song and men's love,
To love once and for ever.

Men's love and birds' love,
And women's love and men's!
And you my wren with a crow
gold,
You my queen of the wrens!

the queen of the wrens —
 all the birds of a feather,
 the King of the Queen of the
 wrens,
 all in a nest together.

THE LETTER

is another sweet as my sweet,
 of the fine, and shy of the
 day?
 the hands, fine little feet — 80
 my blue eye,
 write to her? shall I go?
 her to marry me by and by?
 shy said that she'd say no;
 nobody knows that she'll say ay!

so, if ask'd to her face?
 or no, from shy of the shy?
 the letter, apace, apace,
 85
 the light in the valley below —
 may wish to her dewy blue eye.
 shy said that she'd say no;
 nobody knows that she'll say ay!

NO ANSWER

list and the rain, the mist and
 the rain!
 ay or no? is it ay or no?
 ever a glimpse of her window-
 pane!
 I may die but the grass will
 grow,
 the grass will grow when I am
 gone,
 the wet west wind and the
 world will go on. 99

the song of the wedded spheres,
 a trouble and cloud and storm,
 life for a hundred years,
 will push me down to the
 worm,
 when I am there and dead and
 gone,
 the wet west wind and the world
 will go on.

list and the wet, the wind and
 the wet!
 the wet wind, how you blow, you
 blow!

And never a line from my lady yet!
 Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
 Blow then, blow, and when I am
 gone, 110
 The wet west wind and the world
 may go on.

NO ANSWER

Winds are loud and you are dumb,
 Take my love, for love will come,
 Love will come but once a life.
 Winds are loud and winds will pass!
 Spring is here with leaf and grass;
 Take my love and be my wife.
 After-loves of maids and men
 Are but dainties drest again.
 Love me now, you'll love me then; 120
 Love can love but once a life.

THE ANSWER

Two little hands that meet,
 Clasp on her seal, my sweet!
 Must I take you and break you,
 Two little hands that meet?
 I must take you, and break you,
 And loving hands must part —
 Take, take — break, break —
 Break — you may break my heart.
 Faint heart never won — 130
 Break, break, and all's done.

AY

Be merry, all birds, to-day,
 Be merry on earth as you never
 were merry before,
 Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far
 away,
 And merry for ever and ever, and
 one day more.

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme.
 Look, look, how he flits,
 The fire-crown'd king of the wrens,
 from out of the pine!
 Look how they tumble the blossom,
 the mad little tits! 140
 'Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!' was ever a
 May so fine?

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme.
 O merry the linnet and dove,

And swallow and sparrow and
throistle, and have your desire !
O merry my heart, you have gotten
the wings of love,
And fit like the king of the wrens
with a crown of fire.
Why ?
For it's ay ay, ay ay.

WHEN

Sun comes, moon comes, 150
Time slips away.
Sun sets, moon sets,
Love, fix a day.

'A year hence, a year hence.'

'We shall both be gray.'

'A month hence, a month hence.'

'Far, far away.'

'A week hence, a week hence.'

'Ah, the long delay !'

'Wait a little, wait a little, 160

You shall fix a day.'

'To-morrow, love, to-morrow,

And that's an age away.'

Blaze upon her window, sun,

And honor all the day.

MARRIAGE MORNING

Light, so low upon earth,
You send a flash to the sun.
Here is the golden close of love,
All my wooing is done.
O, the woods and the meadows,
Woods where we hid from the
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
Meadows in which we met !

Light, so low in the vale
You flash and lighten afar,
For this is the golden morning
love,
And you are his morning star,
Flash, I am coming. I come,
By meadow and stile and wood.
O, lighten into my eyes and
heart,
Into my heart and my blood !

Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires ?
O heart, are you great enough
love ?
I have heard of thorns and briars
Over the thorns and briars,
Over the meadows and stiles,
Over the world to the end of it
Flash for a million miles.



'She was dark-hair'd, dark-eyed'

THE LOVER'S TALE

The original Preface to 'The Lover's Tale' states that it was composed in my nineteenth year. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the perfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, or, boylike, admitted the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that or some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that as I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light — accompanied with a reprint of the sequel — a work of my mature life — 'The Golden Supper'?

May, 1879.

ARGUMENT

Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, seeks, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel. He speaks (in Parts II. and III.) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells, of going for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.

I

Seen far away, seen from the top-
most cliff,
filling with purple gloom the vacan-
cies

Between the tufted hills, the sloping
sensa
Hung in mid-heaven, and half-way
down rare sails,
White as white clouds, floated from
sky to sky.

O pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay,
 Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,
 Where the chafed breakers of the outer sea
 Sank powerless, as anger falls aside
 And withers on the breast of peaceful love!
 Thou didst receive the growth of pines that fledged
 The hills that watch'd thee, as Love watcheth Love,
 In thine own essence, and delight thyself
 To make it wholly thine on sunny days.
 Keep thou thy name of 'Lover's Bay.'
 See, sirs,
 Even now the Goddess of the Past,
 The heart, and sometimes touches but one string
 That quivers and is silent, and sometimes
 Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd chords
 To some old melody, begins to play
 That air which pleased her first. I feel thy breath:
 I come, great Mistress of the ear and eye:
 Thy breath is of the pine-wood, and thy years
 Have hollow'd out a deep and stormy strait
 Betwixt the native land of Love and me,
 Breathe but a little on me, and the sail
 Will draw me to the rising of the sun,
 The lucid chambers of the morning star,
 And East of Life.

Permit me, friend, I pray thee,
 To pass my hand across my brows, and muse
 On those dear hills, that nevermore will meet
 The sight that throbs and aches beneath my touch,
 As tho' there beat a heart in either eye;
 For when the outer lights are darken'd thus,
 The memory's vision hath a keener edge.

It grows upon me now — the sea circle
 Of dark-blue waters and the narrow fringe
 Of curving beach — its wreaths of dripping green —
 Its pale pink shells — the summer house aloft
 That open'd on the pines with doors of glass,
 A mountain nest — the pleasure-bench that rock'd,
 Light-green with its own shadow, like to keel,
 Upon the dappled dimplings of the wave
 That blanch'd upon its side.

O Love, O Hope
 They come, they crowd upon me at once —
 Moved from the cloud of unforgett things,
 That sometimes on the horizon of the mind
 Lies folded, often sweeps athwart storm —
 Flash upon flash they lighten through days
 Of dewy dawning and the amaranth eyes
 When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I
 Were borne about the bay or safe moor'd
 Beneath a low-brow'd cavern, where the tide
 Plash'd, sapping its worn ribs; and without
 The slowly-riding rollers on the cliffs
 Clash'd, calling to each other, and through the arch
 Down those loud waters, like a settling star,
 Mixt with the gorgeous west the light house shone,
 And silver-smiling Venus ere she fled
 Would often loiter in her balustrade blue,
 To crown it with herself.

Here, too, my love
 Waver'd at anchor with me, when the light hung
 From his mid-dome in heaven's starry halls;

s of the water-circles as they
broke
r'd like doubtful smiles about
her lips,
r'd a flying glory on her hair,
like a passing thought across
her eyes;
mine with one that will not pass,
till earth
heaven pass too, dwell on my
heaven, a face
starry-fair, but kindled from
within
rare with dawn. She was dark-
hair'd, dark-eyed —
dark eyes! a single glance of
them
overs a whole life from birth to
death,
as of all things else, led on with
light
aces and in visions. Look at
them,
see yourself in utter ignorance;
cannot find their depth; for they
go back,
rather back, and still withdraw
themselves
into the deep soul, that evermore
springing from her fountains in
the brain,
ouring thro', floods with redun-
dant life
arrow portals.

Trust me, long ago
I had died, if it were possible
in gazing on that perfectness
I do bear within me. I had
died,
from my farthest lapse, my latest
ebb,
image, like a charm of light and
strength
the waters, push'd me back again
the deserted sands of barren life.
from the deep vault where the
heart of Hope
sto dust, and crumbled in the
dark —
telling how to render beautiful
countenance with quick and
healthful blood —
didst not sway me upward;
could I perish
thou, a meteor of the sepulchre,

Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's
quiet urn
For ever? He that saith it hath o'er
stept
The slippery footing of his narrow wit,
And fallen away from judgment.
Thou art light,
To which my spirit leaneth all her
flowers,
And length of days, and immortality
Of thought, and freshness ever self-
renew'd.
For Time and Grief abode too long
with Life,
And, like all other friends I' the world,
at last
They grew aweary of her fellowship.
So Time and Grief did beckon unto
Death,
And Death drew nigh and beat the
doors of Life;
But thou didst sit alone in the inner
house,
A wakeful portress, and didst parle
with Death, —
'This is a charmed dwelling which I
hold;
So Death gave back, and would no
further come.
Yet is my life nor in the present time,
Nor in the present place. To me alone,
Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,
The Present is the vassal of the Past:
So that, in that I have lived, do I live,
And cannot die, and am, in having
been —
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,
Thrust forward on to-day and out of
place;
A body journeying onward, sick with
toil,
The weight as if of age upon my limbs,
The grasp of hopeless grief about my
heart,
And all the senses weaken'd, save in
that,
Which long ago they had glean'd and
garner'd up
Into the granaries of memory —
The clear brow, bulwark of the pre-
cious brain,
Chink'd as you see, and seam'd — and
all the while
The light soul twines and mingles with
the growths
Of vigorous early days, attracted, won,

Married, made one with, molten into
all ¹³⁰
The beautiful in Past of act or place,
And like the all-enduring camel, driven
Far from the diamond fountain by the
palms,
Who toils across the middle moonlit
nights,
Or when the white heats of the blind-
ing noons
Beat from the concave sand; yet in
him keeps
A draught of that sweet fountain that
he loves,
To stay his feet from falling and his
spirit
From bitterness of death.

Ye ask me, friends,
When I began to love. How should I
tell you? ¹⁴⁰
Or from the after-fulness of my heart,
Flow back again unto my slender
spring
And first of love, tho' every turn and
depth
Between is clearer in my life than all
Its present flow. Ye know not what
ye ask.
How should the broad and open flower
tell
What sort of bud it was, when, prest
together
In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken
folds,
It seem'd to keep its sweetness to itself,
Yet was not the less sweet for that it
seem'd? ¹⁵⁰
For young Life knows not when young
Life was born,
But takes it all for granted: neither
Love,
Warm in the heart, his cradle, can re-
member
Love in the womb, but resteth satis-
fied,
Looking on her that brought him to
the light;
Or as men know not when they fell
asleep
Into delicious dreams, our other life,
So know I not when I began to love.
This is my sum of knowledge -- that
my love
Grew with myself -- say rather, was
my growth. ¹⁶⁰

My inward sap, the hold I have of
earth,
My outward circling air wherewith
breathe,
Which yet upholds my life, and ever
more
Is to me daily life and daily death.
For how should I have lived and not
have loved?
Can ye take off the sweetness from the
flower,
The color and the sweetness from the
rose,
And place them by themselves; or set
apart
Their motions and their brightness
from the stars,
And then point out the flower or the
star?
Or build a wall betwixt my life and
love,
And tell me where I am? 'Tis ever
thus;
In that I live I love; because I love
I live. What'er is fountain to the
one
Is fountain to the other; and whene'er
Our God unknits the riddle of the world
There is no shade or fold of mystery
Swathing the other.

Many, many years--
For they seem many and my most of
life,
And well I could have linger'd in the
porch, ¹⁷⁰
So unproportion'd to the dwelling
place, --
In the May-dews of childhood, oppo-
site
The flush and dawn of youth, we live
together,
Apart, alone together on these hills.
Before he saw my day my father
died,
And he was happy that he saw it not
But I and the first daisy on his grave
From the same clay came into light a
once.
As Love and I do number equal years
So she, my love, is of an age with me
How like each other was the birth of
each! ¹⁸⁰
On the same morning, almost the same
hour,

star the selfsame aspect of the stars—

falsehood of all star-craft!—we were born.

As like each other was the birth of each!

Sister of my mother—she that bore milk close beneath her beating heart,

Nigh to the imprison'd spirit of the child,

Whose true-touched pulses in the flow of hourly visitation of the blood, ²⁰⁰

At notes of preparation manifold, and mellow'd echoes of the outer world—

My mother's sister, mother of my love, who had a twofold claim upon my heart,

As twofold mightier than the other was,

Giving so much beauty to the world, and so much wealth as God had charged her with—

Nothing to put it from herself for ever,

For her own life with it; and dying thus,

Own'd with her highest act the placid face ²¹⁰

And breathless body of her good deeds past.

So were we born, so orphan'd. She was motherless,

And I without a father. So from each those two pillars which from earth uphold

For childhood, one had fallen away, and all

The careful burthen of our tender years embled upon the other. He that gave

For life, to me delightedly fulfill'd loving kindnesses, all offices

Watchful care and trembling tenderness. ²²⁰

Awaked for both, he pray'd for both, he slept

Feeling of both; nor was his love the less

When it was divided, and shot forth rays on each side, laden with whole-some shade,

Herein we nested sleeping or awake, and sang aloud the matin-song of life.

She was my foster-sister. On one arm

The flaxen ringlets of our infancies Wander'd, the while we rested; one

Soft lap

Pillow'd us both; a common light of eyes ²³⁰

Was on us as we lay; our baby lips, Kissing one bosom, ever drew from

Thence

The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood,

One sustenance, which, still as thought grew large,

Still larger moulding all the house of thought,

Made all our tastes and fancies like, perhaps—

All—all but one; and strange to me, and sweet,

Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatsoever

Our general mother meant for me alone,

Our mutual mother dealt to both of us. ²⁴⁰

So what was earliest mine in earliest life,

I shared with her in whom myself remains.

As was our childhood, so our infancy,

They tell me, was a very miracle Of fellow-feeling and communion.

They tell me that we would not be alone,—

We cried when we were parted; when I wept,

Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,

Stay'd on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved

The sound of one another's voices more Than the gray cuckoo loves his name,

And learn'd ²⁵⁰

To hush in tune together; that we slept In the same cradle always, face to face,

Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing lip,

Folding each other, breathing on each other,

Dreaming together—dreaming of each other,

They should have added,—till the morning light

THE LOVER'S TALE

ness, upon the dewy	The dead man cast upon the
our eyelids, and we	All this
h other. If this be	Seems to the quiet daylight of
²⁶⁰	minds
hich my whole soul	But cloud and smoke, and in the
	of mine
bath no pulse, no	Is traced with flame. Move wi
; tho'	to the event.
ill garden should in-	
posom of the rose,	There came a glorious mo
its own wine, and	such a one.
l in smelling of itself,	As dawns but once a season. M
n thorns—if this be	On such a morning would have
y wish leads me ever-	himself
it, 'tis so sweet a	From cloud to cloud, and swu
tter stillness of the	balanced wings
²⁷⁰	To some tall mountain. Whe
memory answer not,	to her,
est, our closest-drawn,	'A day for gods to stoop,'
earthly-heavenliest har-	swered, 'Ay,
	And men to soar;' for as the
portal of the lonely	gazed,
April promise, glad	Shading his eyes till all the fier
h with earliest violets	The prophet and the chariot
l of clear-throated larks	steeds,
March of life!—I will	Suck'd into oneness like a littl
k of thee,	Were drunk into the inmost b
ot seen thee, these can	stood,
ow thee,	When first we came from
understand me. Pass	pines at noon,
²⁸⁰	With hands for eaves, uplook
teen years. Ye would	almost
gh	Waiting to see some blessed
ll you how I heard in	heaven,
ymes and scraps of an	So bathed we were in br
ones,	Never yet
of the nurseries of the	Before or after have I knownt
gems set in my memory.	Pour with such sudden deluge
earn't them with me; or	Into the middle summer; for
²⁹⁰	Love, rising, shook his win
father left us just before	charged the winds
was blown? or how we	With spiced May-sweets fro
	to bound, and blew
	Fresh fire into the sun, a
	within
	Burst thro' the heated buds.
	his soul
	Into the songs of birds, and
	far-off
	His mountain-altars, his hi
	with flame
	Milder and purer.
	Thro' the rocks w
	The great pine shook wit
	sounds of joy

it came on the sea-wind. As moun-
 tain streams
 bloods ran free; the sunshine
 seem'd to brood ³²⁰
 so warmly on the heart than on the
 brow.
 often paused, and, looking back,
 we saw
 clefts and openings in the moun-
 tains fill'd
 in the blue valley and the glisten-
 ing brooks,
 all the low dark groves, a land
 of love!
 land of promise, a land of memory,
 and of promise flowing with the
 milk
 honey of delicious memories!
 I down to sea, and far as eye could
 ken,
 in way from verge to verge a Holy
 Land, ³³⁰
 I growing holier as you near'd the
 bay,
 there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd
 a grassy platform on some hill, I
 stoop'd,
 gather'd the wild herbs, and for her
 brows
 I mine made garlands of the self-
 same flower,
 which she took smiling, and with my
 work thus
 crown'd her clear forehead. Once or
 twice she told me —
 'I remember all things — to let grow
 flowers that run poison in their
 veins,
 said, 'The evil flourish in the
 world.' ³⁴⁰
 in playfully she gave herself the
 lie —
 nothing in nature is unbeautiful;
 brother, pluck and spare not.' So
 I wove
 in the dull-blooded poppy-stem,
 whose flower,
 ed with the scarlet of a fierce sun-
 rise,
 to the wild youth of an evil
 prince,
 without sweetness, but who crowns
 himself
 o'er the naked poisons of his heart

In his old age.' A graceful thought
 of hers
 Graven on my fancy! And O, how
 like a nymph, ³⁵⁰
 A stately mountain nymph she look'd!
 how native
 Unto the hills she trod on! While I
 gazed
 My coronal slowly disentrined itself
 And fell between us both; tho' while
 I gazed
 My spirit leap'd as with those thrills
 of bliss
 That strike across the soul in prayer,
 and show us
 That we are surely heard. Methought
 a light
 Burst from the garland I had woven,
 and stood
 A solid glory on her bright black
 hair;
 A light methought broke from her
 dark, dark eyes, ³⁶⁰
 And shot itself into the singing winds;
 A mystic light flash'd even from her
 white robe
 As from a glass in the sun, and fell
 about
 My footsteps on the mountains.

Last we came
 To what our people call 'The Hill of
 Woe.'
 A bridge is there, that, look'd at from
 beneath,
 Seems but a cobweb filament to link
 The yawning of an earthquake-cloven
 chasm.
 And thence one night, when all the
 winds were loud,
 A woful man — for so the story went —
 Had thrust his wife and child and
 dash'd himself ³⁷⁰
 Into the dizzy depth below. Below,
 Fierce in the strength of far descent,
 a stream
 Flies with a shatter'd foam along the
 chasm.

The path was perilous, loosely
 strown with crags.
 We mounted slowly; yet to both
 there came
 The joy of life in steepness overcome.
 And victories of ascent, and looking
 down

On all that had look'd down on us ; and
 joy
 In breathing nearer heaven ; and joy
 to me, ³⁸⁰
 High over all the azure-circled earth,
 To breathe with her as if in heaven
 itself ;
 And more than joy that I to her
 became
 Her guardian and her angel, raising
 her
 Still higher, past all peril, until she
 saw
 Beneath her feet the region far away,
 Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky
 brows,
 Arise in open prospect — heath and
 hill,
 And hollow lined and wooded to the
 lips,
 And steep-down walls of battlemented
 rock ³⁹⁰
 Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into
 spires,
 And glory of broad waters interfused,
 Whence rose as it were breath and
 steam of gold,
 And over all the great wood rioting
 And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at
 intervals
 With falling brook or blossom'd bush
 — and last,
 Framing the mighty landscape to the
 west,
 A purple range of mountain-cones,
 between
 Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding
 bursts
 The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.

At length
 Descending from the point, and stand-
 ing both ⁴⁰¹
 There on the tremulous bridge, that
 from beneath
 Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in
 air,
 We paused amid the splendor. All
 the west
 And even unto the middle south was
 ribb'd
 And barr'd with bloom on bloom.
 The sun below,
 Held for a space 'twixt cloud and
 wave, shower'd down
 Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over

That various wilderness a tissue of
 light
 Unparallel'd. On the other side, the
 moon, ⁴
 Half-melted into thin blue air, stood
 still,
 And pale and fibrous as a wither'd
 leaf,
 Nor yet endured in presence of Her
 eyes
 To indue his lustre ; most unloverlike
 Since in his absence full of light and
 joy,
 And giving light to others. But this
 most,
 Next to her presence whom I loved so
 well,
 Spoke loudly even into my inner
 heart
 As to my outward hearing. The
 loud stream,
 Forth issuing from his portals in the
 crag, — ⁴
 A visible link unto the home of my
 heart. —
 Ran amber toward the west, and nigh
 the sea
 Parting my own loved mountain
 was received,
 Shorn of its strength, into the sympathy
 Of that small bay, which out to open
 main
 Glow'd intermingling close beneath
 the sun.
 Spirit of Love ! that little hour was
 bound,
 Shut in from Time, and dedicated
 thee ;
 Thy fires from heaven had touch'd
 and the earth
 They fell on became hallow'd even
 more. ⁴

We turn'd, our eyes met ; hers were
 bright, and mine
 Were dim with floating tears, then
 shot the sunset
 In lightnings round me, and my name
 was borne
 Upon her breath. Henceforth my
 name has been
 A hallow'd memory like the names
 old,
 A centred, glory-circled memory,
 And a peculiar treasure, brooking no

change or currency; and in that
 hour
 hope flow'd round me, like a golden
 mist
 wand amid eddies of melodious
 airs,
 moment, ere the onward whirlwind⁴⁴⁰
 shatter it,
 word and floated — which was less
 than Hope,
 none it lack'd the power of perfect
 Hope;
 which was more and higher than
 all Hope,
 none all other Hope had lower
 aim;
 in that this name to which her
 gracious lips
 lend such gentle utterance, this
 one name,
 some obscure hereafter, might in-
 wreath —
 so lovelier, nobler then I — her life,
 her love,
 th my life, love, soul, spirit, and
 heart and strength.⁴⁵⁰
 other,' she said, 'let this be call'd
 henceforth
 : Hill of Hope;' and I replied,
 'O sister,
 will is one with thine; the Hill
 of Hope.'
 vertheless, we did not change the
 name.

did not speak; I could not speak
 my love.
 re lieth deep, Love dwells not in
 lip-depths.
 re wraps his wings on either side
 the heart,
 straining it with kisses close and
 warm,
 sorbing all the incense of sweet
 thoughts
 that they pass not to the shrine of
 sound.⁴⁶⁰
 e had the life of that dighted hour
 ank in the largeness of the utter-
 ance

Love; but how should earthly
 measure mete
 e heavenly-unmeasured or unlim-
 ited Love,
 so scarce can tune his high majestic
 sense

Unto the thunder-song that wheels
 the spheres,
 Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,
 And flowing odor of the spacious air,
 Scarce housed within the circle of this
 earth,
 Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,
 Which pass with that which breathes
 them? Sooner earth⁴⁷¹
 Might go round heaven, and the strait
 girth of Time
 Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,
 Than language grasp the infinite of
 Love.

O day which did enwomb that
 happy hour,
 Thou art blessed in the years, divin-
 est day!

O Genius of that hour which dost up-
 hold

Thy coronal of glory like a god,
 Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,
 Who walk before thee, ever turning
 round⁴⁸⁰

To gaze upon thee till their eyes are
 dim

With dwelling on the light and depth
 of thine,

Thy name is ever worshipp'd among
 hours!

Had I died then, I had not seem'd to
 die,

For bliss stood round me like the light
 of heaven, —

Had I died then, I had not known the
 death;

Yea, had the Power from whose right
 hand the light

Of Life issueth, and from whose left
 hand floweth

The Shadow of Death, perennial efflu-
 ences,

Whereof to all that draw the whole
 some air,⁴⁹⁰

Somewhile the one must overflow the
 other —

Then had he stemm'd my day with
 night, and driven

My current to the fountain whence it
 sprang, —

Even his own abiding excellence —
 On me, methinks, that shock of gloom

had fallen

Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged
 The other, like the sun I gazed upon

Which seeming for the moment due to death,
And dipping his head low beneath the verge,
Yet bearing round about him his own day,
In confidence of unabated strength,⁵⁰⁰
Steppeth from heaven to heaven,
from light to light,
And holdeth his undimmed forehead far
Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud.

We trod the shadow of the downward hill;
We past from light to dark. On the other side
Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain hall,
Which none have fathom'd. If you go far in—
The country people rumor—you may hear
The moaning of the woman and the child,⁵¹⁰
Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.
I too have heard a sound—perchance of streams
Running far on within its inmost halls.
The home of darkness; but the cavern-mouth,
Half overtrailed with a wanton weed,
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that passing lightly
Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,
Is presently received in a sweet grave
Of eglantines, a place of burial
Far lovelier than its cradle; for un-
seen⁵²⁰
But taken with the sweetness of the place,
It makes a constant bubbling melody
That drowns the nearer echoes.
Lower down
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding, leaves
Low banks of yellow sand, and from the woods
That belt it rise three dark, tall cypresses,—
Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,
That men plant over graves.

Hither we came
And sitting down upon the golden moss,
Held converse sweet and low—
converse sweet,
In which our voices bore least part.
The wind
Told a love-tale beside us, how
woo'd
The waters, and the waters answer'd
lisp'd
To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,
Fainted at intervals, and grew apt
To utterance of passion. Ye saw
shape
Fancy so fair as is this memory.
Methought all excellence that
was
Had drawn herself from many thousand
sand years,
And all the separate Edens of the earth,
To centre in this place and time. I
ten'd,
And her words stole with most perfect
vailing sweetness
Into my heart, as thronging fancy
come
To boys and girls when summer days
are new,
And soul and heart and body are
at ease.
What marvel my Camilla told me all
It was so happy an hour, so sweet
place,
And I was as the brother of her blood
And by that name I moved upon her
breath;
Dear name, which had too much
nearness in it
And heralded the distance of this time
At first her voice was very sweet and
low,
As if she were afraid of utterance;
But in the onward current of her
speech,—
As echoes of the hollow-banked brook
Are fashion'd by the channel where
they keep,—
Her words did of their meaning borrow
sound,
Her cheek did catch the color of her
words,
I heard and trembled, yet I could not
hear;



'Lower down
Spreads out a little lake'

heart paused — my raised eyelids
would not fall, ⁵⁶⁰
still I kept my eyes upon the sky,
seem'd the only part of Time stood
still,

and saw the motion of all other things;
like her words, syllable by syllable,
like water, drop by drop, upon my ear
fell, and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not
to speak;

as she spake on, for I did name no
wish,

that marvel my Camilla told me all
her maiden dignities of Hope and
Love —

'Perchance,' she said, 'return'd'?

Even then the stars ⁵⁷⁰
did tremble in their stations as I gazed;
as she spake on, for I did name no
wish,

a wish — no hope. Hope was not
wholly dead,

as breathing hard at the approach of
death, —

Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine
no longer in the dearest sense of
mine —

and all the secret of her inmost heart,
and all the maiden empire of her mind,
lay like a map before me, and I saw
here, where I hoped myself to reign
as king, ⁵⁸⁰

There, where that day I crown'd my-
self as king,

There in my realm and even on my
throne,

Another! Then it seem'd as tho' a link
Of some tight chain within my inmost
frame

Was riven in twain; that life I heeded
not

Flow'd from me, and the darkness of
the grave,

The darkness of the grave and utter
night,

Did swallow up my vision; at her feet,
Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,

Smelt with exceeding sorrow unto
death. ⁵⁹⁰

Then had the earth beneath me
yawning cloven

With such a sound as when an iceberg
splits

From cope to base — had Heaven from
all her doors,

With all her golden thresholds clash-
ing, roll'd

Her heaviest thunder — I had lain as
dead,

Mute, blind, and motionless as then I
lay;

Dead, for henceforth there was no life
for me!

Mute, for henceforth what use were
words to me?

Blind, for the day was as the night to
me!

The night to me was kinder than the
day;

The night in pity took away my day,⁶⁰⁰
Because my grief as yet was newly
born

Of eyes too weak to look upon the
light;

And thro' the hasty notice of the ear
Frail Life was startled from the tender
love

Of him she brooded over. Would I had
lain

Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound
Round my worn limbs, and the wild
brier had driven

Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining
brows,

Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.
The wind had blown above me, and

the rain⁶¹¹
Had fallen upon me, and the gilded
snake

Had nestled in this bosom-throne of
Love,

But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrancement held me.
All too soon

Life—like a wanton, too-officious
friend,

Who will not *hear* denial, vain and rude
With proffer of unwish'd-for services—

Entering all the avenues of sense
Past thro' into his citadel, the brain,

With hated warmth of apprehensive-
ness.⁶²¹

And first the chillness of the sprinkled
brook

Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd
to hear

Its murmur, as the drowning seaman
hears,

Who with his head below the surface
dropt

Listens the muffled booming indistinct
Of the confused floods, and dimly
knows

His head shall rise no more; and then
came in

The white light of the weary moon
above,

Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.

Was my sight drunk that it did sh
to me

Him who should own that nam
Were it not well

If so be that the echo of that name
Ringing within the fancy had updra

A fashion and a phantasm of the fu
It should attach to? Phantom!—h
the ghastliest

That ever lusted for a body, suckin
The foul steam of the grave to thick
by it,

There in the shuddering moonlig
brought its face

And what it has for eyes as close
mine

As he did—better that than his, th
he

The friend, the neighbor, Lionel, t
beloved,

The loved, the lover, the happy Lion
The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lion

All joy, to whom my agony was a jo
O, how her choice did leap forth fr
his eyes!

O, how her love did clothe itself
smiles

About his lips! and—not one n
ment's grace—

Then when the effect weigh'd s
upon my head

To come my way! to twit me w
the cause!

Was not the land as free thro'
her ways

To him as me? Was not his wont
walk

Between the going light and growi
night?

Had I not learnt my loss before
came?

Could that be more because he ca
my way?

Why should he not come my way
he would?

And yet to-night, to-night—when
my wealth

Flash'd from me in a moment and
fell

Beggar'd for ever—why *should*
come my way

Robed in those robes of light I m
not wear,

With that great crown of beams ab
his brows—

an angel to a damned soul,
of the bliss he had with

careless and a greedy heir
can wait the reading of
rill
akes possession? Was mine
od
led rudely, and not rather
secret, unapproached woe,
le? I was shut up with

body of my past delight,
swathed and balm'd it for
lf, 671
in a sepulchre of rock
se again. I was led mute
uple like a sacrifice;
High Priest in her holiest
rudly broken in upon.

thoughts deep and heavy
ese well-nigh
limits of my brain: but he
ne, and my neck his arm
y'd.

it was an adder's fold, and 680
o disengage myself, but
eble. She bent above me,

er cheek, for whatsoe'er of
t
e dewy touch of pity had

se there a pale one—and
yes—
moonlight glitter on their

ew drops of that distress-
in
face, and her long ringlets
d,
nd beaten by the breeze,
rush'd
rehead in their to and fro,
sudden anguish of her

their simple thrall they
low'd abroad,
on and parted round her

er form halfway. She,
I woke,

Something she ask'd, I know not what,
and ask'd,
Unanswer'd, since I spake not; for the
sound
Of that dear voice so musically
low,
And now first heard with any sense of
pain,
As it had taken life away before,
Choked all the syllables that strove to
rise 700
From my full heart.

The blissful lover, too,
From his great hoard of happiness dis-
till'd
Some drops of solace; like a vain rich
man,
That, having always prosper'd in the
world,
Folding his hands, deals comfortable
words

To hearts wounded for ever; yet, in
truth,
Fair speech was his and delicate of
phrase,
Falling in whispers on the sense, ad-
dress'd

More to the inward than the outward
ear,
As rain of the midsummer midnight
soft, 710
Scarce-heard, recalling fragrance and
the green

Of the dead spring: but mine was
wholly dead,
No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for
me.

Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd
wrong?
And why was I to darken their pure
love?

If, as I found, they two did love each
other,
Because my own was darken'd? Why
was I

To cross between their happy star and
them?

To stand a shadow by their shining
doors,

And vex them with my darkness? Did
I love her? 720

Ye know that I did love her; to this
present
My full-orb'd love has waned not. Did
I love her,

And could I look upon her tearful
eyes?

What had *she* done to weep? Why
should *she* weep?

O innocent of spirit — let my heart
Break rather — whom the gentlest airs
of heaven

Should kiss with an unwonted gentle-
ness.

Her love did murder mine? What
then? She deem'd

I wore a brother's mind; she call'd me
brother.

She told me all her love; she shall not
weep. 730

The brightness of a burning thought,
awhile

In battle with the glooms of my dark
will,

Moonlike emerged, and to itself lit up
There on the depth of an unfathom'd
woe

Reflex of action. Starting up at once,
As from a dismal dream of my own
death.

I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love;
I, for I loved her, graspt the hand she
loved,

And laid it in her own, and sent my
cry

Thro' the blank night to Him who
loving made 740

The happy and the unhappy love, that
He

Would hold the hand of blessing over
them.

Lionel, the happy, and her, and her,
his bride!

Let them so love that men and boys
may say,

'Lo! how they love each other!' till
their love

Shall ripen to a proverb, unto all
Known, when their faces are forgot in
the land —

One golden dream of love, from which
may death

Awake them with heaven's music in a
life

More living to some happier happi-
ness, 750

Swallowing its precedent in victory.

And as for me, Camilla, as for me, —

The dew of tears is an unwholesome
dew,

They will but sicken the sick pla-
more.

Deem that I love thee but as bro-
do,

So shalt thou love me still as sister
Or if thou dream aught farther, d
but how

I could have loved thee, had
been none else

To love as lovers, loved again by

Or this, or somewhat like to t
spake,

When I beheld her weep so rueful
For sure my love should ne'er i
the front

And mask of Hate, who lives on o
moans.

Shall Love pledge Hatred in her l
draughts,

And batten on her poisons?
forbid!

Love passeth not the threshold of
Hate,

And Hate is strange beneath the
of Love.

O Love, if thou be'st Love, dr
these tears

Shed for the love of Love; for
mine image,

The subject of thy power, be co
her,

Yet, like cold snow, it melteth i
source

Of these sad tears, and feeds
downward flow.

So Love, arraign'd to judgment a
death,

Received unto himself a part of b
Being guiltless, as an innocent
soner,

Who, when the woful sentence
been past,

And all the clearness of his fame
gone

Beneath the shadow of the cun
man,

First falls asleep in swoon, where
awaked,

And looking round upon his t
friends,

Forthwith and in his agony con
A shameful sense as of a cle
crime —

For whence without some guilt a
such grief be?

So died that hour, and fell into the
abyss
forms outworn, but not to me out-
worn,
no never hail'd another — was there
one ?
ere might be one — one other, worth
the life
at made it sensible. So that hour
died
se odor rapt into the winged wind
me into alien lands and far away.

There be some hearts so airily built,
that they,
ry — when their love is wreck'd —
if Love can wreck —
that sharp ridge of utmost doom
ride highly
ove the perilous seas of Change and
Chance,
y, more, hold out the lights of
cheerfulness;
the tall ship, that many a dreary
year
it to some dismal sandbank far at
sea,
thro' the livelong hours of utter
dark,
wers slanting light upon the dolor-
ous wave.

For me — what light, what gleam on
those black ways
Where Love could walk with banish'd
Hope no more ?

It was ill-done to part you, sisters
fair;
Love's arms were wreath'd about the
neck of Hope,
And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew
in her breath
In that close kiss, and drank her whis-
per'd tales.
They said that Love would die when
Hope was gone,
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd
after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and
they trod
The same old paths where Love had
walk'd with Hope,
And Memory fed the soul of Love with
tears.

II

From that time forth I would not see
her more,
But many weary moons I lived alone —
Alone, and in the heart of the great
forest.



' In the heart of the great forest '

Sometimes upon the hills beside the sea
 All day I watch'd the floating isles of shade,
 And sometimes on the shore, upon the sands
 Insensibly I drew her name, until
 The meaning of the letters shot into
 My brain; anon the wanton billow wash'd
 Them over, till they faded like my love.
 The hollow caverns heard me — the black brooks
 Of the mid-forest heard me — the soft winds,
 Laden with thistle-down and seeds of flowers,
 Paused in their course to hear me, for my voice
 Was all of thee; the merry linnet knew me,
 The squirrel knew me, and the dragon-fly
 Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.
 The rough brier tore my bleeding palms; the hemlock,
 Brow-high, did strike my forehead as I past;
 Yet trod I not the wild-flower in my path.
 Nor bruised the wild-bird's egg.

20

Was this the end ?

Why grew we then together in one plot ?
 Why fed we from one fountain ? drew one sun ?
 Why were our mothers branches of one stem ?
 Why were we one in all things, save in that
 Where to have been one had been the cope and crown
 Of all I hoped and fear'd ? — if that same nearness
 Were father to this distance, and that one
 Vauntcourier to this double ? if Affection
 Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd out
 The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy ?

30

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the hill

Where last we roam'd together, for the sound
 Of the loud stream was pleasant, and the wind
 Came wooingly with woodbine smells
 Sometimes
 All day I sat within the cavern-mouth
 Fixing my eyes on those three cypress cones
 That spired above the wood ; and with mad hand
 Tearing the bright leaves of the ivy screen,
 I cast them in the noisy brook beneath,
 And watch'd them till they vanish'd from my sight
 Beneath the bower of wreathed eglantine.
 And all the fragments of the living rock, —
 Huge blocks, which some old trembling of the world
 Had loosen'd from the mountain, till they fell
 Half-digging their own graves, — these in my agony
 Did I make bare of all the golden moss,
 Wherewith the dashing runnel in the spring
 Had liveried them all over. In my brain
 The spirit seem'd to flag from thought to thought,
 As moonlight wandering thro' a mist my blood
 Crept like marsh drains thro' all my languid limbs;
 The motions of my heart seem'd far within me,
 Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its pulses;
 And yet it shook me, that my frame would shudder,
 As if 't were drawn asunder by the rack.
 But over the deep graves of Hope and Fear,
 And all the broken palaces of the past
 Brooded one master-passion evermore
 Like to a low-hung and a fiery sky
 Above some fair metropolis, earth shock'd, —
 Hung round with ragged rims and burning folds, —

nothing all with wild and woful
 hues,
 At hills of ruins, and collapsed
 masses
 thunder-shaken columns indistinct,
 fused together in the tyrannous
 light —
 As, the ruin of all my life and me!
 Sometimes I thought Camilla was no
 more;
 As one had told me she was dead,
 and ask'd
 I would see her burial. Then I
 seem'd
 rise, and through the forest-shadow
 borne
 As more than mortal swiftness, I ran
 down
 the steepy sea-bank, till I came
 upon
 the rear of a procession, curving round
 the silver-sheeted bay, in front of
 which
 stately virgins, all in white, upbare
 the road earth-sweeping pall of whitest
 lawn,
 gathered round the bier with gar-
 lands. In the distance,
 from out the yellow woods upon the
 hill
 look'd forth the summit and the pin-
 nacles
 a gray steeple — thence at intervals
 the bell tolling. All the pageantry,
 the those six virgins which upheld
 the bier,
 were stoled from head to foot in flow-
 ing black:
 I walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd
 his brow,
 and he was loud in weeping and in
 praise
 her we follow'd. A strong sym-
 pathy
 took all my soul; I flung myself
 upon him
 tears and cries. I told him all my
 love,
 how I had loved her from the first;
 whereat
 he shrank and howl'd, and from his
 brow drew back
 his hand to push me from him, and
 the face,
 the very face and form of Lionel

Flash'd thro' my eyes into my inner
 most brain,
 And at his feet I seem'd to faint and
 fall,
 To fall and die away. I could not
 rise,
 Albeit I strove to follow. They past
 on,
 The lordly phantasms! in their float-
 ing folds
 They past and were no more; but I
 had fallen
 Prone by the dashing runnel on the
 grass.

Always the inaudible, invisible
 thought,
 Artificer and subject, lord and slave,
 Shaped by the audible and visible,
 Moulded the audible and visible.
 All crisped sounds of wave and leaf
 and wind
 Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain;
 The cloud-pavilion'd element, the
 wood,
 The mountain, the three cypresses, the
 cave,
 Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the
 moon
 Below black firs, when silent-creeping
 winds
 Laid the long night in silver streaks
 and bars,
 Were wrought into the tissue of my
 dream.
 The moanings in the forest, the loud
 brook,
 Cries of the partridge like a rusty key
 Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and dor-
 hawk-whirr
 Awoke me not, but were a part of
 sleep,
 And voices in the distance calling to
 me
 And in my vision bidding me dream
 on,
 Like sounds without the twilight
 realm of dreams,
 Which wander round the bases of the
 hills,
 And murmur at the low-dropt eaves of
 sleep,
 Half-entering the portals. Oftentimes
 The vision had fair prelude, in the end
 Opening on darkness, stately vesti-
 bules

To caves and shows of death — whether the mind,
 With some revenge — even to itself unknown —
 Made strange division of its suffering
 With her, whom to have suffering view'd had been
 Extremest pain; or that the clear-eyed Spirit,
 Being blunted in the present, grew at length¹³⁰
 Prophetical and prescient of whatever
 The future had in store; or that which most
 Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit
 Was of so wide a compass it took in
 All I had loved, and my dull agony,
 Ideally to her transferr'd, became
 Anguish intolerable.

The day waned;
 Alone I sat with her. About my brow
 Her warm breath floated in the utterance
 Of silver-chorded tones; her lips were sunder'd¹⁴⁰
 With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke in light
 Like morning from her eyes — her eloquent eyes —
 As I have seen them many a hundred times —
 Fill'd all with pure clear fire, thro' mine down rain'd
 Their spirit-searching splendors. As a vision
 Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd
 In damp and dismal dungeons underground,
 Confined on points of faith, when strength is shock'd
 With torment, and expectancy of worse
 Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls,¹⁵⁰
 All unawares before his half-shut eyes,
 Comes in upon him in the dead of night,
 And with the excess of sweetness and of awe,
 Makes the heart tremble, and the sight run over
 Upon his steely gyves; so those fair eyes

Shone on my darkness, forms which ever stood
 Within the magic circle of memory,
 Invisible but deathless, waiting still
 The edict of the will to reassume
 The semblance of those rare realities
 Of which they were the mirrors. Not the light
 Which was their life burst through the cloud of thought
 Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room
 Within the summer-house of which spake,
 Hung round with paintings of the sea, and one
 A vessel in mid-ocean, her heave-prow
 Clambering, the mast bent and the ravin wind
 In her sail roaring. From the out-day,
 Betwixt the close-set ivies came broad
 And solid beam of isolated light, crowded with driving atomies, as fell
 Slanting upon that picture, from prime youth
 Well-known, well-loved. She drew it long ago
 Forthgazing on the waste and open sea,
 One morning when the upblown blow ran
 Shoreward beneath red clouds, and had pour'd
 Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms
 Color and life. It was a bond as seal
 Of friendship, spoken of with tearful smiles;
 A monument of childhood and love;
 The poesy of childhood, my lost love
 Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on together
 In mute and glad remembrance, as each heart
 Grew closer to the other, and the eye
 Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing like
 The Indian on a still-eyed snake, loath to couch'd —

mauty which is death; when all at
 once
 t painted vessel, as with inner life,
 an to heave upon that painted
 sea.
 earthquake, my loud heart-beats,
 made the ground¹⁹⁰
 I under us, and all at once, soul,
 life
 I breath and motion, past and
 flow'd away
 those unreal billows. Round and
 round
 whirlwind caught and bore us;
 mighty gyres
 id and vast, of hissingspray wind-
 driven
 thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she
 shriek'd;
 heart was cloven with pain; I
 wound my arms
 out her; we whirl'd giddily; the
 wind
 g, but I clasp'd her without fear.
 Her weight
 ank in my grasp, and over my dim
 eyes,²⁰⁰
 I parted lips which drank her
 breath, down-hung
 : jaws of Death. I, groaning,
 from me flung
 : empty phantom; all the sway
 and whirl
 the storm dropt to windless calm,
 and I
 wn welter'd thro' the dark ever and
 ever.

III

ame one day and sat among the
 stones
 own in the entry of the moaning
 cave;
 morning air, sweet after rain, ran
 over
 : rippling levels of the lake, and
 blew
 dness and moisture and all smells
 of bud
 d foliage from the dark and drip-
 ping woods
 on my fever'd brows that shook
 and throb'd
 m temple unto temple. To what
 height

The day had grown I know not.
 Then came on me
 The hollow tolling of the bell, and
 all²⁰
 The vision of the bier. As heretofore
 I walk'd behind with one who vell'd
 his brow.
 Methought by slow degrees the sullen
 bell
 Toll'd quicker, and the breakers or
 the shore
 Sloped into louder surf. Those that
 went with me,
 And those that held the bier before
 my face,
 Moved with one spirit round about
 the bay,
 Trod swifter steps; and while I
 walk'd with these
 In marvel at that gradual change,
 I thought
 Four bells instead of one began to
 ring,²⁰
 Four merry bells, four merry mar-
 riage-bells,
 In clanging cadence jangling peal on
 peal—
 A long loud clash of rapid marriage-
 bells.
 Then those who led the van, and those
 in rear,
 Rush'd into dance, and like wild
 Bacchanals
 Fled onward to the steeple in the
 woods.
 I, too, was borne along and felt the
 blast
 Beat on my heated eyelids. All at
 once
 The front rank made a sudden halt;
 the bells
 Lapsed into frightful stillness; the
 surge fell³⁰
 From thunder into whispers; those
 six maids
 With shrieks and ringing laughter on
 the sand
 Threw down the bier; the woods
 upon the hill
 Waved with a sudden gust that
 sweeping down
 Took the edges of the pall, and blew
 it far
 Until it hung, a little silver cloud
 Over the sounding seas. I turn'd;
 my heart

Shrank in me, like a snowflake in the
hand,
Waiting to see the settled countenance
Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading
flowers.
But she from out her death-like chrysalis,
She from her bier, as into fresher life,
My sister, and my cousin, and my
love,
Leapt lightly clad in bridal white —
her hair
Studded with one rich Provence rose
— a light
Of smiling welcome round her lips —
her eyes
And cheeks as bright as when she
climb'd the hill.
One hand she reach'd to those that
came behind,
And while I mused nor yet endured to
take
So rich a prize, the man who stood
with me
Stept gaily forward, throwing down
his robes,
And claspt her hand in his. Again
the bells
Jangled and clang'd; again the
stormy surf
Crash'd in the shingle; and the whirl-
ing rout
Led by those two rush'd into dance,
and fled
Wind-footed to the steeple in the
woods,
Till they were swallow'd in the leafy
bowers,
And I stood sole beside the vacant
bier.

There, there, my latest vision —
then the event!

IV

THE GOLDEN SUPPER¹

(Another speaks)

He flies the event; he leaves the event
to me.
Poor Julian — how he rush'd away;
the bells,

¹ This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio. See Introduction, p. 2.

Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear
and heart —
But cast a parting glance at me, you
saw,
As who should say 'Continue.' Well,
he had
One golden hour — of triumph shall I
say?
Solace at least — before he left his
home.

Would you had seen him in that
hour of his!
He moved thro' all of it majesti-
cally —
Restrain'd himself quite to the close
— but now —
Whether they were his lady's marriage-
bells,
Or prophets of them in his fantasy,
I never ask'd; but Lionel and the
girl
Were wedded, and our Julian came
again
Back to his mother's house among the
pines.
But these, their gloom, the mountains
and the Bay,
The whole land weigh'd him down as
Ætna does
The Giant of Mythology; he would
go,
Would leave the land for ever, and
had gone
Surely, but for a whisper, 'Go no
yet.'
Some warning — sent divinely — as I
seem'd
By that which follow'd — but of this
I deem
As of the visions that he told — the
event
Glanced back upon them in his after-
life,
And partly made them — tho' he knew
it not.

And thus he stay'd and would not
look at her —
No, not for months; but, when the
eleventh moon
After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
Heard yet once more the tolling bell,
and said,
'Would you could toll me out of life!'
but found —

softly as his mother broke it to him —
 rather reason than a crazy ear
 that low knell tolling his lady dead —
 and had lain three days without a pulse;
 that look'd on her had pronounced her dead.
 so they bore her — for in Julian's land
 my never nall a dumb head up in aim —
 her free-faced to the free airs of heaven,
 I laid her in the vault of her own kin.
 What did he then? not die — he is here and hale —
 plunge headforemost from the mountain there,
 I leave the name of Lover's Leap, not he.
 knew the meaning of the whisper now,
 ought that he knew it. 'This, I stay'd for this:
 Love, I have not seen you for so long!
 w, now, will I go down into the grave,
 ill be all alone with all I love,
 I kiss her on the lips. She is his no more;
 dead returns to me, and I go down kiss the dead.'

The fancy stirr'd him so
 rose and went, and, entering the dim vault
 I making there a sudden light, beheld
 round about him that which all will be.
 light was but a flash, and went again.
 on at the far end of the vault he saw
 lady with the moonlight on her face;
 breast as in a shadow-prison, bars
 black and bands of silver, which the moon
 uck from an open grating overhead
 gh in the wall, and all the rest of her
 own'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.

'It was my wish,' he said, 'to pass to sleep,
 To rest, to be with her — till the great day
 Peal'd on us with that music which rights all,
 And raised us hand in hand.' And kneeling there
 Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
 'Dust,' as he said, 'that once was loving hearts,
 Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine —
 Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her,' —
 He softly put his arm about her neck
 And kiss'd her more than once, till helpless death
 And silence made him bold — nay, but I wrong him,
 He revered his dear lady even in death;
 But, placing his true hand upon her heart,
 'O you warm heart,' he moan'd, 'not even death
 Can chill you all at once' — then, starting, thought
 His dreams had come again. 'Do I wake or sleep?
 Or am I made immortal, or my love
 Mortal once more?' It beat — the heart — it beat;
 Faint — but it beat; at which his own began
 To pulse with such a vehemence that it drown'd
 The feebler motion underneath his hand.
 But when at last his doubts were satisfied
 He raised her softly from the sepulchre.
 And, wrapping her all over with the cloak
 He came in, and now striding fast, and now
 Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
 Holding his golden burthen in his arms.
 So bore her thro' the solitary land
 Back to the mother's house where she was born.

There the good mother's kindly
ministering,
With half a night's appliances, recall'd
Her fluttering life. She rais'd an eye
that ask'd
'Where?' till the things familiar to
her youth
Had made a silent answer; then she
spoke
'Here! and how came I here?' and
learning it—
They told her somewhat rashly, as I
think—
At once began to wander and to
wail,
'Ay, but you know that you must give
me back.
Send! bid him come;' but Lionel was
away—
Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none¹⁰⁰
knew where.
'He casts me out,' she wept, 'and
goes'—a wail
That, seeming something, yet was no-
thing, born
Not from believing mind but shatter'd
nerve,
Yet haunting Julian, as her own re-
proof
At some precipitance in her burial.
Then, when her own true spirit had
return'd,
'O, yes, and you,' she said, 'and none
but you?
For you have given me life and love
again,
And none but you yourself shall tell
him of it,
And you shall give me back when he¹¹⁰
returns.'
'Stay then a little,' answer'd Julian,
'here,
And keep yourself, none knowing, to
yourself;
And I will do your will. I may not
stay,
No, not an hour; but send me notice
of him
When he returns, and then will I re-
turn,
And I will make a solemn offering of
you
To him you love.' And faintly she
replied.
'And I will do *your* will, and none
shall know.'

Not know? with such a secret
known.
But all their house was old and
them both,
And all the house had known th
of both,
Had died almost to serve the
way,
And all the land was waste an
tary.
And then he rode away; bu
this,
An hour or two, Camilla's trava
Upon her, and that day a boy wa
Heir of his face and land, to Li

And thus our lonely lover rode
And pausing at a hostel in a ma
There fever seized upon him.
was then
Travelling that land, and meant
an hour;
And sitting down to such a base
It makes me angry yet to speak
I heard a groaning overhea
climb'd
The moulder'd stairs— for ever
was vile—
And in a loft, with none to v
him,
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton
Raving of dead men's dust and l
hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal la
A flat malarian world of reed and
But there from fever and my
him
Sprang up a friendship that ma
us yet.
For while we roam'd along the
coast,
And waited for her message, pi
piece
I learnt the drearier story of his
And, tho' he loved and honor'd
Found that the sudden wail h
made
Dwelt in his fancy. Did he kn
worth,
Her beauty even? should he
taught,
Even by the price that others se
it,
The value of that jewel he l
guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we
past,
With our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind,
The soul;
What makes the sequel pure, tho' some
of us

Beginning at the sequel know no more.
Not such am I; and yet I say the
bird

That will not hear my call, however
sweet,

But if my neighbor whistle answers
him —

What matter? there are others in the
wood.

Yet when I saw her — and I thought
him crazed,

Tho' not with such a craziness as needs
A call and keeper — those dark eyes
of hers —

O, such dark eyes! and not her eyes
alone,

But all from these to where she touch'd
on earth,

For such a craziness as Julian's look'd
No less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she came
To greet us, her young hero in her
arms!

'Kiss him,' she said. 'You gave me
life again.

He, but for you, had never seen it
once.

His other father you! Kiss him, and
then

Forgive him, if his name be Julian
too.'

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart!
his own

Sent such a flame into his face, I knew
Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him
there.

But he was all the more resolved to
go,

And sent at once to Lionel, praying
him,

By that great love they both had
borne the dead,

To come and revel for one hour with
him

Before he left the land for evermore;

And then to friends — they were
many — who lived

Scatteringly about that lonely land
his,

And bade them to a banquet of fa-
wells.

And Julian made a solemn feast;
never

Sat at a costlier, for all round his
From column on to column, as in

wood,
Not such as here — an equatorial on

Great garlands swung and blossom'd
and beneath,

Heirlooms, and ancient miracles
art,

Chalice and salver, wines that, heav-
knows when,

Had suck'd the fire of some forgott-
sun,

And kept it thro' a hundred years
gloom,

Yet glowing in a heart of ruby — cu-
Where nymph and god ran ever round

in gold —
Others of glass as costly — some wi-

gema
Movable and resettable at will,

And trebling all the rest in value
Ah heavens!

Why need I tell you all? — suffice
say

That whatsoever such a house as his
And his was old, has in it rare or fa-

Was brought before the guest. At
they, the guests.

Wonder'd at some strange light
Julian's eyes —

I told you that he had his golden hour
And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem

To such a time, to Lionel's loss and I
And that resolved self-exile from a land

He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger even

than rich,
But rich as for the nuptials of a kin

And stranger yet, at one end of the
hall

Two great funeral curtains, loop'd
down,

Parted a little ere they met the floor
About a picture of his lady, taken

Some years before, and falling in
the frame.

And just above the parting was a
lamp;
So the sweet figure folded round with
night
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with
a smile.

Well, then — our solemn feast — we
ate and drank, ²²⁰
And might — the wines being of such
nobleness —
Have jested also, but for Julian's
eyes,
And something weird and wild about
it all.
What was it? for our lover seldom
spoke,
Scarce touch'd the meats, but ever
and anon
A priceless goblet with a priceless wine
Arising show'd he drank beyond his
use;
And when the feast was near an end,
he said:

'There is a custom in the Orient,
friends —
I read of it in Persia — when a man ²³⁰
Will honor those who feast with him,
he brings
And shows them whatsoever he ac-
counts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may
be.
This custom' —

Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with
meeting hands
And cries about the banquet — 'Beau-
tiful!
Who could desire more beauty at a
feast?'

The lover answer'd: 'There is more
than one
Here sitting who desires it. Laud me
not ²⁴⁰
Before my time, but hear me to the
close.
This custom steps yet further when
the guest
Is loved and honor'd to the uttermost.
For after he hath shown him gems or
gold,

He brings and sets before him in his
guise
That which is thrice as beautiful as
these,
The beauty that is dearest to his
heart —

"O my heart's lord, would I could
show you," he says,
"Even my heart too." And I propose
to-night
To show you what is dearest to my
heart,
And my heart too.

'But solve me first a doubt
I knew a man, not many years ago:
He had a faithful servant, one who
loved
His master more than all on earth be-
side.
He falling sick, and seeming close to
death,
His master would not wait until he
died,
But bade his menials bear him from
the door,
And leave him in the public way to
die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took
him home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved
his life.
I ask you now, should this first mas-
ter claim
His service, whom does it belong to
him
Who thrust him out, or him who
saved his life?'

This question, so flung down before
the guests,
And balanced either way by each, to
length
When some were doubtful how the
law would hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate
phrase.
And he, beginning languidly — his lord
Weigh'd on him yet — but warmin'
as he went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass
it by,

THE LOVER'S TALE

Affirming that as long as either lived,
By all the laws of love and grateful-
ness,

The service of the one so saved was due
All to the saver — adding, with a smile,
The first for many weeks — a semi-
smile

As at a strong conclusion — 'body
and soul

And life and limbs, all his to work his
will.' 280

Then Julian made a secret sign to me
To bring Camilla down before them
all.

And crossing her own picture as she
came,

And looking as much lovelier as her-
self

Is lovelier than all others — on her head
A diamond circlet, and from under this
A veil, that seem'd no more than
gilded air,

Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern
gauze

With seeds of gold — so, with that
grace of hers,

Slow-moving as a wave against the
wind, 290

That flings a mist behind it in the sun —
And bearing high in arms the mighty
babe,

The younger Julian, who himself was
crown'd

With roses, none so rosy as himself —
And over all her babe and her the
jewels

Of many generations of his house
Sparkled and flash'd, for he had deck'd
them out

As for a solemn sacrifice of love —
So she came in — I am long in telling
it,

I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
Sad, sweet, and strange together —
floated in — 301

While all the guests in mute amaze-
ment rose —

And slowly pacing to the middle hall,
Before the board, there paused and
stood, her breast

Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her
feet,

Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.
But him she carried, him nor lights
nor feast

Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of n
who cared

Only to use his own, and staring v
And hungering for the guilt and
ell'd world

About him, look'd, as he is like
prove,

When Julian goes, the lord of al
saw.

'My guests,' said Julian, 'you
honor'd now

Even to the uttermost; in her beh
Of all my treasures the most beauti
Of all things upon earth the dearest

me;
Then waving us a sign to seat
selves,

Led his dear lady to a chair of sta
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw
face

Fire, and dead ashes and all fire a
Thrice in a second, felt him trem
too,

And heard him muttering, 'So like
like;

She never had a sister. I knew n
Some cousin of his and hers — O C
so like!'

And then he suddenly ask'd her if
were.

She shook, and cast her eyes do
and was dumb.

And then some other question'd if
came

From foreign lands, and still she
not speak.

Another, if the boy were hers; but
To all their queries answer'd n
word,

Which made the amazement more,
one of them

Said, shuddering, 'Her spectre!'
his friend

Replied, in half a whisper, 'Not
least

The spectre that will speak if spo
to.

Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
Prove, as I almost dread to find
dumb!'

But Julian, sitting by her, answ
all:

'She is but dumb, because in her
see

That faithful servant whom we spoke
about,
Obedient to her second master now ;
Which will not last. I have here to-
night a guest ³⁴¹
So bound to me by common love and
loss —
What! shall I bind him more ? in his
behalf,
Shall I exceed the Persian, giving
him
That which of all things is the dearest
to me,
Not only showing ? and he himself
pronounced
That my rich gift is wholly mine to
give.

'Now all be dumb, and promise all
of you
Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my
heart.' ³⁵⁰
And then began the story of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily —
The passionate moment would not
suffer that —
Past thro' his visions to the burial ;
thence
Down to this last strange hour in his
own hall ;
And then rose up, and with him all
his guests
Once more as by enchantment ; all but
he,
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell
again.
And sat as if in chains—to whom he
said :

'Take my free gift, my cousin, for
your wife : ³⁶⁰
And were it only for the giver's sake,

And tho' she seem so like the one you
lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring
her back.
I leave this land for ever.' Here he
ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by one
hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them both to Lion-
nel.
And there the widower husband and
dead wife
Rush'd each at each with a cry that
rather seem'd ³⁷⁰
For some new death than for a life
renew'd ;
Whereat the very babe began to wail.
At once they turn'd, and caught and
brought him in
To their charm'd circle, and, half kill-
ing him
With kisses, round him closed and
claspt again.
But Lionel, when at last he freed him-
self
From wife and child, and lifted up a
face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the
sight of this
So frightened our good friend that, turn-
ing to me ³⁸⁰
And saying, 'It is over ; let us go'—
There were our horses ready at the
doors—
We bade them no farewell, but mount-
ing these
He past for ever from his native land,
And I with him, my Julian, back to
mine.



PRINCE ALBERT

IDYLLS OF THE KING IN TWELVE BOOKS

'Flor Regum Arthuri' — JOSEPH OF EXETER

DEDICATION

to His Memory — since he held
 them dear,
 chance as finding there uncon-
 sciously
 an image of himself — I dedicate,
 dedicate, I consecrate with tears —
 the Idylls.

And indeed he seems to me
 Scarce other than my king's ideal
 knight,
 'Who revered his conscience as his
 king;
 Whose glory was, redressing human
 wrong;
 Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd
 to it;

Who loved one only and who clave to
her' —
Her — over all whose realms to their
last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of immi-
nent war,
The shadow of his loss drew like
eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost
him; he is gone.
We know him now; all narrow jeal-
ousies
Are silent, and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd,
wise,
With what sublime repression of him-
self,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to
that;
Not making his high place the lawless
perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-
ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract
of years
Wearing the white flower of a blame-
less life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon
a throne
And blackens every blot; for where
is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only
son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than
his?
Or how should England dreaming of
his sons
Hope more for these than some inher-
itance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her
poor —
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler
day —
Far-sighted summoner of War and
Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of
peace —
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious
gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince
indeed,

Beyond all titles, and a household
name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert's
Good.

Break not, O woman's-heart, but
still endure;
Break not, for thou art royal, but e-
dure,
Remembering all the beauty of the
star
Which shone so close beside thee the
ye made
One light together, but has past and
leaves
The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow
thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass
thee,
The love of all thy daughters cher-
ish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort
thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side
again!

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

LEODOGRAN, the king of Camelot
Had one fair daughter, and none other
child;
And she was fairest of all flesh
earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delig-
ht
For many a petty king ere Arth-
ur came
Ruled in this isle and, ever waging
war
Each upon other, wasted all the land
And still from time to time the heath-
en host
Swarm'd over-seas, and harried what
was left.
And so there grew great tracts of v-
astness,
Wherein the beast was ever more a-
broad,
But man was less and less, till Arth-
ur came.
For first Aurelius lived and fought and
died,

After him King Uther fought and
 died,
 Neither fail'd to make the kingdom
 one.
 And after these King Arthur for a
 space,
 And thro' the puissance of his Table
 Round,
 Saw all their petty principdoms under
 him,
 Their king and head, and made a realm
 and reign'd.
 And thus the land of Camelard was
 waste,
 Thick with wet woods, and many a
 beast therein,
 And none or few to scare or chase the
 beast;
 So that wild dog and wolf and boar
 and bear
 Came night and day, and rooted in the
 fields,
 And wallow'd in the gardens of the
 King.
 And ever and anon the wolf would
 steal
 The children and devour, but now and
 then,
 Her own brood lost or dead, lent her
 fierce teat
 To human sucklings; and the children,
 housed
 In her foul den, there at their meat
 would growl,
 And mock their foster-mother on four
 feet,
 Till, straighten'd, they grew up to
 wolf-like men,
 Worse than the wolves. And King
 Leodogran
 Groan'd for the Roman legions here
 again
 And Cesar's eagle. Then his brother
 king,
 Crien, assail'd him; last a heathen
 horde,
 Reddening the sun with smoke and
 earth with blood,
 And on the spike that split the mother's
 heart
 Spitting the child, brake on him, till,
 amazed,
 He knew not whither he should turn
 for aid.

But— for he heard of Arthur new
 crown'd,
 Tho' not without an uproar made
 those
 Who cried, 'He is not Uther's son'
 the King
 Sent to him, saying, 'Arise, and ha
 us thou!
 For here between the man and be
 we die.'

And Arthur yet had done no de
 of arms,
 But heard the call and came; a
 Guinevere
 Stood by the castle walls to wa
 him pass;
 But since he neither wore on helm
 shield
 The golden symbol of his kingliho
 But rode a simple knight among
 knights,
 And many of these in richer arms th
 he,
 She saw him not, or mark'd not, if
 saw,
 One among many, tho' his face w
 bare.
 But Arthur, looking downward as
 past,
 Felt the light of her eyes into
 life
 Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, a
 pitch'd
 His tents beside the forest. Then
 drave
 The heathen; after, slew the bea
 and fell'd
 The forest, letting in the sun, a
 made
 Broad pathways for the hunter a
 the knight,
 And so return'd.

For while he linger'd the
 A doubt that ever smoulder'd in
 hearts
 Of those great lords and barons of
 realm
 Flash'd forth and into war; for m
 of these.
 Colleaguings with a score of pe
 kings,
 Made head against him, crying: 'W
 is he

That he should rule us ? who hath
 proven him
 King Uther's son ? for lo ! we look at
 him,
 And find nor face nor bearing, limbs
 nor voice, ⁷⁰
 Are like to those of Uther whom we
 knew.
 This is the son of Gorlois, not the
 King ;
 This is the son of Anton, not the
 King.'

And Arthur, passing thence to
 battle, felt
 travail, and throes and agonies of the
 life,
 Desiring to be join'd with Guinever,
 And thinking as he rode : ' Her father
 said
 That there between the man and beast
 they die.
 Shall I not lift her from this land of
 beasts
 Up to my throne and side by side
 with me ? ⁸⁰
 What happiness to reign a lonely
 king,
 Vext—O ye stars that shudder over
 me,
 O earth that soundest hollow under
 me,
 Vext with waste dreams ? for saving
 I be join'd
 To her that is the fairest under heaven,
 I seem as nothing in the mighty
 world,
 And cannot will my will nor work my
 work
 Wholly, nor make myself in mine
 own realm
 Victor and lord. But were I join'd
 with her,
 Then might we live together as one
 life, ⁹⁰
 And reigning with one will in every-
 thing
 Have power on this dark land to
 lighten it,
 And power on this dead world to
 make it live.'

Thereafter—as he speaks who tells
 the tale—
 When Arthur reach'd a field of battle
 bright

With pitch'd pavilions of his foe, ¹
 world
 Was all so clear about him that
 saw
 The smallest rock far on the faint
 hill,
 And even in high day the morrid
 star.
 So when the King had set his ban
 broad,
 At once from either side, with tru-
 pet-blast,
 And shouts, and clarions shrilling in
 blood,
 The long-lanced battle let their hor-
 run.
 And now the barons and the kin
 prevail'd,
 And now the King, as here and th-
 that war
 Went swaying ; but the Powers w
 walk the world
 Made lightnings and great thund
 over him,
 And dazed all eyes, till Arthur
 main might,
 And mightier of his hands with ev
 blow,
 And leading all his knighthood th-
 the kings,
 Carados, Urien, Cradlemont of Wa
 Claudius, and Clariance of North
 berland,
 The King Brandagoras of Latang
 With Anguisant of Erin, Morgano
 And Lot of Orkney. Then, befor
 voice
 As dreadful as the shout of one v
 sees
 To one who sins, and deems him
 alone
 And all the world asleep, they swer
 and brake
 Flying, and Arthur call'd to stay
 brands
 That hack'd among the flyers, 'I
 they yield !'
 So like a painted battle the
 stood
 Silenced, the living quiet as the de
 And in the heart of Arthur joy
 lord.
 He laugh'd upon his warrior whom
 loved
 And honor'd most. 'Thou dost
 doubt me King,

well thine arm hath wrought for
me to-day.'
And my liege,' he cried, 'the fire
of God
sends upon thee in the battle-field.
Now thee for my King!' Whereat
the two,
each had warded either in the
fight,
were on the field of death a deathless
love.
And Arthur said, 'Man's word is God
in man;
I chance what will, I trust thee to
the death.'

Then quickly from the foughten
field he sent
him, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
his new made knights, to King Leo-
dogran,
saying, 'If I in aught have served
thee well,
we me thy daughter Guinevere to
wife.'

Whom when he heard, Leodogran
in heart
bating — 'How should I that am a
king,
never much he help me at my
need,
we my one daughter saving to a
king,
d a king's son?' — lifted his voice,
and call'd
hoary man, his chamberlain, to
whom
trusted all things, and of him re-
quired
counsel: 'Knowest thou aught of
Arthur's birth?'

Then spake the hoary chamberlain
and said:
For King, there be but two old men
that know;
Each is twice as old as I; and one
Merlin, the wise man that ever
served
King Uther thro' his magic art, and
one
Merlin's master — so they call him
— Bleya,
so taught him magic; but the
scholar ran

Before the master, and so far that
Bleya
Laid magic by, and sat him down,
and wrote
All things and whatsoever Merlin
did
In one great annal-book, where after-
years
Will learn the secret of our Arthur's
birth.'

To whom the King Leodogran re-
plied:
'O friend, had I been holpen half as
well
By this King Arthur as by thee to-
day,
Then beast and man had had their
share of me;
But summon here before us yet once
more
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere.'

Then, when they came before him,
the king said:
'I have seen the cuckoo chased by
lesser fowl,
And reason in the chase; but where-
fore now
Do these your lords stir up the heat
of war,
Some calling Arthur born of Gorlois,
Others of Anton? Tell me, ye your-
selves,
Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's
son?'

And Ulfius and Brastias answer'd,
'Ay.'
Then Bedivere, the first of all his
knights
Knighted by Arthur at his crowning,
spake —
For bold in heart and act and word
was he,
Whenever slander breathed against
the King —

'Sir, there be many rumors on this
head;
For there be those who hate him in
their hearts,
Call him baseborn, and since his ways
are sweet,
And theirs are bestial, hold him less
than man;

And there be those who deem him
 more than man,
 And dream he dropt from heaven.
 But my belief
 In all this matter—so ye care to
 learn—
 Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's
 time
 The prince and warrior Gorlois, he
 that held
 Tintagil castle by the Cornish sea,
 Was wedded with a winsome wife,
 Ygerne;
 And daughters had she borne him, —
 one whereof,
 Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney,
 Bellicent,
 Hath ever like a loyal sister cleaved
 To Arthur, — but a son she had not
 borne. ¹⁹¹
 And Uther cast upon her eyes of love;
 But she, a stainless wife to Gorlois,
 So loathed the bright dishonor of his
 love
 That Gorlois and King Uther went to
 war,
 And overthrown was Gorlois and slain.
 Then Uther in his wrath and heat be-
 sieged
 Ygerne within Tintagil, where her
 men,
 Seeing the mighty swarm about their
 walls,
 Left her and fled, and Uther enter'd
 in, ²⁰⁰
 And there was none to call to but him-
 self.
 So, compass'd by the power of the
 king,
 Enforced she was to wed him in her
 tears,
 And with a shameful swiftness; after-
 ward,
 Not many moons, King Uther died
 himself,
 Moaning and wailing for an heir to
 rule
 After him, lest the realm should go to
 wrack.
 And that same night, the night of the
 new year,
 By reason of the bitterness and grief
 That vext his mother, all before his
 time ²¹⁰
 Was Arthur born, and all as soon as
 born

Deliver'd at a secret postern-gate
 To Merlin, to be holden far apart
 Until his hour should come, becom
 the lords
 Of that fierce day were as the lord
 this,
 Wild beasts, and surely would he
 torn the child
 Piecemeal among them, had he
 known; for each
 But sought to rule for his own
 and hand,
 And many hated Uther for the sale
 Of Gorlois. Wherefore Merlin
 the child,
 And gave him to Sir Anton, an
 knight
 And ancient friend of Uther; and
 wife
 Nursed the young prince, and re-
 him with her own;
 And no man knew. And ever s
 the lords
 Have foughten like wild beasts am
 themselves,
 So that the realm has gone to wr
 but now,
 This year, when Merlin — for his l
 had come —
 Brought Arthur forth, and set him
 the hall,
 Proclaiming, "Here is Uther's l
 your king,"
 A hundred voices cried: "Away
 him!
 No king of ours! a son of Gorlois
 Or else the child of Anton, and
 king,
 Or else baseborn." Yet Merlin
 his craft,
 And while the people clamor'd f
 king,
 Had Arthur crown'd; but after,
 great lords
 Banded, and so brake out in open v

Then while the king debated
 himself
 If Arthur were the child of shame
 ness,
 Or born the son of Gorlois a
 death,
 Or Uther's son and born before
 time,
 Or whether there were truth in
 thing

id by these three, there came to
Cameliard,
ith Gawain and young Modred, her
two sons,
t's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Belli-
cent;
hom as he could, not as he would,
the king
de feast for, saying, as they sat at
meat:
doubtful throne is ice on summer
seas.
come from Arthur's court. Victor
his men
port him! Yea, but ye—think ye
this king—
many those that hate him, and so
strong,
few his knights, however brave ²⁵⁰
they be—
th body enow to hold his foemen
down?'

'O King,' she cried, 'and I will tell
thee: few,
w, but all brave, all of one mind
with him;
r I was near him when the savage
yells
Uther's peerage died, and Arthur
sat
owned on the dais, and his warriors
cried,
be thou the king, and we will work
thy will
so love thee." Then the King in
low deep tones,
d simple words of great authority,
and them by so strait vows to his
own self ²⁶¹
at when they rose, knighted from
kneeling, some
re pale as at the passing of a ghost,
ne flush'd, and others dazed, as one
who wakes
blinded at the coming of a light.

But when he spake, and cheer'd his
Table Round
th large, divine, and comfortable
words,
ond my tongue to tell thee—I be-
held
m eye to eye thro' all their Order
flash
momentary likeness of the King; ²⁷⁰

And ere it left their faces, thro' the
cross
And those around it and the Crucified,
Down from the casement over Arthur,
smote
Flame-color, vert, and azure, in three
rays,
One falling upon each of three fair
queens
Who stood in silence near his throne,
the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with
bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his
need.

'And there I saw mage Merlin,
whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the
hands ²⁸⁰
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

'And near him stood the Lady of
the Lake,
Who knows a subtler magic than his
own—
'Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful.
She gave the King his huge cross-
hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen out. A
mist
Of incense curl'd about her, and her
face
Wellnigh was hidden in the minster
gloom;
But there was heard among the holy
hymns
A voice as of the waters, for shed wells
Down in a deep—calm, whatsoever
storms ²⁹¹
May shake the world—and when the
surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like
our Lord.

'There likewise I beheld Excalibur
Before him at his crowning borne, the
sword
That rose from out the bosom of the
lake,
And Arthur row'd across and took it—
rich
With jewels, eltin Urim, on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eye—the blade
so bright

That men are blinded by it — on one
 side,³⁰⁰
 Graven in the oldest tongue of all this
 world,
 "Take me," but turn the blade and ye
 shall see,
 And written in the speech ye speak
 yourself,
 "Cast me away!" And sad was
 Arthur's face
 Taking it, but old Merlin counsell'd
 him,
 "Take thou and strike! the time to
 cast away
 Is yet far-off." So this great brand the
 king
 Took, and by this will beat his foemen
 down.

Thereat Leodogran rejoiced, but
 thought
 To sift his doubtings to the last, and
 ask'd,³¹⁰
 Fixing full eyes of question on her
 face,
 'The swallow and the swift are near
 akin,
 But thou art closer to this noble
 prince,
 Being his own dear sister;' and she
 said,
 'Daughter of Gorlois and Ygerne am
 I;
 'And therefore Arthur's sister?' ask'd
 the king.
 She answer'd, 'These be secret things,'
 and sign'd
 To those two sons to pass, and let them
 be.
 And Gawain went, and breaking into
 song
 Sprang out, and follow'd by his flying
 hair³²⁰
 Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he
 saw;
 But Modred laid his ear beside the
 doors,
 And there half-heard — the same that
 afterward
 Struck for the throne, and striking
 found his doom.

And then the Queen made answer:
 'What know I?
 For dark my mother was in eyes and
 hair,

And dark in hair and eyes and
 dark
 Was Gorlois; yea, and dark
 too,
 Wellnigh to blackness; but
 is fair
 Beyond the race of Briton
 men.
 Moreover, always in my mind
 A cry from out the dawning of
 A mother weeping, and I hear
 "O that ye had some brother
 one,
 To guard thee on the rough
 the world."

'Ay,' said the king, 'and
 such a cry?
 But when did Arthur chance
 first?'

'O King!' she cried, 'and
 thee true.
 He found me first when ye
 maid.
 Beaten I had been for a little
 Whereof I was not guilty; and
 ran
 And flung myself down on
 heath,
 And hated this fair world
 therein,
 And wept, and wish'd that
 dead; and he—
 I know not whether of his
 came,
 Or brought by Merlin, who,
 can walk
 Unseen at pleasure—he was
 side,
 And spake sweet words, and
 comforted my heart,
 And dried my tears, being
 with me.
 And many a time he came, and
 more
 As I grew greater grew with
 sad
 At times he seem'd, and sad
 was I.
 Stern too at times, and then
 him not,
 But sweet again, and then
 him well.
 And now of late I see him
 less,

it those first days had golden hours
for me,
¶ then I surely thought he would
be king.

But let me tell thee now another
tale:
or Bleys, our Merlin's master, as
they say,
led but of late, and sent his cry to me,
to hear him speak before he left his
life.

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Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay
the mage;
And when I enter'd told me that him-
self

And Merlin ever served about the king,
Uther, before he died; and on the
night

When Uther in Tintagil past away
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the
two

Left the still king, and passing forth
to breathe,



“A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's tent.”

Then from the castle gateway by the
chasm
Descending thro' the dismal night—a
night ³⁷⁰
In which the bounds of heaven and
earth were lost—
Beheld, so high upon the dreary
deeps
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape
thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem
to stern
Bright with a shining people on the
decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then
the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the
great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than
the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half
the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and
plunged ³⁸⁰
Roaring, and all the wave was in a
flame;
And down the wave and in the flame
was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's
feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and
cried, "The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!" And the
fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up
the strand,
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the
word,
And all at once all round him rose in
fire,
So that the child and he were clothed
in fire.
And presently thereafter follow'd calm,
Free sky and stars. "And this same
child," he said, ³⁹¹
"Is he who reigns; nor could I part
in peace
Till this were told." And saying this
the seer
Went thro' the strait and dreadful
pass of death.
Not ever to be question'd any more
Save on the further side; but when I
met
Merlin, and ask'd him if these things
were truth—

The shining dragon and the naked
child
Descending in the glory of the seas—
He laugh'd as is his wont, and an-
swer'd me
In riddling triplets of old time, and
said:—

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the
sky!

A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the
lea!

And truth is this to me, and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

"Rain, sun, and rain! and the first
blossom blows;

Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who
knows?

From the great deep to the great deep he
goes."

'So Merlin riddling anger'd me
but thou

Fear not to give this King thine only
child,

Guinevere; so great bards of him will
sing

Hereafter, and dark sayings from of old
Ranging and ringing thro' the mind

of men,
And echo'd by old folk beside the
fires

For comfort after their wage-work
done,

Speak of the King; and Merlin in our
time

Hath spoken also, not in jest, and
sworn

Tho' men may wound him that he
will not die,

But pass, again to come, and then
now

Utterly smite the heathen underfoot.
Till these and all men hail him for
their king.'

She spake and King Leodogran re-
joiced,

But musing 'Shall I answer yea or
nay?'

Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and
slept, and saw,

Dreaming, a slope of land that ever
grew,

And after field, up to a height, the
 peak
 was hidden, and thereon a phantom
 king,
 now looms, and now lost; and on
 the slope ⁴³⁰
 the sword rose, the hind fell, the herd
 was driven,
 the glimpse; and all the land from
 roof and rick,
 a drifts of smoke before a rolling
 wind,
 steamed to the peak, and mingled
 with the haze
 and made it thicker; while the phan-
 tom king
 sat out at times a voice; and here or
 there
 stood one who pointed toward the
 voice, the rest
 flew on and burnt, crying, 'No king
 of ours,
 no son of Uther, and no king of ours;'
 till with a wink his dream was
 changed, the haze ⁴⁴⁰
 descended, and the solid earth be-
 came
 as nothing, but the King stood out in
 heaven,
 dawn'd. And Leodogran awoke, and
 sent
 Eborac, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
 back to the court of Arthur answer-
 ing yea.

Then Arthur charged his warrior
 whom he loved
 And honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to
 ride forth
 And bring the Queen, and watch'd
 him from the gates;
 And Lancelot past away among the
 flowers—
 For then was latter April—and re-
 turn'd ⁴⁵⁰
 Among the flowers, in May, with
 Guinevere.
 To whom arrived, by Dubric the high
 saint,
 Chief of the church in Britain, and
 before
 The statelyest of her altar-shrines, the
 King
 That morn was married, while in
 staidness white,
 The fair beginners of a nobler time,

And glorying in their vows and him,
 his knights
 Stood round him, and rejoicing in his
 joy.
 Far shone the fields of May thro' open
 door,
 The sacred altar blossom'd white with
 May, ⁴⁶⁰
 The sun of May descended on their
 King,
 They gazed on all earth's beauty in
 their Queen,
 Roll'd incense, and there past along
 the hymns
 A voice as of the waters, while the two
 Swore at the shrine of Christ a death-
 less love.
 And Arthur said, 'Behold, thy doom
 is mine.
 Let chance what will, I love thee to
 the death!
 To whom the Queen replied with
 drooping eyes,
 'King and my lord, I love thee to the
 death!
 And holy Dubric spread his hands
 and spake: ⁴⁷⁰
 'Reign ye, and live and love, and
 make the world
 Other, and may thy Queen be one
 with thee,
 And all this Order of thy Table Round
 Fulfil the boundless purpose of their
 King!'

So Dubric said; but when they left
 the shrine
 Great lords from Rome before the
 portal stood,
 In scornful stillness gazing as they
 past;
 Then while they paced a city all on
 fire
 With sun and cloth of gold, the trum-
 pets blew,
 And Arthur's knighthood sang before
 the King:— ⁴⁸⁰

'Blow trumpet, for the world is white
 with May!
 Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd
 away!
 Blow thro' the living world—"Let the
 King reign!"

'Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's
 realm?

Flash brand and lance, fall battle-axe upon
helm,
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the
King reign!

'Strike for the King and live! his knights
have heard
That God hath told the King a secret
word.
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the
King reign!

Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the
dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength, and die the
lust!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the
King reign!

'Strike for the King and die! and if thou
diest,
The King is king, and ever wills the high-
est.
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the
King reign!

'Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his
May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by
day!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the
King reign!

'The King will follow Christ, and we the
King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret
thing.
Fall battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the
King reign!

So sang the knighthood, movin
their hall.
There at the banquet those great
from Rome,
The slowly-fading mistress of
world,
Strode in and claim'd their tribut
of yore.
But Arthur spake: 'Behold, for t
have sworn
To wage my wars, and worship
their King;
The old order changeth, yielding p
to new,
And we that fight for our fair fa
Christ,
Seeing that ye be grown too weak
old
To drive the heathen from your Ro
wall,
No tribute will we pay.' So t
great lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur st
with Rome.

And Arthur and his knighthoo
a space
Were all one will, and thro'
strength the King
Drew in the petty princedom's u
him,
Fought, and in twelve great ba
overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a n
and reign'd.

THE ROUND TABLE

GARETH AND LYNETTE
THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT
GERAINT AND ENID
BALIN AND BALAN
MERLIN AND VIVIEN

LANCELOT AND ELAINE
THE HOLY GRAIL
PELLEAS AND ETTARRE
THE LAST TOURNAMENT
GUINEVERE

GARETH AND LYNETTE

The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful
spring
Stared at the spate. A slender-shafted
pine
Lost footing, fell, and so was whirl'd
away.
'How he went down,' said Gareth, 'as
a false knight

Or evil king before my lanc
lance
Were mine to use — O senseless
ract,
Bearing all down in thy precipitan
And yet thou art but swollen with
snows
And mine is living blood. Thou
His will,
The Maker's, and not knowest, a
that know,

re strength and wit, in my good
 mother's hall
 gar with vacillating obedience,
 sm'd, and kept and coax'd and
 whistled to—
 as the good mother holds me still
 a child!
 x mother is had mother unto
 me!
 worse were better; yet no worse
 would I
 even yield her for it, but in me put
 force
 weary her ears with one continuous
 prayer,
 till she let me fly disengaged to
 sweep
 ever-highering eagle-circles up
 the great Sun of Glory, and thence
 swoop
 wa upon all things base, and dash
 them dead,
 knight of Arthur, working out his
 will,
 cleanse the world. Why, Gawain,
 when he came
 th Modred hither in the summer-
 time,
 r'd me to tilt with him, the proven
 knight
 dred for want of worthier was the
 judge.
 as I so shook him in the saddle, he
 said,
 how hast half prevail'd against me,"
 said so—he—
 Modred biting his thin lips was
 mute,
 he is always sullen—what care I?
 and Gareth went, and hovering
 round her chair
 d, 'Mother, tho' ye count me still
 the child,
 eet mother, do ye love the child?'
 She laugh'd,
 you art but a wild-goose to question
 it.
 en, mother, an ye love the child,
 he said,
 ing a goose and rather tame than
 wild,
 r the child's story.' 'Yea, my well-
 beloved,
 't were but of the goose and golden
 egga.'

And Gareth answer'd her with kin-
 dling eyes:
 'Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg
 of mine
 Was finer gold than any goose can
 lay;
 For this an eagle, a royal eagle, laid
 Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a
 palm
 As glitters gilded in thy Book of
 Hours.
 And there was ever haunting round
 the palm
 A lusty youth, but poor, who often
 saw
 The splendor sparkling from aloft,
 and thought,
 "An I could climb and lay my hand
 upon it,
 Then were I wealthier than a leash of
 kings."
 But ever when he reach'd a hand to
 climb,
 One that had loved him from his child-
 hood caught
 And stay'd him, "Climb not lest thou
 break thy neck,
 I charge thee by my love," and so the
 boy,
 Sweet mother, neither clomb nor brake
 his neck,
 But brake his very heart in pining for
 it,
 And past away.'

To whom the mother said,
 'True love, sweet son, had risk'd him-
 self and climb'd,
 And handed down the golden treasure
 to him.'

And Gareth answer'd her with kin-
 dling eyes:
 'Gold? said I gold?—ay then, why
 he, or she,
 Or whoso'er it was, or half the world,
 Had ventured—had the thing I spake
 of been
 Mere gold—but this was all of that
 true steel
 Whereof they forged the brand Excali-
 bur,
 And lightnings play'd about it in the
 storm,
 And all the little fowl were flurried at
 it,

And there were cries and clashings in
the nest,
That sent him from his senses. Let
me go.' 70

Then Bellicent bemoan'd herself and
said :
'Hast thou no pity upon my loneli-
ness ?

Lo, where thy father Lot beside the
hearth
Lies like a log, and all but smoulder'd
out !

For ever since when traitor to the King
He fought against him in the barons'
war,

And Arthur gave him back his terri-
tory,

His age hath slowly droopt, and now
lies there

A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburi-
able,

No more ; nor sees, nor hears, nor
speaks, nor knows. 80

And both thy brethren are in Arthur's
hall,

Albeit neither loved with that full
love

I feel for thee, nor worthy such a love.
Stay therefore thou ; red berries charm

the bird,

And thee, mine innocent, the jousts,
the wars,

Who never knewest finger-ache, nor
pang

Of wrench'd or broken limb—an often
chance

In those brain-stunning shocks, and
tourney-falls,

Frights to my heart. But stay ; follow
the deer

By these tall firs and our fast-falling
burns ; 90

So make thy manhood mightier day
by day.

Sweet is the chase ; and I will seek
thee out

Some comfortable bride and fair, to
grace

Thy climbing life, and cherish my
prone year,

Till falling into Lot's forgetfulness
I know not thee, myself, nor anything.

Stay, my best son ! ye are yet more
boy than man.

Then Gareth : 'An ye hold me
for child,

Hear yet once more the story of
child.

For, mother, there was once a k
like ours.

The prince his heir, when tall
marriageable,

Ask'd for a bride ; and thereupon
king

Set two before him. One was
strong, arm'd —

But to be won by force—and m
men

Desired her ; one, good lack, no
desired.

And these were the conditions of
king :

That save he won the first by f
he needs

Must wed that other, whom no
desired,

A red-faced bride who knew herse
vile

That evermore she long'd to hide
self,

Nor fronted man or woman, ey
eye —

Yea—some she cleaved to, but
died of her.

And one—they call'd her Fame ;
one—O mother,

How can ye keep me tether'd to y
— Shame.

Man am I grown, a man's work :
I do.

Follow the deer ? follow the Cl
the King,

Live pure, speak true, right wi
follow the King —

Else, wherefore born ?'

To whom the mother :

'Sweet son, for there be many
deem him not,

Or will not deem him, wholly pr
king —

Albeit in mine own heart I knew
King

When I was frequent with him i
youth,

And heard him kingly speak,
doubted him

No more than he, himself ; but
him mine,

lowest kin to me. Yet — wilt thou
leave
me easeful biding here, and risk
thine all,
limbs, for one that is not proven
king?
till the cloud that settles round
his birth
is lifted but a little. Stay, sweet
son.

And Gareth answer'd quickly: 'Not
an hour.
that ye yield me — I will walk thro'
fire,
ther, to gain it — your full leave to
go.
proven, who swept the dust of
ruin'd Rome
m off the threshold of the realm,
and crush'd
idolaters, and made the people
free?
should be king save him who
makes us free?'

o when the Queen, who long had
sought in vain
break him from the intent to which
he grew,
and her son's will unwaveringly
one,
answer'd craftily: 'Will ye walk
thro' fire?
o walks thro' fire will hardly heed
the smoke.
go then, an ye must; only one
proof,
ore thou ask the King to make
thee knight,
thine obedience and thy love to me,
mother, — I demand.'

And Gareth cried:
hard one, or a hundred, so I go.
— quick! the proof to prove me
to the quick!

But slowly spake the mother looking
at him:
fence, thou shalt go disguised to
Arthur's hall,
I hire thyself to serve for meats
and drinks
ong the scullions and the kitchen-
knaves,

And those that hand the dish across
the bar,
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to any
one.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth
and a day.'

For so the Queen believed that when
her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down thro' villain kitchen-vassal-
age,
Her own true Gareth was too princely-
proud
To pass thereby; so should he rest
with her,
Closed in her castle from the sound of
arms.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then re-
plied:
'The thrall in person may be free in
soul,
And I shall see the jousts. Thy son
am I,
And, since thou art my mother, must
obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will;
For hence will I, disguised, and hire
myself
To serve with scullions and with
kitchen-knives;
Nor tell my name to any — no, not the
King.'

Gareth awhile linger'd. The mo-
ther's eye
Full of the wistful fear that he would
go,
And turning toward him wheresoe'er
he turn'd,
Perplex'd his outward purpose, till an
hour
When, waken'd by the wind which
with full voice
Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on
to dawn,
He rose, and out of slumber calling
two
That still had tended on him from his
birth,
Before the wakeful mother heard him,
went.

The three were clad like tillers of
the soil.

Southward they set their faces. The
birds made
Melody on branch and melody in mid
air. 180
The damp hill-slopes were quicken'd
into green,
And the live green had kindied into
flowers,
For it was past the time of Easter-day.

So, when their feet were planted on
the plain
That broaden'd toward the base of
Camelot,
Far off they saw the silver-misty
morn
Rolling her smoke about the royal
mount,
That rose between the forest and the
field.
At times the summit of the high city
flash'd;
At times the spires and turrets half-
way down 190
Prick'd thro' the mist; at times the
great gate shone
Only, that open'd on the field below;
Anon, the whole fair city had disap-
pear'd.

Then those who went with Gareth
were amazed,
One crying, 'Let us go no further,
lord;
Here is a city of enchanters, built
By fairy kings.' The second echo'd
him,
'Lord, we have heard from our wise
man at home
To northward, that this king is not
the King,
But only changeling out of Fairyland,
Who drave the heathen hence by sor-
cery 201
And Merlin's glamour.' Then the first
again,
'Lord, there is no such city anywhere,
But all a vision.'

Gareth answer'd them
With laughter, swearing he had gla-
mour enow
In his own blood, his pryncedom,
youth, and hopes,
To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian
sea:

So push'd them all unwilling towa
the gate.
And there was no gate like it und
heaven.
For barefoot on the keystone, whi
was lined
And rippled like an ever-fleeting wav
The Lady of the Lake stood; all h
dress
Wept from her sides as water flowin
away;
But like the cross her great and good
arms
Stretch'd under all the cornice and u
held.
And drops of water fell from eith
hand;
And down from one a sword w
hung, from one
A censer, either worn with wind an
storm;
And o'er her breast floated the sacr
fish;
And in the space to left of her, an
right, 2
Were Arthur's wars in weird devic
done,
New things and old co-twisted, as
Time
Were nothing, so inveterately th
men
Were giddy gazing there; and ov
all
High on the top were those thr
queens, the friends
Of Arthur, who should help him
his need.

Then those with Gareth for so lon
a space
Stared at the figures that at last
seem'd
The dragon-boughts and elvish en
blemings
Began to move, seethe, twine, an
curl. They call'd
To Gareth, 'Lord, the gateway
alive.'

And Gareth likewise on them fi
his eyes
So long that even to him they seem
to move.
Out of the city a blast of music peal'd
Back from the gate started the thre
to whom

an out thereunder came an ancient
man,
ag-bearded, saying, 'Who be ye,
my sons?'

Then Gareth: 'We be tillers of the
soil,
no leaving share in furrow come to
see
e glories of our King; but these,
my men, —
our city moved so weirdly in the
mist—
doubt if the King be king at all, or
come
from Fairyland; and whether this be
built
' magic, and by fairy kings and
queens;
whether there be any city at all,
all a vision; and this music now
has scared them both, but tell thou
these the truth.'

Then that old Seer made answer,
playing on him
d saying: 'Son, I have seen the
good ship sail
el upward, and mast downward,
in the heavens,
d solid turrets topsy-turvy in air;
d here is truth, but an it please
thee not,
ke thou the truth as thou hast told
it me.
r truly, as thou sayest, a fairy king
d fairy queens have built the city,
son;
ey came from out a sacred moun-
tain-cleft
ward the sunrise, each with harp in
hand,
d built it to the music of their
harps.
d, as thou sayest, it is enchanted,
son,
r there is nothing in it as it seems
ring the King; tho' some there be
that hold
e King a shadow, and the city real.
t take thou heed of him, for, so
thou pass
neath this archway, then wilt thou
become
thrall to his enchantments, for the
King

Will bind thee by such vows as is a
shame
A man should not be bound by, yet
the which
No man can keep; but, so thou dread
to swear,
Pass not beneath this gateway, but
abide
Without, among the cattle of the
field.
For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city
is built
To music, therefore never built at
all,
And therefore built for ever.'

Gareth spake
Anger'd: 'Old master, reverence
thine own beard
That looks as white as utter truth,
and seems
Wellnigh as long as thou art statured
tall!
Why mockest thou the stranger that
hath been
To thee fair-spoken?'

But the Seer replied:
'Know ye not then the Riddling of
the Bards:
'Confusion, and illusion, and relation,
Elusion, and occasion, and evasion'?
I mock thee not but as thou mockest
me,
And all that see thee, for thou art not
who
Thou seemest, but I know thee who
thou art.
And now thou goest up to mock the
King.
Who cannot brook the shadow of any
lie.'

Unmockingly the mocker ending
here
Turn'd to the right, and past along
the plain;
Whom Gareth looking after said:
'My men,
Our one white lie sits like a little ghost
Here on the threshold of our enter-
prise.
Let love be blamed for it, not she
nor I.
Well, we will make amends.'

With all good cheer
 He spake and laugh'd, then enter'd
 with his twain
 Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
 And stately, rich in emblem and the
 work
 Of ancient kings who did their days
 in stone;
 Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at
 Arthur's court,
 Knowing all arts, had touch'd, and
 everywhere,
 At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with les-
 sening peak
 And pinnacle, and had made it spire
 to heaven.
 And ever and anon a knight would
 pass
 Outward, or inward to the hall; his
 arms
 Clash'd, and the sound was good to
 Gareth's ear.
 And out of bower and casement shyly
 glanced
 Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars
 of love;
 And all about a healthful people slept
 As in the presence of a gracious king.

Then into hall Gareth ascending
 heard
 A voice, the voice of Arthur, and be-
 held
 Far over heads in that long-vaulted
 hall
 The splendor of the presence of the
 King
 Throned, and delivering doom — and
 look'd no more —
 But felt his young heart hammering
 in his ears.
 And thought, 'For this half-shadow
 of a lie
 The truthful King will doom me
 when I speak.'
 Yet pressing on, tho' all in fear to find
 Sir Gawain or Sir Modred, saw nor
 one
 Nor other, but in all the listening
 eyes
 Of those tall knights that ranged
 about the throne
 Clear honor shining like the dewy star
 Of dawn, and faith in their great
 King, with pure
 Affection, and the light of victory,

And glory gain'd, and evermore
gain.

Then came a widow crying to
 King:
 'A boon, Sir King! Thy father
 Uther, reft
 From my dead lord a field with
 lence;
 For howsoever at first he pro-
 gold,
 Yet, for the field was pleasant in
 eyes,
 We yielded not; and then he re-
 of it
 Perforce and left us neither gold
 field.'

Said Arthur, 'Whether would
 gold or field?'
 To whom the woman weeping, 'O
 my lord,
 The field was pleasant in my
 band's eye.'

And Arthur: 'Have thy place
 field again,
 And thrice the gold for Uther
 thereof,
 According to the years. No blood
 here,
 But justice, so thy say be
 true.
 Accursed, who from the wrong
 father did
 Would shape himself a right!'

And while she
 Came yet another widow cry-
 him:
 'A boon, Sir King! Thine own
 King, am I.
 With thine own hand thou shalt
 my dear lord,
 A knight of Uther in the
 war,
 When Lot and many another ro-
 fought
 Against thee, saying thou wert
 born.
 I held with these, and loathe
 thee aught.
 Yet lo! my husband's brother has
 son
 Thrall'd in his castle, and hath slain
 him dead.

standeth seized of that inheritance
 Which thou that slewest the sire hast
 left the son.
 'tho' I scarce can ask it thee for
 hate,
 Let me some knight to do the battle
 for me,
 Of the foul thief, and wreak me for
 my son.'

Then strode a good knight forward,
 crying to him,
 'boon, Sir King! I am her kins-
 man, I
 seek me to right her wrong, and slay
 the man.'

Then came Sir Kay, the seneschal,
 and cried,
 'boon, Sir King! even that thou
 grant her none,
 I shall rather, that hath mock'd thee in
 full hall —
 Me; or the wholesome boon of gyve
 and gag.'

But Arthur: 'We sit King, to help
 the wrong'd
 Of all our realm. The woman
 loves her lord.
 Give to thee, woman, with thy loves
 and hates!
 The kings of old had doom'd thee to
 the flames;
 But Sir Emrys would have scourged
 thee dead,
 I rather slit thy tongue; but get
 thee hence —
 Of that rough humor of the kings of
 old
 Turn upon me! Thou that art her
 kin,
 Likewise; lay him low and slay
 him not,
 Bring him here, that I may judge
 the right,
 According to the justice of the King.
 If he be guilty, by that deathless
 King
 He shall live and died for men, the man
 shall die.'

Then came in hall the messenger of
 Mark,
 Of evil savor in the land,

The Cornish king. In either hand he
 bore
 What dazzled all, and shone far-off as
 shines
 A field of charlock in the sudden
 sun
 Between two showers, a cloth of
 palest gold,
 Which down he laid before the throne,
 and knelt,
 Delivering that his lord, the vassal
 king,
 Was even upon his way to Camelot;
 For having heard that Arthur of his
 grace
 Had made his goodly cousin Tristram
 knight,
 And, for himself was of the greater
 state,
 Being a king, he trusted his liege-
 lord
 Would yield him this large honor all
 the more;
 So pray'd him well to accept this cloth
 of gold,
 In token of true heart and fealty.

Then Arthur cried to rend the cloth,
 to rend
 In pieces, and so cast it on the hearth.
 An oak-tree smoulder'd there. 'The
 goodly knight!
 What! shall the shield of Mark stand
 among these?'
 For, midway down the side of that
 long hall,
 A stately pile, — whereof along the
 front,
 Some blazon'd, some but carven, and
 some blank,
 There ran a treble range of stony
 shields, —
 Rose, and high-arching overbrow'd the
 hearth.
 And under every shield a knight was
 named.
 For this was Arthur's custom in his
 hall:
 When some good knight had done one
 noble deed,
 His arms were carven only; but if
 twain,
 His arms were blazon'd also; but if
 none,
 The shield was blank and bare, with
 out a sign

Saving the name beneath. And
 Gareth saw
 The shield of Gawain blazon'd rich and
 bright,
 And Modred's blank as death; and
 Arthur cried
 To rend the cloth and cast it on the
 hearth. 410

'More like are we to reave him of
 his crown
 Than make him knight because men
 call him king.
 The kings we found, ye know we
 stay'd their hands
 From war among themselves, but left
 them kings;
 Of whom were any bounteous, mercif-
 ul,
 Truth-speaking, brave, good livers,
 them we enroll'd
 Among us, and they sit within our hall.
 But Mark hath tarnish'd the great
 name of king,
 As Mark would sully the low state of
 churl;
 And, seeing he hath sent us cloth of
 gold, 420
 Return, and meet, and hold him from
 our eyes.
 Lest we should lap him up in cloth of
 lead,
 Silenced for ever — craven — a man of
 plots,
 Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside
 ambushings —
 No fault of thine; let Kay the senes-
 chal
 Look to thy wants, and send thee satis-
 fied —
 Accursed, who strikes nor lets the
 hand be seen!'

And many another suppliant crying
 came
 With noise of ravage wrought by
 beast and man,
 And evermore a knight would ride
 away. 430

Last, Gareth leaning both hands
 heavily
 Down on the shoulders of the twain,
 his men,
 Approach'd between them toward the
 King, and ask'd,

'A boon, Sir King,' — his voice was
 all ashamed, —
 'For see ye not how weak and hunger-
 worn
 I seem — leaning on these? grant me
 to serve
 For meat and drink among thy kitchen
 knaves
 A twelvemonth and a day, nor see
 my name.
 Hereafter I will fight.'

To him the King
 'A goodly youth and worth a good-
 lier boon!
 But so thou wilt no goodlier, then must
 Kay,
 The master of the meats and drinks, be
 thine.'

He rose and past; then Kay, a man
 of mien
 Wan-sallow as the plant that feeds
 itself
 Root-bitten by white lichen :

'Lo ye now
 This fellow hath broken from some
 abbey, where,
 God wot, he had not beef and brew-
 enow,
 However that might chance! but as
 he work,
 Like any pigeon will I cram him
 crop,
 And sleeker shall he shine than an
 hog.' 440

Then Lancelot standing near: 'S
 Seneschal,
 Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray
 and all the hounds;
 A horse thou knowest, a man thou
 dost not know.
 Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair an
 fine,
 High nose, a nostril large and fine, an
 hands
 Large, fair, and fine! — Some young
 lad's mystery —
 But, or from sheepcot or king's hall
 the boy
 Is noble-natured. Treat him with a
 grace,
 Lest he should come to shame thy
 judging of him.'

Then Kay: 'What murmurest thou
of mystery? ⁴⁶⁰
Think ye this fellow will poison the
King's dish?
Nay, for he spake too fool-like—mys-
tery!
Yet, as the lad were noble, he had
ask'd
For horse and armor. Fair and fine,
forsooth!
Sir Fine-face, Sir Fair-hands? but see
thou to it
That thine own fineness, Lancelot,
some fine day
Undo thee not—and leave my man to
me.'

So Gareth all for glory underwent
The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage,
Ate with young lads his portion by the
door, ⁴⁷⁰
And couch'd at night with grimy
kitchen knaves.
And Lancelot ever spake him plea-
santly,
But Kay the seneschal, who loved him
not,
Would hustle and harry him, and
labor him
Beyond his comrade of the hearth,
and set
To turn the broach, draw water, or
hew wood,
Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bow'd
himself
With all obedience to the King, and
wrought
All kind of service with a noble ease
That graced the lowliest act in doing
it. ⁴⁸⁰
And when the thralls had talk among
themselves,
And one would praise the love that
linkt the King
And Lancelot—how the King had
saved his life
In battle twice, and Lancelot once the
King's—
For Lancelot was first in the tourna-
ment,
But Arthur mightiest on the battle-
field—
Gareth was glad. Or if some other
told
How once the wandering forester at
dawn,

Far over the blue tarns and hazy sea
On Caer-Eryri's highest found the
King,
A naked babe, of whom the Proph-
spake,
'He passes to the Isle Avilion,
He passes and is heal'd and cannot
die'—
Gareth was glad. But if their tale
were foul,
Then would he whistle rapid as an
lark,
Or carol some old roundelay, and
loud
That first they mock'd, but, after
reverenced him.
Or Gareth, telling some prodigious
tale
Of knights who aliced a red life-bul-
bling way
Thro' twenty folds of twisted dragon
held ⁵
All in a gap-mouth'd circle his good
mates
Lying or sitting round him, idle hand
Charm'd; till Sir Kay, the seneschal
would come
Blustering upon them, like a sudden
wind
Among dead leaves, and drive them
all apart.
Or when the thralls had sport among
themselves,
So there were any trial of mastery,
He, by two yards in casting bar-
stone,
Was counted best; and if there chance
a joust,
So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to
go, ⁵
Would hurry thither, and when he
saw the knights
Clash like the coming and retiring
wave,
And the spear spring, and good horse
reel, the boy
Was half beyond himself for ecstasy

So for a month he wrought among
the thralls;
But in the weeks that follow'd, the
good Queen,
Repentant of the word she made him
swear,
And saddening in her childless castle
sent,

Between the in-crescent and de-crescent moon,
Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow. 520

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot
With whom he used to play at tourney once,
When both were children, and in lonely haunts
Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand,
And each at either dash from either end—
Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.
He laugh'd, he sprang. 'Out of the smoke, at once
I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee—
These news be mine, none other's—nay, the King's—
Descend into the city;' whereon he sought 530
The King alone, and found, and told him all.

'I have stagger'd thy strong Gawain in a tilt
For pastime; yea, he said it; joust can I.
Make me thy knight—in secret! let my name
Be hidden, and give me the first quest, I spring
Like flame from ashes.'

Here the King's calm eye
Fell on, and check'd, and made him flush, and bow
Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answer'd him:
'Son, the good mother let me know thee here,
And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine. 540
Make thee my knight? my knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King.'

Then Gareth, lightly springing from his knees:

'My King, for hardihood I can promise thee.
For uttermost obedience make demand
Of whom ye gave me to, the Seneschal,
No mellow master of the meats and drinks!
And as for love, God wot, I love not yet, 550
But love I shall, God willing.'

And the King
'Make thee my knight in secret? yea, but he,
Our noblest brother, and our truest man,
And one with me in all, he needs must know.'

'Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know,
Thy noblest and thy truest!'

And the King
'But wherefore would ye men should wonder at you?
Nay, rather for the sake of me, the King,
And the deed's sake my knighthood do the deed,
Than to be noised of.'

Merrily Gareth ask'd
'Have I not earn'd my cake in baking of it? 560
Let be my name until I make my name!
My deeds will speak; it is but for a day.'
So with a kindly hand on Gareth's arm
Smiled the great King, and half-unwillingly
Loving his lusty youthhood yielded to him.
Then, after summoning Lancelot privately:
'I have given him the first quest; he is not proven.
Look therefore, when he calls for thee in hall,
Thou get to horse and follow him far away. 570
Cover the lions on thy shield, and see,
Far as thou mayest, he be not taken nor slain.'

When that same day there past into
the hall
damsel of high lineage, and a
brow
y-blossom, and a cheek of apple-
blossom,
wink-eyes; and lightly was her slender
nose
petal-like like the petal of a flower.
She into hall past with her page and
cried:

'O King, for thou hast driven the
foe without,
to the foe within! bridge, ford,
beset ⁵⁸⁰
bandits, every one that owns a
tower
lord for half a league. Why sit
ye there?
It would I not, Sir King, an I were
king.
If even the lonest hold were all as
free
on cursed bloodshed as thine altar-
cloth
on that best blood it is a sin to
spill.'

'Comfort thyself,' said Arthur, 'I
nor mine
st; so my knighthood keep the
vows they swore,
wastest moorland of our realm
shall be
fe, damsel, as the centre of this
hall. ⁵⁹⁰
What is thy name? thy need?'

'My name?' she said —
Lynette, my name; noble; my need,
a knight
combat for my sister, Lyonors,
lady of high lineage, of great lands,
so comely, yea, and comelier than
myself.
She lives in Castle Perilous. A river
runs in three loops about her living
place;
and o'er it are three passings, and
three knights
fend the passings, brethren, and a
fourth,
and of that four the mightiest, holds
her stay'd ⁶⁰⁰
her own castle, and so besieges her

To break her will, and make her wed
with him;
And but delays his purport till thou
send
To do the battle with him thy chief
man
Sir Lancelot, whom he trusts to over-
throw,
Then wed, with glory; but she will
not wed
Save whom she loveth, or a holy
life.
Now therefore have I come for Lan-
celot.'

Then Arthur mindful of Sir Gareth
ask'd:
'Damsel, ye know this Order lives to
crush ⁶¹⁰
All wrongers of the realm. But say,
these four,
Who be they? What the fashion of
the men?'

'They be of foolish fashion, O Sir
King,
The fashion of that old knight-errantry
Who ride abroad, and do but what
they will;
Courteous or bestial from the moment,
such
As have nor law nor king; and three
of these
Proud in their fantasy call themselves
the Day,
Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and
Evening-Star,
Being strong fools; and never a whit
more wise ⁶²⁰
The fourth, who alway rideth arm'd in
black,
A huge man-beast of boundless sav-
agery.
He names himself the Night and oft-
ener Death,
And wears a helmet mounted with a
skull,
And bears a skeleton figured on his
arms,
To show that who may slay or scape
the three,
Slain by himself, shall enter endless
night.
And all these four be fools, but mighty
men,
And therefore am I come for Lancelot.'

Hereat Sir Gareth call'd from where
 he rose, 630
 A head with kindling eyes above the
 throng.
 'A boon, Sir King—this quest!' 63
 then—for he mark'd
 Kay near him groaning like a wounded
 bull—
 'Yea, King, thou knowest thy
 kitchen-knave am I,
 And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks
 am I,
 And I can topple over a hundred such.
 Thy promise, King,' and Arthur glanc-
 ing at him,
 Brought down a momentary brow.
 'Rough, sudden,
 And pardonable, worthy to be
 knight—
 Go therefore,' and all hearers were
 amazed. 640

But on the damsel's forehead shame,
 pride, wrath
 Slew the may-white. She lifted either
 arm,
 'Fie on thee, King! I ask'd for thy
 chief knight,
 And thou hast given me but a kitchen-
 knave.'
 Then ere a man in hall could stay her,
 turn'd,
 Fled down the lane of access to the
 King,
 Took horse, descended the slope street,
 and past
 The weird white gate, and paused
 without, beside
 The field of tourney, murmuring
 'kitchen-knave!'

Now two great entries open'd from
 the hall. 650
 At one end one that gave upon a range
 Of level pavement where the King
 would pace
 At sunrise, gazing over plain and
 wood;
 And down from this a lordly stairway
 sloped
 Till lost in blowing trees and tops of
 towers;
 And out by this main doorway past
 the King.
 But one was counter to the hearth, and
 rose

High that the highest-crested helm
 could ride
 Therethro' nor graze; and by this
 entry fled
 The damsel in her wrath, and on t
 this 66
 Sir Gareth strode, and saw without
 the door
 King Arthur's gift, the worth of hal
 a town,
 A war-horse of the best, and near i
 stood
 The two that out of north had follow'd
 him.
 This bare a maiden shield, a casque
 that held
 The horse, the spear; whereat Si
 Gareth loosed
 A cloak that dropt from collar-bone t
 heel,
 A cloth of roughest web, and cast i
 down,
 And from it, like a fuel-smother'
 fire
 That lookt half-dead, brake bright
 and flash'd as those 67
 Dull-coated things, that making slid
 apart
 Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath
 there burns
 A jewell'd harness, ere they pass an
 fly.
 So Gareth ere he parted flash'd in
 arms.
 Then as he donn'd the helm, and tool
 the shield
 And mounted horse and graspt a spear,
 of grain
 Storm-strengthen'd on a windy site,
 and tipt
 With trenchant steel, around him
 slowly prest
 The people, while from out of kitchen
 came
 The thralls in throng, and seeing who
 had work'd 68
 Lustier than any, and whom they
 could but love,
 Mounted in arms, threw up their cap
 and cried,
 'God bless the King, and all hi
 fellowship!'
 And on thro' lanes of shouting Gareth
 rode
 Down the slope street, and past with
 out the gate.

o Gareth past with joy ; but as the
cur
ckt from the cur he fights with, ere
his cause
cool'd by fighting, follows, being
named,
owner, but remembers all, and
grows
numbering, so Sir Kay beside the
door 690
ster'd in scorn of Gareth whom he
used
harry and hustle.

'Bound upon a quest
th horse and arms—the King hath
past his time—
scullion knave ! Thralls, to your
work again,
'an your fire be low ye kindle mine !
ll there be dawn in West and eve
in East ?
pope !—my knave !—belike and
like enow
ne old head-blow not heeded in his
youth
shook his wits they wander in his
prime—
zed ! How the villain lifted up his
voice, 700
'shamed to bawl himself a kitchen-
knave !
'he was tame and meek enow with
me,
'peacock'd up with Lancelot's
noticing.
ll—I will after my loud knave,
and learn
ether he know me for his master
yet
'of the smoke he came, and so my
lance
ld, by God's grace, he shall into the
mire—
nce, if the King awaken from his
craze,
'the smoke again.'

But Lancelot said :
ay, wherefore wilt thou go against
the King, 710
that did never he whereon ye rail,
ever meekly served the King in
thee ?
de : take counsel, for this had is
great

And lusty, and knowing both of lance
and sword.'
'Tut, tell not me,' said Kay, 'ye are
overfine
To mar stout knaves with foolish
courtesies ;'
Then mounted, on thro' silent faces
rode
Down the slope city, and out beyond
the gate.

But by the field of tourney lingering
yet
Mutter'd the damsel : 'Wherefore did
the King 720
Scorn me ? for, were Sir Lancelot
lackt, at least
He might have yielded to me one of
those
Who tilt for lady's love and glory here,
Rather than—O sweet heaven ! O, fie
upon him !—
His kitchen-knave.'

To whom Sir Gareth drew—
And there were none but few goodlier
than he—
Shining in arms, 'Damsel, the quest is
mine.
Lead, and I follow.' She thereat, as
one
That smells a foul flesh'd agaric in the
holt,
And deems it carrion of some wood-
land thing, 730
Or shrew or weasel, nipt her slender
nose
With petulant thumb and finger, shrill-
ing, 'Hence !
Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-
grease.
And look who comes behind : ' for there
was Kay.
'Knowest thou not me ? thy master ?
I am Kay.
We lack thee by the hearth.'

And Gareth to him,
'Master no more ! too well I know
thee, ay
The most ungente knight in Arthur's
hall.'
'Have at thee then,' said Kay, they
shock'd, and Kay
Fell shoulder-slipt, and Gareth cried
again, 740

'Lead, and I follow,' and fast away
she fled.

But after sod and shingle ceased to
fly
Behind her, and the heart of her good
horse
Was nigh to burst with violence of the
beat,
Perforce she stay'd, and overtaken
spoke :

'What doest thou, scullion, in my
fellowship ?
Deem'st thou that I accept thee aught
the more
Or love thee better, that by some de-
vice
Full cowardly, or by mere unhappi-
ness,
Thou hast overthrown and slain thy
master — thou ! — ⁷⁵⁰
Dish-washer and broach-turner, loon !
— to me
Thou smell'st all of kitchen as before.'

'Damsel,' Sir Gareth answer'd
gently, 'say
Whate'er ye will, but whatsoe'er ye
say,
I leave not till I finish this fair
quest,
Or die therefore.'

'Ay, wilt thou finish it ?
Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he
talks !
The listening rogue hath caught the
manner of it.
But, knave, anon thou shalt be met
with, knave,
And then by such a one that thou for
all ⁷⁶⁰
The kitchen brewis that was ever
supt
Shalt not once dare to look him in the
face.'

'I shall assay,' said Gareth with a
smile
That madden'd her, and away she
flash'd again
Down the long avenues of a bound-
less wood ;
And Gareth following was again be-
knaved :

'Sir Kitchen-knave, I have miss'd
the only way
Where Arthur's men are set along the
wood ;
The wood is nigh as full of thieves as
leaves.
If both be slain, I am rid of thee ; but
yet, ⁷⁷
Sir Scullion, canst thou use that spi-
rit of thine ?
Fight, an thou canst ; I have miss'd
the only way.'

So till the dusk that follow'd ever
song
Rode on the two, reviler and reviled ;
Then after one long slope was
mounted, saw,
Bowl-shaped, thro' tops of many thou-
sand pines
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sink
To westward — in the deeps whereof
a mere,
Round as the red eye of an eagle-owl
Under the half-dead sunset glared ; and
shouts ⁷⁸
Ascended, and there brake a serving
man
Flying from out of the black wood
and crying,
'They have bound my lord to cast him
in the mere.'
Then Gareth, 'Bound am I to right
the wrong'd,
But straightlier bound am I to bide with
thee.'
And when the damsel spake contemptu-
ously,
'Lead, and I follow,' Gareth cried
again,
'Follow, I lead !' so down among the
pines
He plunged ; and there, black-shad-
ow'd nigh the mere,
And mid-thigh-deep in bulrushes and
reed, ⁷⁹
Saw six tall men haling a seven-ton
stone
A stone about his neck to drown him
in it.
Three with good blows he quieted
but three
Fled thro' the pines ; and Gareth loose
the stone
From off his neck, then in the mere
beside

rumbled it; otilly bubbled up the mere.
 Last, Gareth loosed his bonds and on free feet
 Set him, a stalwart baron, Arthur's friend.

'Well that ye came, or else these
 caltiff rogues
 Had wreak'd themselves on me; good
 cause is theirs
 To hate me, for my wont hath ever
 been
 To catch my thief, and then like ver-
 min here
 Drown him, and with a stone about
 his neck;
 And under this wan water many of
 them
 Lie rotting, but at night let go the
 stone,
 And rise, and flickering in a grimly
 light
 Dance on the mere. Good now, ye
 have saved a life
 Worth somewhat as the cleanser of
 this wood.
 And fain would I reward thee worship-
 fully.
 What guerdon will ye?'

Gareth sharply spake:
 None! for the deed's sake have I done
 the deed,
 In uttermost obedience to the King.
 But wilt thou yield this damsel har-
 borage?'

Whereat the baron saying, 'I well
 believe
 You be of Arthur's Table,' a light
 laugh
 Broke from Lynette: 'Ay, truly of a
 truth,
 And in a sort, being Arthur's kitchen-
 knave! —
 But deem not I accept thee aught the
 more,
 Scullion, for running sharply with
 thy spit
 Down on a rout of craven foresters.
 A thresher with his flail had scatter'd
 them.
 Nay — for thou smellest of the kitchen
 still.

But an this lord will yield us harbor
 age,
 Well.'

So she spake. A league beyond the
 wood,
 All in a full-fair manor and a rich,
 His towers, where that day a feast had
 been
 Held in high hall, and many a vian
 left,
 And many a costly cate, received the
 three.
 And there they placed a peacock in
 his pride
 Before the damsel, and the baron set
 Gareth beside her, but at once she rose

'Meseems, that here is much dis-
 courtesy,
 Setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my
 side.
 Hear me — this morn I stood in Ar-
 thur's hall,
 And pray'd the King would grant me
 Lancelot
 To fight the brotherhood of Day and
 Night —
 The last a monster unsubduable
 Of any save of him for whom I call'd —
 Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchen
 knave,
 "The quest is mine; thy kitchen
 knave am I,
 And mighty thro' thy meats and drink
 am I."
 Then Arthur all at once gone mu-
 replies,
 "Go therefore," and so gives the ques-
 to him —
 Him — here — a villain fitter to stiel
 swine
 Than ride abroad redressing women's
 wrong,
 Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman.'

Then half-ashamed and part
 amazed, the lord
 Now look'd at one and now at other
 left
 The damsel by the peacock in his
 pride,
 And, seating Gareth at another board
 Sat down beside him, ate and then
 began:

'Friend, whether thou be kitchen-knave, or not,
Or whether it be the maiden's fantasy.
And whether she be mad, or else the King,
Or both or neither, or thyself be mad,
I ask not; but thou strikest a strong stroke,
For strong thou art and goodly therewithal,
And saver of my life; and therefore now,
For here be mighty men to joust with, weigh
Whether thou wilt not with thy damsel back 860
To crave again Sir Lancelot of the King.
Thy pardon; I but speak for thine avail,
The saver of my life.'

And Gareth said,
'Full pardon, but I follow up the quest,
Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell.'

So when, next morn, the lord whose life he saved
Had, some brief space, convey'd them on their way
And left them with God-speed, Sir Gareth spake,
'Lead, and I follow.' Haughtily she replied:

'I fly no more; I allow thee for an hour. 870
Lion and stoat have isled together, knave.
In time of flood. Nay, furthermore, methinks
Some ruth is mine for thee. Back wilt thou, fool?
For hard by here is one will overthrow
And slay thee; then will I to court again,
And shame the King for only yielding me
My champion from the ashes of his hearth.'

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd courteously:

'Say thou thy say, and I will do as thou wilt deed.
Allow me for mine hour, and thou wilt find
My fortunes all as fair as hers who
Among the ashes and wedded to the King's son.'

Then to the shore of one of the long loops
Wherethro' the serpent river coil'd they came.
Rough-thicketed were the banks as steep; the stream
Full, narrow; this a bridge of sing arc
Took at a leap; and on the further side
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-like in hue,
Save that the dome was purple, as above,
Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering
And therebefore the lawless warrior paced
Unarm'd, and calling, 'Damsel, is this he,
The champion thou hast brought from Arthur's hall,
For whom we let thee pass?' 'Nay, nay,' she said,
'Sir Morning-Star. The King in utter scorn
Of thee and thy much folly hath sent thee here
His kitchen-knave; and look thou to thyself.
See that he fall not on thee suddenly
And slay thee unarm'd; he is no knight but knave.' 9

Then at his call, 'O daughters of the Dawn,
And servants of the Morning-Star approach,
Arm me,' from out the silken curtain folds
Bare-footed and bare-headed three fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came. The feet
In dewy grasses glisten'd; and the hair
All over glanced with dewdrop and with gem

sparkles in the stone A vanturine,
 he arm'd him in blue arms, and
 gave a shield
 e also, and thereon the morning
 star. 910
 l Gareth silent gazed upon the
 knight,
 o stood a moment, ere his horse
 was brought,
 rying; and in the stream beneath
 him shone,
 mingled with heaven's azure waver-
 ingly,
 : gay pavilion and the naked feet,
 arms, the rosy raiment, and the
 star.

hen she that watch'd him: 'Where-
 fore stare ye so?
 u shakest in thy fear. There yet
 is time;
 s down the valley before he get to
 horse.
 o will cry shame? Thou art not
 knight but knave.' 920

aid Gareth: 'Damsel, whether
 knave or knight,
 'liefer had I fight a score of times
 an hear thee so missay me and
 revile.
 r words were best for him who
 fights for thee;
 t truly foul are better, for they
 send
 at strength of anger thro' mine
 arms, I know
 at I shall overthrow him.'

And he that bore
 a star, when mounted, cried from
 o'er the bridge:
 kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of
 me!
 h fight not I, but answer scorn with
 scorn. 930
 : this were shame to do him further
 wrong
 an set him on his feet, and take his
 horse
 d arms, and so return him to the
 King.
 ne, therefore, leave thy lady lightly,
 knave.
 oid; for it beseemeth not a knave
 ride with such a lady.'

'Dog, thou liest!
 I spring from loftier lineage than thine
 own.'
 He spake; and all at fiery speed the
 two
 Shock'd on the central bridge, and
 either spear
 Bent but not brake, and either knight
 at once, 940
 Hurl'd as a stone from out of a cata-
 pult
 Beyond his horse's crupper and the
 bridge,
 Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and
 drew,
 And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his
 brand
 He drove his enemy backward down
 the bridge,
 The damsel crying, 'Well-stricken,
 kitchen-knave!'
 Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but
 one stroke
 Laid him that clove it grovelling on
 the ground.

Then cried the fallen, 'Take not my
 life; I yield.'
 And Gareth, 'So this damsel ask it of
 me 950
 Good — I accord it easily as a grace.'
 She reddening, 'Insolent scullion! I
 of thee?
 I bound to thee for any favor ask'd!
 'Then shall he die.' And Gareth there
 unlaced
 His helmet as to slay him, but she
 shriek'd,
 'Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slay
 One nobler than thyself.' 'Damsel,
 thy charge
 Is an abounding pleasure to me.
 Knight,
 Thy life is thine at her command.
 Arise
 And quickly pass to Arthur's hall, and
 say 960
 His kitchen knave hath sent thee — See
 thou crave
 His pardon for thy breaking of his
 laws.
 Myself when I return will plead for
 thee.
 Thy shield is mine — farewell; and
 damsel, thou,
 Lead, and I follow.'

And fast away she fled ;
 Then when he came upon her, spake :
 'Methought,
 Knave, when I watch'd thee striking
 on the bridge,
 The savor of thy kitchen came upon
 me
 A little faintlier ; but the wind hath
 changed,
 I scent it twenty-fold.' And then she
 sang,
 "'O morning star"—not that tall
 felon there
 Whom thou, by sorcery or unhappi-
 ness
 Or some device, hast foully over-
 thrown, —

"O morning star that smilest in the blue,
 O star, my morning dream hath proven true,
 Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smiled
 on me."

'But thou begone, take counsel, and
 away,
 For hard by here is one that guards a
 ford—
 The second brother in their fool's para-
 ble—
 Will pay thee all thy wages, and to
 boot,
 Care not for shame : thou art not
 knight but knave.'

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd,
 laughingly:
 'Parables? Hear a parable of the
 knave.
 When I was kitchen-knave among the
 rest,
 Fierce was the hearth, and one of my
 co-mates
 Own'd a rough dog, to whom he cast
 his coat,
 "Guard it," and there was none to
 meddle with it.
 And such a coat art thou, and thee
 the King
 Gave me to guard, and such a dog
 am I,
 To worry, and not to flee—and—
 knight or knave —
 The knave that doth thee service as
 full knight
 Is all as good, meseems, as any knight
 Toward thy sister's freeing.'

'Ay, Sir Knave
 Ay, knave, because thou strikest as
 knight,
 Being but knave, I hate thee all the
 more.'

'Fair damsel, you should worship
 me the more,
 That, being but knave, I throw things
 enemies.'

'Ay, ay,' she said, 'but thou shalt
 meet thy match.'

So when they touch'd the second
 river-loop,
 Huge on a huge red horse, and all in
 mail
 Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noon-
 day Sun
 Beyond a raging shallow. As if the
 flower

That blows a globe of after arrow-
 lets
 Ten-thousand-fold had grown, flash'd
 the fierce shield,
 All sun ; and Gareth's eyes had flying
 blots
 Before them when he turn'd from
 watching him.

He from beyond the roaring shallow
 roar'd,

'What doest thou, brother, in my
 marches here ?'
 And she athwart the shallow shrill'd
 again,

'Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's
 hall
 Hath overthrown thy brother, and
 hath his arms.'

'Ugh!' cried the Sun, and, vizor'd
 up a red
 And cipher face of rounded foolist
 ness,

Push'd horse across the foamings of
 the ford,

Whom Gareth met mid-stream ; no
 room was there
 For lance or tourney-skill. Four
 strokes they struck

With sword, and these were mighty
 the new knight

Had fear he might be shamed ; but
 the Sun

Heaved up a ponderous arm to strifle
 the fifth,

The hoof of his horse alipt in the
stream, the stream ¹⁰⁰⁰
Descended, and the Sun was wash'd
away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart
the ford ;
Bedrew him home ; but he that fought
no more,
As being all bone-batter'd on the rock,
Yielded, and Gareth sent him to the
King.

'Myself when I return will plead for
thee.

Lead, and I follow.' Quietly she led.
'Hath not the good wind, damsel,
changed again ?'

'Nay, not a point ; nor art thou victor
here.

There lies a ridge of slate across the
ford ; ¹⁰³⁰

His horse thereon stumbled — ay, for
I saw it.

"O sun" — not this strong fool
whom thou, Sir Knave,
Hast overthrow'n thro' mere unhappi-
ness —

"O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,
Shine sweetly ; twice my love hath smiled
on me."

'What knowest thou of love-song
or of love ?

Nay, nay, God wot, so thou wert nobly
born,

Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea,
perchance, —

"O dewy flowers that open to the sun,
O dewy flowers that close when day is
done, ¹⁰⁴¹
Blow sweetly ; twice my love hath smiled
on me."

'What knowest thou of flowers, ex-
cept, belike,

To garnish meats with ? hath not our
good King

Who lent me thee, the flower of kitch-
end.

A foolish love for flowers ? what stick
ye round

The pasty ? wherewithal deck the
boar's head ?

Flowers ? nay, the boar hath rosema-
ries and bay.

' "O birds that warble to the morn-
sky,
O birds that warble as the day goes by,
Sing sweetly ; twice my love hath smile
on me." ¹⁰

'What knowest thou of birds, lar
mavis, merle,
Linnet ? what dream ye when thou
utter forth

May-music growing with the growth
light,

Their sweet sun-worship ? these
for the snare —

So runs thy fancy — these be for the
spit,

Larding and basting. See thou hast
not now

Larded thy last, except thou turn as
fly.

There stands the third fool of the
allegory.'

For there beyond a bridge of treble
bow,

All in a rose-red from the west, and
Naked it seem'd, and glowing in the
broad

Deep-dimpled current underneath, the
knight

That named himself the Star of Eve-
ning stood.

And Gareth, 'Wherefore waits the
madman there

Naked in open dayshine ?' 'Nay,' she
cried,

'Not naked, only wrapt in harden
skins

That fit him like his own ; and so
cleave

His armor off him, these will turn to
blade.'

Then the third brother shouted o'
the bridge.

'O brother-star, why shine ye here
low ?

Thy ward is higher up ; but have
slain

The damsel's champion ?' and the
damsel cried :

'No star of thine, but shot from
Arthur's heaven

With all disaster unto thine at
thee !

For both thy younger brethren have
gone down
Before this youth ; and so wilt thou,
Sir Star.
Art thou not old ?

‘ Old, damsel, old and hard,
Old, with the might and breath of
twenty boys.’
Said Gareth, ‘ Old, and over-bold in
brag !’
But that same strength which threw
the Morning Star
Can throw the Evening.’

Then that other blew
A hard and deadly note upon the horn.
‘ Approach and arm me !’ With slow
steps from out
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-
stain’d
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,
And arm’d him in old arms, and
brought a helm
With but a drying evergreen for crest,
And gave a shield whereon the star of
even
Half-tarnish’d and half-bright, his em-
blem, shone.
But when it glitter’d o’er the saddle-
bow,
They madly hurl’d together on the
bridge ;
And Gareth overthrew him, lighted,
drew,
There met him drawn, and overthrew
him again,
But up like fire he started ; and as oft
As Gareth brought him grovelling on
his knees,
So many a time he vaulted up again ;
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great
heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in
vain,
Labor’d within him, for he seem’d as
one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and
cry,
‘ Thou hast made us lords, and canst
not put us down !’
He half-despairs ; so Gareth seem’d to
strike

Vainly, the damsel clamoring a
while,
‘ Well done, knave-knight,
stricken, O good knave—
O knave, as noble as any of all
knights—
Shame me not, shame me not. I
prophesied—
Strike, thou art worthy of the
Round—
His arms are old, he trusts the
en’d skin—
Strike—strike—the wind will
change again.’
And Gareth hearing ever ston-
smote,
And hew’d great pieces of his
off him,
But lash’d in vain against the
en’d skin,
And could not wholly bring
under, more
Than loud Southwesterns, on
ridge on ridge,
The buoy that rides at sea, and
and springs
For ever ; till at length Sir Ga-
brand
Clash’d his, and brake it utterly
hilt.
‘ I have thee now ;’ but forth
other sprang,
And, all unknightlike, writhed his
arms
Around him, till he felt, despit
mail,
Strangled, but straining even his
most
Cast, and so hurl’d him headlong
the bridge
Down to the river, sink or swim
cried,
‘ Lead, and I follow.’

But the damsel
‘ I lead no longer ; ride thou a
side ;
Thou art the kingliest of all kit
knaves.

‘ O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy
O rainbow with three colors after rain
Shine sweetly ; thrice my love hath
on me.’

'Sir, — and, good faith, I fain had
added — Knight,
but that I heard thee call thyself a
knave, —
named am I that I so rebuked, re-
viled,
kissed thee. Noble I am, and thought
the King
born'd me and mine; and now thy
pardon, friend,
for thou hast ever answer'd courte-
ously,
had wholly bold thou art, and meek
withal
as any of Arthur's best, but, being
knave, 1140
hast maz'd my wit. I marvel what
thou art.'

'Damsel,' he said, 'you be not all to
blame,
saying that you mistrusted our good
King
could handle scorn, or yield you, ask-
ing, one
not fit to cope your quest. You said
your say;
mine answer was my deed. Good
sooth! I hold
e scarce is knight, yea but half-man,
nor meet
to fight for gentle damsel, he, who
lets
his heart be stirr'd with any foolish
heat
at any gentle damsel's waywardness.
named? care not! thy foul sayings
fought for me; 1151
and seeing now thy words are fair,
methinks
here rides no knight, not Lancelot,
his great self,
ath force to quell me.'

Nigh upon that hour
when the lone henn forgets his melan-
choly,
sets down his other leg, and stretch-
ing dreams
of goodly supper in the distant pool,
henn turn'd the noble damsel smiling
at him,
and told him of a cavern hard at
hand,
where bread and baken meats and
good red wine 1160

Of Southland, which the Lady Lyo-
nors
Had sent her coming champion, waited
him.

Anon they past a narrow comb
wherein
Were slabs of rock with figures,
knights on horse
Sculptured, and deckt in slowly
waning hues.

'Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once
was here,
Whose holy hand hath fashion'd on
the rock
The war of Time against the soul of
man.

And yon four fools have suck'd their
allegory

From these damp walls, and taken but
the form. 1170

Know ye not these?' and Gareth lookt
and read —

In letters like to those the vexillary
Hath left crag-carven o'er the stream-
ing Gelt —

'PHOSPHORUS,' then 'MERIDIES,' —
'HESPERTUS' —

'Nox' — 'Mors,' beneath five figures,
armed men,

Slab after slab, their faces forward all,
And running down the Soul, a shape
that fled

With broken wings, torn raiment, and
loose hair,

For help and shelter to the hermit's
cave.

'Follow the faces, and we find it.
Look,

Who comes behind?' 1180

For one — delay'd at first
Thro' helping back the dislocated
Kay

To Camelot, then by what thereafter
chanced,

The damsel's headlong error thro' the
wood —

Sir Lancelot, having swum the river-
loops —

His blue shield lions cover'd — softly
drew

Behind the twain, and when he saw
the star

Gleam, on Sir Gareth's turning to him
cried,

'Stay, felon knight, I avenge me for
my friend.'
And Gareth crying prick'd against the
cry ;
But when they closed — in a moment
— at one touch
Of that skill'd spear, the wonder of
the world —
Went sliding down so easily, and fell,
That when he found the grass within
his hands
He laugh'd. The laughter jarr'd upon
Lynette.
Harshly she ask'd him, 'Shamed and
overthrown,
And tumbled back into the kitchen-
knave,
Why laugh ye ? that ye blew your
boast in vain ?'
'Nay, noble damsel, but that I, the son
Of old King Lot and good Queen Belli-
cent,
And victor of the bridges and the ford,
And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown
by whom
I know not, all thro' mere unhappi-
ness —
Device and sorcery and unhappiness —
Out, sword ; we are thrown !' And
Lancelot answer'd : 'Prince,
O Gareth — thro' the mere unhappi-
ness
Of one who came to help thee, not to
harm,
Lancelot, and all as glad to find thee
whole
As on the day when Arthur knighted
him.'

Then Gareth : 'Thou — Lancelot ! —
thine the hand
That threw me ? An some chance to
mar the boast
Thy brethren of thee make — which
could not chance —
Had sent thee down before a lesser
spear,
Shamed had I been, and sad — O Lance-
lot — thou !'

Whereat the maiden, petulant :
'Lancelot,
Why came ye not, when call'd ? and
wherefore now
Come ye, not call'd ? I gloried in my
knave,

Who being still rebuked would answer
still
Courteous as any knight — but not
if knight,
The marvel dies, and leaves me fool
and trick'd,
And only wondering wherefore play'd
upon ;
And doubtful whether I and mine be
scorn'd.
Where should be truth if not in
Arthur's hall.
In Arthur's presence ? Knight, knave
prince and fool,
I hate thee and forever.'

And Lancelot said
'Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth ! knight
art thou
To the King's best wish. O damsel
be you wise,
To call him shamed who is but over-
thrown ?
Thrown have I been, nor once, but
many a time.
Victor from vanquish'd issues at the
last,
And overthrower from being over-
thrown.
With sword we have not striven, at
thy good horse
And thou are weary ; yet not less I feel
Thy manhood thro' that wearied lance
of thine.
Well hast thou done ; for all the stream
is freed,
And thou hast wreak'd his justice on
his foes,
And when reviled hast answer'd graciously,
And makest merry when overthrow
Prince, knight,
Hail, knight and prince, and of our
Table Round !'

And then when turning to Lynette
he told
The tale of Gareth, petulantly she said
'Ay, well — ay, well — for worse than
being fool'd
Of others, is to fool one's self. A cav-
Sir Lancelot, is hard by, with me
and drinks
And forage for the horse, and flint for
fire.
But all about it flies a honeysuckle.

k, till we find.' And when they
 sought and found,
 Gareth drank and ate, and all his
 life
 it into sleep; on whom the maiden
 gazed:
 and sleep he thine! sound cause to
 sleep hast thou. ¹²⁵⁰
 he lusty! Seem I not as tender to
 him
 any mother? Ay, but such a one
 all day long hath rated at her child,
 I vext his day, but blesses him
 asleep—
 and lord, how sweetly smells the
 honeysuckle
 the hush'd night, as if the world
 were one
 utter peace, and love, and gentle-
 ness!
 Lancelot, Lancelot,'—and she clapt
 her hands—
 all merry am I to find my goodly
 knave
 knight and noble. See now, sworn
 have I, ¹²⁶⁰
 e you black felon had not let me
 pass,
 bring thee back to do the battle
 with him.
 us an thou goest, he will fight thee
 first;
 so doubts thee victor? so will my
 knight-knave
 as the full flower of this accomplish-
 ment.'

said Lancelot: 'Peradventure he
 you name
 y know my shield. Let Gareth, an
 he will,
 ange his for mine, and take my
 charger, fresh,
 t to be spur'd, loving the battle
 as well
 he that rides him.' 'Lancelot-like,'
 she said, ¹²⁷⁰
 ourteous in this, Lord Lancelot, as
 in all.'

And Gareth, wakening, fiercely
 clutch'd the shield:
 amp, ye lance-splintering lions, on
 whom all spears
 e rotten sticks! ye seem agape to
 roar!

Yea, ramp and roar at leaving of your
 lord!—
 Care not, good beasts, so well I care
 for you.
 O noble Lancelot, from my hold on
 these
 Streams virtue—fire—thro' one that
 will not shame
 Even the shadow of Lancelot under
 shield.
 Hence; let us go.'

Silent the silent field
 They traversed. Arthur's Harp tho'
 summer-wan, ¹²⁸⁰
 In counter motion to the clouds, al-
 lured
 The glance of Gareth dreaming on his
 liege.
 A star shot: 'Lo,' said Gareth, 'the
 foe falls!'
 An owl whoopt: 'Hark the victor
 pealing there!'
 Suddenly she that rode upon his left
 Clung to the shield that Lancelot lent
 him, crying:
 'Yield, yield him this again; 't is he
 must fight:
 I curse the tongue that all thro' yester-
 day
 Reviled thee, and hath wrought on
 Lancelot now ¹²⁹⁰
 To lend thee horse and shield. Won-
 ders ye have done.
 Miracles ye cannot. Here is glory
 enow
 In having flung the three. I see thee
 maim'd,
 Mangled; I swear thou canst not fling
 the fourth.'

'And wherefore, damsel? tell me
 all ye know.
 You cannot scare me; nor rough face,
 or voice,
 Brute bulk of limb, or boundless sav-
 agery
 Appal me from the quest.'

'Nay, prince,' she cried,
 'God wot, I never look'd upon the face,
 Seeing he never rides abroad by day,
 But watch'd him have I like a phan-
 tom pass ¹³⁰¹
 Chilling the night; nor have I heard
 the voice.'

Always he made his mouthpiece of a
page
Who came and went, and still reported
him
As closing in himself the strength of
ten,
And when his anger tare him, mas-
sacring
Man, woman, lad, and girl — yea, the
soft babe!
Some hold that he hath swallow'd in-
fant flesh,
Monster! O prince, I went for Lance-
lot first,
The quest is Lancelot's; give him
back the shield.' 1310

Said Gareth laughing, 'An he fight
for this,
Belike he wins it as the better man;
Thus — and not else!'

But Lancelot on him urged
All the devisings of their chivalry
When one might meet a mightier than
himself;
How best to manage horse, lance,
sword, and shield,
And so fill up the gap where force
might fail
With skill and fineness. Instant were
his words.

Then Gareth: 'Here be rules. I
know but one —
To dash against mine enemy, and to
win. 1320
Yet have I watch'd thee victor in the
joust,
And seen thy way.' 'Heaven help
thee!' sigh'd Lynette.

Then for a space, and under cloud
that grew
To thunder-gloom palling all stars,
they rode
In converse till she made her palfrey
halt,
Lifted an arm, and softly whisper'd,
'There.'
And all the three were silent seeing,
pitch'd
Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak
Sunder the glooming crimson on the
marge, 1330

Black, with black banner, and a low
black horn
Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth
graspt,
And so, before the two could hind
him,
Sent all his heart and breath thro'
the horn.
Echo'd the walls; a light twinkled
anon
Came lights and lights, and once
again he blew;
Whereon were hollow trappings
and down
And muffled voices heard, and sh-
ows past;
Till high above him, circled with
maids,
The Lady Lyonors at a window stood
Beautiful among lights, and wait-
to him
White hands and courtesy. But with
the prince
Three times had blown — after his
hush — at last —
The huge pavilion slowly yielded
thro' those black foldings, that white
housed therein.
High on a night-black horse, in night
black arms,
With white breast-bone, and bare
ribs of Death,
And crown'd with fleshless laughter
— some ten steps —
In the half-light — thro' the dim day
— advanced
The monster, and then paused, and
spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all in-
stantly:
'Fool, for thou hast, men say,
strength of ten,
Canst thou not trust the limbs
God hath given,
But must, to make the terror of the
more,
Trick thyself out in ghastly images
Of that which Life hath done with
and the clod,
Less dull than thou, will hide
mantling flowers
As if for pity?' But he sp-
word;
Which set the horror high
maiden swoon'd;

Lady Lyonesse wrung her hands
and wept, ¹³⁶⁰
doom'd to be the bride of Night
and Death;
Gareth's head prickled beneath his
helm;
and even Sir Lancelot thro' his warm
blood felt
strike, and all that mark'd him
were aghast.

At once Sir Lancelot's charger
fiercely neigh'd,
and Death's dark war-horse bounded
forward with him.
Then those that did not blink the ter-
ror saw
That Death was cast to ground, and
slowly rose.
But with one stroke Sir Gareth split
the skull.
Half fell to right and half to left and
lay. ¹³⁷⁰
Then with a stronger buffet he clove
the helm
As throughly as the skull; and out
from this
Issued the bright face of a blooming
boy
Fresh as a flower new-born, and cry-
ing, 'Knight,
Slay me not; my three brethren bade
me do it,
To make a horror all about the house,
And stay the world from Lady Lyo-
nora.
They never dream'd the passes would
be past.'
Answer'd Sir Gareth graciously to one
Not many a moon his younger, 'My
fair child, ¹³⁸⁰
What madness made thee challenge
the chief knight
Of Arthur's hall?' 'Fair Sir, they
bade me do it.
They hate the King and Lancelot, the
King's friend:
They hoped to slay him somewhere on
the stream,
They never dream'd the passes could
be past.'

Then sprang the happier day from
underground;
And Lady Lyonesse and her house,
with dance

And revel and song, made merry o'
Death,
As being after all their foolish fear
And horrors only proven a bloom-
ing boy.
So large mirth lived, and Gareth w
the quest.

And he that told the tale in ol
times
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyone
But he that told it later says Lynel

THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT

THE brave Geraint, a knight
Arthur's court,
A tributary prince of Devon, one
Of that great Order of the Ta
Round,
Had married Enid, Yniol's only chi
And loved her as he loved the light
heaven.
And as the light of heaven varies, n
At sunrise, now at sunset, now
night
With moon and trembling stars,
loved Geraint
To make her beauty vary day by d
In crimsons and in purples and
gems.
And Enid, but to please her husban
eye.
Who first had found and loved he
a state
Of broken fortunes, daily fronted
In some fresh splendor; and the Qi
herself,
Grateful to Prince Geraint for ac
done,
Loved her, and often with her
white hands
Array'd and deck'd her, as the
best,
Next after her own self, in t
court.
And Enid loved the Queen, ar
true heart
Adored her, as the stateliest
best
And loveliest of all women up
And seeing them so tender
close,
Long in their common love
Geraint.

But when a rumor rose about the
Queen,
Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,
Tho' yet there lived no proof, nor yet
was heard
The world's loud whisper breaking
into storm.
Not less Geraint believed it; and there
fell
A horror on him lest his gentle wife,
Thro' that great tenderness for Guine-
vere,
Had suffer'd or should suffer any taint³⁰
In nature. Wherefore, going to the
King,
He made this pretext, that his prince-
dom lay
Close on the borders of a territory
Wherein were bandit earls, and caitiff
knights,
Assassins, and all flyers from the
hand
Of Justice, and whatever loathes a
law;
And therefore, till the King himself
should please
To cleanse this common sewer of all
his realm,
He craved a fair permission to depart,
And there defend his marches. And
the King⁴¹
Mused for a little on his plea, but,
last,
Allowing it, the prince and Enid rode,
And fifty knights rode with them, to
the shores
Of Severn, and they past to their own
land;
Where, thinking that, if ever yet was
wife
True to her lord, mine shall be so to
me,
He compass'd her with sweet obser-
vances
And worship, never leaving her, and
grew⁴⁹
Forgetful of his promise to the King,
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,
Forgetful of his glory and his name,
Forgetful of his princedom and its
cares.
And this forgetfulness was hateful to
her.
And by and by the people, when they
met

In twos and threes, or fuller
nies,
Began to scoff and jeer and b
him
As of a prince whose manho
all gone,
And molten down in mere u
ness.
And this she gather'd from t
ple's eyes;
This too the women who att
head,
To please her, dwelling on his
less love,
Told Enid, and they sadden'd
more;
And day by day she though
Geraint,
But could not out of bashful c
While he, that watch'd her
was the more
Suspicious that her nature
taint.

At last, it chanced that on a
morn—
They sleeping each by eith
new sun
Beat thro' the blindless case
the room,
And heated the strong warri
dreams;
Who, moving, cast the coverl
And bared the knotted colum
throat,
The massive square of his
breast,
And arms on which the
muscle sloped,
As slopes a wild brook o'er
stone,
Running too vehemently t
upon it.
And Enid woke and sat be
couch,
Admiring him, and thought
herself,
Was ever man so grandly
he?
Then, like a shadow, past the
talk
And accusation of uxoriousne
Across her mind, and, bowi
him,
Low to her own heart piteo
said:

his breast and all-puissant
 cause, I the poor cause that
 you, saying all your force
 one?
 cause, because I dare not
 ask him what I think and what
 I say.
 I hate that he should linger
 there;
 I love my lord and not his
 foe.
 I had I gird his harness on
 with him to battle and stand
 in his mighty hand striking
 at blows
 and at wrongers of the
 old.
 I were I laid in the dark
 earth,
 I might any more his noble voice,
 I might be folded more in these dear
 arms,
 I might end from the high light in
 his eyes,
 I might let my lord thro' me should
 feel shame.
 I would be bold, and could I so stand
 by my dear lord wounded in the
 face,
 I might be pierced to death before
 his eyes,
 I might not dare to tell him what I
 think.
 I might men slur him, saying all his
 was
 into mere effeminacy?
 I might say that I am no true wife!
 I might
 inwardly, half audibly she
 wept,
 I might strong passion in her made
 weep
 I might upon his broad and naked
 back,
 I might awake him, and by great
 chance
 I might but fragments of her later
 days,
 I might she fear'd she was not a
 true wife.

And then he thought, 'In spite of all
 my care,
 For all my pains, poor man, for all
 my pains,
 She is not faithful to me, and I see
 her
 Weeping for some gay knight in
 Arthur's hall.'
 Then, tho' he loved and revered
 her too much
 To dream she could be guilty of foul
 act,
 Right thro' his manful breast darted
 the pang
 That makes a man, in the sweet face
 of her
 Whom he loves most, lonely and mis-
 erable.
 At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out
 of bed,
 And shook his drowsy squire awake
 and cried,
 'My charger and her palfrey;' then
 to her,
 'I will ride forth into the wilderness,
 For, tho' it seems my spurs are yet to
 win,
 I have not fallen so low as some would
 wish.
 And thou, put on thy worst and
 meanest dress
 And ride with me.' And Enid ask'd,
 amazed,
 'If Enid errs, let Enid learn her
 fault.'
 But he, 'I charge thee, ask not but
 obey.'
 Then she bethought her of a faded
 silk,
 A faded mantle and a faded veil,
 And moving toward a cedarn cabinet,
 Wherein she kept them folded rever-
 ently
 With sprigs of summer laid between
 the folds,
 She took them, and array'd herself
 therein,
 Remembering when first he came on
 her
 Drest in that dress, and how he loved
 her in it,
 And all her foolish fears about the
 dress,
 And all his journey to her, as himself
 Had told her, and their coming to the
 court.

For Arthur on the Whitsuntide be-
fore
Held court at old Caerleon upon
Usk.
There on a day, he sitting high in
hall,
Before him came a forester of Dean,
Wet from the woods, with notice of a
hart
Taller than all his fellows, milky-
white, ¹⁵⁰
First seen that day; these things he
told the King.
Then the good King gave order to let
blow
His horns for hunting on the morrow
morn,
And when the Queen petition'd for
his leave
To see the hunt, allow'd it easily.
So with the morning all the court
were gone.
But Guinevere lay late into the
morn,
Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming
of her love
For Lancelot, and forgetful of the
hunt,
But rose at last, a single maiden with
her, ¹⁶⁰
Took horse, and forded Usk, and
gain'd the wood;
There, on a little knoll beside it,
stay'd
Waiting to hear the hounds, but heard
instead
A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince
Geraint,
Late also, wearing neither hunting-
dress
Nor weapon save a golden-hilted
brand,
Came quickly flashing thro' the shal-
low ford
Behind them, and so gallop'd up the
knoll.
A purple scarf, at either end whereof
There swung an apple of the purest
gold, ¹⁷⁰
Sway'd round about him, as he gal-
lop'd up
To join them, glancing like a dragon-
fly
In summer suit and silks of holiday.
'W bow'd the tributary prince, and
she,

Sweetly and statelily, and with a
grace
Of womanhood and queenhood, an-
swer'd him:
'Late, late, Sir Prince,' she said
'later than we!'
'Yea, noble Queen,' he answer'd
'and so late
That I but come like you to see the
hunt.
Not join it.' 'Therefore wait with
me,' she said;
'For on this little knoll, if anywhere
There is good chance that we shall
hear the hounds:
Here often they break covert at our
feet.'

And while they listen'd for the di-
tant hunt,
And chiefly for the baying of Cavall
King Arthur's hound of deeper
mouth, there rode
Full slowly by a knight, lady, and
dwarf;
Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and
the knight
Had vizor up, and show'd a youthful
face,
Imperious, and of haughtiest line-
ments. ¹⁸⁰
And Guinevere, not mindful of his
face
In the King's hall, desired his name
and sent
Her maiden to demand it of the
dwarf,
Who being vicious, old, and irritable
And doubling all his master's vice of
pride,
Made answer sharply that she should
not know.
'Then will I ask it of himself,' she
said.
'Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not
cried the dwarf;
'Thou art not worthy even to speak
of him.'
And when she put her horse toward
the knight, ¹⁹⁰
Struck at her with his whip, and so
return'd
Indignant to the Queen; where
Geraint
Exclaiming, 'Surely I will learn thy
name.'

Made sharply to the dwarf, and ask'd
it of him,
Who answer'd as before; and when
the prince
Had put his horse in motion toward
the knight,
Struck at him with his whip, and cut
his cheek.
The prince's blood spirted upon the
scarf,
Dyeing it; and his quick, instinctive
hand
Caught at the hilt, as to abolish
him: 210
But he, from his exceeding manfulness
And pure nobility of temperament,
Wrath to be wroth at such a worm,
restrain'd
From even a word, and so returning
said:

'I will avenge this insult, noble
Queen,
Done in your maiden's person to your-
self.
And I will track this vermin to their
earths;
For tho' I ride unarm'd, I do not
doubt
To find, at some place I shall come at,
arms
On loan, or else for pledge; and, being
found, 220
Then will I fight him, and will break
his pride,
And on the third day will again be
here,
So that I be not fallen in fight. Fare-
well.'

'Farewell, fair prince,' answer'd
the stately Queen,
Be prosperous in this journey, as in
all.
And may you light on all things that
you love,
And live to wed with her whom first
you love,
But ere you wed with any, bring your
bride,
And I were she the daughter of a
king,
Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the
hedge, 230
Will clothe her for her bridal like
the sun.'

And Prince Geraint, now thinki
that he heard
The noble hart at bay, now the
horn,
A little vex'd at losing of the hunt,
A little at the vile occasion, rode,
By ups and downs, thro' many
grassy glade
And valley, with fixt eye followi
the three.
At last they issued from the world
wood,
And climb'd upon a fair and ev
ridge,
And show'd themselves against t
sky, and sank.
And thither came Geraint, and und
neath
Beheld the long street of a little to
In a long valley, on one side where
White from the mason's hand, a f
tress rose;
And on one side a castle in decay,
Beyond a bridge that spann'd a c
ravine.
And out of town and valley came
noise
As of a broad brook o'er a shingly l
Brawling, or like a clamor of the ro
At distance, ere they settle for t
night.

And onward to the fortress rode t
three,
And enter'd, and were lost behind t
walls.
'So,' thought Geraint, 'I have trac'd
him to his earth.'
And down the long street riding w
rily,
Found every hostel full and eve
where
Was hammer laid to head, and the l
hiss
And bustling, whistle of the ye
who scout'd
His master's armor, and of such
one
He ask'd, 'What means the tumult
that you tell?'
Who told him, so active, that 'T
sport of the
Then riding close behind an an
chant,
Who, smitten by the dusty slopi
beam,

Went sweating underneath a sack of corn,
 Ask'd yet once more what meant the hubbub here?
 Who answer'd gruffly, 'Ugh! the sparrow-hawk!'—
 Then riding further past an armor-er's,
 Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above his work,
 Sat riveting a helmet on his knee.
 He put the selfsame query, to the man
 Not turning round, nor looking at said:
 Friend, he that labors for the sparrow-hawk
 Has little time for idle question—
 Whereat Geraint flash'd into spleen:
 'A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk!
 Tits, wrens, and all wing'd nothings peck him dead!
 Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg
 The murmur of the world! What is it to me?
 O wretched set of sparrows, one and all,
 Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-hawks!
 Speak, if ye be not like the rest, hawk-mad,
 Where can I get me harborage for the night?
 And arms, arms, arms to fight my enemy? Speak!'—
 Whereat the armorer turning all amazed
 And seeing one so gay in purple silks,
 Came forward with the helmet yet in hand
 And answer'd: 'Pardon me, O stranger knight;
 We hold a tourney here to-morrow morn,
 And there is scanty time for half the work.
 Arms? truth! I know not; all are wanted here.
 Harborage? truth, good truth, I know not, save,
 It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the bridge

Yonder.' He spoke and fell to work again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleen yet,
 Across the bridge that spann'd the dry ravine.
 There musing sat the hoary-headed earl—
 His dress a suit of fray'd maccence,
 fit for feasts of ceremony—
 said:
 'Ther, fair son?' to whom Geraint replied,
 'I seek a harborage for the night.'
 Yniol, 'Enter therefore and take
 tender entertainment of a house rich, now poor, but ever open door'd.'

'Thanks, venerable friend,' said Geraint;
 'So that ye do not serve me sparrow-hawks
 For supper, I will enter, I will eat
 With all the passion of a twelve-hour fast.'
 Then sigh'd and smiled the hoary-headed earl,
 And answer'd, 'Graver cause than yours is mine
 To curse this hedgerow thief, the sparrow-hawk.
 But in, go in; for save yourself I do not
 We will not touch upon him even in jest.'

Then rode Geraint into the castle court,
 His charger trampling many a pebble star
 Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.
 He look'd and saw that all was ruinous,
 Here stood a shatter'd archway plain with fern;
 And here had fallen a great tower,
 Whole, like a crag that stood on the cliff,
 And like a crag was gay with flowers;

THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT



' And high above a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
Bare to the sun !'

And high above a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent,
wound
are to the sun, and monstrous ivy-
stems
aspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred
arms,
and suck'd the joining of the stones,
and look'd
knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a
grove.

And while he waited
court,
The voice of Kaid, Yn
rang
Clear thro' the open ca
hall,
Singing; and as the sw
bird,
Heard by the lander in
Moves him to think wh
it is

That sings so delicately clear, and
make
Conjecture of the plumage and the
form,
So the sweet voice of Enid moved
Geraint,
And made him like a man abroad at
morn
When first the liquid note beloved of
men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with
green and red,
And he suspends his converse with a
friend,
Or it may be the labor of his hands,
To think or say, 'There is the night-
ingale.'
So fared it with Geraint, who thought
and said,
'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice
for me.'

It chanced the song that Enid sang
was one
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid
sang:

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and
lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm,
and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
hate.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with
smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or
down;
Our board is little, but our hearts are great.

'Smile and we smile, the lords of many
lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own
lands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

'Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring
crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the
cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor
hate.'

'Hark, by the bird's song ye may
learn the nest.'
Said Yniol: 'enter quickly.' Enter-
ing then,

Right o'er a mount of newly-fall
stones,
The dusky-rafter'd many-cobweb
hall,
He found an ancient dame in dim br
cade;
And near her, like a blossom verme
white
That lightly breaks a faded flowe
sheath,
Moved the fair Enid, all in fad
silk.
Her daughter. In a moment thoug
Geraint,
'Here, by God's rood, is the one ma
for me.'
But none spake word except the hoar
earl:
'Enid, the good knight's horse stan
in the court;
Take him to stall, and give him con
and then
Go to the town and buy us flesh an
wine;
And we will make us merry as w
may.
Our board is little, but our hearts ar
great.'

He spake; the prince, as Enid pa
him, fain
To follow, strode a stride, but Yni
caught
His purple scarf, and held, and saie
'Forbear!
Rest! the good house, tho' ruin'd,
my son,
Endures not that her guest shoul
serve himself.'
And reverencing the custom of th
house
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forebor

So Enid took his charger to the stal
And after went her way across th
bridge,
And reach'd the town, and while th
prince and earl
Yet spoke together, came again wi
one,
A youth that, following with a costre
bore
The means of goodly welcome, fle
and wine.
And Enid brought sweet cakes to mal
them cheer,

I, in her veil enfolded, manchet
 bread.
 I then, because their hall must also
 serve ³⁹⁰
 kitchen, boil'd the flesh, and spread
 the board,
 I stood behind, and waited on the
 three.
 I, seeing her so sweet and service-
 able,
 might had longing in him evermore
 stoop and kiss the tender little
 thumb
 at cross the trencher as she laid it
 down.
 I after all had eaten, then Geraint,
 now the wine made summer in his
 veins,
 his eye rove in following, or rest
 Enid at her lowly handmaid-work,
 where, now there, about the dusky
 hall;
 I suddenly address the hoary earl:
 Fair host and earl, I pray your
 courtesy;
 Is sparrow hawk, what is he? tell
 me of him.
 Name? but no, good faith, I will
 not have it;
 If he be the knight whom late I
 saw
 I into that new fortress by your
 town,
 site from the mason's hand, then
 have I sworn
 on his own lips to have it — I am
 Geraint
 Devon — for this morning when
 the Queen ⁴¹⁰
 at her own maiden to demand the
 name,
 I dwarf, a vicious under-shapen
 thing,
 I took at her with his whip, and she
 return'd
 igniant to the Queen, and then I
 swore
 at I would track this catiff to his
 hold,
 I fight and break his pride, and
 have it of him.
 I all unarm'd I rode, and thought
 to find
 as in your town, where all the men
 are mad;

They take the rustic murmur of their
 bourg
 For the great wave that echoes round
 the world. ⁴²⁰
 They would not hear me speak; but
 if ye know
 Where I can light on arms, or if your-
 self
 Should have them, tell me, seeing I
 have sworn
 That I will break his pride and learn
 his name,
 Avenging this great insult done the
 Queen.'

Then cried Earl Yniol: 'Art thou
 he indeed,
 Geraint, a name far-sounded among
 men
 For noble deeds? and truly I, when
 first
 I saw you moving by me on the bridge,
 Felt ye were somewhat, yea, and by
 your state ⁴³⁰
 And presence might have guess'd you
 one of those
 That eat in Arthur's hall at Camelot.
 Nor speak I now from foolish flattery;
 For this dear child hath often heard
 me praise
 Your feats of arms, and often when I
 paused
 Hath ask'd again, and ever loved to
 hear;
 So grateful is the noise of noble deeds
 To noble hearts who see but acts of
 wrong.
 O, never yet had woman such a pair
 Of suitors as this maiden; first Le-
 mours, ⁴⁴⁰
 A creature wholly given to brawls and
 wine,
 Drunk even when he would, and be-
 lie dead
 I know not, but he past to the wild
 land
 The second was your foe, the sparrow-
 hawk
 My curse, my reproach — I will not
 let his name
 Slip from my lips if I can help it —
 he
 When I that knew him to see and tur-
 bulent
 Refused her to him, then his pride
 awoke;

And since the proud man often is the
mean,
He sow'd a slander in the common
ear,
Affirming that his father left him ⁴⁵⁰
gold,
And in my charge, which was not
render'd to him;
Bribed with large promises the men
who served
About my person, the more easily
Because my means were somewhat
broken into
Thro' open doors and hospitality;
Raised my own town against me in
the night
Before my Enid's birthday, sack'd my
house;
From mine own earldom foully ousted
me;
Built that new fort to overawe my
friends, ⁴⁶⁰
For truly there are those who love
me yet;
And keeps me in this ruinous castle
here,
Where doubtless he would put me
soon to death
But that his pride too much despises
me.
And I myself sometimes despise my-
self;
For I have let men be and have their
way,
Am much too gentle, have not used
my power;
Nor know I whether I be very base
Or very manful, whether very wise
Or very foolish; only this I know, ⁴⁷⁰
That whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,
But can endure it all most patiently.'

'Well said, true heart,' replied Ge-
raint, 'but arms,
That if the sparrow-hawk, this
nephew, fight
In next day's tourney I may break his
pride.'

And Yniol answer'd: 'Arms, in-
deed, but old
And rusty, old and rusty. Prince Ge-
raint,
Are mine, and therefore, at thine ask-
ing, thine.

But in this tournament can
tilt,
Except the lady he loves best b
Two forks are fixt into the
ground,
And over these is placed a silve
And over that a golden sparrow
The prize of beauty for the
there.
And this, what knight soeve
field
Lays claim to for the lady
side,
And tilts with my good nephew
upon,
Who being apt at arms and
bone
Has ever won it for the lad
him.
And toppling over all antagon
Has earn'd himself the name o
row-hawk.
But thou, that hast no lady, ca
fight.'

To whom Geraint with a
bright replied,
Leaning a little toward him
leave!
Let me lay lance in rest, O not
For this dear child, because
saw,
Tho' having seen all beauties
time,
Nor can see elsewhere, anyt
fair.
And if I fall her name will yet
Untarnish'd as before; but if I
So aid me heaven when at min
most
As I will make her truly n
wife!'

Then, howsoever patient,
heart
Danced in his bosom, seeing
days.
And looking round he saw n
there—
Who hearing her own name ha
away—
But that old dame, to whom f
derly
And fondling all her hand in
said:
'Mother, a maiden is a tender

d best by her that bore her under-
stood. ⁵¹¹

thou to rest, but ere thou go to
rest

ll her, and prove her heart toward
the prince.'

So spake the kindly-hearted earl,
and she

ith frequent smile and nod depart-
ing found,

If disarray'd as to her rest, the
girl;

hom first she kiss'd on either cheek,
and then

either shining shoulder laid a hand,
d kept her off and gazed upon her
face,

d told her all their converse in the
hall, ⁵²⁰

oving her heart. But never light
and shade

used one another more on open
ground

death a troubled heaven than red
and pale

ross the face of Enid hearing her;
ile slowly falling as a scale that

falls,
en weight is added only grain by

grain,
k her sweet head upon her gentle

breast;
r did she lift an eye nor speak a

word,
pt in the fear and in the wonder of

it,
moving without answer to her rest

found no rest, and ever fail'd to
draw ⁵³¹

quiet night into her blood, but
lay

contemplating her own unworthiness;
l when the pale and bloodless east

began
quicken to the sun, arose, and

raised
mother too, and hand in hand

they moved
wn to the meadow where the jousts

were held,
l waited there for Yniol and Ge-

raint.

and thither came the twain, and
when Geraint

Beheld her first in field, awaiting
him, ⁵⁴⁰

He felt, were she the prize of bodily
force,

Himself beyond the rest pushing could
move

The Chair of Idria. Yniol's rusted
arms

Were on his princely person, but thro'
these

Prince-like his bearing shone; and
errant knights

And ladies came, and by and by the
town

Flow'd in and settling circled all the
lists.

And there they fixt the forks into the
ground,

And over these they placed the silver
wand,

And over that the golden sparrow-
hawk. ⁵⁵⁰

Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet
blown,

Spake to the lady with him and pro-
claim'd,

'Advance and take, the fairest of the
fair,

What I these two years past have
won for thee,

The prize of beauty.' Loudly spake
the prince,

'Forbear; there is a worthier,' and
the knight

With some surprise and thrice as much
disdain

Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all
his face

Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at
Yule,

So burnt he was with passion, crying
out, ⁵⁶⁰

'Do battle for it then,' no more; and
thrice

They clash'd together, and thrice they
brake their spears

Then each, dishorsed and drawing
lash'd at each

So often and with such blows that all
the crowd

Wonder'd, and now and then from
distant walls

There came a clapping as of phantom
hands.

So twice they fought, and twice they
breathed, and still

The dew of their great labor and the blood
 Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd
 their force.
 But either's force was match'd till
 Yniol's cry, 570
 'Remember that great insult done the
 Queen,'
 Increased Geraint's, who heaved his
 blade aloft,
 And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit
 the bone,
 And fell'd him, and set foot upon his
 breast,
 And said, 'Thy name?' To whom
 the fallen man
 Made answer, groaning: 'Edyrn, son
 of Nudd!
 Ashamed am I that I should tell it
 thee.
 My pride is broken; men have seen
 my fall.'
 'Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd,' replied
 Geraint,
 'These two things shalt thou do, or
 else thou diest. 580
 First, thou thyself, with damsel and
 with dwarf,
 Shalt ride to Arthur's court and, com-
 ing there,
 Crave pardon for that insult done the
 Queen.
 And shalt abide her judgment on it;
 next,
 Thou shalt give back their earldom to
 thy kin.
 These two things shalt thou do, or
 thou shalt die.'
 And Edyrn answer'd, 'These things
 will I do.
 For I have never yet been overthrown,
 And thou hast overthrown me, and
 my pride
 Is broken down, for Enid sees my fall!'
 And rising up he rode to Arthur's
 court, 591
 And there the Queen forgave him eas-
 ily.
 And, being young, he changed and
 came to loathe
 His crime of traitor, slowly drew him-
 self
 Bright from his old dark life, and fell
 at last
 In the great battle fighting for the
 King.

But when the third day from the
 hunting-morn
 Made a low splendor in the world, an
 wings
 Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she lay
 With her fair head in the dim-yellow
 light, 6
 Among the dancing shadows of the
 birds,
 Woke and bethought her of her pro-
 mise given
 No later than last eve to Prince Ge-
 raint—
 So bent he seem'd on going the third
 day,
 He would not leave her till her pro-
 mise given—
 To ride with him this morning to the
 court,
 And there be made known to the
 stately Queen,
 And there be wedded with all cere-
 mony.
 At this she cast her eyes upon her dress:
 And thought it never yet had look'd
 so mean. 61
 For as a leaf in mid-November is
 To what it was in mid-October, seem'
 The dress that now she look'd on to
 the dress
 She look'd on ere the coming of Ge-
 raint.
 And still she look'd, and still the ter-
 ror grew
 Of that strange bright and dreadful
 thing, a court,
 All staring at her in her faded silk;
 And softly to her own sweet heart she
 said:
 'This noble prince who won our
 earldom back,
 So splendid in his acts and his attire,
 Sweet heaven, how much I shall dis-
 credit him! 62
 Would he could tarry with us here
 awhile,
 But being so beholden to the prince,
 It were but little grace in any of us,
 Bent as he seem'd on going this third
 day,
 To seek a second favor at his hands.
 Yet if he could but tarry a day or two,
 Myself would work eye dim and finger
 lame
 Far liefer than so much discredit him

And Enid fell in longing for a dress⁶³⁰ A branch'd and flower'd with gold, a costly gift Her good mother, given her on the night Fore her birthday, three sad years ago, That night of fire, when Edyrn sack'd their house And scatter'd all they had to all the winds;	For while the mother show'd it, and the two Were turning and admiring it, the work To both appear'd so costly, rose a cry That Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled With little save the jewels they had on. Which being sold and sold had bought them bread.⁶³¹ And Edyrn's men had caught them in their flight,
---	--



“I shall go to Arthur's court, with damsel and sister Isolt,
Shall I be to Arthur's court?”

And placed them in this ruin ; and
 she wish'd
 The prince had found her in her an-
 cient home ;
 Then let her fancy flit across the past,
 And roam the goodly places that she
 knew ;
 And last bethought her how she used
 to watch,
 Near that old home, a pool of golden
 carp ;
 And one was patch'd and blurr'd and
 lustreless
 Among his burnish'd brethren of the
 pool ;
 And half asleep she made comparison
 Of that and these to her own faded self
 And the gay court, and fell asleep
 again,
 And dreamt herself was such a faded
 form
 Among her burnish'd sisters of the
 pool.
 But this was in the garden of a king,
 And tho' she lay dark in the pool she
 knew
 That all was bright ; that all about
 were birds
 Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work ;
 That all the turf was rich in plots that
 look'd
 Each like a garnet or a turkis in it ;
 And lords and ladies of the high court
 went
 In silver tissue talking things of state ;
 And children of the King in cloth of
 gold
 Glanced at the doors or gambol'd
 down the walks.
 And while she thought, 'They will
 not see me,' came
 A stately queen whose name was
 Guinevere,
 And all the children in their cloth of
 gold
 Ran to her, crying, 'If we have fish
 at all
 Let them be gold ; and charge the
 gardeners now
 To pick the faded creature from the
 pool,
 And cast it on the mixen that it die.'
 And therewithal one came and seized
 on her,
 And Enid started waking, with her
 heart

All overshadowed by the foolish dream
 And lo ! it was her mother grasping her
 To get her well awake ; and in her hand
 A suit of bright apparel, which she laid
 Flat on the couch, and spoke exult-
 ingly :

'See here, my child, how fresh the
 colors look,
 How fast they hold, like colors of a
 shell
 That keeps the wear and polish of the
 wave.
 Why not ? It never yet was worn, I
 trow :
 Look on it, child, and tell me if you
 know it.'

And Enid look'd, but, all confused
 at first,
 Could scarce divide it from her foolish
 dream.
 Then suddenly she knew it and re-
 joiced,
 And answer'd, 'Yea, I know it ; your
 good gift,
 So sadly lost on that unhappy night ;
 Your own good gift !' 'Yea, surely,'
 said the dame,
 'And gladly given again this happy
 morn.
 For when the jousts were ended yester-
 day,
 Went Yniol thro' the town, and every-
 where
 He found the sack and plunder of our
 house
 All scatter'd thro' the houses of the
 town,
 And gave command that all which
 once was ours
 Should now be ours again ; and yester-
 eve,
 While ye were talking sweetly with
 your prince,
 Came one with this and laid it in my
 hand,
 For love or fear, or seeking favor of
 us,
 Because we have our earldom back
 again.
 And yester-eve I would not tell you
 of it,
 But kept it for a sweet surprise a
 morn.
 Yea, truly is it not a sweet surprise !

I myself unwillingly have worn
 faded suit, as you, my child, have
 yours,
 and, however patient, Yniol his.
 O, dear, he took me from a goodly
 house,
 the store of rich apparel, sumptuous
 fare,
 and page, and maid, and squire, and
 seneschal,
 and pastime both of hawk and hound,
 and all
 that appertains to noble maintenance.
 O, and he brought me to a goodly
 house;
 and since our fortune swerved from
 sun to shade,
 and all thro' that young traitor, cruel
 need
 restrain'd us, but a better time has
 come.
 I clothe yourself in this, that better
 fits
 or mended fortunes and a prince's
 bride;
 or tho' ye won the prize of fairest
 fair,
 and tho' I heard him call you fairest
 fair,
 I never maiden think, however fair,
 is not fairer in new clothes than
 old.
 And should some great court-lady say,
 the prince
 hath pick'd a ragged-robin from the
 hedge,
 and like a madman brought her to
 the court,
 men were ye shamed, and, worse,
 might shame the prince
 whom we are beholden; but I
 know,
 when my dear child is set forth at her
 best,
 at neither court nor country, tho'
 they sought
 thro' all the provinces like those of old
 at lighted on Queen Esther, has her
 match.'

Here ceased the kindly mother out
 of breath,
 and Enid listen'd brightening as she
 lay;
 then, as the white and glittering star
 of morn

Parts from a bank of snow, by and by
 Slips into golden cloud, the maiden
 rose,
 And left her maiden couch, and robed
 herself,
 Help'd by the mother's careful hand
 and eye,
 Without a mirror, in the gorgeous
 gown;
 Who, after, turn'd her daughter round,
 and said
 She never yet had seen her half so fair;
 And call'd her like that maiden in the
 tale,
 Whom Gwydion made by glamour out
 of flowers,
 And sweeter than the bride of Cassive-
 laun,
 Flur, for whose love the Roman Caesar
 first
 Invaded Britain: 'But we beat him
 back,
 As this great prince invaded us, and
 we,
 Not beat him back, but welcomed him
 with joy.
 And I can scarcely ride with you to
 court,
 For old am I, and rough the ways and
 wild;
 But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall
 dream
 I see my princess as I see her now,
 Clothed with my gift and gay among
 the gay.'

But while the women thus rejoiced,
 Geraint
 Woke where he slept in the high hall,
 and call'd
 For Enid, and when Yniol made report
 Of that good mother making Enid gay
 In such apparel as might well besem
 His princess, or indeed the stately
 Queen.
 He answer'd: 'Earl, entreat her by my
 love,
 Albeit I give no reason but my wish,
 That she ride with me in her faded
 silk.'
 Yniol with that hard message went; it
 fell
 Like flaws in summer laying lusty
 corn;
 For Enid, all abash'd, she knew not
 why,

Dared not to glance at her good
 mother's face,
 But silently, in all obedience,
 Her mother silent too, nor helping
 her,
 Laid from her limbs the costly-broid-
 er'd gift,
 And robed them in her ancient suit
 again,
 And so descended. Never man rejoiced ⁷⁷⁰
 More than Geraint to greet her thus
 attired;
 And glancing all at once as keenly at
 her
 As careful robins eye the delver's toil,
 Made her cheek burn and either eyelid
 fall,
 But rested with her sweet face satis-
 fied;
 Then seeing cloud upon the mother's
 brow,
 Her by both hands he caught, and
 sweetly said:

'O my new mother, be not wroth or
 grieved
 At thy new son, for my petition to
 her. ⁷⁸⁰
 When late I left Caerleon, our great
 Queen,
 In words whose echo lasts, they were
 so sweet,
 Made promise that, whatever bride I
 brought,
 Herself would clothe her like the sun
 in heaven.
 Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd
 hall,
 Beholding one so bright in dark estate,
 I vow'd that, could I gain her, our fair
 Queen,
 No hand but hers, should make your
 Enid burst
 Sunlike from cloud — and likewise
 thought perhaps,
 That service done so graciously would
 bind ⁷⁹⁰
 The two together; fain I would the
 two
 Should love each other. How can Enid
 find
 A nobler friend? Another thought
 was mine:
 I came among you here so suddenly
 That tho' her gentle presence at the
 lists

Might well have served for proof that
 I was loved,
 I doubted whether daughter's tend-
 ness,
 Or easy nature, might not let itself
 Be moulded by your wishes for I
 weal;
 Or whether some false sense in I
 own self
 Of my contrasting brightness overbore
 Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall
 And such a sense might make her loath
 for court
 And all its perilous glories; and
 thought,
 That could I someway prove such fond-
 ness in her
 Link'd with such love for me that
 a word,
 No reason given her, she could cast
 aside
 A splendor dear to women, new to me
 And therefore dearer: or if not so new
 Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the
 power
 Of intermitted usage; then I felt
 That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and
 flows,
 Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore,
 do rest,
 A prophet certain of my prophecy,
 That never shadow of mistrust cross
 Between us. Grant me pardon for my
 thoughts;
 And for my strange petition I will
 make
 Amends hereafter by some gaudy-dance
 When your fair child shall wear your
 costly gift
 Beside your own warm hearth, with
 on her knees,
 Who knows? another gift of the high
 God,
 Which, maybe, shall have learn'd
 lisp you thanks.'

He spoke; the mother smiled, but
 half in tears,
 Then brought a mantle down and
 wrapt her in it,
 And claspt and kiss'd her, and then
 rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere
 had climb'd

e giant tower, from whose high
 crest, they say,
 saw the goodly hills of Somerset,
 d white sails flying on the yellow
 sea;
 it not to goodly hill or yellow sea
 old the fair Queen but up the vale
 of Usk,
 the flat meadow, till she saw them
 come;
 d then descending met them at the
 gates,
 embraced her with all welcome as a
 friend,
 d did her honor as the prince's
 bride,
 d clothed her for her bridals like
 the sun;
 d all that week was old Cacerleon
 gay,
 by the hands of Dubric, the high
 saint,
 y twain were wedded with all
 ceremony.

and this was on the last year's
 Whitsuntide.
 Enid ever kept the faded silk,
 remembering how first he came on
 her
 st in that dress, and how he loved
 her in it,
 d all her foolish fears about the
 dress,
 d all his journey toward her, as
 himself
 d d her, and their coming to the
 court.

and now this morning when he said
 to her,
 d on your worst and meanest dress,
 she found
 took it, and array'd herself therein

GERAINT AND ENID

A BLIND race of misfortune
 weary among us at the very heart
 of a lifelong truth that we
 selves,
 taking true for false or false for
 true;
 se, thro' the feeble twilight of this
 world

Groping, how many, until we pass and
 reach
 That other where we see as we are
 seen!

So fared it with Geraint, who issu-
 ing forth
 That morning, when they both had got
 to horse,
 Perhaps because he loved her passion-
 ately,
 And felt that tempest brooding round
 his heart
 Which, if he spoke at all, would break
 perforce
 Upon a head so dear in thunder, said:
 'Not at my side. I charge thee ride
 before,

Ever a good way on before; and this
 I charge thee, on thy duty as a wife,
 Whatever happens, not to speak to me,
 No, not a word!' and Enid was aghast;
 And forth they rode, but scarce three
 paces on,

When crying out, 'Effeminate as I am,
 I will not fight my way with gilded
 arms,

All shall be iron!' he loosed a mighty
 purse,

Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward
 the squire,

So the last sight that Enid had of home
 Was all the marble threshold flashing,
 strewn

With gold and scattered coinage, and
 the squire

Chafing his shoulder. Then he cried
 again

'To the wilds!' and Enid leaning down
 the track

Thro' which he bore her to sit him on,
 the track

The marches and the forest haunted
 hills

Gray stumps and pines, and the gray
 hills

And the gray hills, and the gray hills,
 the hills

Rode, and the hills, and the hills, and the hills,
 the hills

A little, and the hills, and the hills, and the hills,
 the hills

I, and the hills, and the hills, and the hills,
 the hills

That, and the hills, and the hills, and the hills,
 wrong

For he was ever saying to himself,
 'O, I that wasted time to tend upon
 her,
 To compass her with sweet observ-
 ances,
 To dress her beautifully and keep her
 true' —
 And there he broke the sentence in his
 heart
 Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue
 May break it when his passion masters
 him.
 And she was ever praying the sweet
 heavens
 To save her dear lord whole from any
 wound.
 And ever in her mind she cast about
 For that unnoticed failing in her-
 self
 Which made him look so cloudy and
 so cold ;
 Till the great plover's human whistle
 amazed
 Her heart, and glancing round the
 waste she fear'd
 In every wavering brake an ambus-
 cade ;
 Then thought again, ' If there be such
 in me,
 I might amend it by the grace of Hea-
 ven,
 If he would only speak and tell me of
 it.'

But when the fourth part of the day
 was gone,
 Then Enid was aware of three tall
 knights
 On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a
 rock
 In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs
 all ;
 And heard one crying to his fellow,
 ' Look,
 Here comes a laggard hanging down
 his head,
 Who seems no bolder than a beaten
 hound ;
 Come, we will slay him and will have
 his horse
 And armor, and his damsel shall be
 ours.'

Then Enid ponder'd in her heart,
 and said :
 ' I will go back a little to my lord,

And I will tell him all their
 talk ;
 For, be he wroth even to a
 me,
 Far liefer by his dear hand had
 Than that my lord should suffer
 or shame.'

Then she went back some pe-
 return,
 Met his full frown timidly first
 said :
 ' My lord, I saw three bandits
 rock
 Waiting to fall on you, and
 them boast
 That they would slay you, and
 seize your horse
 And armor, and your damsel
 be theirs.'

He made a wrathful answer :
 I wish
 Your warning or your silence
 command
 I laid upon you, not to speak to
 And thus ye keep it ! Well
 look — for now,
 Whether ye wish me victory
 feat,
 Long for my life or hunger for
 death,
 Yourself shall see my vigor
 lost.'

Then Enid waited pale and so-
 ful,
 And down upon him bare the
 three.
 And at the midmost charging,
 Geraint
 Drove the long spear a cubit th-
 breast
 And out beyond ; and then a
 his brace
 Of comrades, each of whom
 broken on him
 A lance that splinter'd like an ic-
 Swung from his brand a windy
 out
 Once, twice, to right, to left
 stunn'd the twain
 Or slew them, and dismounting,
 man
 That skins the wild beast afte-
 ing him,

left from the three dead wolves of
 woman born
 three gay suits of armor which
 they wore,
 and let the bodies lie, but bound the
 suits
 armor on their horses, each on each,
 and tied the bridle-reins of all the
 three
 together, and said to her, 'Drive
 them on
 before you;' and she drove them
 thro' the waste. 100

she follow'd nearer; ruth began to
 work
 against his anger in him, while he
 watch'd
 being he loved best in all the
 world,
 with difficulty in mild obedience
 driving them on. He fain had spoken
 to her,
 but loosed in words of sudden fire
 the wrath
 and smoulder'd wrong that burnt him
 all within;
 evermore it seem'd an easier
 thing
 once without remorse to strike her
 dead
 than to cry 'Halt,' and to her own
 bright face 110
 use her of the least immodesty;
 thus thus tongue-tied, it made him
 wroth the more
 and she could speak whom his own
 ear had heard
 herself false, and suffering thus
 he made
 out an age; but in scarce longer
 time
 when at Caerleon the full-tided Uak,
 once he turn to fall seaward again,
 then, did Enid, keeping watch, be-
 hold
 the first shallow shade of a deep
 wood,
 o'er a gloom of stubborn-shafted
 oaks, 120
 and other horsemen waiting, wholly
 arm'd,
 whereof one seem'd far larger than
 her lord,
 and shook her pulses, crying, 'Look,
 a prize!

Three horses and three goodly suits of
 arms,
 And all in charge of whom? a girl!
 set on.'
 'Nay,' said the second, 'yonder comes
 a knight.'
 The third, 'A craven; how he hangs
 his head!'
 The giant answer'd merrily, 'Yea,
 but one?
 Wait here, and when he passes fall
 upon him!'

And Enid ponder'd in her heart and
 said: 130
 'I will abide the coming of my lord,
 And I will tell him all their villainy.
 My lord is weary with the fight before,
 And they will fall upon him unawares.
 I needs must disobey him for his
 good:
 How should I dare obey him to his
 harm?
 Needs must I speak, and tho' he kill
 me for it,
 I save a life dearer to me than mine.'

And she abode his coming, and said
 to him
 With timid firmness, 'Have I leave to
 speak?' 140
 He said, 'Ye take it, speaking,' and
 she spoke:

'There lurk three villains yonder in
 the wood,
 And each of them is wholly arm'd,
 and one
 Is larger-limb'd than you are, and
 they say
 That they will fall upon you while ye
 pass.'

To which he flung a wrathful an-
 swer back:
 'And if there were an hundred in the
 wood,
 And every man were larger-limb'd
 than I,
 And all at once should sally out upon
 me,
 I swear it would not ruffle me so
 much 150
 As you that not obey me. Stand
 aside,
 And if I fall, cleave to the better man.'

And Enid stood aside to wait the event,
 Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe.
 Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath,
 And he she dreaded most bare down upon him.
 Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd but Geraint's,
 A little in the late encounter strain'd,
 Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corse-let home,
 And then brake short, and down his enemy roll'd,
 And there lay still; as he that tells the tale
 Saw once a great piece of a promontory,
 That had a sapling growing on it, slide
 From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,
 And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew;
 So lay the man transtixt. His craven pair
 Of comrades making slowlier at the prince,
 When now they saw their bulwark fallen, stood;
 On whom the victor, to confound them more,
 Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry; for as one,
 That listens near a torrent mountain brook,
 All thro' the crash of the near cataract hears
 The drumming thunder of the huger fall
 At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear
 His voice in battle, and he kindled by it,
 And fomen'd, scor'd, like that false pair who tar'd
 Flying, but, overtaken, died the death
 Themselves had wrought on many an innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting, pick'd the lance
 That pleas'd him best, and drew from those dead wolves
 Their three gay suits of armor, each from each,

And bound them on their horses, each on each,
 And tied the bridle-reins of all the three
 Together, and said to her, 'Drive them on
 Before you,' and she drove them thro' the wood.

He follow'd nearer still. The pain she had
 To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,
 Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,
 Together, served a little to disedge
 The sharpness of that pain about her heart;
 And they themselves, like creatures gently born
 But into bad hands fallen, and now so long
 By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears, and felt
 Her low firm voice and tender government.

So thro' the green gloom of the wood they past,
 And issuing under open heavens beheld
 A little town with towers, upon a rock,
 And close beneath, a meadow gemlike chased
 In the brown wild, and mowers mowing in it;
 And down a rocky pathway from the place
 There came a fair-hair'd youth, that in his hand
 Bare victual for the mowers; an Geraint
 Had nuth again on Enid looking pale
 Then, moving downward to the meadow ground,
 He, when the fair-hair'd youth came by him, said,
 'Friend, let her eat; the damsel is faint.'
 'Yea, willingly,' replied the youth, 'and thou,
 My lord, eat also, tho' the fare coarse,
 And only meet for mowers;' then so down



"Friend, let her eat; the damsel is so faint"

His basket, and dismounting on the
 sward²¹⁰
 they let the horses graze, and ate
 themselves.
 and Enid took a little delicately,
 not having stomach for it than de-
 sire
 as close with her lord's pleasure, but
 Geraint
 ate all the mowers' victual unawares,
 and when he found all empty was
 amazed;

And 'Boy,' said he, 'I have eaten all
 but take
 A horse and arms for guerdon; choose
 the best.'
 He, reddening in extremity of de-
 light,
 'My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.'
 'Ye will be all the wealthier,' cried
 the prince.²¹¹
 'I take it as free gift, then,' said the
 boy,
 'Not guerdon; for myself can easily,

While your good damsel rests, return
and fetch
Fresh victual for these mowers of our
earl;
For these are his, and all the field is
his,
And I myself am his; and I will tell
him
How great a man thou art. He loves
to know
When men of mark are in his territory:
And he will have thee to his palace
here,
And serve thee costlier than with
mowers' fare.'

Then said Geraint: 'I wish no bet-
ter fare;
I never ate with angrier appetite
Than when I left your mowers dinner-
less.
And into no earl's palace will I go.
I know, God knows, too much of pal-
aces!
And if he want me, let him come to
me.
But hire us some fair chamber for the
night,
And stalling for the horses, and return
With victual for these men, and let us
know.'

'Yea, my kind lord,' said the glad
youth, and went,
Held his head high, and thought him-
self a knight,
And up the rocky pathway disappear'd,
Leading the horse, and they were left
alone.

But when the prince had brought
his errant eyes
Home from the rock, sideways he let
them glance
At Enid, where she droopt. His own
false doom,
That shadow of mistrust should never
cross
Betwixt them, came upon him, and he
sigh'd;
Then with another humorous ruth re-
mark'd
The lusty mowers laboring dinnerless.
And watch'd the sun blaze on the
turning scythe,
And after nodded sleepily in the heat.

But she, remembering her
hall,
And all the windy clamor
About her hollow turret, and
grass
There growing longest by
dow's edge,
And into many a listless an-
Now over, now beneath her
ring,
Wove and unwove it, till it
turn'd
And told them of a chamber
went;
Where, after saying to her,
Call for the woman of the
which
She answer'd, 'Thanks, my
two remain'd
Apart by all the chamber's
mute
As creatures voiceless thro'
of birth,
Or two wild men supple
shield,
Painted, who stare at open
glance
The one at other, parted by

On a sudden, many a
the street,
And heel against the pave-
ing, burst
Their drowse; and either st
the door,
Push'd from without, drav
to the wall,
And midmost of a rout of
Femininely fair and dissol
Her suitor in old years bef
Enter'd, the wild lord of
Limours.
He moving up with pliant
Greeted Geraint full face, l
ily,
In the mid-warmth of wa
graspt hand,
Found Enid with the corne
And knew her sitting sad a
Then cried Geraint for
goodly cheer
To feed the sudden guest,
tuously,
According to his fashion, b
Call in what men soeve
friends,

and feast with these in honor of their
earl;
and care not for the cost; the cost is
mine.'

And wine and food were brought,
and Earl Limours
ask till he jested with all ease, and
told

re tales, and took the word and
play'd upon it,
and made it of two colors; for his
talk,

then wine and free companions kind-
led him,
as wont to glance and sparkle like
a gem

fifty facets; thus he moved the
prince
laughter and his comrades to ap-
plause.

then when the prince was merry, ask'd
Limours,
our leave, my lord, to cross the
room, and speak

your good damsel there who sits
apart,
and seems so lonely?' 'My free
leave,' he said;

either to speak; she doth not speak
to me.
then rose Limours, and looking at his
feet,

to him who tries the bridge he fears
may fail,
and came near, lifted adoring
eyes,

w'd at her side and utter'd whisper-
ingly:

Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,
bel, my early and my only love,
and, the loss of whom hath turn'd me
wild —

what chance is this? how is it I see
you here?

are in my power at last, are in my
power.

I fear me not; I call mine own self
wild,

I keep a touch of sweet civility
in the heart of waste and wilder-
ness.

brought, but that your father came
between,

former days you saw me favorably.

And if it were so do not keep it back.
Make me a little happier; let me
know it.

Owe you me nothing for a life half-
lost?

Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all
you are.

And, Enid, you and he, I see with
joy,

Ye sit apart, you do not speak to him,
You come with no attendance, page
or maid,

To serve you — doth he love you as of
old?

For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I
know

Tho' men may bicker with the things
they love,

They would not make them laughable
in all eyes,

Not while they loved them; and your
wretched dress,

A wretched insult on you, dumbly
speaks

Your story, that this man loves you
no more.

Your beauty is no beauty to him now.
A common chance — right well I know

it — pall'd —
For I know men; nor will ye win him
back,

For the man's love once gone never
returns.

But here is one who loves you as of
old;

With more exceeding passion than of
old.

Good, speak the word; my followers
ring him round

He sits unarm'd; I hold a finger up;
They understand. Nay, I do not mean

blood;
Nor need ye look so scared at what I
say

My malice is no deeper than a moat,
No stronger than a wall. There is
the keep;

He shal' not cross us more; speak but
the word

Or speak it not, but then by Him that
made me

The one true lover whom you ever
lov'd,

I will make use of all the power I have
O, pardon me! the madness of that
hour

When first I parted from thee moves
me yet.

At this the tender sound of his own
voice
And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it,
Made his eye moist; but Enid fear'd
his eyes, ³⁵⁰
Moist as they were, wine-heated from
the feast,
And answer'd with such craft as women
use,
Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance
That breaks upon them perilously, and
said:

'Earl, if you love me as in former
years,
And do not practise on me, come with
morn,
And snatch me from him as by vio-
lence.
Leave me to-night; I am weary to the
death.'

Low at leave-taking, with his bran-
dish'd plume
Brushing his instep, bow'd the all-
amorous earl, ³⁶⁰
And the stout prince bade him a loud
good-night.
He moving homeward babbled to his
men,
How Enid never loved a man but him,
Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her
lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Ge-
raint,
Debating his command of silence
given,
And that she now perforce must vio-
late it,
Held commune with herself, and while
she held
He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart
To wake him, but hung o'er him,
wholly pleased ³⁷⁰
To find him yet unwounded after fight,
And hear him breathing low and
equally.
Anon she rose and, stepping lightly,
heap'd
The pieces of his armor in one place,
All to be there against a sudden
need;

Then dozed awhile herself, but, on
toil'd

By that day's grief and travel, ev-
more
Seem'd catching at a rootless tho-
and then

Went slipping down horrible pn-
pieces,
And strongly striking out her lin-
awoke;

Then thought she heard the wild c-
at the door,

With all his rout of random follow-
Sound on a dreadful trumpet, su-
moning her;

Which was the red cock shouting
the light,

As the gray dawn stole o'er the de-
world

And glimmer'd on his armor in
room.

And once again she rose to look at
But touch'd it unawares; jangling,
casque

Fell, and he started up and stared
her.

Then breaking his command of sile-
given,

She told him all that Earl Limours
said,

Except the passage that he loved
not;

Nor left untold the craft herself
used,

But ended with apology so sweet,
Low-spoken, and of so few words,
seem'd

So justified by that necessity,
That tho' he thought, 'Was it for
she wept

In Devon?' he but gave a wrat-
groan,

Saying, 'Your sweet faces make g-
fellows fools

And traitors. Call the host and
him bring

Charger and palfrey.' So she gli-
out

Among the heavy breathings of
house,

And like a household spirit at the w
Beat, till she woke the sleepers,
return'd;

Then tending her rough lord, tho
unask'd,

In silence, did him service as a squ

In issuing arm'd he found the host
 and cried,
 by reckoning, friend ?' and ere he
 learnt it, 'Take
 horses and their armors ;' and the
 host,
 idly honest, answer'd in amaze,
 'Lord, I scarce have spent the worth
 of one !'
 'Will be all the wealthier,' said the
 prince,
 'I then to Enid, 'Forward ! and to-
 day
 urge you, Enid, more especially,
 at thing soever ye may hear, or
 see,
 'hence — tho' I count it of small use
 charge you — that ye speak not but
 obey.'

And Enid answer'd : 'Yea, my lord,
 I know
 or wish and would obey ; but, rid-
 ing first,
 ear the violent threats you do not
 hear,
 the danger which you cannot see.
 I not to give you warning, that
 seems hard,
 must beyond me ; yet I would obey.'

'Yea so,' said he, 'do it ; be not too
 wise,
 thinking that ye are wedded to a man,
 but all mismated with a yawning
 clown,
 one with arms to guard his head
 and yours,
 th eyes to find you out however far,
 d ears to hear you even in his
 dreams.'

With that he turn'd and look'd as
 keenly at her
 careful robs eye the delver's toil ;
 d that within her which a wanton
 fool
 hasty judger would have call'd her
 guilt
 de her cheek burn and either eyelid
 fall.
 I Geraint look'd and was not satis-
 fied.

Then forward by a way which,
 beaten broad,

Led from the territory of false Limours
 To the waste earldom of another earl,
 Doorm, whom his shaking vassals
 call'd the Bull,

Went Enid with her sullen follower
 on.

Once she look'd back, and when she
 saw him ride

More near by many a rood than yester-
 morn,

It wellnigh made her cheerful ; till
 Geraint,

Waving an angry hand as who should
 say,

'Ye watch me,' sadden'd all her heart
 again.

But while the sun yet beat a dewy
 blade,

The sound of many a heavily-galloping
 hoof

Smote on her ear, and turning round
 she saw

Dust, and the points of lances bicker
 in it.

Then, not to disobey her lord's behest,
 And yet to give him warning, for he
 rode

As if he heard not, moving back she
 held

Her finger up, and pointed to the dust.
 At which the warrior in his obstinacy,

Because she kept the letter of his word,
 Was in a manner pleased, and turning
 stood.

And in the moment after, wild Li-
 mours,

Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-
 cloud

Whose skirts are loosen'd by the break-
 ing storm,

Half ridden off with by the thing he
 rode,

And all in passion uttering a dry shriek,
 Dash'd on Geraint, who closed with

him, and bore

Down by the length of lance and arm
 beyond

The crupper, and so left him stunn'd
 or dead,

And overthrew the next that follow'd
 him.

And blindly rush'd on all the rout be-
 hind.

But at the flash and motion of the man
 They vanish'd panic stricken, like a
 shoul

Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on
the sand,

But if a man who stands upon the brink⁴⁷¹
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in
flower;

So, scared but at the motion of the
man,

Fled all the boon companions of the
earl,

And left him lying in the public way;
So vanish friendships only made in
wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled
Geraint,

Who saw the chargers of the two⁴⁸⁰
that fell

Start from their fallen lords and wildly
fly,

Mixt with the flyers. 'Horse and
man,' he said,

'All of one mind and all right-honest
friends!

Not a hoof left! and I methinks till
now

Was honest—paid with horses and
with arms;

I cannot steal or plunder, no, nor beg.
And so what say ye, shall we strip
him there,

Your lover? has your palfrey heart
enough

To bear his armor? shall we fast or
dine?

No?—then do thou, being right hon-⁴⁹⁰
est, pray

That we may meet the horsemen of
Earl Doorm;

I too would still be honest.' Thus he
said;

And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins,
And answering not one word, she led
the way.

But as a man to whom a dreadful
loss

Falls in a far land and he knows it
not,

But coming back he learns it, and the
loss

So pains him that he sickens nigh to
death;

So fared it with Geraint, who, being
prick'd

In combat with the follower of L⁵
moura,

Bled underneath his armor secretly,
And so rode on, nor told his gentle
wife

What all'd him, hardly knowing it
himself,

Till his eye darken'd and his helmet
wagg'd;

And at a sudden swerving of the road
Tho' happily down on a bank of
grass,

The prince, without a word, from his
horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his
fall,

Suddenly came, and at his side al-
pale

Dismounting loosed the fastenings of
his arms,

Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue
eye

Moisten, till she had lighted on his
wound,

And tearing off her veil of faded silk
Had bared her forehead to the bliste-
ing sun,

And swathed the hurt that drain'd his
dear lord's life.

Then, after all was done that hands
could do,

She rested, and her desolation came
Upon her, and she wept beside the
way.

And many past, but none regarded
her,

For in that realm of lawless turbu-
lence

A woman weeping for her murdered
mate

Was cared as much for as a summer
shower.

One took him for a victim of Earl
Doorm,

Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on
him.

Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms
Rode on a mission to the bandit earl

Half whistling and half singing
coarse song,

He drove the dust against her veiled
eyes.

lying from the wrath of
 rm ⁵³⁰
 ever-fancied arrow, made
 way smoke beneath him in
 ear :
 er palfrey whinnying lifted
 d into the coppices and was
 great charger stood, grieved
 a man.

se point of noon the huge
 Doorm,
 d with under-fringe of rus-
 beard,
 a foray, rolling eyes of
 g with a hundred lances
 came, like one that hails a
 with a big voice, 'What, is ⁵⁴⁰
 ead ?'
 ot dead !' she answer'd in
 ante.
 me of your kind people
 him up,
 im hence out of this cruel
 am I, quite sure, he is not

ld Earl Doorm : 'Well, if
 e not dead,
 ye for him thus ? ye seem
 lid.
 e dead, I count you for a
 ;
 ing will not quicken him :
 or not,
 omely face with idiot tears.
 the face *is* comely — some
 ou, ⁵⁵¹
 him up, and bear him to
 hall.
 re, we will have him of our
 l ;
 die, why earth has earth
 gh
 n. See ye take the charger

e.'
 He spake and past away,
 vo brawny spearmen, who
 mced,

Each growling like a dog, when his
 good bone
 Seems to be pluck'd at by the village
 boys
 Who love to vex him eating, and he
 fears ⁵⁶⁰
 To lose his bone, and lays his foot
 upon it,
 Gnawing and growling ; so the ruffians
 growl'd,
 Fearing to lose, and all for a dead
 man,
 Their chance of booty from the morn-
 ing's raid,
 Yet raised and laid him on a litte-
 bier,
 Such as they brought upon their
 forays out
 For those that might be wounde'd ;
 laid him on it
 All in the hollow of his shield, and
 took
 And bore him to the naked hail of
 Doorm —
 His gentle charger following him un-
 led — ⁵⁷⁰
 And cast him and the bier in which
 he lay
 Down on an oaken settle in the hall,
 And then departed, hot in haste to
 join
 Their luckier mates, but growling as
 before,
 And cursing their lost time, and the
 dead man,
 And their own earl, and their own
 souls, and her.
 They might as well have blest her ;
 she was deaf
 To blessing or to cursing save from
 one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her
 lord
 There in the naked hall, propping his
 head, ⁵⁸⁰
 And chafing his pale hands, and call-
 ing to him,
 Till at the last he waken'd from his
 swoon,
 And found his own dear bride prop-
 ping his head,
 And chafing his faint hands, and call-
 ing to him ;
 And felt the warm tears falling on his

And said to his own heart, 'She weeps
for me;'
And yet lay still, and feign'd himself
as dead,
That he might prove her to the utter-
most,
And say to his own heart, 'She weeps
for me.'

But in the falling afternoon re-
turn'd
The huge Earl Doorm with plunder
to the hall.
His lusty spearmen follow'd him with
noise:
Each hurling down a heap of things
that rang
Against the pavement, cast his lance
aside,
And doff'd his helm; and then there
flutter'd in,
Half-bold, half-frighted, with dilated
eyes,
A tribe of women, dress'd in many
hues,
And mingled with the spearmen;
and Earl Doorm
Struck with a knife's haft hard against
the board,
And call'd for flesh and wine to feed
his spears.
And men brought in whole hogs and
quarter beeves,
And all the hall was dim with steam
of flesh.
And none spake word, but all sat
down at once,
And ate with tumult in the naked
hall,
Feeding like horses when you hear
them feed:
Till Enid shrank far back into herself,
To shun the wild ways of the lawless
tribe.
But when Earl Doorm had eaten all
he would,
He roll'd his eyes about the hall, and
found
A damsel drooping in a corner of it.
Then he remember'd her and how she
wept.
And out of her there came a power
upon him:
And rising on the sudden he said:
'Eat!
I never yet beheld a thing so pale.

God's curse, it makes me mad to
you weep.
Eat! Look yourself. Good luck!
your good man,
For were I dead who is it would we
for me?
Sweet lady, never since I first drew
breath
Have I beheld a lily like yourself.
And so there lived some color in your
cheek,
There is not one among my gentle
women
Were fit to wear your slipper for
glove.
But listen to me, and by me
ruled,
And I will do the thing I have
done,
For ye shall share my earldom with
me, girl,
And we will live like two birds in one
nest,
And I will fetch you forage from
fields,
For I compel all creatures to my will.

He spoke; the brawny spearman
his cheek
Bulge with the unswallow'd pie
and turning stared;
While some, whose souls the old s
pent long had drawn
Down, as the worm draws in the
wither'd leaf
And makes it earth, hiss'd each
other's ear
What shall not be recorded — won
they,
Women, or what had been those ge-
rious things,
But now desired the humbling
their best,
Yea, would have help'd him to
and all at once
They hated her, who took no thought
of them,
But answer'd in low voice, her me-
head yet
Drooping, 'I pray you of your com-
tesy,
He being as he is, to let me be.'

She spake so low he hardly heard
her speak,
But like a mighty patron, satisfied

What himself had done so graciously,
 assumed that she had thank'd him,
 adding, 'Yea,
 and be glad, for I account you
 mine.'

She answer'd meekly, 'How should
 I be glad
 except in all the world at any-
 thing,
 till my lord arise and look upon
 me?'

Here the huge earl cried out upon
 her talk, ⁶⁵⁰
 all but empty heart and weariness
 I sickly nothing; suddenly seized
 on her,
 I bare her by main violence to the
 board,
 I thrust the dish before her, cry-
 ing, 'Eat.'

No, no,' said Enid, next, 'I will
 not eat
 yonder man upon the bier arise,
 I eat with me.' 'Drink, then,' he
 answer'd. 'Here!'—
 I fill'd a horn with wine and held
 it to her,—
 'I, myself, when flush'd with
 fight or hot,
 I's curse, with anger—often I my-
 self, ⁶⁶⁰
 ere I well have drunken, scarce
 can eat;
 ask therefore, and the wine will
 change your will.'

Not so,' she cried, 'by Heaven, I
 will not drink
 I my dear lord arise and bid me do
 it,
 I drink with me; and if he rise no
 more,
 I'll not look at wine until I die.'

At this he turn'd all red and paced
 his hall,
 he gnaw'd his under, now his upper
 lip,
 I coming up close to her, said at
 last:
 I, for I see ye scorn my courtesies, I

Take warning; yonder man is surely
 dead, ⁶⁷¹
 And I compel all creatures to my will.
 Not eat nor drink? And wherefore
 wait for one
 Who put your beauty to this flout
 and scorn
 By dressing it in rags? Amazed am I,
 Beholding how ye butt against my
 wish,
 That I forbear you thus; cross me no
 more.
 At least put off to please me this poor
 gown,
 This silken rag, this beggar-woman's
 weed.
 I love that beauty should go beauti-
 fully; ⁶⁸⁰
 For see ye not my gentlewomen here,
 How gay, how suited to the house of
 one
 Who loves that beauty should go
 beautifully?
 Rise therefore; robe yourself in this;
 obey.'

He spoke, and one among his gen-
 tlewomen
 Display'd a splendid silk of foreign
 loom,
 Where like a shoaling sea the lovely
 blue
 Play'd into green, and thicker down
 the front
 With jewels than the sward with
 drops of dew,
 When all night long a cloud clings to
 the hill, ⁶⁹¹
 And with the dawn ascending lets the
 day
 Strike where it clung; so thickly
 shone the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be
 moved
 Than hardest tyrants in their day of
 power,
 With lifelong injuries burning un-
 avenged,
 And now their hour has come, and
 Enid said:

'In this poor gown my dear lord
 found me first,
 And loved me serving in my father's
 hall;

In this poor gown I rode with him to
court,
And there the Queen array'd me like
the sun;
In this poor gown he bade me clothe
myself,
When now we rode upon this fatal
quest
Of honor, where no honor can be
gain'd;
And this poor gown I will not cast
aside
Until himself arise a living man,
And bid me cast it. I have griefs
enough;
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me
be.
I never loved, can never love but him.
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentle-
ness,
He being as he is, to let me be.' 710

Then strode the brute earl up and
down his hall,
And took his russet beard between
his teeth;
Last, coming up quite close, and in
his mood
Crying, 'I count it of no more avail,
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle
with you;
Take my salute,' unknighly with flat
hand,
However lightly, smote her on the
cheek.

Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,
And since she thought, 'He had not
dared to do it,
Except he surely knew my lord was
dead,'
Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter
cry.
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,
Which sees the trapper coming thro'
the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping
at his sword, —
It lay beside him in the hollow shield, —
Made but a single bound, and with a
sweep of it
Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and
like a ball
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the
floor.

So died Earl Doorm by him, I
dead.
And all the men and women
Rose when they saw the
rise, and fled
Yelling as from a spectre, as
Were left alone together, as

'Enid, I have used you
that dead man,
Done you more wrong; we
undergone
That trouble which has left
your own.
Henceforward I will rather
doubt.

And here I lay this penance
Not, tho' mine own ears
yesternorn —

You thought me sleeping, b
you say,
I heard you say, that you
true wife,

I swear I will not ask you
in it.

I do believe yourself agains
And will henceforward
than doubt.'

And Enid could not say
word,
She felt so blunt and stup
heart.

She only pray'd him, 'Fly
return

And slay you; fly, your
without,

My palfrey lost.' 'Then, I
you ride

Behind me.' 'Yea,' said
us go.'

And moving out they found
horse,

Who now no more a vas
thief,

But free to stretch his limb
fight,

Neigh'd with all gladnes
came, and stoop'd

With a low whinny toward
and she

Kiss'd the white star upon
front,

Glad also; then Geraint upo
Mounted, and reach'd a ha
his foot



'He turn'd his face
And kiss'd her climbing'

we set her own and climb'd; he
turn'd his face
and kiss'd her climbing, and she cast
her arms
about him, and at once they rode
away.

And never yet, since high in Para-
dise
er the four rivers the first roses blew,
one purer pleasure unto mortal kind

Than lived thro' her who in that perl-
ous hour
Put hand to hand beneath her hus-
band's heart,
And felt him hers again. She did not
weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy
mist
Like that which kept the heart of
Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain.

Yet not so misty were her meek blue
 eyes 771
 As not to see before them on the
 path,
 Right in the gateway of the bandit
 hold,
 A knight of Arthur's court, who laid
 his lance
 In rest and made as if to fall upon him.
 Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of
 blood,
 She, with her mind all full of what
 had chanced,
 Shriek'd to the stranger, 'Slay not a
 dead man!'
 'The voice of Enid,' said the knight;
 but she,
 Beholding it was Edyrn, son of Nudd,
 Was moved so much the more, and
 shriek'd again, 781
 'O cousin, slay not him who gave you
 life.'
 And Edyrn moving frankly forward
 spake:
 'My lord Geraint, I greet you with all
 love;
 I took you for a bandit knight of
 Doorm;
 And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon
 him,
 Who love you, prince, with something
 of the love
 Wherewith we love the Heaven that
 chastens us.
 For once, when I was up so high in
 pride
 That I was halfway down the slope
 to hell, 790
 By overthrowing me you threw me
 higher.
 Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table
 Round,
 And since I knew this earl when I
 myself
 Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,
 I come the mouthpiece of our King to
 Doorm - -
 The King is close behind me — bidding
 him
 Disband himself, and scatter all his
 powers.
 Submit, and hear the judgment of the
 King.'

'He hears the judgment of the King
 of kings,'

Cried the wan prince; 'and lo, the
 powers of Doorm
 Are scatter'd!' and he pointed to the
 field,
 Where, huddled here and there a
 mound and knoll,
 Were men and women staring and
 aghast,
 While some yet fled; and then he
 plainlier told
 How the huge earl lay slain within his
 hall.
 But when the knight besought him
 'Follow me,
 Prince, to the camp, and in the King's
 own ear
 Speak what has chanced; ye surely
 have endured
 Strange chances here alone;' the
 other flush'd,
 And hung his head, and halted in
 reply,
 Fearing the mild face of the blameless
 King.
 And after madness acted question
 ask'd:
 Till Edyrn crying, 'If ye will not go
 To Arthur, then will Arthur come
 you,'
 'Enough,' he said, 'I follow,' and
 they went.
 But Enid in their going had two fears
 One from the bandit scatter'd in the
 field,
 And one from Edyrn. Every now
 and then,
 When Edyrn rein'd his charger at his
 side,
 She shrank a little. In a hollow land
 From which old fires have broken
 men may fear
 Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving
 said:

'Fair and dear cousin, you too
 most had cause
 To fear me, fear no longer, I am
 changed.
 Yourself were first the blameless cause
 to make
 My nature's prideful sparkle in the
 blood
 Break into furious flame; being
 pulsed
 By Yniol and yourself, I schemed a
 wrought

return'd him ; then set up—
 main purpose ever at my
 t—⁸³⁰
 y jousts, and took a para-
 r ;
 ck-honor as the fairest fair,
 ing over all antagonism,
 n pride that I believed my-
 able, for I was wellnigh
 ;
 r my main purpose in these
 ts,
 ve slain your father, seized
 self.
 hope that sometime you
 ld come
 y lists with him whom best
 loved,
 , poor cousin, with your
 k blue eyes,⁸⁴⁰
 : eyes that ever answer'd
 en,
 overturn and trample on

you cried, or knelt, or
 'd to me,
 t less have kill'd him. And
 came, —
 ou came, — and with your
 true eyes
 man you loved — I speak
 re
 a service done him — over-
 w
 self, and my purpose three
 s old,
 s foot upon me, and give
 ife.
 I broken down, there was
 zed ;⁸⁵⁰
 e I rode all-shamed, hating
 ife
 e, meaning to be rid of it
 re penance the Queen laid
 me
 to rest awhile within her
 t ;
 t as sullen as a beast new-
 d,
 g to be treated like a wolf,
 ew my deeds were known,
 nd,
 f scornful pity or pure
 a,
 eserve and noble reticence,

Manners so kind, yet stately, such a
 grace⁸⁶⁰
 Of tenderest courtesy, that I began
 To glance behind me at my former
 life,
 And find that it had been the wolf's
 indeed.
 And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high
 saint,
 Who, with mild heat of holy oratory
 Subdued me somewhat to that gentlc
 ness
 Which, when it weds with manhood
 makes a man.
 And you were often there about the
 Queen,
 But saw me not, or mark'd not if you
 saw ;
 Nor did I care or dare to speak with
 you,⁸⁷⁰
 But kept myself aloof till I was
 changed ;
 And fear not, cousin, I am changed
 indeed.'

He spoke, and Enid easily believed,
 Like simple noble natures, credulous
 Of what they long for, good in friend
 or foe,
 There most in those who most have
 done them ill.
 And when they reach'd the camp the
 King himself
 Advanced to greet them, and behold-
 ing her
 Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a
 word,
 But went apart with Edyrn, whom he
 held⁸⁸⁰
 In converse for a little, and return'd,
 And, gravely smiling, lifted her from
 horse,
 And kiss'd her with all pureness, bre-
 ther-like,
 And show'd an empty tent allotted her
 And glancing for a minute, till he saw
 her
 Pass into it, turn'd to the prince, and
 said:
 ' Prince, when of late ye pray'd me
 for my leave
 To move to your own land and there
 defend
 Your marches, I was prick'd with
 some reproof,

As one that let foul wrong stagnate
and be,
By having look'd too much thro' alien⁸⁹⁰
eyes,
And wrought too long with delegated
hands,
Not used mine own; but now behold
me come
To cleanse this common sewer of all
my realm,
With Edyrn and with others. Have
ye look'd
At Edyrn? have ye seen how nobly
changed?
This work of his is great and wonder-
ful.
His very face with change of heart is
changed.
The world will not believe a man re-
pents;
And this wise world of ours is mainly
right.
Full seldom doth a man repent, or use⁹⁰⁰
Both grace and will to pick the vicious
quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of
him,
And make all clean, and plant himself
afresh,
Edyrn has done it, weeding all his
heart
As I will weed this land before I go.
I, therefore, made him of our Table
Round,
Not rashly, but have proved him
every way
One of our noblest, our most valorous,
Sanest and most obedient; and indeed
This work of Edyrn, wrought upon
himself
After a life of violence, seems to me
A thousand-fold more great and wonder-
ful
Than if some knight of mine, risking
his life,
My subject with my subjects under
him,
Should make an onslaught single on a
realm
Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by
one,
And were himself nigh wounded to
the death.

So spake the King; low bow'd the
prince, and felt

His work was neither great nor won-
derful,
And past to Enid's tent; and thith-
er came
The King's own leech to look into his
hurt;
And Enid tended on him there; and
there
Her constant motion round him, as
the breath
Of her sweet tendance hovering on
him,
Fill'd all the genial courses of his
blood
With deeper and with ever deep
love.
As the Southwest that blowing Be-
lake
Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the
days.

But while Geraint lay healing
his hurt,
The blameless King went forth and
cast his eyes
On each of all whom Uther left
charge
Long since, to guard the justice of the
King.
He look'd and found them wanting
and as now
Men weed the White Horse on the
Berkshire hills,
To keep him bright and clean as he
was afore,
He rooted out the slothful officer
Or guilty, which for bribe had wined
at wrong,
And in their chairs set up a stronger
race
With hearts and hands, and sent
thousand men
To till the wastes, and moving ever
where
Clear'd the dark places and let in the
law,
And broke the bandit holds and
cleansed the land.

Then, when Geraint was wholen
again, they past
With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk
There the great Queen once more
embraced her friend,
And clothed her in apparel like
a day.



BALIN AND BALAN

45

and tho' Geraint could never take
again
at comfort from their converse
which he took
More the Queen's fair name was
breathed upon, ⁹⁵⁰
rested well content that all was
well.
Once after tarrying for a space they
rode,
and fifty knights rode with them to
the shores
Severn, and they past to their own
land.
and there he kept the justice of the
King
vigorously yet mildly that all
hearts
plauded, and the spiteful whisper
died;
and being ever foremost in the chase,
and victor at the tilt and tournament,
they call'd him the great prince and
man of men. ⁹⁶⁰
and Enid, whom her ladies loved to
call
and the Fair, a grateful people
named
and the Good; and in their halls
arose
the cry of children, Enids and Ge-
raints
times to be; nor did he doubt her
more,
rested in her fealty till he crown'd
happy life with a fair death, and
fell
lost the heathen of the Northern
Sea
attle, fighting for the blameless
King.

BALIN AND BALAN

LAM the king, who held and lost
with Lot
that first war, and had his realm
restored
render'd tributary, fail'd of late
and his tribute; wherefore Arthur
call'd
treasurer, one of many years, and
spake:
thou with him and him and bring
it to us,

Lest we should set one truer on h
throne.
Man's word is God in man.'

His baron said
'We go, but harken: there be tw
strange knights
Who sit near Camelot at a fountai
side
A mile beneath the forest, challe
ging
And overthrowing every knight wh
comes.
Wilt thou I undertake them as w
pass,
And send them to thee?'

Arthur laugh'd upon him
'Old friend, too old to be so young
depart,
Delay not thou for aught, but let the
sit,
Until they find a lustier than the
selves.'

So these departed. Early, one fa
dawn,
The light-wing'd spirit of his youth
return'd
On Arthur's heart; he arm'd himse
and went.
So coming to the fountain-side b
held
Balin and Balan sitting statue-like,
Brethren, to right and left the spring
that down,
From underneath a plume of lad
fern,
Sang, and the sand danced at the bo
tom of it.
And on the right of Balin Balan
horse
Was fast beside an alder, on th
left
Of Balan Balan's near a poplar tree.
'Fair sirs,' said Arthur, 'wherefo
sit ye here?'
Balin and Balan answer'd: 'For th
sake
Of glory; we be mightier men tha
all
In Arthur's court: that also have w
proved,
For whatsoever knight against a
came
Or I or he have easily overthrown.'

'I too,' said Arthur, 'am of Arthur's
hall,
But rather proven in his Paynim wars
Than famous jousts; but see, or
proven or not,
Whether me likewise ye can over-
throw.'
And Arthur lightly smote the brethren
down,
And lightly so return'd, and no man
knew. 40

Then Balin rose, and Balan, and be-
side
The carolling water set themselves
again,
And spake no word until the shadow
turn'd;
When from the fringe of coppice
round them burst
A spangled pursuivant, and crying,
'Sirs,
Rise, follow! ye be sent for by the
King.'
They follow'd; whom when Arthur
seeing ask'd,
'Tell me your names; why sat ye by
the well?'

Balin the stillness of a minute broke
Saying, 'An unmelodious name to
thee, 50
Balin, "the Savage" — that addition
thine —

My brother and my better, this man
here.

Balan. I smote upon the naked skull
A thrall of thine in open hall; my
hand

Was gauntleted, half slew him, for I
heard

He had spoken evil of me; thy just
wrath

Sent me a three-years' exile from
thine eyes.

I have not lived my life delight-
somely;

For I that did that violence to thy
thrall,

Had often wrought some fury on my-
self, 60

Saving for Balan. Those three king-
less years

Have past — were wormwood-bitter
to me. King.

Methought that if we sat beside the
well,

And hurl'd to ground what knight
ever spurr'd

Against us, thou would'st take
gladlier back,

And make, as ten times worthier to
thine

Than twenty Balins, Balan knight
have said.

Not so — not all. A man of thine
day

Abash'd us both, and brake my bow
Thy will?'

Said Arthur: 'Thou hast ever spoil'd
truth;

Thy too fierce manhood would not
thee lie.

Rise, my true knight. As child
learn, be thou

Wiser for falling! walk with me, &
move

To music with thine Order and
King.

Thy chair, a grief to all the brethren
stands

Vacant, but thou retake it, or
again!'

Thereafter, when Sir Balin enter'd
hall,

The lost one found was greeted a
heaven

With joy that blazed itself in wel-
land wealth

Of leaf, and gayest garlandage
flowers,

Along the walls and down the bosom
they sat.

And cup clash'd cup; they draught
and some one sang,

Sweet-voiced, a song of welcome
whereupon

Their common shout in chorus, moan-
ing, made

Those banners of twelve battles or
head

Stir as they stirr'd of old, when
thine host

Proclaim'd him victor and the crown
was won.

Then Balan added to their Order
lived

A wealthier life than heretofore with
these

And Balin, till their embassy
turn'd.

'Mr King,' they brought report,
 'we hardly found,
 push'd about it is with gloom, the
 hall
 him to whom ye sent us, Pellam,
 once
 Christless foe of thine as ever dash'd
 we against horse; but seeing that
 thy realm
 h prosper'd in the name of Christ,
 the King
 k, as in rival heat, to holy things,
 I finds himself descended from the
 Saint
 mathsean Joseph, him who first
 ight the great faith to Britain over
 seas. 100
 boasts his life as purer than thine
 own;
 a scarce enow to keep his pulse
 a-beat;
 h push'd aside his faithful wife,
 nor lets
 dame or damsel enter at his gates
 s he should be polluted. This gray
 king
 w'd us a shrine wherein were won-
 ders — yea,
 h arks with priceless bones of mar-
 tyrdom,
 urns of the crown and shivers of
 the cross,
 d therewithal, — for thus he told
 us, — brought
 holy Joseph hither, that same spear
 ere-with the Roman pierced the side
 of Christ. 111
 much amazed us; after, when we
 sought
 e tribute, answer'd, "I have quite
 foregone
 matters of this world. Garlon,
 mine heir,
 him demand it," which this Garlon
 gave
 h much ado, railing at thine and
 thee.

But when we left, in those deep
 woods we found
 night of thine spear-stricken from
 behind,
 ad, whom we buried; more than
 one of us
 ad out on Garlon, but a woodman
 there 120

Reported of some demon in the woods
 Was once a man, who, driven by evil
 tongues
 From all his fellows, lived alone, and
 came
 To learn black magic, and to hate his
 kind
 With such a hate that when he died
 his soul
 Became a fiend, which, as the man in
 life
 Was wounded by blind tongues he saw
 not whence,
 Strikes from behind. This woodman
 show'd the cave
 From which he sallies and wherein he
 dwelt.
 We saw the hoof-print of a horse, no
 more.' 130

Then Arthur, 'Let who goes before
 me see
 He do not fall behind me. Foully slain
 And villainously! who will hunt for
 me
 This demon of the woods?' Said
 Balan, 'I!'
 So claim'd the quest and rode away,
 but first,
 Embracing Balin: 'Good my brother,
 hear!
 Let not thy moods prevail when I am
 gone
 Who used to lay them! hold them
 outer fiends,
 Who leap at thee to tear thee; shake
 them aside,
 Dreams ruling when wit sleeps! yea,
 but to dream 140
 That any of these would wrong thee
 wrongs thyself.
 Witness their flowery welcome. Bound
 are they
 To speak no evil. Truly, save for
 fears,
 My fears for thee, so rich a fellowship
 Would make me wholly blest; thou
 one of them,
 Be one indeed. Consider them, and all
 Their bearing in their common bond
 of love,
 No more of hatred than in heaven itself,
 No more of jealousy than in Paradise.'

So Balan warn'd, and went; Balin
 remain'd, 150

Who — for but three brief moons had
glanced away
From being knighted till he smote the
thrall,
And faded from the presence into years
Of exile — now would strictlier set
himself
To learn what Arthur meant by cour-
tesy,
Manhood, and knighthood; wherefore
hover'd round
Lancelot, but when he mark'd his high
sweet smile
In passing, and a transitory word
Make knight or churl or child or
damsel seem
From being smiled at happier in them-
selves — ¹⁶⁰
Sigh'd, as a boy, lame-born beneath a
height
That glooms his valley, sighs to see
the peak
Sun-flush'd or touch at night the north-
ern star;
For one from out his village lately
climb'd
And brought report of azure lands and
fair,
Far seen to left and right; and he
himself
Hath hardly scaled with help a hun-
dred feet
Up from the base. So Balin, marvel-
ling oft
How far beyond him Lancelot seem'd
to move,
Groan'd, and at times would mutter:
'These be gifts, ¹⁷⁰
Born with the blood, not learnable,
divine,
Beyond *my* reach. Well had I
foughten — well —
In those fierce wars, struck hard —
and had I crown'd
With my slain self the heaps of whom
I slew —
So — better! — But this worship of the
Queen,
That honor too wherein she holds him
— this,
This was the sunshine that hath given
the man
A growth, a name that branches o'er
the rest,
And strength against all odds, and
what the King

So prizes — overprizes — gentleness
Her likewise would I worship as
might.
I never can be close with her, as he
That brought her hither. Shall I put
the King
To let me bear some token of his Queen
Whereon to gaze, remembering her
forget
My heats and violences? live afraid
What if the Queen disdain'd to grant
it! nay,
Being so stately-gentle, would I
make
My darkness blackness? and with
sweet grace
She greeted my return! Bold will
be —
Some goodly cognizance of Guinevere
In lieu of this rough beast upon
shield,
Langued gules, and tooth'd with
gnawing savagery.'

And Arthur, when Sir Balin sought
him, said,
'What wilt thou bear?' Balin
bold, and ask'd
To bear her own crown-royal upon
shield,
Whereat she smiled and turn'd her
the King,
Who answer'd: 'Thou shalt put
crown to use.
The crown is but the shadow of
king,
And this a shadow's shadow, let
have it,
So this will help him of his violence
'No shadow,' said Sir Balin, 'O
Queen,
But light to me! no shadow, O
King,
But golden earnest of a gentler life

So Balin bare the crown, and all
knights
Approved him, and the Queen; and
the world
Made music, and he felt his burden
move
In music with his Order and the King

The nightingale, full-toned in
idle May,
Hath ever and anon a note so thin

seems another voice in other groves ;
 a, after some quick burst of sudden
 wrath, music in him seem'd to change
 and grow at and far-off.

And once he saw the thrall
 passion half had gauntleted to
 death, at causer of his banishment and
 shame, lie at him, as he deem'd, presumptuously.
 arm half rose to strike again, but
 fell ; memory of that cognizance on
 shield lighted it down, but in himself he
 moan'd : 220

Too high this mount of Camelot for
 me : the high-set courtesies are not for
 me. all I not rather prove the worse for
 these ? trier and stormier from restraining,
 break o some madness even before the
 Queen ?

Thus, as a hearth lit in a mountain
 home, d glancing on the window, when
 the gloom twilight deepens round it, seems a
 flame at rages in the woodland far below,
 when his moods were darken'd,
 court and king 230
 all the kindly warmth of Arthur's
 hall show'd an angry distance ; yet he
 strove learn the graces of their Table,
 fought with himself, and seem'd at
 length in peace.

Then chanced, one morning, that
 Sir Balin sat the bower'd in that garden nigh the
 hall. walk of roses ran from door to
 door, walk of lilies crost it to the bower ;

And down that range of roses the great
 Queen Came with slow steps, the morning on
 her face ; 240
 And all in shadow from the counter
 door Sir Lancelot as to meet her, then at
 once, As if he saw not, glanced aside, and
 paced The long white walk of lilies toward
 the bower. Follow'd the Queen ; Sir Balin heard
 her ' Prince, Art thou so little loyal to thy Queen
 As pass without good morrow to thy
 Queen ? To whom Sir Lancelot with his eyes
 on earth, ' Fain would I still be loyal to the
 Queen.' ' Yea, so,' she said ; ' but so to pass
 me by — 250
 So loyal scarce is loyal to thyself,
 Whom all men rate the king of cour-
 tesy. Let be ; ye stand, fair lord, as in a
 dream.'

Then Lancelot with his hand among
 the flowers : ' Yea — for a dream. Last night me-
 thought I saw That maiden Saint who stands with
 lily in hand In yonder shrine. All round her preat
 the dark, And all the light upon her silver
 face Flow'd from the spiritual lily that she
 held. Lo ! these her emblems drew mine
 eyes away ; 260
 For see, how perfect pure ! As light
 a flush As hardly tints the blossom of the
 quince Would mar their charm of stainless
 maidenhood.'

' Sweeter to me,' she said, ' this gar-
 den rose Deep hued and many folded ! sweeter
 still The wild wood hyacinth and the bloom
 of May !

Prince, we have ridden before among
the flowers
In those fair days — not all as cool as
these,
Tho' season-earlier. Art thou sad? or
sick?
Our noble King will send thee his own
leech —
Sick? or for any matter anger'd at
me?' 270

Then Lancelot lifted his large eyes;
they dwelt
Deep-tranced on hers, and could not
fall. Her hue
Changed at his gaze; so turning side
by side
They past, and Balin started from his
bower.

'Queen? subject? but I see not
what I see.
Damsel and lover? hear not what I
hear.
My father hath begotten me in his
wrath.
I suffer from the things before me,
know,
Learn nothing; am not worthy to be
knight —
A churl, a clown!' and in him gloom 280
on gloom
Deepen'd; he sharply caught his
lance and shield,
Nor stay'd to crave permission of the
King.
But mad for strange adventure, dash'd
away.

He took the selfsame track as Balan,
saw
The fountain where they sat together,
sigh'd,
'Was I not better there with him?'
and rode
The skyless woods, but under open
blue
Came on the hoar-head woodman at a
bough
Wearily hewing. 'Churl, thine axe!'
he cried. 290
Descended, and disjointed it at a blow;
To whom the woodman utter'd wonder-
ingly,
'Lord, thou couldst lay the devil of
these woods

If arm of flesh could lay him!' Balin
cried,
'Him, or the viler devil who plays
part;
To lay that devil would lay the de-
vil in me.'
'Nay,' said the churl, 'our devil is
truth,
I saw the flash of him but yester-even
And some *do* say that our Sir Galahad
too
Hath learn'd black magic, and to ride
unseen.
Look to the cave.' But Balin answer'd
him,
'Old fabler, these be fancies of a
churl;
Look to thy woodcraft,' and so leaving
him,
Now with slack rein and careless
himself,
Now with dug spur and raving at him-
self,
Now with droopt brow down the le-
glades he rode;
So mark'd not on his right a cave
chasm
Yawn over darkness, where, nor
within,
The whole day died, but, dying
gleam'd on rocks
Roof-pendent, sharp; and others from
the floor.
Tusklike, arising, made that mouth
night
Whereout the demon issued up from
hell.
He mark'd not this, but, blind and
deaf to all
Save that chain'd rage which exulted
yelp'd within,
Past eastward from the falling sun
At once
He felt the hollow-beaten mosses tremble
And tremble, and then the shadow
a spear,
Shot from behind him, ran along
ground.
Sideways he started from the path
and saw,
With pointed lance as if to pierce
shape,
A light of armor by him flash,
pass
And vanish in the woods; and followed
this,

t all so blind in rage that unawares
 burst his lance against a forest
 bough,
 shored himself, and rose again, and
 fled
 r, till the castle of a king, the hall
 Pellam, lichen-bearded, grayly
 draped
 ith streaming grass, appear'd, low-
 built but strong ;
 e ruinous donjon as a knoll of moss,
 e battlement overtopped with ivy-
 toda, 330
 home of bats, in every tower an owl.
 Then spake the men of Pellam cry-
 ing, ' Lord,
 hy wear ye this crown-royal upon
 shield ?'
 Id Balin, ' For the fairest and the
 best
 ' ladies living gave me this to bear.'
 stall'd his horse, and strode across
 the court,
 it found the greetings both of knight
 and king
 int in the low dark hall of banquet.
 Leaves
 id their green faces flat against the
 panes,
 rays grated, and the canker'd
 boughs without 340
 hined in the wood; for all was
 hush'd within,
 ll when at feast Sir Garlon likewise
 ask'd,
 ' Why wear ye that crown-royal ?'
 Balin said,
 he Queen we worship, Lancelot, I,
 and all,
 e fairest, best, and purest, granted
 me
 o bear it !' Such a sound — for
 Arthur's knights
 ere hated strangers in the hall — as
 makes
 e white swan-mother, sitting, when
 she hears
 strange knee rustle thro' her secret
 reeds,
 ade Garlon, hissing ; then he sourly
 smiled : 350
 ' fairest I grant her — I have seen ;
 but best,
 st, purest ? thou from Arthur's hall,
 and yet

So simple ! hast thou eyes, or if, are
 these
 So far besotted that they fail to see
 This fair wife-worship cloaks a secret
 shame ?
 Truly, ye men of Arthur be but babes.'

A goblet on the board by Balin,
 boss'd
 With holy Joseph's legend, on his
 right
 Stood, all of massiest bronze. One
 side had sea
 And ship and sail and angels blowing
 on it ; 360
 And one was rough with wattling, and
 the walls
 Of that low church he built at Glaston-
 bury.
 This Balin graspt, but while in act to
 hurl,
 Thro' memory of that token on the
 shield
 Relax'd his hold. ' I will be gentle,'
 he thought,
 ' And passing gentle ;' caught his
 hand away,
 Then fiercely to Sir Garlon : ' Eyes
 have I
 That saw to-day the shadow of a spear,
 Shot from behind me, run along the
 ground ;
 Eyes too that long have watch'd how
 Lancelot draws 370
 From homage to the best and purest,
 might,
 Name, manhood, and a grace, but
 scanty thine
 Who, sitting in thine own hall, canst
 endure
 To mouth so huge a foulness — to thy
 guest,
 Me, me of Arthur's Table. Felon talk
 Let be ! no more !'

But not the less by night
 The scorn of Garlon, poisoning all his
 rest,
 Stung him in dreams. At length, and
 dim thro' leaves
 Blinkt the white morn, sprays grated,
 and old boughs
 Whined in the wood. He rose, des-
 cended, met 380
 The scorner in the castle court, and
 fain,

For hate and loathing, would have
past him by ;
But when Sir Garlon utter'd mocking-
wise,
'What, wear ye still that same crown-
scandalous ?'
His countenance blacken'd, and his
forehead veins
Bloated and branch'd ; and tearing out
of sheath
The brand, Sir Balin with a fiery, 'Ha !
So thou be shadow, here I make thee
ghost,'
Hard upon helm smote him, and the
blade flew
Splintering in six, and clink't upon the
stones.
Then Garlon, reeling slowly back-
ward, fell,
And Balin by the banneret of his helm
Dragg'd him, and struck, but from
the castle a cry
Sounded across the court, and — men-
at-arms,
A score with pointed lances, making
at him —
He dash'd the pummel at the foremost
face,
Beneath a low door dipt, and made
his feet
Wings thro' a glimmering gallery, till
he mark'd
The portal of King Pellam's chapel
wide
And inward to the wall ; he stept be-
hind ;
Thence in a moment heard them pass
like wolves
Howling ; but while he stared about
the shrine,
In which he scarce could spy the
Christ for Saints,
Beheld before a golden altar lie
The longest lance his eyes had ever
seen,
Point-painted red ; and seizing there-
upon
Push'd thro' an open casement down,
lean'd on it,
Leapt in a semicircle, and lit on earth ;
Then hand at ear, and harkening from
what side
The blindfold rummage buried in the
walls
Might echo, ran the counter path, and
found

His charger, mounted on him a
away.
An arrow whizz'd to the right, one
the left,
One overhead ; and Pellam's feeble c
'Stay, stay him ! he defileth heaven
things
With earthly uses !' made him quick
dive
Beneath the boughs, and race th
many a mile
Of dense and open, till his good
horse,
Arising wearily at a fallen oak,
Stumbled headlong, and cast him fi
to ground.

Half-wroth he had not ended, l
all glad,
Knightlike, to find his charger yet
lamed,
Sir Balin drew the shield from off
neck,
Stared at the priceless cognizance, s
thought,
'I have shamed thee so that now th
shamest me,
Thee will I bear no more,' high o
branch
Hung it, and turn'd aside into
woods,
And there in gloom cast himself
along,
Moaning, 'My violences, my
lences !'

But now the wholesome music
the wood
Was dumb'd by one from out the l
of Mark,
A damsel-errant, warbling, as
rode
The woodland alleys, Vivien, with
squire.

'The fire of heaven has kill'd the bar
cold,
And kindled all the plain and all the w
The new leaf ever pushes off the old.
The fire of heaven is not the flame of he

'Old priest, who mumble worship
your quire —
Old monk and nun, ye scorn the wor
desire,
Yet in your frosty cells ye feel the fire !
The fire of heaven is not the flame of he

fire of heaven is on the dusty ways,
side blossoms open to the breeze.
The wood-world is one full peal of
noise.
The fire of heaven is not the flame of hell.

Fire of heaven is lord of all things
red,
Save not thou this fire within thy
blood.
Nor Vivian thro' the fiery flood!
The fire of heaven is not the flame of hell!

Turning to her squire, 'This
fire of heaven,
And sun-worship, boy, will rise
again,
At the Cross to earth, and break
the King
his Table.'

Then they reach'd a glade,
under one long lane of cloud-
less air
another wood, the royal crown
red, and swaying upon a restless
elm
the vague glance of Vivien and
her squire.
I were these; 'Lo there,' she
cried — 'a crown —
By some high lord-prince of Ar-
thur's hall,
ere a horse! the rider? where
is he?
Under lies one dead within the
wood.
And he stirs! — but sleeping. I
will speak.
O royal knight, we break on thy
sweet rest,
subtle, all unearn'd by noble
deeds.
Unden art thou, if from Ar-
thur's hall,
the weak. Behold, I fly from
hame,
O king, who sought to win my
love
evil ways. The knight with
whom I rode
offer'd misadventure, and my
squire
him small defence; but thou,
O Prince,
truly guide me to the warrior
king.

Arthur the blameless, pure as any
maid,
To get me shelter for my maidenhood.
I charge thee by that crown upon thy
shield,
And by the great Queen's name, arise
and hence.'

And Balin rose: 'Thither no more
nor prince
Nor knight am I, but one that hath
defamed
The cognizance she gave me. Here I
dwell
Savage among the savage woods, here
die —
Die — let the wolves' black maws en-
sepulchre
Their brother beast, whose anger was
his lord!
O me, that such a name as Guinevere's,
Which our high Lancelot hath so lifted
up,
And been thereby uplifted, should
thro' me,
My violence, and my villainy, come to
shame!'

Thereat she suddenly laugh'd and
shrill, anon
Sigh'd all as suddenly. Said Balin to
her:
'Is this thy courtesy — to mock me,
ha?
Hence, for I will not with thee.' Again
she sigh'd:
'Pardon, sweet lord! we maidens
often laugh
When sick at heart, when rather we
should weep.
I knew thee wrong'd. I brake upon
thy rest,
And now full loth am I to break thy
dream,
But thou art man, and canst abide a
truth,
Tho' bitter. Hither, boy — and mark
me well.
Dost thou remember at Caerleon
once —
A year ago — nay, then I love thee
not —
Ay, thou rememberest well — one
summer dawn —
By the great tower — Caerleon upon
Uak —

Nay, truly we were hidden — this fair
 lord, ⁵⁰⁰
 The flower of all their vestal knight-
 hood, knelt
 In amorous homage — knelt — what
 else? — O, ay,
 Knelt, and drew down from out his
 nightblack hair
 And mumbled that white hand whose
 ring'd caress
 Had wander'd from her own King's
 golden head,
 And lost itself in darkness, till she
 cried —
 I thought the great tower would crash
 down on both —
 "Rise, my sweet King, and kiss me
 on the lips,
 Thou art my King." This lad, whose
 lightest word
 Is mere white truth in simple naked-
 ness, ⁵¹⁰
 Saw them embrace; he reddens, can-
 not speak,
 So bashful, he! but all the maiden
 Saints,
 The deathless mother-maidenhood of
 heaven,
 Cry out upon her. Up then, ride
 with me!
 Talk not of shame! thou canst not,
 an thou wouldst,
 Do these more shame than these have
 done themselves.'

She lied with ease; but horror-
 stricken he,
 Remembering that dark bower at
 Camelot,
 Breathed in a dismal whisper, 'It is
 truth.'

Sunnily she smiled: 'And even in
 this lone wood, ⁵²⁰
 Sweet lord, ye do right well to whis-
 per this.
 Fools prate, and perish traitors.
 Woods have tongues,
 As walls have ears; but thou shalt
 go with me,
 And we will speak at first exceeding
 low.
 Meet is it the good King be not de-
 ceived.
 See now, I set thee high on vantage
 ground,

From whence to watch the time, ⁵³⁰
 eagle-like
 Stoop at thy will on Lancelot and
 Queen.'

She ceased; his evil spirit up
 him leapt,
 He ground his teeth together, sprang
 with a yell,
 Tore from the branch and cast
 earth the shield,
 Drove his mail'd heel athwart
 royal crown,
 Stamp'd all into defacement, hurl'd
 from him
 Among the forest weeds, and cur'd
 the tale,
 The told-of, and the teller.

That weird y
 Unearthlier than all shriek of bird
 beast,
 Thrill'd thro' the woods; and Balin
 lurking there —
 His quest was unaccomplish'd — he
 and thought
 'The scream of that wood-devil
 came to quell!'
 Then nearing: 'Lo! he hath slain
 some brother-knight,
 And tramples on the goodly shield
 show
 His loathing of our Order and
 Queen.
 My quest, meseems, is here. Or do
 or man,
 Guard thou thine head.' Sir Balin
 spake not a word,
 But snatch'd a sudden buckler from
 the squire,
 And vaulted on his horse, and so the
 crash'd
 In onset, and King Pellam's holy sp
 Reputed to be red with sinless blo
 Redden'd at once with sinful, for
 point
 Across the maiden shield of Balin
 prick'd
 The hauberk to the flesh; and Balin
 horse
 Was wearied to the death, and, when
 they clash'd,
 Rolling back upon Balin, crush'd
 man
 Inward, and either fell and swoon'd
 away.

hen to her squire mutter'd the
 damsel: 'Fools!
 a fellow hath wrought some foul-
 ness with his Queen;
 e never had he borne her crown,
 nor raved
 i thus foam'd over at a rival name.
 i thou, Sir Chick, that scarce hast
 broken shell,
 yet half-yolk, not even come to
 down — ⁵⁶⁰
 o never sawest Caerleon upon
 Usk —
 i yet hast often pleaded for my
 love —
 what I see, be thou where I have
 been,
 else, Sir Chick — dismount and
 loose their casques;
 ain would know what manner of
 men they be.'
 i when the squire had loosed them,
 'Goodly! — look!
 y might have cropt the myriad
 flower of May,
 d butt each other here, like brain-
 less bulls,
 ad for one heifer!'

Then the gentle squire:
 bold them happy, so they died for
 love;
 d, Vivien, tho' ye beat me like ⁵⁷⁰
 your dog,
 oo could die, as now I live, for
 thee.'

Live on, Sir Boy,' she cried; 'I
 better prize
 e living dog than the dead lion.
 Away!
 unnot brook to gaze upon the dead.'
 en leapt her palfrey o'er the fallen
 oak,
 d bounding forward, 'Leave them
 to the wolves.'

but when their foreheads felt the
 cooling air,
 in first woke, and seeing that true
 face,
 miliar up from cradle-time, so wan,
 w'd slowly with low moans to
 where he lay, ⁵⁸¹
 i on his dying brother cast him-
 self

Dying; and he lifted faint eyes; he
 felt
 One near him; all at once they found
 the world,
 Staring wild-wide; then with a child-
 like wail,
 And drawing down the dim disastrous
 brow
 That o'er him hung, he kiss'd it,
 moan'd, and spake:

'O Balin, Balin, I that fain had
 died
 To save thy life, have brought thee to
 thy death.
 Why had ye not the shield I knew?
 and why ⁵⁹⁰
 Trampled ye thus on that which bare
 the crown?'

Then Balin told him brokenly and
 in gasps
 All that had chanced, and Balan
 moan'd again:

'Brother, I dwelt a day in Pellam's
 hall;
 This Garlon mock'd me, but I heeded
 not.
 And one said, "Eat in peace! a liar
 is he,
 And hates thee for the tribute!"
 This good knight
 Told me that twice a wanton damsel
 came,
 And sought for Garlon at the castle-
 gates,
 Whom Pellam drove away with holy
 heat. ⁶⁰⁰
 I well believe this damsel, and the
 one
 Who stood beside thee even now, the
 same.
 "She dwells among the woods," he
 said, "and meets
 And dallies with him in the Mouth of
 Hell."
 Foul are their lives, foul are their
 lips; they lied.
 Pure as our own true mother is our
 Queen.'

'O brother,' answer'd Balin, 'woe
 is me!
 My madness all thy life has been thy
 doom,

Thy curse, and darken'd all thy day;
 and now
 The night has come. I scarce can
 see thee now. ⁶¹⁰
 Good night! for we shall never bid
 again
 Good morrow — Dark my doom was
 here, and dark
 It will be there. I see thee now no
 more.
 I would not mine again should darken
 thine;
 Good night, true brother.'

Balan answer'd low,
 'Good night, true brother, here! good
 morrow there!
 We two were born together, and we
 die
 Together by one doom:' and while
 he spoke
 Closed his death-drowsing eyes, and
 slept the sleep
 With Balin, either lock'd in either's
 arm. ⁶²⁰

MERLIN AND VIVIEN

A storm was coming, but the winds
 were still,
 And in the wild woods of Broceliande,
 Before an oak, so hollow, huge, and
 old
 It look'd a tower of ivied masonwork,
 At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

For he that always bare in bitter
 grudge
 The slights of Arthur and his Table,
 Mark
 The Cornish King, had heard a wan-
 dering voice,
 A minstrel of Caerleon by strong
 storm
 Blown into shelter at Tintagil, say
 That out of naked knight-like purity
 Sir Lancelot worshipt no unmarried
 girl,
 But the great Queen herself, fought
 in her name,
 Sware by her — vows like theirs that
 high in heaven
 Love most, but neither marry nor are
 given
 In marriage, angels of our Lord's re-
 port.

He ceased, and then —
 sweetly said —
 She sat beside the banqu
 Mark, —
 'And is the fair example fo
 In Arthur's household?' —
 innocently: —

'Ay, by some few — ay
 youths that hold
 It more be seems the per
 knight
 To worship woman as tru
 yond
 All hopes of gaining, than
 girl.
 They place their pride in
 and the Queen.
 So passionate for an utter
 Beyond the limit of the
 these,
 For Arthur bound them mo
 ness.
 Brave hearts and clean!
 God guide them! —

Then Mark was half in
 hurl his cup
 Straight at the speaker, b
 He rose
 To leave the hall, and, Viv
 ing him,
 Turn'd to her: 'Here are sm
 the grass;
 And you methinks, O Vivi
 fear
 The monkish manhood, an
 of pure
 Worn by this court, can at
 they sting.'

And Vivien answer'd, sm
 fully:
 'Why fear? because that
 thy court
 I savor of thy — virtues?
 no,
 As love, if love be perfect
 fear,
 So hate, if hate be perfect
 fear.
 My father died in battle
 King.
 My mother on his corpse in
 She bore me there, for
 death was I

among the dead and sown upon the
wind —
and then on thee! and shown the
truth betimes,
that old true filth, and bottom of the
well,
There Truth is hidden. Gracious
lessons thine,
and maxims of the mud! "This
Arthur pure!
Great Nature thro' the flesh herself
hath made

50

Gives him the lie! There is no being
pure,
My cherub; saith not Holy Writ the
same?" —
If I were Arthur, I would have thy
blood.
Thy blessing, stainless King! I bring
thee back,
When I have ferreted out their bur-
rowings,
The hearts of all this Order in mine
hand —



'At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay'

Ay — so that fate and craft and folly
close,
Perchance, one curl of Arthur's golden
beard.
To me this narrow grizzled fork of
thine
Is cleaner-fashion'd — Well, I loved
thee first; 60
That warps the wit.'

Loud laugh'd the graceless Mark.
But Vivien, into Camelot stealing,
lodged
Low in the city, and on a festal
day
When Guinevere was crossing the
great hall
Cast herself down, knelt to the Queen,
and wail'd.

'Why kneel ye there? What evil
have ye wrought?
Rise!' and the damsel bidden rise
arose
And stood with folded hands and
downward eyes
Of glancing corner and all meekly
said:
'None wrought, but suffer'd much,
an orphan maid! 70
My father died in battle for thy King,
My mother on his corpse — in open
field,
The sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyon-
nesse —
Poor wretch — no friend! — and now
by Mark the king.
For that small charm of feature mine,
pursued —
If any such be mine — I fly to thee.
Save, save me thou! Woman of wo-
men — thine
The wreath of beauty, thine the crown
of power.
Be thine the balm of pity, O heaven's
own white
Earth-angel, stainless bride of stainless
King — 80
Help, for he follows! take me to thy-
self!
O yield me shelter for mine innocence
Among thy maidens!'

Here her slow sweet eyes
Fear-tremulous, but humbly hopeful,
rose

Fixt on her hearer's, while the Queen
who stood
All glittering like May sunshine on
May leaves
In green and gold, and plumed with
green, replied:
'Peace, child! of over-praise and over
blame
We choose the last. Our noble Arthur
him
Ye scarce can overpraise, will hear
and know.
Nay — we believe all evil of thy
Mark —
Well, we shall test thee farther; but
this hour
We ride a-hawking with Sir Lancelot
He hath given us a fair falcon which
he train'd;
We go to prove it. Bide ye here th
while.'

She past; and Vivien murmur'd
after, 'Go!
I bide the while.' Then thro' the
portal-arch
Peering askance, and muttering bro-
ken-wise,
As one that labors with an evil dream
Beheld the Queen and Lancelot get to
horse. 90

'Is that the Lancelot? goodly — ay
but gaunt;
Courteous — amends for gauntness —
takes her hand —
That glance of theirs, but for the
street, had been
A clinging kiss — how hand lingers in
hand!
Let go at last! — they ride away — the
hawk
For waterfowl. Royaller game than
mine.
For such a supersensual sensual bone
As that gray cricket chirpt of at our
hearth —
Touch flax with flame — a glance will
serve — the liars!
Ah little rat that borest in the dyke!
Thy hole by night to let the boudle
deep
Down upon far-off cities while the
dance —
Or dream — of thee they dream'd not
— nor of me

ese—ay, but each of either; ride,
 and dream
 e mortal dream that never yet was
 mine—
 de, ride and dream until ye wake—
 to me!
 en, narrow court and lubber King,
 farewell!
 r Lancelot will be gracious to the
 rat,
 d our wise Queen, if knowing that
 I know,
 ill hate, loathe, fear—but honor
 me the more.' 120

Yet while they rode together down
 the plain,
 ihr talk was all of training, terms
 of art,
 et and seeling, jesses, leash and lure.
 he is too noble,' he said, 'to check
 at pies,
 or will she rake: there is no baseness
 in her.'
 ere when the Queen demanded as
 by chance,
 know ye the stranger woman?' 'Let
 her be.'
 id Lancelot, and unhooded casting
 off
 be goodly falcon free; she tower'd;
 her bells,
 me under tone, shrill'd; and they
 lifted up 130
 heir eager faces, wondering at the
 strength,
 oldness, and royal knighthood of
 the bird,
 'bo pounced her quarry and slew it.
 Many a time
 s once—of old—among the flowers
 —they rode.

But Vivien half-forgotten of the
 Queen
 mong her damsels brodering sat,
 heard, watch'd,
 ad whisper'd. Thro' the peaceful
 court she crept
 ad whisper'd; then, as Arthur in
 the highest
 aven'd the world, so Vivien in the
 lowest,
 riving at a time of golden rest, 140
 d sowing one ill hint from ear to
 ear,

While all the heathen lay at Arthur's
 feet,
 And no quest came, but all was joust
 and play,
 Leaven'd his hall. They heard and
 let her be.

Thereafter, as an enemy that has
 left
 Death in the living waters and with-
 drawn,
 The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's
 court.

She hated all the knights, and heard
 in thought
 Their lavish comment when her name
 was named.
 For once, when Arthur walking all
 alone, 150
 Vext at a rumor issued from herself
 Of some corruption crept among his
 knights,
 Had met her, Vivien, being greeted
 fair,
 Would fain have wrought upon his
 cloudy mood
 With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken
 voice,
 And flutter'd adoration, and at last
 With dark sweet hints of some who
 prized him more
 Than who should prize him most; at
 which the King
 Had gazed upon her blankly and gone
 by.
 But one had watch'd, and had not
 held his peace; 160
 It made the laughter of an afternoon
 That Vivien should attempt the
 blameless King.
 And after that, she set herself to gain
 Him, the most famous man of all
 those times,
 Merlin, who knew the range of all
 their arts,
 Had built the King his havens, ships,
 and halls,
 Was also bard, and knew the starry
 heavens;
 The people call'd him wizard; whom
 at first
 She play'd about with slight and
 sprightly talk,
 And vivid smiles, and faintly-venom'd
 points 170

Of slander, glancing here and grazing
there;
And yielding to his kindlier moods,
the seer
Would watch her at her petulance
and play,
Even when they seem'd unlovable,
and laugh
As those that watch a kitten. Thus
he grew
Tolerant of what he half disdain'd,
and she,
Perceiving that she was but half dis-
dain'd,
Began to break her sports with graver
fits,
Turn red or pale, would often when
they met
Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him
With such a fixt devotion that the old
man,
Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and
at times
Would flatter his own wish in age for
love,
And half believe her true; for thus at
times
He waver'd, but that other clung to
him,
Fixt in her will, and so the seasons
went.

Then fell on Merlin a great melan-
choly;
He walk'd with dreams and darkness,
and he found
A doom that ever poised itself to fall,
An ever-moaning battle in the mist,
World-war of dying flesh against the
life,
Death in all life and lying in all love.
The meanest having power upon the
highest,
And the high purpose broken by the
worm.

So leaving Arthur's court he gain'd
the beach,
There found a little boat and stept
into it;
And Vivien follow'd, but he mark'd
her not.
She took the helm and he the sail;
the boat
Drave with a sudden wind across the
deeps,

And, touching Breton sands, they dis-
embark'd.
And then she follow'd Merlin all the
way,
Even to the wild woods of Broceliande.
For Merlin once had told her of a
charm,
The which if any wrought on any one
With woven paces and with waving
arms,
The man so wrought on ever seem'd
to lie
Closed in the four walls of a hollow
tower,
From which was no escape for ever-
more;
And none could find that man for-
evermore,
Nor could he see but him who wrought
the charm
Coming and going, and he lay as dead
And lost to life and use and name and
fame.
And Vivien ever sought to work the
charm
Upon the great enchanter of the time.
As fancying that her glory would be
great
According to his greatness whom she
quench'd.

There lay she all her length and
kiss'd his feet,
As if in deepest reverence and in love.
A twist of gold was round her hair; a
robe
Of samite without price, that more
express
Than hid her, clung about her lissome
limbs.
In color like the satin-shining palm
On sallows in the windy gleams of
March.
And while she kiss'd them, crying
'Trample me,
Dear feet, that I have follow'd thro'
the world,
And I will pay you worship; tread
me down
And I will kiss you for it;' he was
mute.
So dark a forethought roll'd about his
brain,
As on a dull day in an ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his long
sea-hall

In silence; wherefore, when she lifted
up
A face of sad appeal, and spake and
said,
'O Merlin, do ye love me?' and again,
'O Merlin, do ye love me?' and once
more,
'Great Master, do ye love me?' he
was mute.
And lissome Vivien, holding by his
heel,
Writhe'd toward him, slid'd up his
knee and sat,
Behind his ankle twined her hollow
feet
Together, curv'd an arm about his
neck,
Clung like a snake; and letting her
left hand
Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a
leaf,
Made with her right a comb of pearl
to part
The lists of such a beard as youth
gone out
Had left in ashes. Then he spoke and
said,
Not looking at her, 'Who are wise in
love
Love most, say least,' and Vivien an-
swer'd quick:
'I saw the little elf-god eyeless once
In Arthur's arras hall at Camelot;
But neither eyes nor tongue — O stupid
child!
Yet you are wise who say it; let me
think
Silence is wisdom. I am silent then,
And ask no kiss;' then adding all at
once,
'And lo, I clothe myself with wis-
dom,' drew
The vast and shaggy mantle of his
beard
Across her neck and bosom to her
knee,
And call'd herself a gilded summer fly
Caught in a great old tyrant spider's
web,
Who meant to eat her up in that wild
wood
Without one word. So Vivien call'd
herself,
But rather seem'd a lovely baleful star
Veil'd in gray vapor; till he sadly
smiled:

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'To what request for what stran-
ge boon,' he said,
'Are these your pretty tricks and
fooleries,
O Vivien, the preamble? yet
thanks,
For these have broken up my mel-
ancholy.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling a-
cily:
'What, O my Master, have ye fou-
l'd your voice?
I bid the stranger welcome. That
at last!
But yesterday you never open'd lip
Except indeed to drink. No cup
we;
In mine own lady palms I cull'd
spring
That gather'd trickling dropwise from
the cleft,
And made a pretty cup of both
hands
And offer'd you it kneeling. Till
you drank
And knew no more, nor gave me
poor word;
O, no more thanks than might a
give
With no more sign of reverence than
a beard.
And when we halted at that old
well,
And I was faint to swooning, and
you lay
Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust
those
Deep meadows we had traversed, and
you know
That Vivien bathed your feet beneath
her own?
And yet no thanks; and all thro' that
wild wood
And all this morning when I fond-
led you.
Boon, ay, there was a boon, one
so strange —
How had I wrong'd you? surely
are wise,
But such a silence is more wise than
kind.'

And Merlin lock'd his hand in his
and said:
'O, did ye never lie upon the shore

And watch the curl'd white of the
 coming wave ²⁹⁰
 Glass'd in the slippery sand before it
 breaks?
 Even such a wave, but not so plea-
 surable,
 Dark in the glass of some presageful
 mood,
 Had I for three days seen, ready to
 fall.
 And then I rose and fled from Arthur's
 court
 To break the mood. You follow'd
 me unask'd;
 And when I look'd, and saw you fol-
 lowing still,
 My mind involv'd yourself the near-
 est thing
 In that mind-mist—for shall I tell
 you truth?
 You seem'd that wave about to break
 upon me ³⁰⁰
 And sweep me from my hold upon
 the world,
 My use and name and fame. Your
 pardon, child.
 Your pretty sports have brighten'd all
 again.
 And ask your boon, for boon I owe
 you thrice,
 Once for wrong done you by confusion,
 next
 For thanks it seems till now neglected,
 last
 For these your dainty gambols; where-
 fore ask,
 And take this boon so strange and not
 so strange.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling mourn-
 fully:
 'O, not so strange as my long asking
 it, ³¹⁰
 Not yet so strange as you yourself are
 strange,
 Nor half so strange as that dark mood
 of yours.
 I ever fear'd ye were not wholly mine;
 And see, yourself have own'd ye did
 me wrong.
 The people call you prophet; let it
 be;
 But not of those that can expound
 themselves.
 Take Vivien for expounder; she will
 call

That three-days-long presageful gloom
 of yours
 No presage, but the same mistrustful
 mood
 That makes you seem less noble than
 yourself, ³
 Whenever I have ask'd this very boon
 Now ask'd again; for see you no
 dear love,
 That such a mood as that which late
 gloom'd
 Your fancy when ye saw me follow-
 ing you
 Must make me fear still more you are
 not mine,
 Must make me yearn still more to
 prove you mine,
 And make me wish still more to leave
 this charm
 Of woven paces and of waving hand
 As proof of trust. O Merlin, teach
 me!
 The charm so taught will charm
 both to rest. ³
 For, grant me some slight power upon
 your fate,
 I, feeling that you felt me worth
 trust,
 Should rest and let you rest, knowing
 you mine.
 And therefore be as great as ye are
 named,
 Not muffled round with selfish re-
 cence.
 How hard you look and how deni-
 ingly!
 O, if you think this wickedness in me
 That I should prove it on you un-
 awares,
 That makes me passing wrathful
 then our bond
 Had best be loosed for ever; but
 think or not, ³
 By Heaven that hears, I tell you the
 clean truth,
 As clean as blood of babes, as white
 as milk!
 O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I,
 If these unwitty wandering wits
 mine,
 Even in the jumbled rubbish of
 dream,
 Have tript on such conjectural treach-
 ery—
 May this hard earth cleave to the
 nadir hell

Down, down, and close again and nip
me flat,
If I be such a traitress! Yield my
boon,
Till which I scarce can yield you all
I am; 350
And grant my re-reiterated wish,
The great proof of your love; because
I think,
However wise, ye hardly know me
yet.'

And Merlin loosed his hand from
hers and said:
'I never was less wise, however wise,
Too curious Vivien, tho' you talk of
trust,
Than when I told you first of such a
charm.
Yea, if ye talk of trust I tell you this,
Too much I trusted when I told you
that,
And stirr'd this vice in you which
ruin'd man 360
Thro' woman the first hour; for how-
soever
In children a great curiousness be
well,
Who have to learn themselves and all
the world,
In you, that are no child, for still I
find
Your face is practised when I spell
the lines,
I call it, — well, I will not call it
vice;
But since you name yourself the sum-
mer fly,
I well could wish a cobweb for the
guat
That rattles beaten back, and beaten
back
Settles, till one could yield for wear-
iness. 370
But since I will not yield to give you
power
Upon my life and use and name and
fame,
Why will ye never ask some other
boon?
Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too
much!'

And Vivien, like the tenderest-
hearted maid
That ever bided tryst at village stile,

Made answer, either eyelid wet with
tears:

'Nay, Master, be not wrathful with
your maid;
Caress her, let her feel herself for-
given
Who feels no heart to ask another
boon. 38
I think ye hardly know the tender
rhyme
Of "trust me not at all or all in
all."

I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it
once,
And it shall answer for me. Listen
to it.

"In love, if love be love, if love be
ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal pow-
ers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute
And ever widening slowly silence all. 39

"The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

"It is not worth the keeping; let it go
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all."

'O master, do ye love my tender
rhyme?'

And Merlin look'd and half believe
her true,
So tender was her voice, so fair her
face,
So sweetly gleam'd her eyes behind
her tears 40
Like sunlight on the plain behind
shower;
And yet he answer'd half indignantly

'Far other was the song that once
I heard
By this huge oak, sung nearly where
we sit;
For here we met, some ten or twelve
of us,
To chase a creature that was current
then
In these wild woods, the hart with
golden horns.

It was the time when first the ques-
tion rose
About the founding of a Table Round,
That was to be, for love of God and
men ⁴¹⁰
And noble deeds, the flower of all the
world ;
And each incited each to noble deeds.
And while we waited, one, the young-
est of us,
We could not keep him silent, out he
flash'd,
And into such a song, such fire for
fame,
Such trumpet-blowings in it, coming
down
To such a stern and iron-clashing
close,
That when he stopt we long'd to hurl
together,
And should have done it, but the
beauteous beast
Scared by the noise upstart'd at our
feet, ⁴²⁰
And like a silver shadow slipt away
Thro' the dim land. And all day long
we rode
Thro' the dim land against a rushing
wind,
That glorious roundel echoing in our
ears,
And chased the flashes of his golden
horns
Until they vanish'd by the fairy well
That laughs at iron—as our warriors
did—
Where children cast their pins and
nails, and cry
“Laugh, little well!” but touch it
with a sword,
It buzzes fiercely round the point ;
and there ⁴³⁰
We lost him—such a noble song was
that.
But, Vivien, when you sang me that
sweet rhyme,
I felt as tho' you knew this cursed
charm,
Were proving it on me, and that I lay
And felt them slowly ebbing, name
and fame.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling mourn-
fully :
'O, mine have ebb'd away for ever-
more,

And all thro' following you t
wild wood,
Because I saw you and, to a
you.
Lo now, what hearts have mine
never mount
As high as woman in her
And touching fame, how
my song,
Take one verse more—
speaks it—this :

“My name, once mine, mine
clooseller mine,
For fame, could fame be mine,
were thine,
And, shame, could shame be
shame were mine.
So trust me not at all or all

' Says she not well ? and
more—this rhyme
Is like the fair pearl-neck
Queen,
That burst in dancing and the
were spilt ;
Some lost, some stolen, some a
kept ;
But nevermore the same two
pearls
Ran down the silken thread
each other
On her white neck—so is it w
rhyme.
It lives dispersedly in many ha
And every minstrel sings it diffe
Yet is there one true line, the
pearls :

“Man dreams of fame while
wakes to love.”
Yea ! love, tho' love were of the
est, carves
A portion from the solid p
eats
And uses, careless of the res
fame,
The fame that follows death is r
to us ;
And what is fame in life but h
fame
And counterchanged with dar
ye yourself
Know well that envy calls you
son,
And since ye seem the master of
They fain would make you ma
all vice.'



"I took his brush and blotted out the bird"

lock'd his hand in hers
 looking for a magic weed,
 a fair young squire who
 me, 470
 himself a knightly shield
 ad,
 as painting on it fancied
 gle rising or, the sun
 ef; the scroll, "I follow

And speaking not, but leaning over
 him,
 I took his brush and blotted out the
 bird,
 And made a gardener putting in a
 graft,
 With this for motto, "Rather use than
 fame."
 You should have seen him blush; but
 afterwards
 He made a stalwart knight. O Vi-
 vien,

For you, methinks you think you love
me well ;
For me, I love you somewhat. Rest ;
and Love
Should have some rest and pleasure in
himself,
Not ever be too curious for a boon,
Too prurient for a proof against the
grain
Of him ye say ye love. But Fame
with men,
Being but ampler means to serve man-
kind,
Should have small rest or pleasure in
herself,
But work as vassal to the larger love
That dwarfs the petty love of one to
one.
Use gave me fame at first, and fame
again
Increasing gave me use. Lo, there
my boon !
What other ? for men sought to prove
me vile,
Because I fain had given them greater
wits ;
And then did envy call me devil's
son.
The sick weak beast, seeking to help
herself
By striking at her better, miss'd, and
brought
Her own claw back, and wounded her
own heart.
Sweet were the days when I was all
unknown,
But when my name was lifted up the
storm
Brake on the mountain and I cared
not for it.
Right well know I that fame is half-
disfame,
Yet needs must work my work. That
other fame,
To one at least who hath not children
vague,
The cackle of the unborn about the
grave,
I cared not for it. A single misty
star,
Which is the second in a line of stars
That seem a sword beneath a belt of
three,
I never gazed upon it but I dreamt
Of some vast charm concluded in that
star

To make fame nothing. Wherefore
if I fear,
Giving you power upon me thro' th
charm,
That you might play me falsely, ha
ving power,
However well ye think ye love
now —
As sons of kings loving in pupillage
Have turn'd to tyrants when the
came to power —
I rather dread the loss of use th
fame ;
If you — and not so much from wicke
ness,
As some wild turn of anger, or
mood
Of overstrain'd affection, it may be,
To keep me all to your own self, —
else
A sudden spurt of woman's jealousy,
Should try this charm on whom ye s
ye love.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling as
wrath :
'Have I not sworn ? I am not truste
Good !
Well, hide it, hide it ; I shall find
out,
And being found take heed of Vivie
A woman and not trusted, doubtless
Might feel some sudden turn of ang
born
Of your misfaith ; and your fine eq
thet
Is accurate too, for this full love
mine
Without the full heart back may me
well
Your term of overstrain'd. So us
as I,
My daily wonder is, I love at all.
And as to woman's jealousy, O, w
not ?
O, to what end, except a jealous on
And one to make me jealous if
love,
Was this fair charm invented by you
self ?
I well believe that all about this wor
Ye cage a buxom captive here a
there,
Closed in the four walls of a holl
tower
From which is no escape for evermo

Then the great master merrily an-
 swer'd her :
 All many a love in loving youth
 was mine ;
 needed then no charm to keep them
 mine
 youth and love ; and that full
 heart of yours
 wro't ye prattle, may now assure
 you mine ;
 live uncharm'd. For those who
 wrought it first,
 wrist is parted from the hand that
 waved,
 feet unmortised from their ankle-
 bones
 o paced it, ages back — but will ye
 hear
 legend as in guerdon for your
 rhyme ?

There lived a king in the most
 eastern East,
 older than I, yet older, for my
 blood
 earnest in it of far springs to be.
 away pirate anchor'd in his port,
 one bark had plunder'd twenty
 nameless isles ;
 I passing one, at the high peep of
 dawn,
 saw two cities in a thousand boats
 fighting for a woman on the
 sea.
 I pushing his black craft among
 them all
 lightly scatter'd theirs and brought
 her off,
 the loss of half his people arrow-
 slain ;
 maid so smooth, so white, so won-
 derful,
 my said a light came from her when
 she moved.
 I since the pirate would not yield
 her up,
 king impaled him for his piracy,
 made her queen. But those isle-
 nurtured eyes
 gazed such unwilling tho' successful
 war
 all the youth, they sicken'd ; coun-
 cils thinn'd,
 armies waned, for magnet-like
 she drew
 rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts ;

And beasts themselves would worship ;
 camels knelt
 Unbidden, and the brutes of moun-
 tain back
 That carry kings in castles bow'd
 black knees
 Of homage, ringing with their serpent
 hands,
 To make her smile, her golden ankle-
 bells.
 What wonder, being jealous, that he
 sent
 His horns of proclamation out thro'
 all
 The hundred under-kingdoms that he
 sway'd
 To find a wizard who might teach the
 king
 Some charm which, being wrought
 upon the queen,
 Might keep her all his own. To such
 a one
 He promised more than ever king has
 given,
 A league of mountain full of golden
 mines,
 A province with a hundred miles of
 coast,
 A palace and a princess, all for him ;
 But on all those who tried and fail'd
 the king
 Pronounced a dismal sentence, mean-
 ing by it
 To keep the list low and pretenders
 back,
 Or, like a king, not to be trifled with —
 Their heads should moulder on the
 city gates.
 And many tried and fail'd, because
 the charm
 Of nature in her overbore their own ;
 And many a wizard brow bleach'd on
 the walls,
 And many weeks a troop of carrion
 crows
 Hung like a cloud above the gateway
 towers.

And Vivien breaking in upon him,
 said :
 'I sit and gather honey ; yet, methinks,
 Thy tongue has tript a little ; ask thy
 self.
 The lady never made unwilling war
 With those fine eyes ; she had her
 pleasure in it,

And made her good man jealous with
good cause.
And lived there neither dame nor dam-
sel then
Wroth at a lover's loss? were all as
tame,
I mean, as noble, as their queen was
fair?
Not one to flirt a venom at her eyes,
Or pinch a murderous dust into her
drink,
Or make her paler with a poison'd
rose?
Well, those were not our days — but
did they find
A wizard? Tell me, was he like to
thee?

She ceased, and made her lithe arm
round his neck
Tighten, and then drew back, and let
her eyes
Speak for her, glowing on him, like a
bride's
On her new lord, her own, the first of
men.

He answer'd laughing: 'Nay, not
like to me.
At last they found — his foragers for
charms —
A little glassy-headed hairless man,
Who lived alone in a great wild on
grass,
Read but one book, and ever reading
grew
So grated down and fled away with
thought,
So lean his eyes were monstrous;
while the skin
Clung but to crate and basket, ribs
and spine.
And since he kept his mind on one sole
aim,
Nor ever touch'd fierce wine, nor
tasted flesh,
Nor own'd a sensual wish, to him the
wall
That sunders ghosts and shadow-cast-
ing men
Became a crystal, and he saw them
thro' it,
And heard their voices talk behind the
wall,
And learnt their elemental secrets,
powers

And forces; often o'er the sun's bright
eye
Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud
And lash'd it at the base with slanting
storm;
Or in the noon of mist and driving
rain,
When the lake whiten'd and the pine
wood roar'd,
And the cairn'd mountain was a shad-
ow, sunn'd
The world to peace again. Here was
the man;
And so by force they dragg'd him to
the king.
And then he taught the king to charm
the queen
In such-wise that no man could see
her more,
Nor saw she save the king, who
wrought the charm,
Coming and going, and she lay as
dead,
And lost all use of life. But when the
king
Made proffer of the league of golden
mines,
The province with a hundred miles of
coast,
The palace and the princess, that old
man
Went back to his old wild, and lived
on grass,
And vanish'd, and his book came
down to me.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling sau-
cily:
'Ye have the book; the charm is writ
ten in it.
Good! take my counsel, let me know
it at once;
For keep it like a puzzle chest in chest
With each chest lock'd and padlock'd
thirty-fold,
And whelm all this beneath as vast a
mound
As after furious battle turfs the slain
On some wild down above the wind-
deep,
I yet should strike upon a sudden
means
To dig, pick, open, find and read the
charm:
Then, if I tried it, who should blame
me then?'

And smiling as a master smiles at
one ⁶⁶
That is not of his school, nor any school
But that where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, un-
ashamed,
On all things all day long, he answer'd
her:

'Thou read the book, my pretty
Vivien!
O, ay, it is but twenty pages long,
But every page having an ample
marge,
And every marge enclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot,
The text no larger than the limbs of
flea; ⁶⁷
And every square of text an awful
charm,
Writ in a language that has long gone
by,
So long that mountains have arisen
since
With cities on their flanks — thou read
the book!
And every margin scribbled, crost,
and cram'd
With comment, densest condensation,
hard
To mind and eye; but the long sleep-
less nights
Of my long life have made it easy to
me.
And none can read the text, not even I;
And none can read the comment but
myself; ⁶⁸
And in the comment did I find the
charm.
O, the results are simple; a mere child
Might use it to the harm of any one,
And never could undo it. Ask no
more;
For tho' you should not prove it upon
me,
But keep that oath ye sware, ye
might, perchance,
Assay it on some one of the Table
Round,
And all because ye dream they babble
of you.'

And Vivien, frowning in true anger,
said:
'What dare the full-fed liars say of me?

They ride abroad redressing hun-
dreds of wrongs!
They sit with knife in meat and w.
in horn.
They bound to holy vows of chastity
Were I not woman, I could tell
tale.
But you are man, you well can und-
stand
The shame that cannot be explain-
ed for shame.
Not one of all the drove should touch
me — swine!'

Then answer'd Merlin careless
her words:
'You breathe but accusation vast and
vague,
Spleen-born, I think, and proofless.
ye know,
Set up the charge ye know, to stand
or fall!'

And Vivien answer'd frowning
wrathfully:
'O, ay, what say ye to Sir Valen-
him
Whose kinsman left him watcher o
his wife
And two fair babes, and went to d-
tant lands,
Was one year gone, and on return
found
Not two but three? there lay the re-
ling, one
But one hour old! What said t
happy sire?
A seven-months' babe had been a tri-
gift.
Those twelve sweet moons confus-
his fatherhood.'

Then answer'd Merlin: 'Nay,
know the tale.
Sir Valence wedded with an outla-
dame;
Some cause had kept him sundry
from his wife.
One child they had; it lived with he
she died.
His kinsman travelling on his own
fair
Was charged by Valence to bri-
home the child.
He brought, not found it therefor
take the truth.'

'O, ay,' said Vivien, 'over-true a tale !
 What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagramore,
 That ardent man ? "To pluck the flower in season," ⁷²⁰
 So says the song. "I trow it is no treason."
 O Master, shall we call him over-quick
 To crop his own sweet rose before the hour ?'

And Merlin answer'd : 'Over-quick art thou
 To catch a loathly plume fallen from the wing
 Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole prey
 Is man's good name. He never wrong'd his bride.
 I know the tale. An angry gust of wind
 Puff'd out his torch among the myriad-room'd
 And many-corridor'd complexities ⁷³⁰
 Of Arthur's palace. Then he found a door,
 And darkling felt the sculptured ornament
 That wreathen round it made it seem his own,
 And wearied out made for the couch and slept,
 A stainless man beside a stainless maid ;
 And either slept, nor knew of other there,
 Till the high dawn piercing the royal rose
 In Arthur's casement glimmer'd chastely down,
 Blushing upon them blushing, and at once
 He rose without a word and parted from her. ⁷⁴⁰
 But when the thing was blazed about the court,
 The brute world howling forced them into bonds,
 And as it chanced they are happy, being pure.'

'O, ay,' said Vivien, 'that were likely too !
 What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale

And of the horrid foulness that he wrought,
 The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of Christ,
 Or some black wether of Saint Satan fold ?
 What, in the precincts of the chapel yard,
 Among the knightly brasses of the graves, ⁷⁵⁰
 And by the cold Hic Jacets of the dead !'

And Merlin answer'd careless of his charge :
 'A sober man is Percivale and pure,
 But once in life was fluster'd with new wine,
 Then paced for coolness in the chapel yard,
 Where one of Satan's shepherdesses caught
 And meant to stamp him with her master's mark.
 And that he sinn'd is not believable ;
 For, look upon his face ! — but if he sinn'd,
 The sin that practice burns into the blood, ⁷⁶⁰
 And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
 Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be ;
 Or else were he, the holy king whose hymns
 Are chanted in the minster, worse than all.
 But is your spleen froth'd out, or have ye more ?'

And Vivien answer'd frowning ye in wrath :
 'O, ay : what say ye to Sir Lancelot friend,
 Traitor or true ? that commerce with the Queen,
 I ask you, is it clamor'd by the child,
 Or whisper'd in the corner ? do ye know it ?' ⁷⁷⁰

To which he answer'd sadly : 'Yea I know it.
 Sir Lancelot went ambassador, a first,
 To fetch her, and she watch'd him from her walls.

MERLIN AND VIVIEN

A rumor runs, she took him for the
King,
So fixt her fancy on him ; let them
be.
But have ye no one word of loyal
praise
For Arthur, blameless king and stain-
less man ?'

She answer'd with a low and chuc-
kling laugh :
' Man ! is he man at all, who knows
and winks ?
Sees what his fair bride is and does,
and winks ?
By which the good King means to
blind himself,
And blinds himself and all the Table
Round
To all the foulness that they work.
Myself
Could call him — were it not for wo-
manhood —
The pretty, popular name such man-
hood earns,
Could call him the main cause of all
their crime,
Yea, were he not crown'd king, cow-
ard and fool.'

Then Merlin to his own heart, loath-
ing, said :
' O true and tender ! O my liege and
King !
O selfless man and stainless gentle-
man,
Who wouldst against thine own eye-
witness fail
Have all men true and leal, all women
pure !
How, in the mouths of base interpre-
ters,
From over-fineness not intelligible
To things with every sense as false
and foul
As the poach'd filth that floods the
middle street,
Is thy white blamelessness accounted
blame !'

But Vivien, deeming Merlin over-
borne
By instance, recommenced, and let
her tongue
Rage like a fire among the noblest
names,

Polluting, and imputing her w
self,
Defaming and defacing, till she le
Not even Lancelot brave nor Gal
clean.

Her words had issue other than
will'd.
He dragg'd his eyebrow bushes d
and made
A snowy pent-house for his bo
eyes,
And mutter'd in himself : ' Tell
the charm !
So, if she had it, would she rail
me
To snare the next, and if she hav
not
So will she rail. What did the
ton say ?
" Not mount as high ! " we s
can sink as low ;
For men at most differ as heaven
earth,
But women, worst and best, as
ven and hell.
I know the Table Round, my fri
of old ;
All brave, and many generous,
some chaste.
She cloaks the scar of some reg
with lies.
I well believe she tempted them
fall'd,
Being so bitter ; for fine plots
fall,
Tho' harlots paint their talk as we
face
With colors of the heart that are
theirs.
I will not let her know ; nine tith
times
Face-flatterer and backbiter are
same.
And they, sweet soul, that most
pute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute ti
selves,
Wanting the mental range, or lov
sire
Not to feel lowest makes them l
all ;
Yea, they would pare the moun
to the plain,
To leave an equal baseness ; an
this

Are harlots like the crowd that if they
find
Some stain or blemish in a name of
note, ⁸³⁰
Not grieving that their greatest are so
small,
Inflate themselves with some insane
delight,
And judge all nature from her feet of
clay,
Without the will to lift their eyes, and
see
Her godlike head crown'd with spirit-
ual fire,
And touching other worlds. I am
weary of her.'

He spoke in words part heard, in
whispers part,
Half-suffocated in the hoary fell
And many-winter'd fleece of throat
and chin.
But Vivien, gathering somewhat of
his mood, ⁸⁴⁰
And hearing 'harlot' mutter'd twice
or thrice,
Leapt from her session on his lap, and
stood
Stiff as a viper frozen; loathsome
sight,
How from the rosy lips of life and
love
Flash'd the bare-grinning skeleton of
death!
White was her cheek; sharp breaths
of anger puff'd
Her fairy nostril out; her hand half-
clench'd
Went faltering sideways downward
to her belt,
And feeling. Had she found a dag-
ger there—
For in a wink the false love turns to
hate— ⁸⁵⁰
She would have stabb'd him; but she
found it not.
His eye was calm, and suddenly she
took
To bitter weeping like a beaten child.
A long, long weeping, not consolable.
Then her false voice made way, broken
with sobs:

'O crueller than was ever told in tale
Or sung in song! O vainly lavish'd
love!

O cruel, there was nothing wild
strange,
Or seeming shameful—for what shar-
in love,
So love be true, and not as yours i
—nothing
Poor Vivien had not done to win t
trust
Who call'd her what he call'd her
all her crime,
All—the wish to prove hi
wholly hers.'

She mused a little, and then cla-
her hands
Together with a wailing shriek, a
said:
'Stabb'd through the heart's affectio
to the heart!
Seethed like the kid in its own m
ther's milk!
Kill'd with a word worse than a li
of blows!
I thought that he was gentle, bei
great;
O God, that I had loved a smaller ma
I should have found in him a great
heart.
O, I, that flattering my true passio
saw
The knights, the court, the Kin
dark in your light,
Who loved to make men darker th
they are,
Because of that high pleasure whi
I had
To seat you sole upon my pedestal
Of worship—I am answer'd, a
henceforth
The course of life that seem'd so flo
ery to me
With you for guide and master, on
you,
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway brok
short,
And ending in a ruin—nothing left
But into some low cave to crawl, a
there,
If the wolf spare me, weep my l
away,
Kill'd with inutterable unkindliness

She paused, she turn'd away, s
hung her head,
The snake of gold slid from her ha
the braid

MERLIN AND VIVIEN

Slept and uncoll'd itself, she wept
 afresh,
 And the dark wood grew darker to-
 ward the storm
 In silence, while his anger slowly died
 Within him, till he let his wisdom go
 For ease of heart, and half believed
 her true; 891
 Call'd her to shelter in the hollow oak,
 'Come from the storm,' and having
 no reply,
 Gazed at the heaving shoulder and
 the face
 Hand-hidden, as for utmost grief or
 shame;
 Then thrice essay'd, by tenderest-
 touching terms,
 To seek her ruffled peace of mind, in
 vain.
 At last she let herself be conquer'd by
 him,
 And as the cageling newly flown re-
 turns,
 The seeming-injured simple-hearted
 thing 900
 Came to her old perch back, and set-
 tled there.
 There while she sat, half-falling from
 his knees,
 Half-nestled at his heart, and since he
 saw
 The slow tear creep from her closed
 eyelid yet,
 About her, more in kindness than in
 love,
 The gentle wizard cast a shielding arm.
 But she dislink'd herself at once and
 rose,
 Her arms upon her breast across, and
 stood,
 A virtuous gentlewoman deeply
 wrong'd,
 Upright and flush'd before him; then
 she said: 910
 'There must be now no passages of
 love
 B-twixt us twain henceforward ever-
 more;
 Since, if I be what I am grossly call'd,
 What should be granted which your
 own gross heart
 Would reckon worth the taking? I
 will go.
 In truth, but one thing now is better
 have died

Thrice than have ask'd it once — co-
 make me stay —
 That proof of trust — so often as
 in vain!
 How justly, after that vile term
 yours,
 I find with grief! I might beli-
 you then,
 Who knows? once more. Lo! w-
 was once to me
 Mere matter of the fancy, now h-
 grown
 The vast necessity of heart and life
 Farewell; think gently of me, for
 fear
 My fate or folly, passing gayer yo-
 For one so old, must be to love t-
 still.
 But ere I leave thee let me swear o-
 more
 That if I schemed against thy pe-
 in this,
 May yon just heaven, that dark
 o'er me, send
 One flash that, missing all things e-
 may make
 My scheming brain a cinder, if I li-
 Scarce had she ceased, when out
 heaven a bolt —
 For now the storm was close abo-
 them — struck,
 Furrowing a giant oak, and jave-
 ing
 With darted spikes and splinters
 the wood
 The dark earth round — He raised
 eyes and saw
 The tree that shone white listed th-
 the gloom
 But Vivien, fearing heaven had he-
 her oath,
 And dazzled by the livid flicker-
 fork,
 And deafen'd with the stammer-
 cracks and claps
 That follow'd, flying back and cry-
 out,
 'O Merlin, tho' you do not love me
 save,
 Yet save me!' clasp'd to him
 hugg'd him close
 And call'd him dear protector in
 fright,
 Nor yet forgot her practice in
 fright,

But wrought upon his mood and
hugg'd him close.

The pale blood of the wizard at her
touch

Took gayer colors, like an opal warm'd.
She blamed herself for telling hearsay
tales;

She shook from fear, and for her fault
she wept

Of petulancy; she call'd him lord and
liege,

Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,

Her God, her Merlin, the one pas-
sionate love

Of her whole life; and ever overh
Bellow'd the tempest, and the re
branch

Snapt in the rushing of the river-
Above them; and in change of g
and gloom

Her eyes and neck glittering v
and came;

Till now the storm, its burst of
sion spent,



"I have made his glory mine"

Moaning and calling out of other
lands, ⁹⁶⁰
Had left the ravaged woodland yet
once more
To peace; and what should not have
been had been,
For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm,
and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth
the charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,
And in the hollow oak he lay as
dead,
And lost to life and use and name and
fame.

Then crying, 'I have made his
glory mine,'
And shrieking out, 'O fool!' the har-
lot leapt ⁹⁷⁰
Adown the forest, and the thicket
closed
Behind her, and the forest echo'd
'fool.'

LANCELOT AND ELAINE

ELAINE the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to
the east
Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
Which first she placed where morn-
ing's earliest ray
Might strike it, and awake her with
the gleam;
Then fearing rust or soilage fashion'd
for it
A case of silk, and braided thereupon
All the devices blazon'd on the shield
In their own tinct, and added, of her
wit,
A border fantasy of branch and flower,
And yellow-throated nestling in the
nest.
Nor rested thus content, but day by
day,
Leaving her household and good fa-
ther, climb'd
That eastern tower, and entering
barr'd her door,
Strip off the case, and read the naked
shield,

Now guess'd a hidden meaning in his
arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it
And every scratch a lance had mad
upon it,
Conjecturing when and where: this
cut is fresh,
That ten years back; this dealt him
at Caerlyle,
That at Caerleon — this at Camelot —
And ah, God's mercy, what a stroke
was there!
And here a thrust that might have
kill'd, but God
Broke the strong lance, and roll'd his
enemy down,
And saved him: so she lived in fan-
tasy.

How came the lily maid by this
good shield
Of Lancelot, she that knew not even
his name?
He left it with her, when he rode to
tilt
For the great diamond in the diamond
jousts,
Which Arthur had ordain'd, and by
that name
Had named them, since a diamond
was the prize.

For Arthur, long before the
crown'd him king,
Roving the trackless realms of Lyon-
nesse,
Had found a glen, gray boulder and
black tarn,
A horror lived about the tarn, an
clave
Like its own mists to all the mountai-
side;
For here two brothers, one a king
had met
And fought together, but their name
were lost,
And each had slain his brother at a
blow;
And down they fell and made the
glen abhor'd
And there they lay till all their bones
were bleached,
And lieh'd into color with the crags
And he that once was king had on
a crown

Of diamonds, one in front and four
aside.
And Arthur came, and laboring up
the pass,
All in a misty moonshine, unawares
Had trodden that crown'd skeleton,
and the skull
Brake from the nape, and from the
skull the crown 50
Roll'd into light, and turning on its
rims
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the
tarn.
And down the shingly scaur he
plunged, and caught,
And set it on his head, and in his heart
Heard murmurs, 'Lo, thou likewise
shalt be king.'

Thereafter, when a king, he had
the gems
Pluck'd from the crown, and show'd
them to his knights
Saying: 'These jewels, whereupon I
chanced
Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the
King's—
For public use. Henceforward let
there be, 60
Once every year, a joust for one of
these;
For so by nine years' proof we needs
must learn
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves
shall grow
In use of arms and manhood, till we
drive
The heathen, who, some say, shall
rule the land
Hereafter, which God hinder!' Thus
he spoke.
And eight years past, eight jousts
had been, and still
Had Lancelot won the diamond of the
year,
With purpose to present them to the
Queen
When all were won; but, meaning all
at once 70
To snare her royal fancy with a boon
Worth half her realm, had never
spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and
the last

And largest, Arthur, holding then his
court
Hard on the river nigh the place
which now
Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a
joust
At Camelot, and when the time drew
nigh
Spake—for she had been sick—to
Guinevere:
'Are you so sick, my Queen, you can-
not move
To these fair jousts?' 'Yea, lord,'
she said, 'ye know it.' &
'Then will ye miss,' he answer'd,
'the great deeds
Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the
lists,
A sight ye love to look on.' And the
Queen
Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt lan-
guidly
On Lancelot, where he stood beside
the King.
He, thinking that he read her mean-
ing there,
'Stay with me, I am sick; my love
is more
Than many diamonds,' yielded; and
a heart
Love-loyal to the least wish of the
Queen—
However much he yearn'd to make
complete 80
The tale of diamonds for his destined
boon—
Urged him to speak against the truth,
and say,
'Sir King, mine ancient wound is
hardly whole,
And lets me from the saddle;' and
the King
Glanced first at him, then her, and
went his way.
No sooner gone than suddenly she
began:

'To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot,
much to blame!
Why go ye not to these fair jousts?
the knights
Are half of them our enemies, and the
crowd
Will murmur, "Lo the shameless
ones, who take 100

LANCELOT AND ELAINE

Their pastime now the trustful King
 is gone! "
 Then Lancelot, vexed at having lied in
 vain:
 'Are ye so wise? ye were not once so
 wise,
 My Queen, that summer when ye
 loved me first.
 Then of the crowd ye took no more
 account
 Than of the myriad cricket of the
 mead,
 When its own voice clings to each
 blade of grass,
 And every voice is nothing. As to
 knights,
 Them surely can I silence with all
 ease.
 But now my loyal worship is allow'd
 Of all men; many a bard, without
 offence,
 Has link'd our names together in his
 lay.
 Lancelot, the flower of bravery, Guine-
 vere,
 The pearl of beauty; and our knights
 at feast
 Have pledged us in this union, while
 the King
 Would listen smiling. How then? is
 there more?
 Has Arthur spoken aught? or would
 yourself,
 Now weary of my service and devoid,
 Henceforth be truer to your faultless
 lord?'

She broke into a little scornful
 laugh:
 'Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the fault-
 less King,
 That passionate perfection, my good
 lord—
 But who can gaze upon the sun in
 heaven?
 He never spake word of reproach to
 me.
 He never had a glimpse of mine un-
 truth.
 He cares not for me. Only here to-
 day
 There gleamed a vague suspicion in
 his eyes:
 Some meddling rogue has tamper'd
 with him—else
 Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,

And swearing men to vows impos-
 sible,
 To make them like himself; his
 friend, to me
 He is all fault who hath no fault
 all.
 For who loves me must have a touch
 of earth;
 The low sun makes the color. I
 yours,
 Not Arthur's, as ye know, save by
 bond.
 And therefore hear my words: go
 the jousts:
 The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break
 our dream
 When sweetest; and the very
 voices here
 May buzz so loud—we scorn them
 but they sting.'

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief
 of knights:
 'And with what face, after my pro-
 text made,
 Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot
 Before a king who honors his o-
 word
 As if it were his God's?'

'Yea,' said the Queen,
 'A moral child without the craft
 rule,
 Else had he not lost me; but listen
 me,
 If I must find you wit. We hear
 said
 That men go down before your spear
 at a touch.
 But knowing you are Lancelot; your
 great name,
 This conquers. Hide it therefore
 go unknown.
 Win! by this kiss you will; and a
 true King
 Will then allow your pretext, O
 knight.
 As all for glory; for to speak I
 true.
 Ye know right well, how much so
 he seems
 No keener heart after glory breathes
 He loves it in his knights more than
 himself
 They prove to him his work. And
 and return.'

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse,
 Wroth at himself. Not willing to be known,
 He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,
 Chose the green path that show'd the rarer foot,
 And there among the solitary downs,
 Full often lost in fancy, lost his way;
 Till as he traced a faintly-shadow'd track,
 That all in loops and links among the dales
 Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw
 Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.
 Thither he made, and blew the gateway horn.
 Then came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man,
 Who let him into lodging and disarm'd.
 And Lancelot marvell'd at the wordless man;
 And issuing found the Lord of Astolat
 With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,
 Moving to meet him in the castle court;
 And close behind them stept the lily maid
 Elaine, his daughter; mother of the house
 There was not. Some light jest among them rose
 With laughter dying down as the great knight
 Approach'd them; then the Lord of Astolat:
 'Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name
 Livest between the lips? for by thy state
 And presence I might guess thee chief of those,
 After the King, who eat in Arthur's halls.
 Him have I seen; the rest, his Table Round,
 Known as they are, to me they are unknown.'

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights:
 Known am I, and of Arthur's hall,
 and known,

What I by mere mischance brought, my shield.
 But since I go to joust as one
 At Camelot for the diamond,
 Hereafter ye shall know me —
 I pray you lend me one, if I have,
 Blank, or at least with some not mine.'

Then said the Lord of 'Here is Torre's:
 Hurt in his first tilt was my Torre,
 And so, God wot, his shield enough.
 His ye can have.' Then add Sir Torre,
 'Yea, since I cannot use it, have it.'
 Here laugh'd the father saying Sir Churl,
 Is that an answer for a noble? Allow him! but Lavaine, my here,
 He is so full of lustihood, he w Joust for it, and win, and bri an hour,
 And set it in this damsel's hair,
 To make her thrice as willful as

'Nay, father, nay, good shame me not
 Before this noble knight,' said Lavaine,
 'For nothing. Surely I but p Torre,
 He seem'd so sullen, vex'd he not go;
 A jest, no more! for, kni maiden dreamt
 That some one put this dia her hand,
 And that it was too slippery to And slipt and fell into some stream,
 The castle-well, belike; and th That if I went and if I for won it —
 But all was jest and joke am selves —
 Then must she keep it safe was jest.



'The lily maid Elaine . . .
Lifted her eyes and read his lineaments'

ut, father, give me leave, an if he
will,
ride to Camelot with this noble
knight.
in shall I not, but do my best to
win;
ung as I am, yet would I do my
best.'

Smiling a moment, 'with your fel-
lowship
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost
myself,
Then were I glad of you as guide and
friend;
And you shall win this diamond, — as
I hear,
It is a fair large diamond, — if ye
may,
And yield it to this maiden, if ye will.

'So ye will grace me,' answer'd
Lancelot.

'A fair large diamond,' added plain
Sir Torre,
'Such be for queens, and not for simple maids.'²³⁰
Then she, who held her eyes upon the ground,
Elaine, and heard her name so tost about,
Flush'd slightly at the slight disparagement
Before the stranger knight, who, looking at her,
Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus return'd:
'If what is fair be but for what is fair,
And only queens are to be counted so,
Rash were my judgment then, who deem this maid
Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,
Not violating the bond of like to like.'

He spoke and ceased; the lily maid Elaine,²⁴¹
Won by the mellow voice before she look'd,
Lifted her eyes and read his lineaments.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the west and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it; but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose²⁵⁰
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marr'd, ot more than twice her years,
Seam'd with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

Then the great knight, the darlin of the court,²⁵
Loved of the loveliest, into that rud hall
Stept with all grace, and not with hal disdain
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time
But kindly man moving among his kind;
Whom they with meats and vintag of their best
And talk and minstrel melody entertain'd.
And much they ask'd of court and Table Round,
And ever well and readily answer'd he;
But Lancelot, when they glanced at Guinevere,
Suddenly speaking of the wordles man,²⁷
Heard from the baron that, ten years before,
The heathen caught and reft him of his tongue.
'He learnt and warn'd me of their fierce design
Against my house, and him they caught and maim'd;
But I, my sons, and little daughter fled
From bonds or death, and dwelt among the woods
By the great river in a boatman's hut.
Dull days were those, till our good Arthur broke
The Pagan yet once more on Bader hill.'

'O, there, great lord, doubtless,' Lavaine said, rapt²⁸
By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth
Toward greatness in its elder, 'you have fought.
O, tell us — for we live apart — you know
Of Arthur's glorious wars.' And Lancelot spoke
And answer'd him at full, as having been
With Arthur in the fight which all day long
Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem;
And in the four loud battles by the shore

Duglas; that on Basa; then the
war
at thunder'd in and out the gloomy
skirts 290
Calidon the forest; and again
Castle Gurnion, where the glori-
ous King
slept on his cuirass worn our Lady's
Head,
slept of one emerald centred in a sun
silver rays, that lighten'd as he
breathed;
slept at Caerleon had he help'd his
lord,
had the strong neighings of the wild
White Horse
every gilded parapet shuddering;
slept up in Agned-Cathregonion too,
slept down the waste sand-shores of
Trath Truroit, 300
here many a heathen fell, 'and on
the mount
'Badon I myself beheld the King
slept at the head of all his Table
Round,
slept all his legions crying Christ and
him,
slept break them; and I saw him,
after, stand
high on a heap of slain, from spur to
plume
slept as the rising sun with heathen
blood,
slept seeing me, with a great voice he
cried,
'They are broken, they are broken!'
for the King,
never mild he seems at home, nor
cares 310
triumph in our mimic wars, the
jousts —
if his own knight casts him down,
he laughs,
saying his knights are better men than
he —
in this heathen war the fire of
God
is him. I never saw his like; there
lives
greater leader.'

While he utter'd this,
to her own heart said the lily
maid,
'Ove your great self, fair lord;' and
when he fell

From talk of war to traits of pleasure
try —
Being mirthful he, but in a stately
kind — 320
She still took note that when the liv-
ing smile
Died from his lips, across him came a
cloud
Of melancholy severe, from which
again,
Whenever in her hovering to and
fro
The lily maid had striven to make him
cheer,
There brake a sudden-beaming tender-
ness
Of manners and of nature; and she
thought
That all was nature, all, perchance,
for her.
And all night long his face before her
lived,
As when a painter, poring on a face, 330
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the
man
Behind it, and so paints him that his
face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest; so the face before her
lived,
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence,
full
Of noble things, and held her from
her sleep,
Till rather she rose, half-cheated in the
thought
She needs must bid farewell to sweet
Lavaire.
First as in fear, step after step, she
stole 340
Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating.
Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in
the court,
'This shield, my friend, where is it?'
and Lavaire
Past inward, as she came from out the
tower.
There to his proud horse Lancelot
turn'd, and smooth'd
The glossy shoulder, humming to
himself.
Half-envious of the flattering hand,
she drew
Nearer and stood. He look'd, and,
more amazed

Than if seven men had set upon him,
 saw
 The maiden standing in the dewy
 light.
 He had not dream'd she was so beauti-
 ful.
 Then came on him a sort of sacred
 fear,
 For silent, tho' he greeted her, she
 stood
 Rapt on his face as if it were a
 god's.
 Suddenly flash'd on her a wild desire
 That he should wear her favor at the
 tilt.
 She braved a riotous heart in asking
 for it.
 'Fair lord, whose name I know not—
 noble it is,
 I well believe, the noblest—will you
 wear
 My favor at this tourney?' 'Nay,'
 said he,
 'Fair lady, since I never yet have worn
 Favor of any lady in the lists.
 Such is my wont, as those who know
 me know.'
 'Yea, so,' she answer'd; 'then in
 wearing mine
 Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble
 lord,
 That those who know should know
 you.' And he turn'd
 Her counsel up and down within his
 mind,
 And found it true, and answer'd:
 'True, my child.
 Well, I will wear it; fetch it out to
 me.
 What is it?' and she told him, 'A red
 sleeve
 Broider'd with pearls,' and brought it.
 Then he bound
 Her token on his helmet, with a smile
 Saying, 'I never yet have done so
 much
 For any maiden living,' and the blood
 Sprang to her face and fill'd her with
 delight;
 But left her all the paler when Lavaine
 Returning brought the yet-unblazon'd
 shield,
 His brother's, which he gave to Lance-
 lot,
 Who parted with his own to fair
 Elaine:

'Do me this grace, my child, to be
 my shield
 In keeping till I come.' 'A grace
 me,
 She answer'd, 'twice to-day. I
 your squire!'

Whereat Lavaine said laughing: 'I
 maid,
 For fear our people call you lily n
 In earnest, let me bring your c
 back;
 Once, twice, and thrice. Now
 you hence to bed;'

So kiss'd her, and Sir Lancelot
 own hand,
 And thus they moved away.
 staid a minute,
 Then made a sudden step to the g
 and there—
 Her bright hair blown about
 serious face
 Yet rosy-kindled with her brot
 kiss—
 Paused by the gateway, standing
 the shield
 In silence, while she watch'd t
 arms far-off
 Sparkle, until they dipt below
 downs.
 Then to her tower she climb'd,
 took the shield,
 There kept it, and so lived in fant

Meanwhile the new compan
 past away
 Far o'er the long backs of the bus
 downs,
 To where Sir Lancelot knew t
 lived a knight
 Not far from Camelot, now for t
 years
 A hermit, who had pray'd, labor'd
 pray'd,
 And ever laboring had scoop'd hir
 In the white rock a chapel ar
 hall
 On massive columns, like a shore
 cave,
 And cells and chambers. All
 fair and dry;
 The green light from the mead
 underneath
 Struck up and lived along the n
 roofs;
 And in the meadows tremulous as
 trees

and poplars made a noise of falling
showers.
and thither wending there that night
they bode.

410

But when the next day broke from
underground,
d shot red fire and shadows thro'
the cave,
ey rose, heard mass, broke fast, and
rode away.

en Lancelot saying, 'Hear, but
hold my name
lden, you ride with Lancelot of the
Lake.'

ash'd Lavaine, whose instant rever-
ence,

arer to true young hearts than their
own praise,

t left him leave to stammer, 'Is it
indeed?'

d after muttering, 'The great
Lancelot.'

last he got his breath and answer'd :

'One,

420

e have I seen — that other, our liege
lord,

e dread Pendragon, Britain's King
of kings,

whom the people talk mysteri-
ously,

'will be there — then were I stricken
blind

at minute, I might say that I had
seen.'

so spake Lavaine, and when they
reach'd the lists

Camelot in the meadow, let his
eyes

n thro' the peopled gallery which
half round

r like a rainbow fallen upon the
grass,

til they found the clear-faced King,
who sat

430

ed in red samite, easily to be
known,

re to his crown the golden dragon
clung,

l down his robe the dragon writhed
in gold,

l from the carven-work behind him
crept

o dragons gilded, sloping down to
make

Arms for his chair, while all the rest
of them

Thro' knots and loops and folds in-
numerable

Fled ever thro' the woodwork, till they
found

The new design wherein they lost
themselves,

Yet with all ease, so tender was the
work ;

And, in the costly canopy o'er him set, 440
Blazed the last diamond of the name-
less king.

Then Lancelot answer'd young La
vaine and said :

'Me you call great ; mine is the firmer
seat,

The truer lance ; but there is many a
youth

Now crescent, who will come to all I
am

And overcome it ; and in me there
dwells

No greatness, save it be some far-off
touch

Of greatness to know well I am not
great.

There is the man.' And Lavaine
gaped upon him

450

As on a thing miraculous, and anon
The trumpets blew ; and then did
either side,

They that assail'd, and they that held
the lists,

Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly
move,

Meet in the midst, and there so fu-
riously

Shock that a man far-off might well
perceive,

If any man that day were left afield,
The hard earth shake, and a low
thunder of arms

And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw
Which were the weaker, then he
hurl'd into it

460

Against the stronger Little need to
speak

Of Lancelot in his glory ! King, duke,
earl,

Count, baron — whom he smote, he
overthrew.

But in the field were Lancelot's
kith and kin,

Ranged with the Table Round that held the lists,
 Strong men, and wrathful that a stranger knight
 Should do and almost overdo the deeds
 Of Lancelot; and one said to the other,
 'Lo!
 What is he? I do not mean the force
 alone—
 The grace and versatility of the man!
 Is it not Lancelot?' 'When has Lan-
 celot worn 47
 Favor of any lady in the lists?
 Not such his wont, as we that know
 him know.'
 'How then? who then?' a fury seized
 them all,
 A fiery family passion for the name
 Of Lancelot, and a glory one with
 theirs.
 They couch'd their spears and prick'd
 their steeds, and thus,
 Their plumes driven backward by the
 wind they made
 In moving, all together down upon
 him
 Bare, as a wild wave in the wide
 North Sea, 48
 Green-glimmering toward the summit,
 bears, with all
 Its stormy crests that smoke against
 the skies,
 Down on a bark, and overbears the
 bark
 And him that helms it; so they over-
 bore
 Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a
 spear
 Down-glancing lamed the charger,
 and a spear
 Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and
 the head
 Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt
 and remain'd.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and wor-
 shipfully.
 He bore a knight of old repute to the
 earth, 49
 And brought his horse to Lancelot
 where he lay.
 He up the side, sweating with agony,
 got,
 But thought to do while he might yet
 endure,
 And being lustily holpen by the rest,

His party, — tho' it seem'd half-miracle
 To those he fought with, — drave his
 kith and kin,
 And all the Table Round that held
 the lists,
 Back to the barrier; then the trumpet
 blew
 Proclaiming his the prize who wore
 the sleeve
 Of scarlet and the pearls; and all the
 knights,
 His party, cried, 'Advance and take
 thy prize
 The diamond;' but he answer'd
 'Diamond me
 No diamonds! for God's love, a little
 air!
 Prize me no prizes, for my prize is
 death!
 Hence will I, and I charge you, fol-
 low me not.'

He spoke, and vanish'd suddenly
 from the field
 With young Lavaine into the poplar
 grove.
 There from his charger down he slid
 and sat,
 Gasping to Sir Lavaine, 'Draw the
 lance-head.'
 'Ah, my sweet lord Sir Lancelot,
 said Lavaine, 51
 'I dread me, if I draw it, you will die.
 But he, 'I die already with it; draw-
 Draw,' — and Lavaine drew, and Sir
 Lancelot gave
 A marvellous great shriek and ghastly
 groan,
 And half his blood burst forth, and
 down he sank
 For the pure pain, and wholly swoon'd
 away.
 Then came the hermit out and bore
 him in,
 There stanch'd his wound; and ther
 in daily doubt
 Whether to live or die, for many
 week
 Hid from the wild world's rumor
 the grove
 Of poplars with their noise of fallin'
 showers,
 And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he lay
 But on that day when Lancelot fled
 the lists,

cast his eyes on fair
 found face daintier ?
 shape
 down to foot, perfect
 forehead exquisitely
 lo ! this wild flower
 640
 among the garden
 himself to play upon
 it, free flashes from a
 faces of the court, and
 smiles, and golden elo-
 culation, till the maid
 it, saying to him :
 of our noble King,
 not to see the shield he
 might learn his name ?
 light your King, 650
 quest he sent you on,
 eyes
 our falcon yesterday,
 when we slipt her at, and
 winds ? ' Nay, by mine
 said he,
 we lose the lark in hea-
 the light of your blue
 it let me see the shield.'
 the shield was brought,
 rain saw
 asure lions, crown'd
 said, he smote his thigh,
 said :
 King ! our Lancelot !
 man !'
 I, she answer'd mer-
 knight the greatest
 all.'
 um'd,' said Gawain,
 love
 light, your pardon !
 it !

Speak therefore ; shall I waste myself
 in vain ?'
 Full simple was her answer : ' What
 know I ?
 My brethren have been all my fellow-
 ship ;
 And I, when often they have talk'd
 of love,
 Wish'd it had been my mother, for
 they talk'd, 670
 Meseem'd, of what they knew not ;
 so myself —
 I know not if I know what true love
 is,
 But if I know, then, if I love not
 him,
 I know there is none other I can
 love.'
 ' Yea, by God's death,' said he, ' ye
 love him well,
 But would not, knew ye what all
 others know,
 And whom he loves.' ' So be it,' cried
 Elaine,
 And lifted her fair face and moved
 away ;
 But he pursued her, calling, ' Stay a
 little !
 One golden minute's grace ! he wore
 your sleeve. 680
 Would he break faith with one I may
 not name ?
 Must our true man change like a leaf
 at last ?
 Nay — like enow. Why then, far be
 it from me
 To cross our mighty Lancelot in his
 loves !
 And, damsel, for I deem you know
 full well
 Where your great knight is hidden,
 let me leave
 My quest with you ; the diamond also
 — here !
 For if you love, it will be sweet to
 give it ;
 And if he love, it will be sweet to
 have it
 From your own hand ; and whether
 he love or not, 690
 A diamond is a diamond. Fare you
 well
 A thousand times ! — a thousand times
 farewell !
 Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we
 two

May meet at court hereafter ! there, I
think,
So ye will learn the courtesies of the
court,
We two shall know each other.'

Then he gave,
And slightly kiss'd the hand to which
he gave,
The diamond, and all wearied of the
quest
Leapt on his horse, and carolling as
he went
A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

Thence to the court he past ; there
told the King
What the King knew, ' Sir Lancelot
is the knight.'
And added, ' Sire, my liege, so much
I learnt,
But fail'd to find him, tho' I rode all
round
The region ; but I lighted on the maid
Whose sleeve he wore. She loves
him ; and to her,
Deeming our courtesy is the truest
law,
I gave the diamond. She will render
it ;
For by mine head she knows his hid-
ing-place.'

The seldom-frowning King frown'd,
and replied,
Too courteous truly ! ye shall go no
more
On quest of mine, seeing that ye forget
Obedience is the courtesy due to kings.'

He spake and parted. Wroth, but
all in awe,
For twenty strokes of the blood, with-
out a word,
Linger'd that other, staring after him ;
Then shook his hair, strode off, and
buzz'd abroad
About the maid of Astolat, and her
love.
All ears were prick'd at once, all
tongues were loosed :
'The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lance-
lot,
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Astolat.'
Some read the King's face, some the
Queen's, and all

Had marvel what the maid might be,
but most
Predoom'd her as unworthy. One old
dame
Came suddenly on the Queen with the
sharp news.
She, that had heard the noise of it
before,
But sorrowing Lancelot should have
stoop'd so low,
Marr'd her friend's aim with pale tra-
quillity.
So ran the tale like fire about the court,
Fire in dry stubble a nine-days' won-
der flared ;
Till even the knights at banquet twice
or thrice
Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the
Queen,
And pledging Lancelot and the lily
maid
Smiled at each other, while the Queen
who sat
With lips severely placid, felt the kno
Climb in her throat, and with her fee
unseen
Crush'd the wild passion out agains
the floor
Beneath the banquet, where the meat
became
As wormwood and she hated all who
pledged.

But far away the maid in Astolat.
Her guiltless rival, she that eve
kept
The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her
heart,
Crept to her father, while he muse
alone,
Sat on his knee, stroked his gray fac
and said :
'Father, you call me wilful, and th
fault
Is yours who let me have my will, an
now,
Sweet father, will you let me lose m
wits ?'
'Nay,' said he, 'surely.' 'Wherefor
let me hence,'
She answer'd, 'and find out our dea
Lorraine.'
'Ye will not lose your wits for dea
Lorraine.'
Bide,' answer'd he : 'we needs mu
hear anon

of that other.' 'Ay,' she t other, for I needs must t other, wheresoe'er he be, ne own hand give his dia- to him, ound as faithless in the ud prince who left the to me. r, I behold him in my s were the skeleton of him- for the lack of gentle n's aid. orn the maiden, the more be sweet and serviceable ights in sickness, as ye have worn their tokens. e hence, Then her father nodding diamond. Wit ye well, ild, ere I to learn this knight hole, reatest. Yea, and you give it — ink this fruit is hung too uth to gape for save a s — nothing; so then, get you r wilful you must go.' er suit allow'd, she slept e made her ready for her latest word humm'd in ry wilful you must go,' Itself and echo'd in her ry wilful you must die.' happy enough and shook off the bee that buzzes heart she answer'd it and	'What matter, so I help him back to life?' Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide Rode o'er the long backs of the bush- less downs To Camelot, and before the city-gates Came on her brother with a happy face Making a roan horse caper and curvet For pleasure all about a field of flow- ers; Whom when she saw, 'Lavaine,' she cried, 'Lavaine, How fares my lord Sir Lancelot?' He amazed, 'Torre and Elains! why here? Sir Lancelot! How know ye my lord's name is Lan- celot?' But when the maid had told him all her tale, Then turn'd Sir Torre, and being in his moods Left them, and under the strange- statued gate, Where Arthur's wars were render'd mystically, Past up the still rich city to his kin, His own far blood, which dwelt at Camelot; And her, Lavaine across the poplar grove Led to the caves. There first she saw the casque Of Lancelot on the wall; her scarlet sleeve, Tho' carved and cut, and half the pearls away, Stream'd from it still; and in her heart she laugh'd, Because he had not loosed it from his helm, But meant once more perchance to tourney in it. And when they gain'd the cell wherein he slept, His battle writhen arms and mighty hands Lay naked on the wolf skin, and a dream Of dragging down his enemy made them move. Then she that saw him lying unsleek, unshorn, Gaunt as it were the skeleton of him- self,
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Utter'd a little tender dolorous cry.
 The sound not wouted in a place so
 still
 Woke the sick knight, and while he
 roll'd his eyes
 Yet blank from sleep, she started to
 him, saying,
 'Your prize the diamond sent you by
 the King.'
 His eyes glisten'd; she fancied, 'Is it
 for me?'
 And when the maid had told him all
 the tale
 Of king and prince, the diamond sent,
 the quest
 Assign'd to her not worthy of it, she
 knelt 820
 Full lowly by the corners of his bed,
 And laid the diamond in his open hand.
 Her face was near, and as we kiss the
 child
 That does the task assign'd, he kiss'd
 her face.
 At once she slept like water to the floor.
 'Alas,' he said, 'your ride hath wear-
 ied you.
 Rest must you have.' 'No rest for me,'
 she said;
 'Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at
 rest.'
 What might she mean by that? his
 large black eyes,
 Yet larger thro' his leanness, dwelt
 upon her. 830
 Till all her heart's sad secret blazed
 itself
 In the heart's colors on her simple face;
 And Lancelot look'd and was per-
 plext in mind,
 And being weak in body said no more,
 But did not love the color; woman's
 love,
 Save one, he not regarded, and so
 turn'd
 Sighing, and feign'd a sleep until he
 slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided thro'
 the fields,
 And past beneath the weirdly-sculp-
 tured gates
 Far up the dim rich city to her kin;
 There bode the night, but woke with
 dawn, and past 841
 Down thro' the dim rich city to the
 fields,

Thence to the cave. So day by day
 she past
 In either twilight ghost-like to and fro
 Gliding, and every day she tended him
 And likewise many a night; and Lancelot
 celot
 Would, tho' he call'd his wound a little
 hurt
 Whereof he should be quickly whole
 at times
 Brain-feverous in his heat and agony
 seem
 Uncourteous, even he. But the meek
 maid
 Sweetly forbore him ever, being
 him
 Meeker than any child to a rough
 nurse,
 Milder than any mother to a sick
 child,
 And never woman yet, since man's
 first fall,
 Did kindlier unto man, but her dear
 love
 Upbore her; till the hermit, skill'd in
 all
 The simples and the science of the
 time,
 Told him that her fine care had saved
 his life.
 And the sick man forgot her simple
 blush,
 Would call her friend and sister, sweet
 Elaine,
 Would listen for her coming and re-
 gret
 Her parting step, and held her tenderly,
 And loved her with all love except
 the love
 Of man and woman when they love
 their best,
 Closest and sweetest, and had died
 the death
 In any knightly fashion for her sake
 And peradventure had he seen her
 first
 She might have made this and that
 other world
 Another world for the sick man; but
 now
 The shackles of an old love straiten'd
 him,
 His honor rooted in dishonor stood.
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely
 true.

LANCELOT AND ELAINE

Yet the great knight in his mid-
sickness made
all many a holy vow and pure re-
solve,
as but born of sickness, could
not live;
or when the blood ran lustier in him
again,
all often the bright image of one
face,
king a treacherous quiet in his
heart,
persed his resolution like a cloud.

Then if the maiden, while that
grace
Beam'd on his fancy, spoke,
swer'd not,
Or short and coldly, and she
right well
What the rough sickness meant
what this meant
She knew not, and the sorrow di-
her sight,
And drove her ere her time across
fields
Far into the rich city, where alone



Day by day she pass
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro

She murmur'd, 'Vain, in vain! it
cannot be.
He will not love me. How then?
must I die?'
Then as a little helpless innocent bird,
That has but one plain passage of few
notes,
Will sing the simple passage o'er and
o'er
For all an April morning, till the ear
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
Went half the night repeating, 'Must
I die?'
And now to right she turn'd, and now
to left,
And found no ease in turning or in rest;
And 'Him or death,' she mutter'd,
'death or him,'
Again and like a burthen, 'Him or
death.'

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt
was whole,
To Astolat returning rode the three.
There morn by morn, arraying her
sweet self
In that wherein she deem'd she look'd
her best,
She came before Sir Lancelot, for she
thought,
'If I be loved, these are my festal
robes,
If not, the victim's flowers before he
fall.'
And Lancelot ever prest upon the
maid
That she should ask some goodly gift
of him
For her own self or hers: 'and do
not shun
To speak the wish most near to your
true heart:
Such service have ye done me that I
make
My will of yours, and prince and lord
am I
In mine own land, and what I will I
can.'
Then like a ghost she lifted up her
face,
But like a ghost without the power to
speak.
And Lancelot saw that she withheld
her wish,
And bode among them yet a little
space

Till he should learn it; and one morn
it chanced
He found her in among the garden
yews,
And said, 'Delay no longer, speak
your wish,
Seeing I go to-day.' Then out she
brake:
'Going? and we shall never see ye
more.
And I must die for want of one bold
word.'
'Speak; that I live to hear,' he said
'is yours.'
Then suddenly and passionately she
spoke:
'I have gone mad. I love you; let
me die.'
'Ah, sister,' answer'd Lancelot, 'what
is this?'
And innocently extending her white
arms,
'Your love,' she said, 'your love
to be your wife.'
And Lancelot answer'd, 'Had I chosen
to wed,
I had been wedded earlier, sweet
Elaine;
But now there never will be wife
mine.'
'No, no,' she cried, 'I care not to
wife,
But to be with you still, to see your
face,
To serve you, and to follow you through
the world.'
And Lancelot answer'd: 'Nay,
world, the world,
All ear and eye, with such a sturdy
heart
To interpret ear and eye, and such a
tongue
To blare its own interpretation
nay,
Full ill then should I quit your brother's
love,
And your good father's kindness.
And she said,
'Not to be with you, not to see your
face—
Alas for me then, my good days
done!'
'Nay, noble maid,' he answer'd, 'times
nay!
This is not love, but love's first fire
in youth

among; yea, I know it of
 mine own self,
 yourself will smile at your
 own self
 when you yield your flower
 life
 more fittly yours, not thrice
 in age.
 will I, for true you are and
 set
 mine old belief in woman-
 hood,
 specially should your good
 might be poor,
 you with broad land and ter-
 rory
 be half my realm beyond the
 sea,
 could make you happy; fur-
 thermore,
 be death, as tho' ye were my
 god,
 our quarrels will I be your
 right.
 I do, dear damsel, for your
 sake,
 than this I cannot.'

While he spoke
 her blush'd nor shook, but
 thily-pale
 saying what was nearest, then
 lied,
 'Will I nothing;' and so fell,
 they bore her swooning to
 tower.

pake, to whom thro' those
 thick walls of yew
 had pierced, her father:
 'f, a flash,
 that will strike my blossom
 dead.
 'eous are ye, fair Lord Lancelot,
 u, use some rough discour-
 se
 or break her passion.'

Lancelot said,
 'e against me; what I can I
 do;
 e that day remain'd, and
 and even
 is shield. Full meekly rose
 maid,

Strip'd off the case, and gave the
 naked shield;
 Then, when she heard his horse upon
 the stones,
 Unclassing flung the casement back,
 and look'd
 Down on his helm, from which her
 sleeve had gone.
 And Lancelot knew the little clinking
 sound;
 And she by tact of love was well
 aware
 That Lancelot knew that she was look-
 ing at him.
 And yet he glanced not up, nor waved
 his hand,
 Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode
 away.
 This was the one discourtesy that he
 used.

So in her tower alone the maiden
 sat.
 His very shield was gone; only the
 case,
 Her own poor work, her empty labor,
 left.
 But still she heard him, still his pic-
 ture form'd
 And grew between her and the pic-
 tured wall.
 Then came her father, saying in low
 tones,
 'Have comfort,' whom she greeted
 quietly.
 Then came her brethren saying,
 'Peace to thee,
 Sweet sister,' whom she answer'd
 with all calm.
 But when they left her to herself
 again,
 Death, like a friend's voice from a
 distant field
 Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd;
 the owls
 Wailing had power upon her, and she
 mixt
 Her fancies with the sorrow-rifted
 glooms
 Of evening and the moanings of the
 wind.

And in those days she made a little
 song,
 And call'd her song 'The Song of
 Love and Death,'

And sang it; sweetly could she make
and sing.

'Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in
vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to¹⁰⁰⁰
pain.
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

'Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death
must be.
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

'Sweet love, that seems not made to
fade away;
Sweet death, that seems to make us love-
less clay;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

'I fain would follow love, if that could
be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for
me;
Call and I follow, I follow! let me die.'¹⁰¹⁰

High with the last line scaled her
voice, and this,
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind
That shook her tower, the brothers
heard, and thought
With shuddering, 'Hark the Phantom
of the house
That ever shrieks before a death,' and
call'd
The father, and all three in hurry and
fear
Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light
of dawn
Flared on her face, she shrilling, 'Let
me die!'

As when we dwell upon a word we
know,¹⁰²⁰
Repeating, till the word we know so
well
Becomes a wonder, and we know not
why,
So dwelt the father on her face, and
thought,
'Is this Elaine?' till back the maiden
fell,
Then gave a languid hand to each,
and lay,
Speaking a still good-morrow with
her eyes.
At last she said: 'Sweet brothers,
yester-night
I seem'd a curious little maid again,

As happy as when we dwelt among
the woods,
And when ye used to take me with
the flood
Up the great river in the boatman's
boat.
Only ye would not pass beyond the
cape

That has the poplar on it; there ye find
Your limit, oft returning with the tide
And yet I cried because ye would not
pass

Beyond it, and far up the shining flood
Until we found the palace of the King
And yet ye would not; but this night
I dream'd

That I was all alone upon the flood,
And then I said, "Now shall I have
my will;"
And there I woke, but still the will
remain'd.

So let me hence that I may pass at last
Beyond the poplar and far up the flood
Until I find the palace of the King.
There will I enter in among them all
And no man there will dare to mock
at me;

But there the fine Gawain will wonder
at me,

And there the great Sir Lancelot must
at me;

Gawain, who bade a thousand fathoms
wells to me,

Lancelot, who coldly went, nor bade
me one,

And there the King will know me
and my love,

And there the Queen herself will pity
me,

And all the gentle court will welcome
me,

And after my long voyage I shall rest

'Peace,' said her father, 'O my
child, ye seem
Light-headed, for what force is yours
to go

So far, being sick? and wherefore
would ye look

On this proud fellow again, who scorned
us all?'

Then the rough Torre began
heave and move,
And bluster into stormy sobs and
say:

‘I never loved him; an I meet with
him, 1061
I care not howsoever great he be,
Then will I strike at him and strike
him down.
Give me good fortune, I will strike
him dead,
For this discomfort he hath done the
house.’

To whom the gentle sister made
reply:
‘Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor
be wroth,
Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot’s fault
Not to love me than it is mine to love
Him of all men who seems to me the
highest.’ 1070

‘Highest?’ the father answer’d,
echoing ‘highest?’—
He meant to break the passion in her
—‘nay,
Daughter, I know not what you call
the highest;
But this I know, for all the people
know it,
He loves the Queen, and in an open
shame,
And she returns his love in open shame;
If this be high, what is it to be low?’

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat:
‘Sweet father, all too faint and sick
am I
For anger. These are slanders; never
yet 1080
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made
a foe.
But now it is my glory to have loved
One peerless, without stain; so let me
pass.
My father, howsoever I seem to you,
Not all unhappy, having loved God’s
best
And greatest, tho’ my love had no re-
turn.
Yet, seeing you desire your child to
live,
Thanks, but you work against your
own desire,
For if I could believe the things you
say 1090
I should but die the sooner; wherefore
cease,

Sweet father, and bid call the ghost
man
Hither, and let me shrive me clean
and die.’

So when the ghostly man had come
and gone,
She, with a face bright as for sin for-
given,
Besought Lavaine to write as she di-
vised
A letter, word for word; and when he
ask’d,
‘Is it for Lancelot, is it for my de-
lord?’
Then will I bear it gladly;’ she re-
plied,
‘For Lancelot and the Queen and
the world,’ 11
But I myself must bear it.’ Then he
wrote
The letter she devised; which being
writ
And folded, ‘O sweet father, tend
and true,
Deny me not,’ she said — ‘ye never yet
Denied my fancies—this, however
strange,
My latest. Lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it; I shall guard it even in death
And when the heat has gone from out
my heart,
Then take the little bed on which I die
For Lancelot’s love, and deck it with
the Queen’s 11
For richness, and me also like the
Queen
In all I have of rich, and lay me
in it.
And let there be prepared a charic-
bier
To take me to the river, and a barge
Be ready on the river, clothed in black
I go in state to court, to meet the
Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine
own self,
And none of you can speak for me;
well.
And therefore let our dumb old man
alone 11
Go with me; he can steer and row
and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the
doors.’

so that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from
underground,¹¹³⁰
Then, those two brethren slowly with
bent brows
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier
Past like a shadow thro' the field, that
shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon
the barge,
Pall'd all its length in blackest samite,
lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the
house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his
face.
So those two brethren from the chariot
took
And on the black decks laid her in her
bed,¹¹⁴⁰
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazon-
ings,
And kiss'd her quiet brows, and say-
ing to her,
'Sister, farewell forever,' and again,
'Farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in
tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and
the dead,
Oar'd by the dumb, went unward

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Lady,
Take,

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'She did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep'.

ir bond, as not the bond of man and
 wife,
 could have in it an absolute trust
 : make up that defect : let rumors be.
 hen did not rumors fly ? these, as I
 trust
 at you trust me in your own noble-
 ness,
 say not well believe that you believe.'
 While thus he spoke, half turn'd
 away, the Queen

1190

Brake from the vast oriel-embowering
 vine
 Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast
 them off,
 Till all the place whereon she stood
 was green ;
 Then, when he ceased, in one cold pas-
 sive hand
 Received at once and laid aside the
 gems
 There on a table near her, and re-
 plied :

' It may be I am quicker of belief
Than you believe me, Lancelot of the
Lake.

Our bond is not the bond of man and
wife.

This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill, ¹²⁰⁰
It can be broken easier. I for you
This many a year have done despite
and wrong

To one whom ever in my heart of
hearts

I did acknowledge nobler. What are
these ?

Diamonds for me! they had been thrice
their worth

Being your gift, had you not lost your
own.

To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the giver's. Not for me!
For her! for your new fancy. Only
this

Grant me, I pray you ; have your joys
apart. ¹²¹⁰

I doubt not that, however changed,
you keep

So much of what is graceful ; and my-
self

Would shun to break those bounds of
courtesy

In which as Arthur's Queen I move
and rule,

So cannot speak my mind. An end to
this!

A strange one! yet I take it with
Amen.

So pray you, add my diamonds to her
pearls ;

Deck her with these ; tell her, she
shines me down :

An armlet for an arm to which the
Queen's

Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck ¹²²⁰

O, as much fairer — as a faith once fair
Was richer than these diamonds — hers

not mine —
Nay, by the mother of our Lord him-
self,

Or hers or mine, mine now to work my
will —

She shall not have them.'

Saying which she seized,
And, thro' the casement standing wide
for heat,

Flung them, and down they flash'd,
and smote the stream.

Then from the smitten surface flash'd,
as it were,

Diamonds to meet them, and they past
away.

Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half
d disdain ¹²³⁰

At love, life, all things, on the window
ledge,

Close underneath his eyes, and right
across

Where these had fallen, slowly past
the barge

Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest
night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not,
burst away

To weep and wail in secret ; and the
barge,

On to the palace-doorway sliding,
paused.

There two stood arm'd, and kept the
door ; to whom,

All up the marble stair, tier over
tier, ¹²⁴⁰

Were added mouths that gaped, and
eyes that ask'd,

' What is it ? ' but that oarsman's hag-
gard face,

As hard and still as is the face that
men

Shape to their fancy's eye from broker
rocks

On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and
they said :

' He is enchanted, cannot speak — and
she,

Look how she sleeps — the Fairy
Queen, so fair!

Yea, but how pale! what are they
flesh and blood ?

Or come to take the King to Fairyland
For some do hold our Arthur cannot

die, ¹²⁵⁰
But that he passes into Fairyland.'

While thus they babbled of the King
the King

Came girt with knights. Then turn'd
the tongueless man

From the half-face to the full eye, an
rose

And pointed to the damsel and the
doors.

So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percival

And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the
maid;
And reverently they bore her into
hall.
Then came the fine Gawain and won-
der'd at her.
And Lancelot later came and mused at
her.
And last the Queen herself, and pitied
her;
But Arthur spied the letter in her
hand,
Stoopt, took, brake seal, and read it;
this was all:

'Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the
Lake,
I sometimes call'd the maid of Astolat.
Come, for you left me taking no fare-
well,
Hither, to take my last farewell of
you.
I loved you, and my love had no re-
turn,
And therefore my true love has been
my death.
And therefore to our Lady Guine-
vere,
And to all other ladies, I make moan:
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.
Pay for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless.'

Thus he read;
And ever in the reading lords and
dames
Wept, looking often from his face who
read
To hers which lay so silent, and at
times,
So touch'd were they, half-thinking
that her lips
Who had devised the letter moved
again.

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to
them all:
'My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that
hear,
Know that for this most gentle maid-
en's death
Right heavy am I; for good she was
and true,
But loved me with a love beyond all
love
In women, whomsoever I have known.

Yet to be loved makes not to lo-
again;
Not at my years, however it hold
youth.
I swear by truth and knighthood th
I gave
No cause, not willingly, for such
love.
To this I call my friends in tes-
mony,
Her brethren, and her father, w
himself
Besought me to be plain and blur
and use,
To break her passion, some discourte
Against my nature; what I could
did.
I left her and I bade her no farewell
Tho', had I dreamt the damsel wou
have died,
I might have put my wits to sor-
rough use,
And help'd her from herself.'

Then said the Queen
Sea was her wrath, yet working aft
storm:
'Ye might at least have done her
much grace,
Fair lord, as would have help'd l
from her death.'
He raised his head, their eyes met a
hers fell,
He adding: 'Queen, she would not
content
Save that I wedded her, which cou
not be.
Then might she follow me thro't
world, she ask'd:
It could not be. I told her that h
love
Was but the flash of youth, wou
darken down,
To rise hereafter in a stiller flame
Toward one more worthy of her
then would I,
More specially were he she wedd
poor.
Estate them with large land and ter-
tory
In mine own realm beyond the narre
seas,
To keep them in all joyance. Me
than this
I could not; this she would not, a
she died.'

He pausing, Arthur answer'd: 'O
my knight,
It will be to thy worship, as my
knight,
And mine, as head of all our Table
Round,
To see that she be buried worshipfully.

So toward that shrine which then in
all the realm
Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly
went ¹³²⁰
The marshall'd Order of their Table
Round,
And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to
see
The maiden buried, not as one un-
known,
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obse-
quies,
And mass, and rolling music, like a
queen.
And when the knights had laid her
comely head
Low in the dust of half-forgotten
kings,
Then Arthur spake among them: 'Let
her tomb
Be costly, and her image thereupon,
And let the shield of Lancelot at her
feet ¹³³⁰
Be carven, and her lily in her hand.
And let the story of her dolorous voy-
age
For all true hearts be blazon'd on her
tomb
In letters gold and azure!' which was
wrought
Thereafter; but when now the lords
and dames
And people, from the high door stream-
ing, brake
Disorderly, as homeward each, the
Queen,
Who mark'd Sir Lancelot where he
moved apart,
Drew near, and sigh'd in passing,
'Lancelot,
Forgive me; mine was jealousy in
love.' ¹³⁴⁰
He answer'd with his eyes upon the
ground,
'That is love's curse; pass on, my
Queen, forgiven.'
But Arthur, who beheld his cloudy
brows,

Approach'd him, and with full
tion said:

'Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou
whom I have
Most joy and most affiance,
know
What thou hast been in battle
side,
And many a time have watch'd
the tilt
Strike down the lusty and long
tised knight
And let the younger and unskill-
by
To win his honor and to mai-
name,
And loved thy courtesies and
man
Made to be loved; but now I we-
God,
Seeing the homeless trouble in
eyes,
Thou couldst have loved this m-
shaped, it seems,
By God for thee alone, and fro-
face,
If one may judge the living
dead,
Delicately pure and marvellous
Who might have brought thee,
lonely man
Wifeless and heirless, noble
sons
Born to the glory of thy nam-
fame,
My knight, the great Sir Lancelot
the Lake.'

Then answer'd Lancelot: 'Fe-
was, my King,
Pure, as you ever wish your k-
to be.
To doubt her fairness were to w-
eye,
To doubt her pureness were to
heart—
Yea, to be loved, if what is
love
Could bind him, but free love w-
be bound.'

'Free love, so bound, were
said the King.
'Let love be free; free love is
best.

d, after heaven, on our dull side of
death,
what should be best, if not so pure a
love
shed in so pure a loveliness? yet
thee
I fail'd to bind, tho' being, as I
think,
bound as yet, and gentle, as I
know.'

And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but
he went,
and at the inrunning of a little brook
by the river in a cove, and watch'd
the high reed wave, and lifted up his
eyes

and saw the barge that brought her
moving down, ¹³⁸⁰
and off, a blot upon the stream, and
said

within himself: 'Ah, simple heart
and sweet,
I loved me, damsel, surely with a love
more tenderer than my Queen's. Pray
for thy soul?

That will I. Farewell too — now
at last —
farewell, fair lily. "Jealousy in
love?"

And rather dead love's harsh heir, jeal-
ous pride?

Seen, if I grant the jealousy as of
love,

Why not your crescent fear for name
and fame

Wax, as it waxes, of a love that
waned?

Why did the King dwell on my name
to me?

He own name shames me, seeming a
reproach,

Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake
ought from his mother's arms — the
wondrous one

Who passes thro' the vision of the
night —

He chanted snatches of mysterious
hymns

And on the winding waters, eve and
morn

He kiss'd me, saying, "Thou art fair,
my child,

A king's son," and often in her arms
He bare me, pacing on the dusky
mere.

Would she had drown'd me in it,
where'er it be!

For what am I? what profits me my
name

Of greatest knight? I fought for it,
and have it.

Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it,
pain;

Now grown a part of me; but what
use in it?

To make men worse by making my
sin known?

Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming
great?

Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a
man

Not after Arthur's heart! I needs
must break

These bonds that so defame me. Not
without

She wills it — would I, if she will'd it?
nay,

Who knows? but if I would not, then
may God,

I pray him, send a sudden angel down
To seize me by the hair and bear me
far,

And fling me deep in that forgotten
mere,

Among the tumbled fragments of the
hills.'

So groan'd Sir Lancelot in remorseful
pain,

Not knowing he should die a holy
man.

THE HOLY GRAIL

From noiseful arms, and acts of prow-
ess done

In tournament or tilt, Sir Percivale
Whom Arthur and his knights
call'd the Pure,

Had past into the silent life of prayer,
Praise, fast, and alms, and leaving for
the cowl

The helmet in an abbey far away
From Camelot, there, and not long
after, died.

And one, a fellow monk among the
rest,

Ambrosius, loved him much beyond
the rest,

And honor'd him, and wrought into
his heart¹⁰
A way by love that waken'd love
within,
To answer that which came; and as
they sat
Beneath a world-old yew-tree, darken-
ing half
The cloisters, on a gustful April morn
That puff'd the swaying branches into
smoke
Above them, ere the summer when he
died,
The monk Ambrosius question'd Per-
civale:

'O brother, I have seen this yew-
tree smoke,
Spring after spring, for half a hundred
years;
For never have I known the world
without,²⁰
Nor ever stray'd beyond the pale.
But thee,
When first thou camest — such a cour-
tesy
Spake thro' the limbs and in the voice
— I knew
For one of those who eat in Arthur's
hall;
For good ye are and bad, and like to
coins,
Some true, some light, but every one
of you
Stamp'd with the image of the King;
and now
Tell me, what drove thee from the
Table Round,
My brother? was it earthly passion
crost?'

'Nay,' said the knight; 'for no such
passion mine.³⁰
But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vainglories, rival-
ries,
And earthly heats that spring and
sparkle out
Among us in the jousts, while women
watch
Who wins, who falls, and waste the
spiritual strength
Within us, better offer'd up to heaven.'

To whom the monk: 'The Holy
Grail! — I trust

We are green in Heaven's eyes; but
here too much
We moulder — as to things without
mean —
Yet one of your own knights, a guest
of ours,
Told us of this in our refectory,
But spake with such a sadness and a
low
We heard not half of what he said
What is it?
The phantom of a cup that comes and
goes?'

'Nay, monk! what phantom?' an-
swer'd Percivale.
'The cup, the cup itself, from which
our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with his
own.
This, from the blessed land of Ar-
mat —
After the day of darkness, when the
dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah — the
good saint
Arimathæan Joseph, journeying
brought
To Glastonbury, where the winter
thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our
Lord.
And there awhile it bode; and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd
once,
By faith, of all his ills. But then the
times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to heaven, and did
appear'd.'

To whom the monk: 'From our old
books I know
That Joseph came of old to Glaston-
bury,
And there the heathen Prince, Arvir-
gus,
Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to
build;
And there he built with wattles from
the marsh
A little lonely church in days of yore
For so they say, these books of ours
but seem
Mute of this miracle, far as I have
read.

Who first saw the holy thing to-day?

'A woman,' answer'd Percivale, 'a nun,
and one no further off in blood from me
than sister; and if ever holy maid with
knees of adoration wore the stone,

holy maid; tho' never maiden glow'd,
at that was in her earlier maidenhood,
with such a fervent flame of human love,
which, being rudely blunted, glanced
and shot

only to holy things; to prayer and praise
she gave herself, to fast and alms.

And yet,
when as she was, the scandal of the Court,
and against Arthur and the Table Round,
and the strange sound of an adulterous race,
and the iron grating of her cell
beat, and she pray'd and fasted all the more.

'And he to whom she told her sins, or what
could but utter whiteness held for sin,
man wellnigh a hundred winters old,
made often with her of the Holy Grail,
legend handed down thro' five or six,
and each of these a hundred winters old,

from our Lord's time. And when King Arthur made
a Table Round, and all men's hearts became

again for a season, surely he had thought
that now the Holy Grail would come again;

but sin broke out. Ah, Christ, that it would come,
and heal the world of all their wickedness!

'Father!' ask'd the maiden,
"might it come

to me by prayer and fasting?"
"Nay," said he,

"I know not, for thy heart is pure as snow."

And so she pray'd and fasted, till the sun
shone, and the wind blew, thro' her, and I thought
she might have risen and floated when I saw her.

'For on a day she sent to speak with me.

And when she came to speak, behold her eyes

Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,

Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,

Beautiful in the light of holiness!

And "O my brother Percivale," she said,

"Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail;

For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound

As of a silver horn from o'er the hills blown, and I thought, 'It is not Arthur's use

To hunt by moonlight.' And the slender sound

As from a distance beyond distance grew

Coming upon me — O never harp nor horn,

Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,

Was like that music as it came; and then

Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and silver beam,

And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,

Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,

Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed

With rosy colors leaping on the wall;

And then the music faded, and the Grail

Past, and the beam decay'd, and from the walls

The rosy quiverings died into the night

So now the Holy Thing is here again
Among us, brother, fast thou too and pray.

And tell thy brother knights to fast and pray,

That so perchance the vision may be
seen
By thee and those, and all the world
be heal'd."

'Then leaving the pale nun, I spake
of this
To all men; and myself fasted and
pray'd
Always, and many among us many a
week
Fasted and pray'd even to the utter-
most,
Expectant of the wonder that would
be.

'And one there was among us, ever
moved
Among us in white armor, Galahad.
"God make thee good as thou art
beautiful!"
Said Arthur, when he dubb'd him
knight, and none
In so young youth was ever made a
knight
Till Galahad; and this Galahad, when
he heard
My sister's vision, fill'd me with amaze;
His eyes became so like her own, they
seem'd
Hers, and himself her brother more
than I.

Sister or brother none had he; but
some
Call'd him a son of Lancelot, and some
said
Begotten by enchantment — chattering
they,
Like birds of passage piping up and
down,
That gape for flies — we know not
whence they come;
For when was Lancelot wanderingly
lewd?

'But she, the wan sweet maiden,
shore away
Clean from her forehead all that wealth
of hair
Which made a silken mat-work for her
feet;
And out of this she plaited broad and
long
A strong sword-belt, and wove with
silver thread

And crimson in the belt a stran-
vice,
A crimson grail within a silver
And saw the bright boy-knight
bound it on him,
Saying: "My knight, my lov-
knight of heaven,
O thou, my love, whose love
with mine,
I, maiden, round thee, maiden
my belt.
Go forth, for thou shalt see
have seen,
And break thro' all, till one will
thee king
Far in the spiritual city;" and
spake
She sent the deathless passion
eyes
Thro' him, and made him her
laid her mind
On him, and he believed in her

'Then came a year of mirac-
brother,
In our great hall there stood a
chair,
Fashion'd by Merlin ere he past
And carven with strange figures
in and out
The figures, like a serpent, ran
Of letters in a tongue no man
read.
And Merlin call'd it "the Siege
ous,"
Perilous for good and ill; "for t
he said,
"No man could sit but he shoul
himself."
And once by misadventence Mer
In his own chair, and so was los
he,
Galahad, when he heard of M
doom,
Cried, "If I lose myself, I sav
self!"

'Then on a summer night it
to pass,
While the great banquet lay
the hall,
That Galahad would sit down in
lin's chair.

'And all at once, as there w
we heard



THE HOLY GRAIL

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cking and a riving of the roofs,
ending, and a blast, and overhead
der, and in the thunder was a cry.
in the blast there smote along the
hall

am of light seven times more
clear than day;
down the long beam stole the
Holy Grail

er cover'd with a luminous cloud,
none might see who bare it, and
it past.

very knight beheld his fellow's
face
a glory, and all the knights
arose,
taring each at other like dumb
men
till I found a voice and sware
a vow.

ware a vow before them all,
that I,
e I had not seen the Grail,
would ride
vemonth and a day in quest of
it.

found and saw it, as the nun
er saw it; and Galahad sware
he vow,
ood Sir Bors, our Lancelot's
ousin, sware,
ancelot sware, and many among
he knights,
swain sware, and louder than
he rest.'

spake the monk Ambrosius,
asking him,
said the King? Did Arthur
ake the vow?

for my lord,' said Percivale,
the King,
; in hall; for early that same
ay,
thro' a cavern from a bandit
old,
aged maiden sprang into the
all
on help; for all her shining
sir
ear'd with earth, and either
ilky arm
with hooks of bramble, and
she wore

Torn as a sail that leaves the rope is
torn

In tempest. So the King arose and
went

To smoke the scandalous hive of those
wild bees

That made such honey in his realm.
Howbeit

Some little of this marvel he too saw,
Returning o'er the plain that then
began

To darken under Camelot; whence
the King

Look'd up, calling aloud, "Lo, there!
the roofs

Of our great hall are roll'd in thunder-
smoke!

Pray heaven, they be not smitten by
the bolt!"

For dear to Arthur was that hall of
ours,

As having there so oft with all his
knights

Feasted, and as the stateliest under
heaven.

'O brother, had you known our
mighty hall,
Which Merlin built for Arthur long
ago!

For all the sacred mount of Camelot,
And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,
Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,
By grove, and garden-lawn, and rush-
ing brook,

Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin
built.

And four great zones of sculpture, set
betwixt

With many a mystic symbol, gird the
hall;

And in the lowest beasts are slaying
men,

And in the second men are slaying
beasts,

And on the third are warriors, perfect
men,

And on the fourth are men with
growing wings,

And over all one statue in the mould
Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a
crown,

And peak'd wings pointed to the
Northern Star.

And eastward fronts the statue, and
the crown

And both the wings are made of gold,
and flame
At sunrise till the people in far fields,
Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,
Behold it, crying, "We have still a
king."

"And, brother, had you known our
hall within,
Broader and higher than any in all
the lands!

Where twelve great windows blazon
Arthur's wars,
And all the light that falls upon the
board
Streams thro' the twelve great battles
of our King. ²⁵⁰

Nay, one there is, and at the eastern
end,

Wealthy with wandering lines of
mount and mere,
Where Arthur finds the brand Excali-
bur.

And also one to the west, and counter
to it,

And blank; and who shall blazon it?
when and how?—

O, there, perchance, when all our
wars are done,

The brand Excalibur will be cast
away!

"So to this hall full quickly rode
the King,

In horror lest the work by Merlin
wrought,

Dreamlike, should on the sudden van-
ish, wrapt ²⁶⁰

In unremorseful folds of rolling fire.
And in he rode, and up I glanced,

and saw

The golden dragon sparkling over all;
And many of those who burnt the
hold, their arms

Hack'd, and their foreheads grimed
with smoke and sear'd,

Follow'd, and in among bright faces,
ours,

Full of the vision, prest; and then the
King

Spake to me, being nearest, "Perci-
vale,"—

Because the hall was all in tumult—
some

Vowing, and some protesting.—
"What is this?" ²⁷⁰

"O brother, when I told him what
had chanced,

My sister's vision and the rest, his face
Darken'd, as I have seen it more than
once,

When some brave deed seem'd to be
done in vain,

Darken; and "Woe is me, my knights
he cried,

"Had I been here, ye had not sworn
the vow."

Bold was mine answer, "Had I been
here,

My King, thou wouldst have sworn
"Yea, yea," said he,

"Art thou so bold and hast not seen
the Grail?"

"Nay, lord, I heard the sound,
saw the light,

But since I did not see the holy thing
I swear a vow to follow it till I saw,

"Then when he ask'd us, knight or
knight, if any

Had seen it, all their answers were
one:

"Nay, lord, and therefore have we
sworn our vows."

"Lo, now," said Arthur, "have
ye seen a cloud?

What go ye into the wilderness to
see?"

"Then Galahad on the sudden, an
in a voice

Shrilling along the hall to Arthur
call'd,

"But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy
Grail,

I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—
"O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow
me!"

"Ah, Galahad, Galahad," said the
King, "for such

As thou art is the vision, not for thee
Thy holy nun and thou have seen

sign—
Holier is none, my Percivale, than
she—

A sign to maim this Order which
made.

But ye that follow but the leader
bell,"—

ther, the King was hard upon his
 knights, —
 assassin is our fullest throat of
 song, ³⁰⁰
 I one hath sung and all the dumb
 will sing.
 celot is Lancelot, and hath over-
 borne
 e knights at once, and every
 younger knight,
 proven, holds himself as Lancelot,
 overborne by one, he learns —
 and ye,
 at are ye? Galahads? — no, nor
 Percivales" —
 thus it pleased the King to range
 me close
 er Sir Galahad; — "nay," said he,
 "but men
 th strength and will to right the
 wrong'd, of power
 lay the sudden heads of violence
 flat, ³¹⁰
 ghts that in twelve great battles
 splash'd and dyed
 strong White Horse in his own
 heathen blood —
 one hath seen, and all the blind
 will see.
 since your vows are sacred, being
 made.
 — for ye know the cries of all my
 realm
 thro' this hall — how often, O
 my knights,
 ir places being vacant at my side,
 a chance of noble deeds will come
 and go
 hallenged, while ye follow wan-
 dering fires
 t in the quagmire! Many of you,
 yea most, ³²⁰
 urn no more. Ye think I show
 myself
 dark a prophet. Come now, let
 us meet
 : morrow morn once more in one
 full field
 gracious pastime, that once more
 the King,
 ore ye leave him for this quest,
 may count
 : yet-unbroken strength of all his
 knights,
 oicing in that Order which he
 made."

'So when the sun broke next from
 underground,
 All the great Table of our Arthur
 closed
 And clash'd in such a tourney and so
 full, ³³⁰
 So many lances broken — never yet
 Had Camelot seen the like since Ar-
 thur came;
 And I myself and Galahad, for a
 strength
 Was in us from the vision, overthrew
 So many knights that all the people
 cried,
 And 'almost burst the barriers in their
 heat,
 Shouting, "Sir Galahad and Sir Per-
 civale!"

'But when the next day brake from
 underground —
 O brother, had you known our Came-
 lot,
 Built by old kings, age after age, so
 old ³⁴⁰
 The King himself had fears that it
 would fall,
 So strange, and rich, and dim; for
 where the roofs
 Totter'd toward each other in the
 sky,
 Met foreheads all along the street of
 those
 Who watch'd us pass; and lower, and
 where the long
 Rich galleries, lady-laden, weigh'd
 the necks
 Of dragons clinging to the crazy walls,
 Thicker than drops from thunder,
 showers of flowers
 Fell as we past; and men and boys
 astride
 On wyvern, lion, dragon, griffin,
 swan, ³⁵⁰
 At all the corners, named us each by
 name,
 Calling "God speed!" but in the
 ways below
 The knights and ladies wept, and rich
 and poor
 Wept, and the King himself could
 hardly speak
 For grief, and all in middle street the
 Queen,
 Who rode by Lancelot, wail'd and
 shriek'd aloud.

"This madness has come on us for
our sins."
So to the Gate of the Three Queens
we came,
Where Arthur's wars are render'd
mystically,
And thence departed every one his
way. 360

'And I was lifted up in heart, and
thought
Of all my late-shown prowess in the
lists,
How my strong lance had beaten down
the knights,
So many and famous names; and
never yet
Had heaven appear'd so blue, nor
earth so green,
For all my blood danced in me, and I
knew
That I should light upon the Holy
Grail.

'Thereafter, the dark warning of
our King,
That most of us would follow wan-
dering fires,
Came like a driving gloom across my
mind. 370
Then every evil word I had spoken
once,
And every evil thought I had thought
of old,
And every evil deed I ever did,
Awoke and cried, "This quest is not
for thee."
And lifting up mine eyes, I found
myself
Alone, and in a land of sand and
thorns,
And I was thirsty even unto
death;
And I, too, cried, "This quest is not
for thee."

'And on I rode, and when I thought
my thirst
Would slay me, saw deep lawns, and
then a brook. 380
With one sharp rapid, where the crisp-
ing white
Play'd ever back upon the sloping
wave
And took both ear and eye; and o'er
the brook

Were apple-trees, and apples
brook
Fallen, and on the lawns. "
rest here,"
I said, "I am not worthy
quest;"
But even while I drank the brook
ate
The goodly apples, all these th-
once
Fell into dust, and I was left al-
And thirsting in a land of sand
thorns.

'And then behold a woman
door
Spinning; and fair the house w-
she sat,
And kind the woman's eyes an-
cent,
And all her bearing gracious; a
rose
Opening her arms to meet me, I
should say,
"Rest here;" but when I touch'd
lo! she, too,
Fell into dust and nothing, a
house
Became no better than a
shed,
And in it a dead babe; an
this
Fell into dust, and I was left al-

'And on I rode, and great
my thirst.
Then flash'd a yellow gleam ac-
world,
And where it smote the plowman
the field
The plowman left his plowman
fell down
Before it; where it glitter'd
pail
The milkmaid left her milkin
fell down
Before it, and I knew not wh-
thought
"The sun is rising," tho' the sun
risen.
Then was I ware of one that
moved
In golden armor with a cro-
gold
About a casque all jewels, a
horse

nor jewelled everywhere;
 splendor came, flashing
 ind,
 to me the lord of all the
 ge. But when I thought
 ant
 e, moving on me, lo! he,
 arms to embrace me as he
 ent and touch'd him, and
 o,
 st, and I was left alone
 ng in a land of sand and
 a 420
 de on and found a mighty
 e top a city wall'd; the
 i incredible pinnacles into
 n.
 gateway stirr'd a crowd;
 here
 ie climbing, "Welcome,
 vale!
 lest and thou purest among
 "as I and clomb, but found
 r any voice. And thence
 uinous city, and I saw
 id once dwelt there; but
 I found 430
 iz of an exceeding age.
 that goodly company,"
 ried out upon me?" and
 i
 voice to answer, and yet
 l,
 nd what art thou?" and
 as he spoke
 st and disappear'd, and I
 ne once more and cried in
 nd the Holy Grail itself
 it, it will crumble into
 "nce I dropt into a lowly
 440
 hill was high, and where
 de

Was lowest found a chapel, and there-
 by
 A holy hermit in a hermitage,
 To whom I told my phantoms, and he
 said:
 "O son, thou hast not true humil-
 ity,
 The highest virtue, mother of them
 all;
 For when the Lord of all things made
 Himself
 Naked of glory for His mortal change,
 'Take thou my robe,' she said, 'for all
 is thine,
 And all her form shone forth with
 sudden light 450
 So that the angels were amazed, and
 she
 Follow'd Him down, and like a flying
 star
 Led on the gray-hair'd wisdom of the
 east.
 But her thou hast not known; for
 what is this
 Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and
 thy sins?
 Thou hast not lost thyself to save thy-
 self
 As Galahad." When the hermit made
 an end,
 In silver armor suddenly Galahad
 shone
 Before us, and against the chapel door
 Laid lance and enter'd, and we knelt in
 prayer. 460
 And there the hermit slaked my burn-
 ing thirst,
 And at the sacring of the mass I saw
 The holy elements alone; but he,
 "Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw
 the Grail.
 The Holy Grail, descend upon the
 shrine.
 I saw the fiery face as of a child
 That smote itself into the bread and
 went;
 And hither am I come; and never
 yet
 Hath what thy sister taught me first
 to see,
 This holy thing, fall'd from my side,
 nor come 470
 Cover'd, but moving with me night
 and day,
 Fainter by day, but always in the night

Blood-red, and sliding down the black-
 en'd marsh
 Blood-red, and on the naked mountain
 top
 Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere
 below
 Blood-red. And in the strength of
 this I rode,
 Shattering all evil customs every-
 where,
 And past thro' Pagan realms, and
 made them mine,
 And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and
 bore them down,
 And broke thro' all, and in the strength
 of this ⁴⁸⁰
 Come victor. But my time is hard at
 hand,
 And hence I go, and one will crown
 me king
 Far in the spiritual city; and come
 thou, too,
 For thou shalt see the vision when I
 go."

'While thus he spake, his eye,
 dwelling on mine,
 Drew me, with power upon me, till I
 grew
 One with him, to believe as he be-
 lieved.
 Then, when the day began to wane, we
 went.

'There rose a hill that none but man
 could climb,
 Scarr'd with a hundred wintry water-
 courses — ⁴⁹⁰
 Storm at the top, and when we gain'd
 it, storm
 Round us and death; for every mo-
 ment glanced
 His silver arms and gloom'd, so quick
 and thick
 The lightnings here and there to left
 and right
 Struck, till the dry old trunks about
 us, dead,
 Yea, rotten with a hundred years of
 death,
 Sprang into fire. And at the base we
 found
 On either hand, as far as eye could
 see,
 A great black swamp and of an evil
 smell,

Part black, part whiten'd with
 bones of men,
 Not to be crost, save that some
 cient king
 Had built a way, where, link'd
 many a bridge,
 A thousand piers ran into the
 Sea.
 And Galahad fled along them b
 by bridge,
 And every bridge as quickly a
 crost
 Sprang into fire and vanish'd, t
 yearn'd
 To follow; and thrice above hi
 the heavens
 Open'd and blazed with thunder
 as seem'd
 Shoutings of all the sons of God.
 first
 At once I saw him far on the
 Sea,
 In silver-shining armor starry-cle
 And o'er his head the Holy V
 hung
 Clothed in white samite or a lumi
 cloud.
 And with exceeding swiftness ran
 boat,
 If boat it were — I saw not whe
 came.
 And when the heavens open'd
 blazed again
 Roaring, I saw him like a silver s
 And had he set the sail, or had
 boat
 Become a living creature clad
 wings?
 And o'er his head the Holy V
 hung
 Redder than any rose, a joy to m
 For now I knew the veil had
 withdrawn.
 Then in a moment when they b
 again
 Opening, I saw the least of little
 Down on the waste, and straigh
 yond the star
 I saw the spiritual city and al
 spires
 And gateways in a glory like
 pearl —
 No larger, tho' the goal of al
 saints —
 Strike from the sea; and from th
 there shot

Rose-red sparkle to the city, and
 there ⁵³⁰
 felt, and I knew it was the Holy
 Grail,
 Which never eyes on earth again shall
 see.
 When fell the floods of heaven drown-
 ing the deep,
 And how my feet recrost the deathful
 ridge
 In memory in me lives; but that I
 touch'd
 The chapel-doors at dawn I know, and
 thence
 Taking my war-horse from the holy
 man,
 Had that no phantom vex me more,
 return'd
 Whence I came, the gate of Arthur's
 wars.
 'O brother,' ask'd Ambrosius, —
 'for in sooth ⁵⁴⁰
 These ancient books — and they would
 win thee — teem,
 Holy I find not there this Holy Grail,
 With miracles and marvels like to
 these,
 Not all unlike; which oftentime I
 read,
 Who read but on my breviary with
 ease,
 Till my head swims, and then go forth
 and pass
 Down to the little thorpe that lies so
 close,
 And almost plaster'd like a martin's
 nest
 To these old walls — and mingle with
 our folk;
 And knowing every honest face of
 theirs ⁵⁵⁰
 As well as ever shepherd knew his
 sheep,
 And every homely secret in their
 hearts,
 Delight myself with gossip and old
 wives,
 And ills and aches, and teething,
 lyings-in,
 And mirthful sayings, children of the
 place,
 That have no meaning half a league
 away;
 For lulling random squabbles when
 they rise,

Chafferings and chatterings at the
 market-cross,
 Rejoice, small man, in this small world
 of mine,
 Yea, even in their hens and in their
 eggs — ⁵⁶⁰
 O brother, saving this Sir Galahad,
 Came ye on none but phantoms in
 your quest,
 No man, no woman?'

Then Sir Percivale
 'All men, to one so bound by such a
 vow,
 And women were as phantoms. O,
 my brother,
 Why wilt thou shame me to confess to
 thee
 How far I falter'd from my quest and
 vow?
 For after I had lain so many nights,
 A bed-mate of the snail and eft and
 snake,
 In grass and burdock, I was changed
 to wan ⁵⁷⁰
 And meagre, and the vision had not
 come;
 And then I chanced upon a goodly
 town
 With one great dwelling in the middle
 of it.
 Thither I made, and there was I dis-
 arm'd
 By maidens each as fair as any flower;
 But when they led me into hall, behold,
 The princess of that castle was the one,
 Brother, and that one only, who had
 ever
 Made my heart leap; for when I
 moved of old ⁵⁸⁰
 A slender page about her father's hall,
 And she a slender maiden, all my heart
 Went after her with longing, yet we
 twain
 Had never kiss'd a kiss or vow'd a vow.
 And now I came upon her once again,
 And one had wedded her, and he was
 dead,
 And all his land and wealth and state
 were hers
 And while I tarried, every day she set
 A banquet richer than the day before.
 By me, for all her longing and her will
 Was toward me as of old, till one fair
 morn. ⁵⁹⁰
 I walking to and fro beside a stream

That flash'd across her orchard under-
neath
Her castle-walls, she stole upon my
walk,
And calling me the greatest of all
knights,
Embraced me, and so kiss'd me the
first time,
And gave herself and all her wealth to
me.
Then I remember'd Arthur's warning
word,
That most of us would follow wander-
ing fires,
And the quest faded in my heart.

Anon,
The heads of all her people drew to me,
With supplication both of knees and
tongue :

"We have heard of thee; thou art
our greatest knight,
Our Lady says it, and we well believe.
Wed thou our Lady, and rule over us,
And thou shalt be as Arthur in our
land."

O me, my brother! but one night my
vow

Burnt me within, so that I rose and
fled,

But wail'd and wept, and hated mine
own self,

And even the holy quest, and all but
her;

Then after I was join'd with Galahad
Cared not for her nor anything upon
earth.' 601

Then said the monk: 'Poor men,
when yule is cold,

Must be content to sit by little fires.
And this am I, so that ye care for me

Ever so little; yea, and blest be heaven
That brought thee here to this poor
house of ours

Where all the brethren are so hard, to
warm

My cold heart with a friend; but O
the pity

To find thine own first love once more
— to hold,

Hold her a wealthy bride within thine
arms. 620

Or all but hold, and then — cast her
aside,

Foregoing all her sweetness, like a
weed!

For we that want the warm
double life,

We that are plagued with drea-
something sweet

Beyond all sweetness in a life sort
Ah, blessed Lord, I speak too

wise,
Seeing I never stray'd beyond
cell,

But live like an old badger in his
With earth about him every-
despite

All fast and penance. Saw yeno
side,

None of your knights?

'Yea, so,' said Perc
'One night my pathway swe-
east, I saw

The pelican on the casque of o-
Bors

All in the middle of the rising m-
And toward him spur'd, and

him, and he me,
And each made joy of either.

he ask'd:

"Where is he? hast thou seen
Lancelot? — Once,"

Said good Sir Bors, "he dash'd
me — mad,

And maddening what he rode
when I cried,

'Ridest thou then so hotly on a
So holy?' Lancelot shouted, 'St-

not!

I have been the sluggard, and I
apace,

For now there is a lion in the wa-
So vanish'd."

'Then Sir Bors had ridd-
Softly, and sorrowing for our L-

lot,
Because his former madness, once
talk

And scandal of our table, had retu-
For Lancelot's kith and kin so we-

him
That ill to him is ill to them, to
Beyond the rest. He well had

content

Not to have seen, so Lancelot
have seen,

The Holy Cup of healing; and, in
Being so clouded with his grie-

love,

Heart was his after the holy quest.
 And would send the vision, well;
 If not,
 Quest and he were in the hands
 of Heaven.

And then, with small adventure met, Sir Bors
 : to the lonest tract of all the realm,
 found a people there among their crags,
 race and blood, a remnant that were left
 him amid their circles, and the stones
 y pitch up straight to heaven; and their wise men
 re strong in that old magic which can trace
 : wandering of the stars, and scoff'd at him
 I this high quest as at a simple thing,
 d him he follow'd — almost Arthur's words —
 nocking fire: "what other fire than he
 ere-by the blood beats, and the blossom blows,
 d the sea rolls, and all the world is warm'd?"
 and when his answer chafed them, the rough crowd,
 aring he had a difference with their priests,
 ized him, and bound and plunged him into a cell
 : great piled stones; and lying bounden there
 : darkness thro' innumerable hours
 e heard the hollow-ringing heavens sweep
 ver him till by miracle — what else? —
 eavy as it was, a great stone slipt and fell,
 uch as no wind could move; and thro' the gap
 limmer'd the streaming soul. Then came a night
 till as the day was loud, and thro' the gap
 he seven clear stars of Arthur's Table Round —

For, brother, so one night, because they roll
 Thro' such a round in heaven, we named the stars,
 Rejoicing in ourselves and in our King —
 And these, like bright eyes of familiar friends,
 In on him shone: "And then to me, to me,"
 Said good Sir Bors, "beyond all hopes of mine,
 Who scarce had pray'd or ask'd it for myself —
 Across the seven clear stars — O grace to me! —
 In color like the fingers of a hand
 Before a burning taper, the sweet Grail
 Glided and past, and close upon it peal'd
 A sharp quick thunder." Afterwards, a maid,
 Who kept our holy faith among her kin
 In secret, entering, loosed and let him go.

To whom the monk: "And I remember now
 That pelican on the casque. Sir Bors it was
 Who spake so low and sadly at our board,
 And mighty reverent at our grace was he;
 A square-set man and honest, and his eyes,
 An outdoor sign of all the warmth within,
 Smiled with his lips — a smile beneath a cloud,
 But heaven had meant it for a sunny one.
 Ay, ay, Sir Bors, who else? But when ye reach'd
 The city, found ye all your knights return'd.
 Or was there sooth in Arthur's prophecy,
 Tell me, and what said each, and what the King?"

Then answer'd Percivale: "And that can I,
 Brother, and truly; since the living words

the stones	T
Raw that they fell from, brought us	A
to the hall.	W
‘And there sat Arthur on the dais- throne,	M
And those that had gone out upon the quest,	
Wasted and worn, and but a tithe of them,	He
And those that had not, stood before the King,	At
Who, when he saw me, rose and bade me hail,	He
Saying: ‘‘A welfare in thine eyes re- proves	Un
Our fear of some disastrous chance for thee	‘‘H
On hill or plain, at sea or flooding ford.	Cot
So fierce a gale made havoc here of late	‘‘A
Among the strange devices of our kings,	I sa
Yea, shook this newer, stronger hall of ours,	‘‘
And from the statue Merlin moulded for us	
Half-wrench’d a golden wing; but	Spa
now — the quest,	
This vision — hast thou seen the Holy Cup	Perl
That Joseph brought of	

King, my friend, if friend of thine
 I be,
 pper are those that welter in their
 sin,
 me in the mud, that cannot see for
 slime,
 ne of the ditch ; but in me lived a
 sin
 strange, of such a kind, that all of
 pure, ⁷⁷⁰
 le, and knightly in me twined
 and clung
 and that one sin, until the whole-
 some flower
 I poisonous grew together, each as
 each,
 to be pluck'd asunder ; and when
 thy knights
 are, I swear with them only in the
 hope
 at could I touch or see the Holy
 Grail
 ey might be pluck'd asunder.
 Then I spake
 one most holy saint, who wept and
 said
 at, save they could be pluck'd
 asunder, all
 'quest were but in vain ; to whom
 I vow'd ⁷⁸⁰
 at I would work according as he
 will'd.
 d forth I went, and while I yearn'd
 and strove
 tear the twain asunder in my
 heart,
 madness came upon me as of old,
 d whipt me into waste fields far
 away.
 re was I beaten down by little
 men,
 un knights, to whom the moving of
 my sword
 d shadow of my spear had been
 enow
 scare them from me once ; and
 then I came
 in my folly to the naked shore, ⁷⁹⁰
 le flats, where nothing but coarse
 grasses grew ;
 such a blast, my King, began to
 blow,
 loud a blast along the shore and
 sea,
 could not hear the waters for the
 blast,

Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all
 the sea
 Drove like a cataract, and all the sand
 Swept like a river, and the clouded
 heavens
 Were shaken with the motion and the
 sound.
 And blackening in the sea-foam
 sway'd a boat,
 Half-swallow'd in it, anchor'd with a
 chain ; ⁸⁰⁰
 And in my madness to myself I said,
 'I will embark and I will lose myself,
 And in the great sea wash away my
 sin.'
 I burst the chain, I sprang into the
 boat.
 Seven days I drove along the dreary
 deep,
 And with me drove the moon and all
 the stars ;
 And the wind fell, and on the seventh
 night
 I heard the shingle grinding in the
 surge,
 And felt the boat shock earth, and
 looking up,
 Behold, the enchanted towers of Car-
 bonek, ⁸¹⁰
 A castle like a rock upon a rock,
 With chasm-like portals open to the
 sea,
 And steps that met the breaker !
 There was none
 Stood near it but a lion on each side
 That kept the entry, and the moon
 was full.
 Then from the boat I leapt, and up
 the stairs,
 There drew my sword. With sudden-
 flaring manes
 Those two great beasts rose upright
 like a man,
 Each gript a shoulder, and I stood be-
 tween,
 And, when I would have smitten
 them, heard a voice, ⁸²⁰
 'Doubt not, go forward ; if thou
 doubt, the beasts
 Will tear thee piecemeal.' Then with
 violence
 The sword was dash'd from out my
 hand, and fell.
 And up into the sounding hall I past ;
 But nothing in the sounding hall I
 saw,

No bench nor table, painting on the wall
 Or shield of knight, only the rounded moon
 Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.
 But always in the quiet house I heard,
 Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,
 A sweet voice singing in the topmost tower
 To the eastward. Up I climb'd a thousand steps
 With pain; as in a dream I seem'd to climb
 For ever; at the last I reach'd a door,
 A light was in the crannies, and I heard,
 'Glory and joy and honor to our Lord
 And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail!' Then in my madness I essay'd the door;
 It gave, and thro' a stormy glare, a heat
 As from a seven-times-heated furnace, I,
 Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,
 With such a fierceness that I swoon'd away —
 O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
 All pall'd in crimson samite, and around
 Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes!
 And but for all my madness and my sin,
 And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
 That which I saw; but what I saw was veil'd
 And cover'd, and this quest was not for me."

'So speaking, and here ceasing,
 Lancelot left
 The hall long silent, till Sir Gawain —
 nay,
 Brother, I need not tell thee foolish words, —
 A reckless and irreverent knight was he,
 Now bolden'd by the silence of his King, —
 Well, I will tell thee: "O King, my liege," he said,

"Hath Gawain fail'd in any quest
 thine?
 When have I stinted stroke in fough
 field?
 But as for thine, my good friend
 civalé,
 Thy holy nun and thou have dri
 men mad,
 Yea, made our mightiest madder t
 our least.
 But by mine eyes and by mine ea
 swear,
 I will be deafer than the blue-eyed
 And thrice as blind as any noon
 owl,
 To holy virgins in their ecstasies,
 Henceforward."

"Deafer," said the blameless Ki
 "Gawain, and blinder unto b
 things,
 Hope not to make thyself by i
 vows,
 Being too blind to have desire to
 But if indeed there came a sign fr
 heaven,
 Blessed are Bors, Lancelot, and F
 civalé,
 For these have seen according to th
 sight.
 For every fiery prophet in old time
 And all the sacred madness of the ba
 When God made music thro' the
 could but speak
 His music by the framework and t
 chord;
 And as ye saw it ye have spoken tru

"Nay — but thou errest, Lancel
 never yet
 Could all of true and noble in knig
 and man
 Twine round one sin, whatever
 might be,
 With such a closeness but apart th
 grew,
 Save that he were the swine th
 spake of,
 Some root of knighthood and p
 nobleness;
 Whereto see thou, that it may bear
 flower.

"And spake I not too truly, O
 knights?
 Was I too dark a prophet when I s



n with a slow smile turn'd the
lady round
ook'd upon her people; and, as
when
ne is flung into some sleeping
tarn
role widens till it lip the marge,
l the slow smile thro' all her
company.

91
knights were thereamong, and
they too smiled,
ng him; for the lady was Et-
tarre,
ie was a great lady in her land.

n she said: 'O wild and of the
woods,
st thou not the fashion of our
speech?
'e the Heavens but given thee
a fair face,
g a tongue?'

'O damsel,' answer'd he,
ce from dreams, and coming
out of gloom
zzled by the sudden light, and
rave
; but will ye to Caerleon? I
wise; shall I lead you to the
ling?'

l then,' she said; and thro'
ie woods they went.
ile they rode, the meaning in
is eyes,
lerness of manner, and chaste
we,
ken utterances and bashful-
ess,
a burthen to her, and in her
part
tter'd, 'I have lighted on a
ol,
t so stale!' But since her
ind was bent
ng, after trumpet blown, her
me
e, 'Queen of Beauty,' in the
its
and beholding him so strong
e thought
radventure he will fight for
e,
i the circlet—therefore flat-
r'd him,

Being so gracious that he wellnigh
deem'd
His wish by hers was echo'd; and her
knights
And all her damsels too were gracious
to him,
For she was a great lady.

And when they reach'd
Caerleon, ere they past to lodging,
she,
Taking his hand, 'O the strong hand,'
she said,
'See! look at mine! but wilt thou
fight for me,
And win me this fine circlet, Pelleas,
That I may love thee?'

Then his helpless heart
Leapt, and he cried, 'Ay! wilt thou
if I win?'
'Ay, that will I,' she answer'd, and
she laugh'd,
And straitly nipt the hand, and flung
it from her;
Then glanced askew at those three
knights of hers.
Till all her ladies laugh'd along with
her.

'O happy world,' thought Pelleas,
'all, meseems,
Are happy; I the happiest of them
all!'
Nor slept that night for pleasure in his
blood,
And green wood-ways, and eyes among
the leaves;
Then being on the morrow knighted,
sware
To love one only. And as he came
away,
The men who met him rounded on
their heels
And wonder'd after him, because his
face
Shone like the countenance of a priest
of old
Against the flame about a sacrifice
Kindled by fire from heaven; so glad
was he.

Then Arthur made vast banquets,
and strange knights
From the four winds came in; and
each one sat.

Tho' served with choice from air, land,
stream, and sea,
Oft in mid-banquet measuring with
his eyes
His neighbor's make and might; and
Pelleas look'd
Noble among the noble, for he
dream'd
His lady loved him, and he knew him-
self
Loved of the King; and him his new-
made knight
Worshipt, whose lightest whisper
moved him more
Than all the ranged reasons of the
world.

Then blush'd and brake the morn-
ing of the jousts, ¹⁵⁰
And this was call'd 'The Tournament
of Youth;'
For Arthur, loving his young knight,
withheld
His older and his mightier from the
lists,
That Pelleas might obtain his lady's
love,
According to her promise, and re-
main
Lord of the tourney. And Arthur had
the jousts
Down in the flat field by the shore of
Usk
Holden; the gilded parapets were
crown'd
With faces, and the great tower fill'd
with eyes
Up to the summit, and the trumpets
blew. ¹⁶⁰
There all day long Sir Pelleas kept the
field
With honor; so by that strong hand
of his
The sword and golden circlet were
achieved.

Then rang the shout his lady loved;
the heat
Of pride and glory fired her face, her
eye
Sparkled; she caught the circlet from
his lance,
And there before the people crown'd
herself.
So for the last time she was gracious
to him.

Then at Caerleon for a space—he
look
Bright for all others, cloudier on
knight—
Linger'd Ettarre; and, seeing Pelleas
droop
Said Guinevere, 'We marvel at thee
much,
O damsel, wearing this unsunny
face
To him who won thee glory!' And
she said,
'Had ye not held your Lancelot in
your bower,
My Queen, he had not won.' Whereat
the Queen,
As one whose foot is bitten by an
ant,
Glanced down upon her, turn'd and
went her way.

But after, when her damsels, and
herself,
And those three knights all set their
faces home,
Sir Pelleas follow'd. She that saw
him cried:
'Damsels—and yet I should be shamed
to say it—
I cannot bide Sir Baby. Keep him
back
Among yourselves. Would rather
that we had
Some rough old knight who knew the
worldly way,
Albeit grizzlier than a bear, to ride
And jest with! Take him to you
keep him off,
And pamper him with papmeat, if y
will,
Old milky fables of the wolf and
sheep,
Such as the wholesome mothers tell
their boys.
Nay, should ye try him with a merry
one
To find his mettle, good; and if I
fly us,
Small matter! let him.' This the
damsels heard,
And, mindful of her small and cruel
hand,
They, closing round him thro' the
journey home,
Acted her hest, and always from his
side

gain'd him with all manner of
device,
that he could not come to speech
with her.
when she gain'd her castle, up-
sprang the bridge,
rang the grate of iron thro' the
groove,
he was left alone in open
field.

These be the ways of ladies,' Pel-
leas thought,
those who love them, trials of our
faith.
let her prove me to the utter-
most,
loyal to the uttermost am I.'
made his moan, and, darkness fall-
ing, sought
sorrow not far off, there lodged, but
rose
th morning every day, and, moist
or dry,
larm'd upon his charger all day
long
by the walls, and no one open'd to
him.

and this persistence turn'd her scorn
to wrath.
n, calling her three knights, she
charged them, 'Out!
I drive him from the walls.' And
out they came,
Pelleas overthrew them as they
dash'd
ainst him one by one; and these
return'd,
still he kept his watch beneath
the wall.

thereon her wrath became a hate;
and once,
week beyond, while walking on
the walls
th her three knights, she pointed
downward, 'Look,
haunts me — I cannot breathe
besieges me!
sn! strike him! put my hate into
your strokes,
I drive him from my walls.' And
down they went,
I Pelleas overthrew them one by
one;

And from the tower above him cried
Ettarre,
'Bind him, and bring him in.'
He heard her voice;
Then let the strong hand, which had
overthrown
Her minion-knights, by those he over-
threw
Be bounden straight, and so they
brought him in.

Then when he came before Ettarre,
the sight
Of her rich beauty made him at one
glance
More bondsman in his heart than in
his bonds.
Yet with good cheer he spake: 'Be-
hold me, lady,
A prisoner, and the vassal of thy will;
And if thou keep me in thy donjon
here,
Content am I so that I see thy face
But once a day; for I have sworn my
vows,
And thou hast given thy promise, and
I know
That all these pains are trials of my
faith,
And that thyself, when thou hast seen
me strain'd
And sifted to the utmost, wilt at length
Yield me thy love and know me for
thy knight.'

Then she began to rail so bitterly,
With all her damsels, he was stricken
mute,
But, when she mock'd his vows and
the great King,
Lighted on words: 'For pity of thine
own self,
Peace, lady, peace; is he not thine and
mine?'
'Thou fool,' she said, 'I never heard
his voice
But long'd to break away. Unbind him
now,
And thrust him out of doors; for save
he be
Fool to the midmost marrow of his
bones,
He will return no more.' And those,
her three,
Laugh'd, and unbound, and thrust
him from the gate.

IDYLLS OF THE KING

And after this, a week beyond, again
 She call'd them, saying: 'There he
 watches yet,
 There like a dog before his master's
 door!
 Kick'd, he returns; do ye not hate
 him, ye?
 Ye know yourselves; how can ye bide
 at peace,
 Affronted with his fulsome innocence?
 Are ye but creatures of the board and
 bed,
 No men to strike? Fall on him all at
 once,
 And if ye slay him I reckon not; if ye
 fail,
 Give ye the slave mine order to be
 bound,
 Bind him as heretofore, and bring him
 in.
 It may be ye shall slay him in his
 bonds.'

She spake, and at her will they
 couch'd their spears,
 Three against one; and Gawain pass-
 ing by,
 Bound upon solitary adventure, saw
 Low down beneath the shadow of
 those towers
 A villainy, three to one; and thro' his
 heart
 The fire of honor and all noble deeds
 Flash'd, and he call'd, 'I strike upon
 thy side —
 The caitiffs!' 'Nay,' said Pelleas,
 'but forbear;
 He needs no aid who doth his lady's
 will.'

So Gawain, looking at the villainy
 done,
 Forbore, but in his heat and eagerness
 Trembled and quiver'd, as the dog,
 withheld
 A moment from the vermin that he
 sees
 Before him, shivers ere he springs and
 kills.

And Pelleas overthrew them, one to
 three;
 And they rose up, and bound, and
 brought him in.
 Then first her anger, leaving Pelleas,
 burn'd

Full on her knights in many
 name
 Of craven, weakling, and thrice
 hound:
 'Yet, take him, ye that scarce
 to touch,
 Far less to bind, your vict-
 thrust him out,
 And let who will release him fr-
 bonds.
 And if he comes again' — the
 brake short;
 And Pelleas answer'd: 'Lady,
 deed
 I loved you and I deem'd you
 tiful,
 I cannot brook to see your
 marr'd
 Thro' evil spite; and if ye le-
 not,
 I cannot bear to dream you
 sworn.
 I had liefer ye were worthy
 love
 Than to be loved again of you-
 well.
 And tho' ye kill my hope, not
 love,
 Vex not yourself; ye will not
 more.'

While thus he spake, she
 upon the man
 Of princely bearing, tho' in bon-
 thought:
 'Why have I push'd him from
 this man loves,
 If love there be; yet him I lov-
 Why?
 I deem'd him fool? yea, so?
 in him
 A something — was it nobler th-
 self? —
 Seem'd my reproach? He is
 my kind.
 He could not love me, did he
 me well.
 Nay, let him go — and quickly
 her knights
 Laugh'd not, but thrust him be-
 out of door.

Forth sprang Gawain, and
 him from his bonds,
 And flung them o'er the wall
 afterward.

ing his hands, as from a lazar's
rag.

th of my body,' he said, 'and art
thou not—³¹⁰

thou art he, whom late our Ar-
thur made

ght of his table; yea, and he that
won

circlet? wherefore hast thou so
defamed

brotherhood in me and all the rest
et these caitiffs on thee work their
will?'

nd Pelleas answer'd: 'O, their
wills are hers

whom I won the circlet; and
mine, hers,

is to be bounden, so to see her face,
r'd tho' it be with spite and mock-
ery now,

er than when I found her in the
woods;³²⁰

I tho' she hath me bounden but in
spite,

I all to flout me, when they bring
me in,

me be bounden, I shall see her
face;

must I die thro' mine unhappi-
ness.

nd Gawain answer'd kindly tho'
in scorn:

hy, let my lady bind me if she will,
I let my lady beat me if she will;

an she send her delegate to thrall
se fighting hands of mine— Christ

kill me then

I will slice him handless by the
wrist,³³⁰

I let my lady sear the stump for
him,

as he may! But hold me for
your friend.

ne, ye know nothing; here I pledge
my troth,

by the honor of the Table Round,
ill be leal to thee and work thy

work,

I tame thy jailing princess to thine
hand.

nd me thine horse and arms, and I
will say

at I have slain thee. She will let
me in

To hear the manner of thy fight and
fall;

Then, when I come within her coun-
sels, then³⁴⁰

From prime to vespers will I chant
thy praise

As prowest knight and truest lover,
more

Than any have sung thee living, till
she long

To have thee back in lusty life
again,

Not to be bound, save by white bonds
and warm,

Dearer than freedom. Wherefore now
thy horse

And armor; let me go; be comforted.
Give me three days to melt her fancy,
and hope

The third night hence will bring thee
news of gold.'

Then Pelleas lent his horse and all
his arms,³⁵⁰

Saving the goodly sword, his prize,
and took

Gawain's, and said, 'Betray me not,
but help—

Art thou not he whom men call light-
of-love?'

'Ay,' said Gawain, 'for women be
so light;'

Then bounded forward to the castle
walls,

And raised a bugle hanging from his
neck,

And winded it, and that so musically
That all the old echoes hidden in the
wall

Rang out like hollow woods at hunt-
ing-tide.

Up ran a score of damsels, to the
tower;

'Avaunt,' they cried, 'our lady loves
thee not!'

But Gawain lifting up his visor
said:

'Gawain am I, Gawain of Arthur's
court.

And I have slain this Pelleas whom
ye hate.

Behold his horse and armor. Open
gates,

And I will make you merry.'

And down they ran,
Her damsels, crying to their lady,
'Lo!
Pelleas is dead—he told us—he that
hath
His horse and armor; will ye let him
in?
He slew him! Gawain, Gawain of
the court, 370
Sir Gawain—there he waits below
the wall,
Blowing his bugle as who should say
him nay.'

And so, leave given, straight on
thro' open door
Rode Gawain, whom she greeted
courteously.
'Dead, is it so?' she ask'd. 'Ay, ay,'
said he,
'And oft in dying cried upon your
name.'
'Pity on him,' she answer'd, 'a good
knight,
But never let me bide one hour at
peace.'
'Ay,' thought Gawain, 'and you be
fair enow;
But I to your dead man have given
my troth, 380
That whom ye loathe, him will I
make you love.'

So those three days, aimless about
the land,
Lost in a doubt, Pelleas wandering
Waited, until the third night brought
a moon
With promise of large light on woods
and ways.

Hot was the night and silent; but a
sound
Of Gawain ever coming, and this lay—
Which Pelleas had heard sung before
the Queen,
And seen her sadden listening—vext
his heart,
And marr'd his rest—'A worm within
the rose.' 390

'A rose, but one, none other rose had I,
A rose, one rose, and this was wondrous
fair,
One rose, a rose that gladden'd earth and
sky,

One rose, my rose, that sweeten'd
air—
I cared not for the thorns; the thorns
there.

'One rose, a rose to gather by as
One rose, a rose, to gather and to
No rose but one—what other rose
One rose, my rose; a rose that will
He dies who loves it,—if the
there.'

This tender rhyme, and even
the doubt,
'Why lingers Gawain with his
news?'
So shook him that he could
but rode
Ere midnight to her walls, and
his horse
Hard by the gates. Wide open
the gates,
And no watch kept; and in the
he past,
And heard but his own steps,
own heart
Beating, for nothing moved
own self
And his own shadow. Then
the court,
And spied not any light in
bower,
But saw the postern portal also
Yawning; and up a slope of
all
Of roses white and red, and to
mixt
And overgrowing them, went
found,
Here too, all hush'd below the
moon,
Save that one rivulet from a
Came lightening downward,
spilt itself
Among the roses and was lost

Then was he ware of three
reard
Above the bushes, gilden-pe
one,
Red after revel, droned her
knights
Slumbering, and their three
across their feet;
In one, their malice on the pl
Frozen by sweet sleep, four
damsels lay;

in the third, the circlet of the
jousts
and on her brow, were Gawain and
Ettarre.

ack, as a hand that pushes thro'
the leaf
find a nest and feels a snake, he
drew;
k, as a coward slinks from what
he fears
cope with, or a traitor proven, or
bound
ten, did Pelleas in an utter shame
up with his shadow thro' the court
again,
gearing at his sword-handle until
he stood
re on the castle-bridge once more,
and thought,
will go back, and slay them where
they lie.'

nd so went back, and seeing them
yet in sleep
l, 'Ye, that so dishallow the holy
sleep,
or sleep is death,' and drew the
sword, and thought,
hat! slay a sleeping knight? the
King hath bound
I sworn me to this brotherhood;
again,
as that ever a knight should be so
false!'
n turn'd, and so return'd, and
groaning laid
naked sword athwart their naked
throats,
re left it, and them sleeping; and
she lay,
circlet of the tourney round her
brows,
I the sword of the tourney across
her throat.

nd forth he past, and mounting
on his horse
ed at her towers that, larger than
themselves
their own darkness, throug'd into
the moon:
n crush'd the saddle with his
thighs, and clench'd
hands, and madden'd with himself
and moan'd:

'Would they have risen against me
in their blood
At the last day? I might have an
swer'd them
Even before high God. O towers so
strong,
Huge, solid, would that even while I
gaze
The crack of earthquake shivering to
your base
Split you, and hell burst up your har-
lot roofs
Bellowing, and charr'd you thro' and
thro' within,
Black as the harlot's heart—hollow
as a skull!
Let the fierce east scream thro' your
eyelet-holes,
And whirl the dust of harlots round
and round
In dung and nettles! hiss, snake—I
saw him there—
Let the fox bark, let the wolf yell!
Who yells
Here in the still sweet summer night
but I—
I, the poor Pelleas whom she call'd
her fool?
Fool, beast—he, she, or I? myself
most fool:
Beast too, as lacking human wit—
disgraced,
Dishonor'd all for trial of true love—
Love?—we be all alike; only the King
Hath made us fools and liars. O
noble vows!
O great and sane and simple race of
brutes
That own no lust because they have
no law!
For why should I have loved her to
my shame?
I loathe her, as I loved her to my
shame.
I never loved her, I but lusted for
her—
Away!'

He dash'd the rowel into his horse,
And bounded forth and vanish'd thro'
the night.

Then she, that felt the cold touch
on her throat,
Awaking knew the sword, and turn'd
herself

IDYLLS OF THE KING

To Gawain: 'Liar, for thou hast not
slain 480
This Pelleas! here he stood, and
might have slain
Me and thyself.' And he that tells
the tale
Says that her ever-veering fancy
turn'd
To Pelleas, as the one true knight on
earth
And only lover; and thro' her love
her life
Wasted and pined, desiring him in
vain.

But he by wild and way, for half
the night,
And over hard and soft, striking the
sod
From out the soft, the spark from off
the hard,
Rode till the star above the wakening
sun, 490
Beside that tower where Percivale
was cowl'd,
Glanced from the rosy forehead of the
dawn.
For so the words were flash'd into his
heart
He knew not whence or wherefore :
'O sweet star,
Pure on the virgin forehead of the
dawn !'
And there he would have wept, but
felt his eyes
Harder and drier than a fountain bed
In summer. Thither came the village
girls
And linger'd talking, and they came
no more
Till the sweet heavens have fill'd it
from the heights 500
Again with living waters in the
change
Of seasons. Hard his eyes, harder
his heart
Seem'd ; but so weary were his limbs
that he,
Gasping, 'Of Arthur's hall am I, but
here,
Here let me rest and die,' cast himself
down,
And gulf'd his griefs in inmost sleep ;
so lay,
Till shaken by a dream, that Gawain
fired

The hall of Merlin, and the n
star
Reel'd in the smoke, brake into
and fell.

He woke, and being ware
one night,
Sent hands upon him, as to te
crying,
'False ! and I held thee pure as
vere.'

But Percivale stood near h
replied,
'Am I but false as Guine
pure ?
Or art thou mazed with drea
being one
Of our free-spoken Table h
heard
That Lancelot* — there he
himself and paused.

Then fared it with Sir Pe
with one
Who gets a wound in battle,
sword
That made it plunges thro' the
again,
And pricks it deeper ; and he
and wail'd,
'Is the Queen false?' and P
was mute.
'Have any of our Round Tal
their vows ?'
And Percivale made answe
word.
'Is the King true?' 'The
said Percivale.
'Why, then let men couple
with wolves.
What ! art thou mad ?'

But Pelleas, leap
Ran thro' the doors and vaulte
horse
And fled. Small pity upon h
had he,
Or on himself, or any, and v
met
A cripple, one that held a h
alms —
Hunch'd as he was, and like
dwarf-elm
That turns its back on the sa
the boy

sed not, but overrode him, shout-
ing, 'False,
false with Gawain!' and so left
him bruised
batter'd, and fled on, and hill and
wood
at ever streaming by him till the
gloom
at follows on the turning of the
world
ken'd the common path. He
twitch'd the reins,
made his beast, that better knew
it, swerve 540
off it and now on; but when he
saw
h up in heaven the hall that Mer-
lin built,
ckening against the dead-green
stripes of even,
ack nest of rats,' he groan'd, 'ye
build too high.'

ot long thereafter from the city
gates
ed Sir Lancelot riding airily,
run with a gracious parting from
the Queen,
ce at his heart, and gazing at a
star
I marvelling what it was; on whom
the boy,
was the silent seeded meadow-
grass 550
ne, clash'd; and Lancelot, saying,
'What name hast thou
at ridest here so blindly and so
hard?'
o name, no name,' he shouted, 'a
scourge am I
lash the treasons of the Table
Round.'
ea, but thy name?' 'I have many
names,' he cried:
un wrath and shame and hate and
evil fame,
I like a poisonous wind I pass to
blast
I blaze the crime of Lancelot and
the Queen.'
rst over me,' said Lancelot, 'shalt
thou pass.'
ght therefore,' yell'd the youth,
and either knight 560
w back a space, and when they
closed, at once

The weary steed of Pelleas flounder-
ing flung
His rider, who call'd out from the
dark field,
'Thou art false as hell; slay me, I
have no sword.'
Then Lancelot, 'Yea, between thy
lips — and sharp;
But here will I disedge it by thy
death.'
'Slay then,' he shriek'd, 'my will is
to be slain.'
And Lancelot, with his heel upon the
fallen,
Rolling his eyes, a moment stood, then
spake:
'Rise, weakling; I am Lancelot; say
thy say.' 570

And Lancelot slowly rode his war-
horse back
To Camelot, and Sir Pelleas in brief
while
Caught his unbroken limbs from the
dark field,
And follow'd to the city. It chanced
that both
Brake into hall together, worn and
pale.
There with her knights and dames was
Guinevere.
Full wondering she gazed on Lancelot
lot
So soon return'd, and then on Pelleas,
him
Who had not greeted her, but cast
himself
Down on a bench, hard breathing.
'Have ye fought?' 580
She ask'd of Lancelot. 'Ay, my
Queen,' he said.
'And thou hast overthrown him?'
'Ay, my Queen.'
Then she, turning to Pelleas, 'O young
knight,
Hath the great heart of knighthood in
thee fail'd
So far thou canst not bide, unfro-
wardly.
A fall from *him*?' Then, for he an-
swer'd not,
'Or hast thou other griefs? If I, the
Queen,
May help them, loose thy tongue, and
let me know'
But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce

prey.
 Then a long silence came upon the
 hall,
 And Modred thought, 'The time is
 hard at hand.'

THE LAST TOURNAMENT

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in
 his mood
 Had made mock-knight of Arthur's
 Table Round,
 At Camelot, high above the yellowing
 woods,
 Danced like a wither'd leaf before the
 hall.
 And toward him from the hall, with
 harp in hand,
 And from the crown thereof a carca-
 net
 Of ruby swaying to and fro, the
 prize
 Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday.
 Came Tristram, saying, 'Why skip ye
 so, Sir Fool?'

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding
 once
 Far down beneath a winding wall of
 rock
 Heard a child wail. A stump of oak
 half-dead.

And names
 self
 A momen
 you
 Being smi
 mor
 Past from
 cane
 Vext her
 the
 So she, del
 'Take tho
 innc
 And mak
 tour

 To who
 thin
 Dead nest
 deat
 Following
 I m
 Why ye ne
 zone
 Those dian
 the
 And Lanc
 thec

 'Would
 full,
 'Plunge a
 wer

the sweet body of a maiden babe.
chance — who knows? — the purest
of thy knights
win them for the purest of my
maids.' 50

he ended, and the cry of a great
jousts
trumpet-blowings ran on all the
ways
in Camelot in among the faded
fields
furthest towers; and everywhere
the knights
n'd for a day of glory before the
King.

but on the hither side of that loud
morn
o the hall stagger'd, his visage
ribb'd
an ear to ear with dogwhip-weals,
his nose
dge-broken, one eye out, and one
hand off,
d one with shatter'd fingers dan-
gling lame, 60
churl, to whom indignantly the
King:

My churl, for whom Christ died,
what evil beast
th drawn his claws athwart thy
face? or fiend?
n was it who marr'd heaven's image
in thee thus?'

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of
splinter'd teeth,
t strangers to the tongue, and with
blunt stump
ch-blacken'd sawing the air, said
the maim'd churl:

He took them and he drave them
to his tower —
ne hold he was a table knight of
thine —
hundred goodly ones — the Red
Knight, he — 70
d, I was tending swine, and the
Red Knight
ake in upon me and drave them to
his tower;
I when I call'd upon thy name as
one

That doest right by gentle and by
churl,
Maim'd me and maul'd, and would out-
right have slain,
Save that he sware me to a message,
saying:
"Tell thou the King and all his liars
that I
Have founded my Round Table in the
North,
And whatsoever his own knights have
sworn
My knights have sworn the counter to
it — and say 80
My tower is full of harlots, like his
court,
But mine are worthier, seeing they
profess
To be none other than themselves —
and say
My knights are all adulterers like his
own,
But mine are truer, seeing they pro-
fess
To be none other: and say his hour is
come,
The heathen are upon him, his long
lance
Broken, and his Excalibur a straw."'

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the sen-
eschal:
'Take thou my churl, and tend him
curiously 90
Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be
whole.
The heathen — but that ever-climbing
wave,
Hurl'd back again so often in empty
foam,
Hath lain for years at rest — and rene-
gades,
Thieves, bandits, leavings of confu-
sion, whom
The wholesome realm is purged of
otherwise,
Friends, thro' your manhood and your
falty, — now
Make their last head like Satan in the
North.
My younger knights, new made, in
whom your flower
Waits to be solid fruit of golden
deeds, 100
Move with me toward their quelling,
which achieved,

The loneliest ways are safe from shore
to shore.
But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my
place
Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the
field;
For wherefore shouldst thou care to
mingle with it,
Only to yield my Queen her own
again?
Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent; is it
well?

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd: 'It
is well;
Yet better if the King abide, and
leave
The leading of his younger knights to
me.
Else, for the King has will'd it, it is
well.'

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot fol-
low'd him,
And while they stood without the
doors, the King
Turn'd to him, saying: 'Is it then so
well?
Or mine the blame that oft I seem as
he
Of whom was written, "A sound is in
his ears"?
The foot that loiters, bidden go, — the
glance
That only seems half-loyal to com-
mand, —
A manner somewhat fallen from rever-
ence —
Or have I dream'd the bearing of our
knights
Tells of a manhood ever less and
lower?
Or whence the fear lest this my realm,
uprear'd,
By noble deeds at one with noble
vows,
From flat confusion and brute vio-
lences,
Reel back into the beast, and be no
more?'

He spoke, and taking all his younger
knights,
Down the slope city rode, and sharply
turn'd

North by the gate. In her high
the Queen,
Working a tapestry, lifted
head,
Watch'd her lord pass, and in
that she sigh'd.
Then ran across her many
strange rhyme
Of bygone Merlin, 'Where is
knows?
From the great deep to the ga-
he goes.'

But when the morning of a
ment,
By these in earnest those in
call'd
The Tournament of the De-
cance,
Brake with a wet wind blows
celot,
Round whose sick head all ni-
birds of prey,
The words of Arthur flying
arose,
And down a streetway hung w
of pure
White samite, and by founts
ning wine,
Where children sat in white w
of gold,
Moved to the lists, and the
slow sad steps
Ascending, fill'd his double-
chair.

He glanced and saw the sta-
leries,
Dame, damsel, each thro' w
their Queen
White-robed in honor of the
child,
And some with scatter'd jew-
bank
Of maiden snow mingled wit
of fire.
He look'd but once, and vall'd
again.

The sudden trumpet sound
dream
To ears but half-awaked, the
roll
Of autumn thunder, and d
began;

THE LAST TOURNAMENT

And ever the wind blew, and yellow-
 ing leaf,
 And gloom and gleam, and shower and
 shorn plume
 Went down it. Sighing wearily, as
 one
 Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
 When all the goodlier guests are past
 away,
 Their great umpire looking o'er the
 lists.
 He saw the laws that ruled the tourna-
 ment 160
 Broken, but spake not; once, a knight
 cast down
 Before his throne of arbitration cursed
 The dead babe and the follies of the
 King;
 And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,
 And show'd him, like a vermin in its
 hole,
 A red, a narrow face. Anon he
 heard
 The voice that billow'd round the bar-
 riers roar
 An ocean-sounding welcome to one
 knight,
 But newly-enter'd, taller than the rest,
 And armor'd all in forest green,
 whereon 170
 There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
 And wearing but a holly-spray for
 crest,
 With ever-scattering berries, and on
 shield
 A spear, a harp, a bugle — Tristram
 — late
 From over-seas in Brittany return'd,
 And marriage with a princess of that
 realm,
 Isolt the White — Sir Tristram of the
 Woods —
 Whom Lancelot knew, had held some-
 time with pain
 His own against him, and now yearn'd
 to shake
 The burthen off his heart in one full
 shock 180
 With Tristram even to death. His
 strong hands gript
 And dinted the gilt dragons right and
 left,
 Until he groan'd for wrath — so many
 of those
 That were their ladies' colors on the
 casque

Drew from before Sir Tristram to
 bounds,
 And there with gibes and flicks
 mockeries
 Stood, while he mutter'd, 'O
 crests! O shame!
 What faith have these in whom
 I swore to love?
 The glory of our Round Table
 is more.'

So Tristram won, and Lan-
 celot gave, the gems,
 Not speaking other word than, 'O
 thou won?
 Art thou the purest, brother?
 the hand
 Wherewith thou takest this is
 to whom
 Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's
 languorous mood,
 Made answer: 'Ay, but when
 I toss me this
 Like a dry bone cast to some hun-
 dound?
 Let be thy fair Queen's fan-
 tasy
 Strength of heart
 And might of limb, but mainly
 and skill,
 Are winners in this pastime of
 King.
 My hand — belike the lance hath
 won upon it —
 No blood of mine, I trow; but O
 knight,
 Right arm of Arthur in the be-
 lieved
 field,
 Great brother, thou nor I have
 won the world;
 Be happy in thy fair Queen as
 I am mine.'

And Tristram round the ga-
 rden made his horse
 Carnocle; then bow'd his hom-
 age bluntly saying,
 'Fair damsels, each to him who
 ships each
 Sole Queen of Beauty and of love
 hold
 This day my Queen of Beauty is
 here.'
 And most of these were mute, s-
 anger'd, one
 Murmuring, 'All courtesy is
 dead and one.'

'The glory of our Round Table is no more.'

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt
and mantle clung,
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan
day
Went glooming down in wet and
weariness:

But under her black brows a swarthy
ie
shrilly, crying: 'Praise the
patient saints,
; white day of Innocence hath
past,
somewhat dragged at the skirt.
So be it.

'drop only, flowering thro'
ar, 220
e the world as blank as
tide.
us gladden their sad eyes,
Queen's
d Lancelot's, at this night's solemn-
nity
h all the kindlier colors of the
field.'

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the
feast
Variously gay; for he that tells the
tale
Likened them, saying, as when an
hour of cold
Falls on the mountain in midsummer
snows,
And all the purple slopes of mountain
flowers
Pass under white, till the warm hour
returns 230
With veer of wind and all are flowers
again,
So dame and damsel cast the simple
white,
And glowing in all colors, the live
grass,
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup,
poppy, glanced
About the revels, and with mirth so
loud
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed,
the Queen,
And wroth at Tristram and the law-
less jousts,
Brake up their sports, then slowly to
her bower

Parted, and in her bosom pain w
lord.

And little Dagonet on the morn
morn,
High over all the yellowing autumn
tide,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before t
hall.

Then Tristram saying, 'Why skip
so, Sir Fool?'
Wheel'd round on either heel, D
gonet replied,
'Belike for lack of wiser company;
Obeying fool, and seeing too much w
the world rotten, why, bell
I skip

To know myself the wisest knight o
all.'

'Ay, fool,' said Tristram, 'but 't
eating dry
To dance without a catch, a roundelay
To dance to.' Then he twangled ca
his harp, 235
And while he twangled little Dagonet
stood

Quiet as any water-sodden log
Stay'd in the wandering warble of a
brook,

But when the twangling ended, skipt
again;

And being ask'd, 'Why skipt ye not,
Sir Fool?'

Made answer, 'I had liefer twenty
years

Skip to the broken music of my brains
Than any broken music thou canst
make.'

Then Tristram, waiting for the quip
to come, 240
'Good now, what music have I broken,
fool?'

And little Dagonet, skipping, 'Arthur
the King's;

For when thou playest that air with
Queen Isolt,

Thou makest broken music with thy
bride,

Her daintier namesake down in Brit
tany—

And so thou breakest Arthur's musi
too.'

'Save for that broken music in thy
brains,

Sir Fool,' said Tristram, 'I would
break thy head.

Come late, the heathen wars
 'ere o'er,
 Had flown, we sware but by
 shell —
 A fool to reason with a fool —
 Thou art crabb'd and sour; but
 I me down,
 Net, one of thy long asses'
 Is,
 Even if my music be not true.

Love — free field — we love but
 As we may.
 Are hush'd, their music is no
 ;
 Dead, the yearning past away.
 New life — the days of frost are
 ;
 New love, to suit the newer day;
 Are sweet as those that went be-
 fore.
 A free field — we love but while
 they say."

Might have moved slow-meas-
 ure to my tune,
 I stock-still. I made it in
 woods,
 Did it ring as true as tested
 did.

Dagonet with one foot poised
 in his hand:
 Did ye mark that fountain
 yesterday,
 Run wine? — but this had
 itself
 Like a long life to a sour
 life —
 In that round it sat with
 ten cups
 Of wine to whosoever came —
 Five small damosels white as
 innocence,
 Of poor Innocence the babe,
 The gems which Innocence
 Queen
 He King, and Innocence the
 King
 A prize — and one of those
 ite slips
 Her cup and piped, the pretty
 ;
 Drink, Sir Fool," and there-
 on I drank.
 Ah — the cup was gold, the
 sight was mud.'

And Tristram: 'Was it muddier
 than thy gibes?
 Is all the laughter gone dead out of
 thee? —
 Not marking how the knighthood
 mock thee, fool —
 "Fear God: honor the King — his
 one true knight —
 Sole follower of the vows" — for here
 be they
 Who knew thee swine enow before I
 came,
 Smuttier than blasted grain. But
 when the King
 Had made thee fool, thy vanity so
 shot up
 It frightened all free fool from out thy
 heart;
 Which left thee less than fool, and
 less than swine,
 A naked aught — yet swine I hold
 thee still,
 For I have flung thee pearls and find
 thee swine.'

And little Dagonet mincing with
 his feet:
 'Knight, an ye fling those rubies
 round my neck
 In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast
 some touch
 Of music, since I care not for thy
 pearls.
 Swine? I have wallow'd, I have
 wash'd — the world
 Is flesh and shadow — I have had my
 day.
 The dirty nurse, Experience, in her
 kind
 Hath foul'd me — an I wallow'd, then
 I wash'd —
 I have had my day and my philoso-
 phies —
 And thank the Lord I am King Ar-
 thur's fool.
 Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses,
 rams, and geese
 Troop'd round a Paynim harper once,
 who thrumm'd
 On such a wire as musically as
 thou
 Some such fine song — but never a
 king's fool.'

And Tristram, 'Then were swine,
 goats, asses, geese

That harpest downward ! Dost thou
 know the star
 We call the Harp of Arthur up in
 heaven ?'

And Tristram, 'Ay, Sir Fool, for
 when our King
 Was victor wellnigh day by day, the
 knight,
 Glorifying in each new glory, set his
 name
 High on all hills and in the signs of
 heaven.'

And Dagonet answer'd : 'Ay, and
 when the land
 Was freed, and the Queen false, ye
 set yourself
 To babble about him, all to show your
 wit—
 And whether he were king by cour-
 tesy,
 Or king by right — and so went harp-
 ing down
 The black king's highway, got so far
 and grew
 So witty that ye play'd at ducks and
 drakes
 With Arthur's vows on the great lake
 of fire.
 Tuwhoo ! do ye see it ? do ye see the
 star ?'

And do
 aw
 But thro
 nu
 And solit
 Rode Tri
 the
 Before h
 Isc
 With rul
 Past, as
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 Made du
 ey
 'For all
 pe
 Anon the
 ble
 Unruffin
 Of one t
 tur
 But at th
 Or even
 ag
 So on f
 law
 Thro' ma
 rod
 A lodge
 bot

With six or seven, when Tristram was
away,
And snatch'd her thence, yet, dread-
ing worse than shame
Her warrior Tristram, spake not any
word,
But bode his hour, devising wretched-
ness.

And now that desert lodge to Tris-
tram lookt
So sweet that, halting, in he past and
sank
Down on a drift of foliage random-
blown;
But could not rest for musing how to
smooth
And sleek his marriage over to the
queen.
Perchance in lone Tintagil far from
all
The tonguesters of the court she had
not heard.
But then what folly had sent him over-
seas
After she left him lonely here? a
name?
Was it the name of one in Brittany,
Isolt, the daughter of the king?
'Isolt
Of the White Hands' they call'd her:
the sweet name
Allured him first, and then the maid
herself,
Who served him well with those white
hands of hers,
And loved him well, until himself had
thought
He loved her also, wedded easily,
But left her all as easily, and return'd.
The black blue Irish hair and Irish
eyes
Had drawn him home — what marvel?
then he hid
His brows upon the drifted leaf and
dream'd.

He seem'd to pace the strand of
Brittany
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,
And show'd them both the ruby chain,
and both
Began to struggle for it, till his
queen
Graspt it so hard that all her hand was
red.

Then cried the Breton, 'Look, her
hand is red!
These be no rubies, this is froze
blood,
And melts within her hand — her hand
is hot
With ill desires, but this I gave the
look,
Is all as cool and white as any flower
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and
then
A whimpering of the spirit of the
child,
Because the twain had spoil'd her ca-
canet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with
hundred spears
Rode far, till o'er the illimitable rees
And many a glancing plash and sa-
lowy isle,
The wide-wing'd sunset of the mist
marsh
Glared on a huge machicolated towe
That stood with open doors, whereon
was roll'd
A roar of riot, as from men secure
Amid their marshes, ruffians at the
ease
Among their harlot brides, an ev-
song.
'Lo there,' said one of Arthur's youth
for there,
High on a grim dead tree before the
tower,
A goodly brother of the Table Round
Swung by the neck; and on the
boughs a shield
Showing a shower of blood in a fie-
noir,
And therewith a horn, inflamed the
knights
At that dishonor done the guide
spoke
Till each would clash the shield and
blow the horn
But Arthur waved them back — Alas
he rode
Then at the dry harsh roar of the
great horn
That sent the flocks of the marsh
doff
An ever upward rushing storm at
the end
Of shriek and plume the Red Knight
heard, and all,

Even to tipmost lance and topmost
helm,
In blood-red armor sallying, howl'd to
the King :

'The teeth of Hell flay bare and
gnash thee flat! —
Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted
king
Who fain had clipt free manhood from
the world —
The woman-worshipper? Yea, God's
curse, and I!
Slain was the brother of my paramour
By a knight of thine, and I that heard
her whine
And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,
Swore by the scorpion-worm that
twists in hell⁴⁵⁰
And stings itself to everlasting death,
To hang whatever knight of thine I
fought
And tumbled. Art thou king? — Look
to thy life!'

He ended. Arthur knew the voice;
the face
Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the
name
Went wandering somewhere darkling
in his mind.
And Arthur deign'd not use of word
or sword,
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd
from horse
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
Down from the causeway heavily to
the swamp⁴⁶⁰
Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching
wave,
Heard in dead night along that table-
shore,
Drops flat, and after the great waters
break
Whitening for half a league, and thin
themselves,
Far over sands marbled with moon
and cloud,
From less and less to nothing; thus
he fell
Head-heavy. Then the knights, who
watch'd him, roar'd
And shouted and leapt down upon
the fallen,
There trampled out his face from be-
ing known,

And sank his head in mire, as
themselves;
Nor heard the King for the
cries, but sprang
Thro' open doors, and swords
and left
Men, women, on their sodde
hur'd
The tables over and the wine
slew
Till all the rafters rang with
yells,
And all the pavement stream
massacre.
Then, echoing yell with yell
fired the tower,
Which half that autumn night
the live North,
Red-pulsing up thro' Aliothas
Made all above it, and a
meres
About it, as the water Moab
Come round by the east, and
yond them flush'd
The long low dune and lary-pl
sea.

So all the ways were safe from
to shore,
But in the heart of Arthur's
lord.

Then, out of Tristram wakened
red dream
Fled with a shout, and that he
return'd,
Mid-forest, and the wind as
boughs.
He whistled his good war-horse
graze
Among the forest greens, vault
him,
And rode beneath an ever-sh
leaf,
Till one lone woman, weeping
cross,
Stay'd him. 'Why weep ye?'
she said, 'my man
Hath left me or is dead;' who
thought —
'What, if she hate me now?
not this.
What, if she love me still?
not that.
I know not what I would' —
to her,

THE LAST TOURNAMENT

At weep not thou, lest, if thy mate
 return,
 find thy favor changed and love
 thee not' —
 aen pressing day by day thro' Lyon-
 nesse⁵⁰⁰
 ast in a roky hollow, belling, heard
 the hounds of Mark, and felt the
 goodly hounds
 felp at his heart, but, turning, past
 and gain'd
 tintagil, half in sea and high on land,
 A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,
 A low sea-sunset glorying round her
 hair
 And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the
 queen.
 And when she heard the feet of Tris-
 tram grind
 The spiring stone that sealed about
 her tower,
 Flush'd, started, met him at the doors,
 and there⁵¹⁰
 Belted his body with her white em-
 brace,
 Crying aloud: 'Not Mark — not Mark,
 my soul!
 The footstep flutter'd me at first — not
 he!
 Catlike thro' his own castle steals my
 Mark,
 But warrior wise thou stridest thro'
 his halls
 Who hates thee, as I him — even to
 the death.
 My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark
 Quicken within me, and knew that
 thou wert nigh.'
 To whom Sir Tristram smiling, 'I am
 here;
 Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine.'

And drawing somewhat backward
 she replied:
 Can he be wrong'd who is not even
 his own,
 But save for dread of thee had beaten
 me,
 Scratch'd, bitten, blooded, marr'd me
 somehow — Mark?
 What rights are his that dare not
 strike for them?
 Not lift a hand — not, tho' he found
 me thus!

But harken! have ye met him? he
 he went
 To-day for three days' hunting-
 he said —
 And so returns belike within an h
 Mark's way, my soul! — but eat
 thou with Mark,
 Because he hates thee even more
 fears,
 Nordrink; and when thou passest
 wood
 Close vizer, lest an arrow from
 bush
 Should leave me all alone with M
 and hell.
 My God, the measure of my hate
 Mark

Is as the measure of my love for th
 So, pluck'd one way by hate
 one by love,
 Drain'd of her force, again she
 and spake
 To Tristram, as he knelt before
 saying:
 'O hunter, and O blower of the h
 Harper, and thou hast been a r
 too,
 For, ere I mated with my shamh
 king,
 Ye twain had fallen out about
 bride
 Of one — his name is out of me —
 prize,
 If prize she were — what marvel
 she could see —
 Thine, friend, and ever since
 craven seeks
 To wreck thee villainously — bu
 Sir Knight,
 What dame or damsel have ye kn
 to last?'

And Tristram: 'Last to my C
 Penance.'
 Here now to my queen penance
 I've
 And — loveless — nay, lovelier
 when met
 Her fight to tell on our rough
 ness,
 Seiling from Ireland.'

Softly I engh
 'Flatter me not, for hath not
 Queen

My dole of beauty trebled?' and he said:

'Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,

And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, kind—

Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips

Most gracious; but she, haughty, even to him,

Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow

To make one doubt if ever the great Queen

Have yielded him her love.'

To whom Isolt:

'Ah, then, false hunter and false harper, thou

Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,

Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me

That Guinevere had sinn'd against the highest,

And I—misynoked with such a want of man—

That I could hardly sin against the lowest.'

He answer'd: 'O my soul, be comforted!

If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings,

If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,

Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin

That made us happy; but how ye greet me—fear

And fault and doubt—no word of that fond tale—

Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet memories

Of Tristram in that year he was away.'

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt:

'I had forgotten all in my strong joy To see thee—yearnings?—ay! for,

hour by hour,

Here in the never-ended afternoon, 580

O, sweeter than all memories of thee, Deeper than any yearnings after thee

Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,

Watch'd from this tower. Isolt of Britain dash'd

Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,

Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss! Wedded her?

Fought in her father's battles! wounded there?

The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,

And she, my namesake of the hands that heal'd

Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress—

Well—can I wish her any huger wrong?

Than having known thee? her too hast thou left

To pine and waste in those sweet memories.

O, were I not my Mark's, by whom all men

Are noble, I should hate thee more than love.'

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, replied:

'Grace, queen, for being loved; she loved me well.

Did I love her? the name at least I loved.

Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!

The night was dark; the true star set Isolt!

The name was ruler of the dark—Isolt?

Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,

Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God.'

And Isolt answer'd: 'Yea, and why not I?

Mine is the larger need, who am no meek,

Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now,

Here one black, mute midsummer night I sat,

Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,

Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,

And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.

Then flash'd a levin-brand ; and near
me stood,
In fuming sulphur blue and green, a
fiend —
Mark's way to steal behind one in the
dark —
For there was Mark : " He has wedded
her," he said,
Not said, but hiss'd it ; then this
crown of towers
So shook to such a roar of all the
sky,
That here in utter dark I swoon'd
away,
And woke again in utter dark, and
cried,
" I will flee hence and give myself to
God " —
And thou wert lying in thy new
leman's arms.' 620

Then Tristram, ever dallying with
her hand,
" May God be with thee, sweet, when
old and gray,
And past desire ! " a saying that an-
ger'd her.
" May God be with thee, sweet, when
thou art old,
And sweet no more to me ! " I need
Him now.
For when had Lancelot utter'd aught
so gross
Even to the swineherd's malkin in the
mast ?
The greater man the greater cour-
tesy.
Far other was the Tristram, Arthur's
knight !
But thou thro' ever harrying thy wild
beasts — 630
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a
lance
Becomes thee well — art grown wild
beast thyself.
How darest thou, if lover, push me
even
In fancy from thy side, and set me
far
In the gray distance, half a life
away,
Her to be loved no more ? Unsay it,
unswear !
Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,
Broken with Mark and hate and soli-
tude,

Thy marriage and mine own, that
should suck
Lies like sweet wines. Lie to me ;
believe. 64
Will ye not lie ? not swear, as ther
ye kneel,
And solemnly as when ye sware to him
The man of men, our King — M
God, the power
Was once in vows when men believe
the King !
They lied not then who sware, an
thro' their vows
The King prevailing made his real
— I say,
Swear to me thou wilt love me eve
when old,
Gray-hair'd, and past desire, and I
despair.'

Then Tristram, pacing moodily u
and down :
" Vows ! did you keep the vow yo
made to Mark 65
More than I mine ? Lied, say ye
Nay, but learnt,
The vow that binds too strictly snap
itself —
My knighthood taught me this — ay
being snapt —
We run more counter to the sou
thereof
Than had we never sworn. I swen
no more.
I swore to the great King and am for
sworn.
For once — even to the height —
honor'd him.
" Man, is he man at all ? " methought
when first
I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and
beheld
That victor of the Pagan throned i
hall —
His hair, a sun that ray'd from off
brow
Like hill-snow high in heaven, th
steel blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lip
with light
Moreover, that wild bend of hi
birth,
With Merlin's mystic babble about hi
end
Amazed me ; then, his foot was on
stool

Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me
no man,
But Michael trampling Satan; so I
sware,
Being amazed. But this went by —
The vows!
O, ay — the wholesome madness of an
hour —
They served their use, their time; for
every knight
Believed himself a greater than him-
self,
And every follower eyed him as a
God;
Till he, being lifted up beyond him-
self,
Did mightier deeds than elsewhere he
had done,
And so the realm was made. But then
their vows —
First mainly thro' that sullyng of our
Queen —
Began to gall the knighthood, asking
whence
Had Arthur right to bind them to
himself?
Dropt down from heaven? wash'd
up from out the deep?
They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh
and blood
Of our old kings. Whence then? a
doubtful lord
To bind them by inviolable vows,
With flesh and blood perforce would
violate;
For feel this arm of mine — the tide
within
Red with free chase and heather-
scented air,
Pulsing full man. Can Arthur make
me pure
As any maiden child? lock up my
tongue
From uttering freely what I freely
hear?
Bind me to one? The wide world
laughs at it.
And worldling of the world am I, and
know
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his
hour
Woos his own end; we are not angels
here
Nor shall be. Vows — I am wood-
man of the woods,
And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale

Mock them — my soul, we love
while we may;
And therefore is my love so large
thee,
Seeing it is not bounded save by love

Here ending, he moved toward her
and she said:
' Good; an I turn'd away my love
thee
To some one thrice as courteous
thyself —
For courtesy wins woman all
well
As valor may, but he that does
both
Is perfect, he is Lancelot — taller in
deed,
Rosier and comelier, thou — but say
loved
This knightliest of all knights, and
cast thee back
Thine own small saw, " We love
while we may,"
Well then, what answer?'

He that while she spoke
Mindful of what he brought to adorn
her with,
The jewels, had let one finger lightly
touch
The warm white apple of her throat
replied,
' Press this a little closer, sweet, until —
Come, I am hunger'd and half-angry
— meat,
Wine, wine — and I will love thee
the death,
And out beyond into the dream
come.'

So then, when both were brought
to full accord,
She rose, and set before him all
will'd;
And after these had comforted
blood
With meats and wines, and satiated
their hearts —
Now talking of their woodland
dise,
The deer, the dews, the fern
founts, the lawns;
Now mocking at the much un-
ness,

I craven shifts, and long crane legs
 of Mark —
 Tristram laughing caught the
 harp and sang:

Ay, ay, O, ay — the winds that bend
 the brier!
 A star in heaven, a star within the mere!
 ay, O, ay — a star was my desire,
 One was far apart and one was near.
 ay, O, ay — the winds that bow the
 grass! ⁷²⁹
 One was water and one star was fire,
 One will ever shine and one will pass.
 ay, O, ay — the winds that move the
 mere!

Then in the light's last glimmer
 Tristram show'd
 I swung the ruby carcanet. She
 cried,
 The collar of some Order, which our
 King
 Newly founded, all for thee, my
 soul,
 Thee, to yield thee grace beyond
 thy peers.'

Not so, my queen,' he said, 'but
 the red fruit
 Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-
 heaven,
 I won by Tristram as a tourney-
 prize, ⁷⁴⁰
 I hither brought by Tristram for
 his last
 Peace-offering and peace-offering unto
 thee.'

He spoke, he turn'd, then, flinging
 round her neck,
 Spat it, and cried, 'Thine Order, O
 my queen!'
 While he bow'd to kiss the
 jewell'd throat,
 Of the dark, just as the lips had
 touch'd,
 And him rose a shadow and a
 shriek —
 Mark's way,' said Mark, and clove
 him thro' the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and
 while he climb'd,
 In a death-dumb autumn-dripping
 gloom, ⁷⁵⁰
 A stairway to the hall, and look'd
 and saw

The great Queen's bower was dark, —
 about his feet
 A voice clung sobbing till he ques-
 tion'd it,
 'What art thou?' and the voice about
 his feet
 Sent up an answer, sobbing, 'I am
 thy fool,
 And I shall never make thee smile
 again.'

GUINEVERE

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court,
 and sat
 There in the holy house at Almesbury
 Weeping, none with her save a little
 maid,
 A novice. One low light betwixt them
 burn'd
 Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all
 abroad,
 Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
 The white mist, like a face-cloth to
 the face,
 Clung to the dead earth, and the land
 was still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of
 flight
 Sir Modred; he that like a subtle
 beast ¹⁰
 Lay couchant with his eyes upon the
 throne,
 Ready to spring, waiting a chance.
 For this
 He chill'd the popular praises of the
 King
 With silent smiles of slow disparage-
 ment;
 And tamper'd with the Lords of the
 White Horse,
 Heathen, the brood by Hengist left
 and sought
 To make disruption in the Table Round
 Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds
 Serving his traitorous end; and all his
 aims
 Were sharpen'd by strong hate for
 Lancelot. ²⁰

For thus it chanced one morn when
 all the court,
 Green suited, but with plumes that
 mock'd the may,

Had seen—their went—sorrowing
and sorrowing.
That Mordred still in green, all summer
and
climbed to the high top of the garden-
wall
To spy some secret counsel if he might
And saw the Queen who sat beneath
her tent
And saw the young Tristan, of her court
The wildest and the worst,
time this
He saw not, for Sir Lancelot
by
spied where he could
garden's hand
Picks from the coleworts
gillie,
So sees the high wall and the
big grove.
Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd some,
the best,
And set him as a worm upon the way.
But when he knew the prince the
mur'd with dust,
He, smothering King's blood in a bad
man,
Made such excuses as he might, and
those
Fell halghtly without scorn. For in
those days
No knight of Arthur's tablest death in
sore;
But, if a man were halt, or hunch'd,
in him
By those whom God had made full-
bust'd and tall,
Scorn was allow'd as part of his defect,
And he was answer'd softly by the
King
And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot help
To raise the prince, who rising twice
or thrice
Fell sharply smote his knees, and
sullied, and went;
But, ever after, the small violence done
Rankled in him and ruffled all his
heart,
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day
long
A little bitter pool about a stone
On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told
This matter to the Queen, at first she
laugh'd

Leathy, no think of Mordred
and
Then consider'd, as the vill
and
"I consider, some one steps
grass"
Then laugh'd again, but fair
triced
So she increase that he, t
best.
Would trust her guilt until
and here
Would suffer evermore a name
Hundredfold rarely could
in hall,
In discourse, Mordred's car
then,
Fear-sickly smile and gr
and eyes
Hundredfold too, the Po
and the soul,
To help it from the death U
die,
And save it even in extreme
To rest and plague her. Ma
for hours,
Beside the ghastly breathe
King.
In the dead night, grim
and wound
Before her, or a vague spirit
Like to some doubtful nob
ing doors,
Heard by the watcher in
house.
That keeps the rust of m
walls—
Held her awake; or if she
dream'd
An awful dream, for then
to stand
On some vast plain before
And from the sun there set
at her
A ghastly something, and
few
Before it till it touch'd her
turn'd—
When lo! her own, that
from
And blacke
land, L
Far cities bur
woke.
And all this trouble
grew,

Even the clear face of the guile-
 less King,
 and trustful courtesies of household
 life,
 became her bane ; and at the last she
 said :
O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine
 own land,
 or if thou tarry we shall meet again,
 and if we meet again some evil chance
 'ill make the smouldering scandal
 break and blaze

90

Before the people and our lord the
 King.
 And Lancelot ever promised, but re-
 main'd,
 And still they met and met. Again
 she said,
 'O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee
 hence.'
 And then they were agreed upon a
 night—
 When the good King should not be
 there—to meet



'They rode to the divided way
 There kiss'd, and parted weeping'

And part for ever. Vivien, lurking, heard. She told Sir Modred. Passion-pale they met And greeted. Hands in hands, and eye to eye, Low on the border of her couch they sat¹⁰⁰ Stammering and staring. It was their last hour, A madness of farewells. And Modred brought His creatures to the basement of the tower For testimony; and crying with full voice, 'Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last,' aroused Lancelot, who rushing outward lion- like Leapt on him, and hurl'd him head- long, and he fell Stunn'd, and his creatures took and bare him off, And all was still. Then she, 'The end is come, And I am shamed for ever;' and he said:¹¹⁰ 'Mine be the shame, mine was the sin; but rise, And fly to my strong castle over-seas. There will I hide thee till my life shall end, There hold thee with my life against the world.' She answer'd: 'Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so? Nay, friend, for we have taken our farewells. Would God that thou couldst hide me from myself! Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and thou Unwedded; yet rise now, and let us fly. For I will draw me into sanctuary,¹²⁰ And bide my doom.' So Lancelot got her horse, Set her thereon, and mounted on his own, And then they rode to the divided way. There kiss'd, and parted weeping; for he past, Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen, Back to his land; but she to Almes- bury	Fled all night long by gli waste and weald, And heard the spirits of t and weald Moan as she fled, or thought: them moan. And in herself she moan'd, ' too late!' Till in the cold wind that for morn, A blot in heaven, the rave high, Croak'd, and she thought, ' a field of death; For now the heathen of the Sea, Lured by the crimes and fi the court, Begin to slay the folk and land.' And when she came to A she spake There to the nuns, and sai enemies Pursue me, but, O peacefu hood, Receive and yield me sanct ask Her name to whom ye yield time To tell you;' and her beau and power Wrought as a charm upon t they spared To ask it. So the stately Qu For many a week, unknow the nuns, Nor with them mix'd, nor name, nor sought, Wrapt in her grief, for hou shrift, But communed only with maid, Who pleased her with a heedlessness Which often lured her fron but now, This night, a rumor wild about Came that Sir Modred hac the realm And leagued him with the while the King
--	---

a waging war on Lancelot. Then
 she thought,
 With what a hate the people and the
 King
 at hate me,' and bow'd down upon
 her hands
 until the little maid, who
 brook'd
 silence, brake it, uttering 'Late!
 so late!
 at hour, I wonder now?' and
 when she drew
 answer, by and by began to hum
 air the nuns had taught her:
 'Late, so late!' 161
 rich when she heard, the Queen
 look'd up, and said,
 maiden, if indeed ye list to sing,
 g. and unbind my heart that I
 may weep.'
 ereast full willingly sang the little
 maid.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night
 and chill!
 e, late, so late! but we can enter still.
 late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we; for that we do repent,
 I learning this, the bridegroom will re-
 lent. 170
 late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light! so late! and dark and chill
 the night!
 et us in, that we may find the light!
 late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so
 sweet?
 et us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
 no, too late! ye cannot enter now.'

o sang the novice, while full pas-
 sionately,
 r head upon her hands, remember-
 ing
 thought when first she came,
 wept the sad Queen. 180
 n said the little novice prattling
 to her:

O pray you, noble lady, weep no
 more;
 let my words — the words of one
 so small,
 so knowing nothing knows but to
 obey,

And if I do not there is penance
 given —
 Comfort your sorrows, for they do
 not flow
 From evil done; right sure am I of
 that,
 Who see your tender grace and state-
 liness.
 But weigh your sorrows with our lord
 the King's,
 And weighing find them less; for gone
 is he 190
 To wage grim war against Sir Lance-
 lot there,
 Round that strong castle where he
 holds the Queen;
 And Modred whom he left in charge
 of all,
 The traitor — Ah, sweet lady, the
 King's grief
 For his own self, and his own Queen,
 and realm,
 Must needs be thrice as great as any
 of ours!
 For me, I thank the saints, I am not
 great;
 For if there ever come a grief to me
 I cry my cry in silence, and have
 done;
 None knows it, and my tears have
 brought me good. 200
 But even were the griefs of little
 ones
 As great as those of great ones, yet
 this grief
 Is added to the griefs the great must
 bear,
 That, howsoever much they may de-
 sire
 Silence, they cannot weep behind a
 cloud;
 As even here they talk at Almesbury
 About the good King and his wicked
 Queen.
 And were I such a King with such a
 Queen,
 Well might I wish to veil her wicked-
 ness,
 But were I such a King it could not
 be.' 210

Then to her own sad heart mutter'd
 the Queen,
 'Will the child kill me with her inno-
 cent talk?'
 But openly she answer'd, 'Must not I.

If this false traitor have displaced his
lord,
Grieve with the common grief of all
the realm ?'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'this all is
woman's grief,
That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life
Hath wrought confusion in the Table
Round
Which good King Arthur founded,
years ago,
With signs and miracles and wonders,
there ²²⁰
At Camelot, ere the coming of the
Queen.'

Then thought the Queen within her-
self again,
'Will the child kill me with her foolish
prate ?'
But openly she spake and said to her,
'O little maid, shut in by nunnery
walls,
What canst thou know of Kings and
Tables Round,
Or what of signs and wonders, but the
signs
And simple miracles of thy nunnery ?'

To whom the little novice garru-
lously :
'Yea, but I know ; the land was full
of signs ²³⁰
And wonders ere the coming of the
Queen.
So said my father, and himself was
knight
Of the great Table — at the founding
of it,
And rode thereto from Lyonesse ;
and he said
That as he rode, an hour or maybe
twain
After the sunset, down the coast, he
heard
Strange music, and he paused, and
turning — there,
All down the lonely coast of Lyon-
nesse,
Each with a beacon star upon his head,
And with a wild sea light about his
feet, ²⁴⁰
He saw them — headland after head-
land flame
Far on into the rich heart of the west.

And in the light the white m
swam,
And strong man-breasted thi
from the sea,
And sent a deep sea-voice th
land,
To which the little elves of c
cleft
Made answer, sounding like
horn.
So said my father — yea, an
more,
Next morning, while he pas
lit woods
Himself beheld three spirits
joy
Come dashing down on a ta
flower,
That shook beneath them as
shakes
When three gray linnets w
the seed.
And still at evenings on l
horse
The flickering fairy-circle w
broke
Flying, and link'd again, an
and broke
Flying, for all the land w
life.

And when at last he came to
A wreath of airy dancers hat
Swung round the lighted l
the hall ;
And in the hall itself was s
As never man had dream'd.
knight
Had whatsoever meat be l
served
By hands unseen ; and even
Down in the cellars near
things
Shoulder'd the spigot, str
the butts
While the wine ran : so l
spirits and men
Before the coming of the sin

Then spake the Queen a
what bitterly.
'Were they so glad ? All peop
they all,
Spirits and men. Could no
foresee.
Not even thy wise father
signs



lers, what has fallen upon the
lm ?'

om the novice garrulously
in:

, a bard, of whom my father

l,

y a noble war-song had he

g.

he presence of an enemy's

t,

he steep cliff and the coming

re ;

r a mystic lay of life and

h

ed on the smoky mountain-

t,

nd him bent the spirits of

hills

ieir dewy hair blown back

flame.

father — and that night the

ar's

glorious wars, and sang

King

h more than man, and rail'd

ose

him the false son of Gor-

was

no man knew from

ice

he came ;

tempest,

when the long

broke

the thundering shores of

and Bos,

a day as still as heaven,

hen

a naked child upon the

tagil

by the Cornish sea,

s

Arthur, and they foster'd

iracle

was approven King ;

grave

should be a mystery

ien,

like his birth ; and

he find

her womanhood as great

in

his manhood, then, he

gether

well might change

orld.

the middle of his song ³⁰⁰

and

his hand fell from the

e

turn'd, and reel'd, and

have

fallen,

But that they stay'd him up ; nor would
tell

His vision ; but what doubt that he

foresaw

This evil work of Lancelot and the

Queen ?'

Then thought the Queen, 'Lo ! they

have set her on,

Our simple-seeming abbess and her

nuns,

To play upon me,' and bow'd her head

nor spake.

Whereat the novice crying, with

clasp'd hands,

Shame on her own garrulity garru-

lously,

Said the good nuns would check her

gadding tongue

Full often, 'and, sweet lady, if I seem

To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,

Unmannerly, with prattling and the

tales

Which my good father told me, check

me too

Nor let me shame my father's mem-

ory, one

Of noblest manners, tho' himself would

say

Sir Lancelot had the noblest ; and he

died,

Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five sum-

mers back,

And left me ; but of others who re-

main,

And of the two first-famed for cour-

tesy —

And pray you check me if I ask

amiss —

But pray you, which had noblest,

while you moved

Among them, Lancelot or our lord the

King ?'

Then the pale Queen look'd up and

answer'd her :

'Sir Lancelot, as became a noble

knight,

Was gracious to all ladies, and the

same

In open battle or the tilting-field

Forbore his own advantage, and the

King

In open battle or the tilting-field ³³⁰

Forbore his own advantage, and these

two

Were the most nobly-manner'd men of
all;
For manners are not idle, but the
fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'be manners
such fair fruit?
Then Lancelot's needs must be a thou-
sand-fold
Less noble, being, as all rumor runs,
The most disloyal friend in all the
world.'

To which a mournful answer made
the Queen:
'O, closed about by narrowing nun-
nery-walls,
What knowest thou of the world and
all its lights
And shadows, all the wealth and all
the woe?
If ever Lancelot, that most noble
knight,
Were for one hour less noble than him-
self,
Pray for him that he scape the doom
of fire,
And weep for her who drew him to
his doom.'

'Yea,' said the little novice, 'I pray
for both;
But I should all as soon believe that
his,
Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the
King's,
As I could think, sweet lady, yours
would be
Such as they are, were you the sinful
Queen.'

So she, like many another babbler,
hurt
Whom she would soothe, and harm'd
where she would heal;
For here a sudden flush of wrathful
heat
Fired all the pale face of the Queen,
who cried:
'Such as thou art be never maiden
more
For ever! thou their tool, set on to
plague
And play upon and harry me, petty
spy

And traitress!' When that storm of
anger brake
From Guinevere, aghast the maiden
rose,
White as her veil, and stood before
the Queen
As tremulously as foam upon the
beach
Stands in a wind, ready to break and
fly,
And when the Queen had added, 'Go
thee hence!'
Fled frightened. Then that other left
alone
Sigh'd, and began to gather heart
again,
Saying in herself: 'The simple, fear-
ful child
Meant nothing, but my own too fear-
ful guilt,
Simpler than any child, betrays it
self.
But help me, Heaven, for surely I re-
pent!
For what is true repentance but I
thought—
Not even in inmost thought to think
again
The sins that made the past so plea-
sant to us?
And I have sworn never to see him
more,
To see him more.'

And even in saying this
Her memory from old habit of the
mind
Went slipping back upon the golden
days
In which she saw him first, when La-
celot came,
Reputed the best knight and goodlie
man,
Ambassador, to yield her to his lord
Arthur, and led her forth, and fared
ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all in
love
And sport and tilts and pleasure,
for the time
Was may-time, and as yet no sin was
dream'd,—
Rode under groves that look'd a palace
disc
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth

it seem'd the heavens upbreking
 thro' the earth,
 d on from hill to hill, and every
 day
 held at noon in some delicious
 dale ³⁹⁰
 e silk pavillions of King Arthur
 raised
 r brief repast or afternoon repose
 couriers gone before; and on
 again,
 l yet once more ere set of sun they
 saw
 e Dragon of the great Pendragon-
 ship,
 at crown'd the state pavillion of the
 King,
 ize by the rushing brook or silent
 well.

But when 'the Queen immersed in
 such a trance,
 d moving thro' the past uncon-
 sciously,
 me to that point where first she saw
 the King ⁴⁰⁰
 le toward her from the city, sigh'd
 to find
 r journey done, glanced at him,
 thought him cold,
 gh, self-contain'd, and passionless,
 not like him,
 ot like my Lancelot' — while she
 brooded thus
 d grow half-guilty in her thoughts
 again,
 ere rode an armed warrior to the
 doors.
 nurmuring whisper thro' the nun-
 nery ran,
 -n on a sudden a cry, 'The King!'
 She sat
 Y-stricken, listening; but when
 armed feet
 o' the long gallery from the outer
 doors ⁴¹⁰
 ng coming, prone from off her seat
 she fell,
 l grovell'd with her face against
 the floor,
 re with her milk-white arms and
 shadowy hair
 : made her face a darkness from
 the King,
 d in the darkness heard his armed
 feet

Pause by her; then came silence, then
 a voice,
 Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's
 Denouncing judgment, but, tho'
 changed, the King's:

'Liest thou here so low, the child of
 one
 I honor'd, happy, dead before thy
 shame? ⁴²⁰
 Well is it that no child is born of thee.
 The children born of thee are sword
 and fire,
 Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
 The craft of kindred and the godless
 hosts
 Of heathen swarming o'er the North-
 ern Sea;
 Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my
 right arm,
 The mightiest of my knights, abode
 with me,
 Have everywhere about this land of
 Christ
 In twelve great battles ruining over-
 thrown.
 And knowest thou now from whence
 I come — from him, ⁴³⁰
 From waging bitter war with him;
 and he,
 That did not shun to smite me in
 worse way,
 Had yet that grace of courtesy in him
 left,
 He spared to lift his hand against the
 King
 Who made him knight. But many a
 knight was slain;
 And many more and all his kith and
 kin
 Clave to him, and abode in his own
 land.
 And many more when Modred raised
 revolt,
 Forgetful of their troth and fealty,
 clave
 To Modred, and a remnant stays with
 me. ⁴⁴⁰
 And of this remnant will I leave a
 part,
 True men who love me still, for whom
 I live,
 To guard thee in the wild hour com-
 ing on,
 Lest but a hair of this low head be
 harm'd.

IDYLLS OF THE KING

Fear not ; thou shalt be guarded till
 my death.
 Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
 Have err'd not, that I march to meet
 my doom.
 Thou hast not made my life so sweet
 to me,
 That I the King should greatly care to
 live ;
 For thou hast spoilt the purpose of
 my life. ⁴⁵⁰
 Bear with me for the last time while
 I show,
 Even for thy sake, the sin which thou
 hast sinn'd.
 For when the Roman left us, and
 their law
 Relax'd its hold upon us, and the
 ways
 Were fill'd with rapine, here and
 there a deed
 Of prowess done redress'd a random
 wrong.
 But I was first of all the kings who
 drew
 The knighthood-errant of this realm
 and all
 The realms together under me, their
 Head,
 In that fair Order of my Table Round,
 A glorious company, the flower of
 men, ⁴⁶¹
 To serve as model for the mighty
 world,
 And be the fair beginning of a time,
 I made them lay their hands in mine
 and swear
 To reverence the King, as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience
 as their King.
 To break the heathen and uphold the
 Christ,
 To ride abroad redressing human
 wrongs,
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to
 it, ⁴⁶⁹
 To honor his own word as if his God's,
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
 To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
 And worship her by years of noble
 deeds,
 Until they won her ; for indeed I
 knew
 Of no more subtle master under hea-
 ven
 Than is the maiden passion for a maid,

Not only to keep down the base in-
 man,
 But teach high thought, and amiable
 words
 And courtliness, and the desire of
 fame,
 And love of truth, and all that make
 a man.
 And all this throve before I wedde
 thee,
 Believing, " Lo, mine helpmate, on
 to feel
 My purpose and rejoicing in my
 joy ! "
 Then came thy shameful sin with
 Lancelot ;
 Then came the sin of Tristram and
 Isolt ;
 Then others, following these most
 mightiest knights,
 And drawing foul ensample from fa-
 names,
 Sinn'd also, till the loathsome oppo-
 site
 Of all my heart had destined did ob-
 tain,
 And all thro' thee ! so that this life of
 mine
 I guard as God's high gift from scathe
 and wrong,
 Not greatly care to lose ; but rather
 think
 How sad it were for Arthur, should
 he live,
 To sit once more within his lone
 hall,
 And miss the wonted number of his
 knights,
 And miss to hear high talk of noble
 deeds
 As in the golden days before thy sin
 For which of us who might be le-
 could speak
 Of the pure heart, nor seem to glan-
 at thee ?
 And in thy bowers of Camelot or
 Usk
 Thy shadow still would glide from
 room to room,
 And I should evermore be vex'd with
 thee
 In hanging robe or vacant ornament
 Or ghostly footfall echoing on the
 stair.
 For think not, tho' thou wouldst not
 love thy lord,



'He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet'

ay lord has wholly lost his love for
thee.
am not made of so slight elements.
et must I leave thee, woman, to thy
shame.
hold that man the worst of public
foes
ho either for his own or children's
sake,
save his blood from scandal, lets
the wife

Whom he knows false abide and rule
the house :
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for
pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to
men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among
the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes,
and saps

The fealty of our friends, and stirs the
pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half
the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he
that reigns! 520
Better the King's waste hearth and
aching heart
Than thou resealed in thy place of
light,
The mockery of my people and their
bane!

He paused, and in the pause she
crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his
feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the war-
horse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice, and he spake
again:

'Yet think not that I come to urge
thy crimes;
I did not come to curse thee, Guine-
vere, 530
I, whose vast pity almost makes me
die
To see thee, laying there thy golden
head,
My pride in happier summers, at my
feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts
on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming
death,—
When first I learnt thee hidden here,
— is past.
The pang — which, while I weigh'd
thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in
thee.
Made my tears burn — is also past —
in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and
I, 540
Lo, I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives! do thou for thine own soul
the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I
loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to
play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded
form,

And beauty such as never woman
wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with
thee —
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not
mine,
But Lancelot's; nay, they never were
the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too is
flesh, 550
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and
mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine polluted
cries,
"I loathe thee;" yet not less, O
Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee.
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into
my life
So far that my doom is, I love thee still
Let no man dream but that I love thee
still.
Perchance, and so thou purify thy
soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father
Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are
pure 560
We two may meet before high God
and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me
thine, and know
I am thine husband — not a smaller
soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me
that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now must
I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trum-
pet blow.
They summon me their King to lead
mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the
west,
Where I must strike against the man
they call
My sister's son — no kin of mine, who
leagues 570
With Lords of the White Horse, heathen
then, and knights,
Traitors — and strike him dead, as
meet myself
Death, or I know not what mysterious
doom.
And thou remaining here wilt learn
the event;



er shall I never come again,
e by thy side, see thee no
ore —
!

hile she grovell'd at his feet,
he King's breath wander o'er
r neck,
he darkness o'er her fallen
ad
l the waving of his hands
it blest. 580

listening till those armed
ps were gone,
pale Queen, and in her an-
sh found
nent: 'peradventure,' so she
ught,
ght see his face, and not be
1.'

se sat on horseback at the
r!
him the sad nuns with each
ght
he gave them charge about
Queen,
and foster her for evermore.
he spake to these his helm
lower'd,
for crest the golden dragon
g 590
; so she did not see the face,
1 was as an angel's, but she

he mists and smitten by the
s,
1 of the great Pendragon-

ing all the night a steam of

then he turn'd; and more
more

vapor rolling round the
l the phantom of a giant

im fold by fold, and made
ray

, till himself became as 600
moving ghostlike to his

stretch'd out her arms and
aloud,

'O Arthur!' there her voice brake
suddenly,

Then — as a stream that spouting from
a cliff

Falls in mid air, but gathering at the
base

Re-makes itself, and flashes down the
vale —

Went on in passionate utterance :

'Gone — my lord !
Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be
slain !

And he forgave me, and I could not
speak.

Farewell? I should have answer'd
his farewell. 610

His mercy choked me. Gone, my
lord the King,

My own true lord! how dare I call
him mine ?

The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution. He,
the King,

Call'd me polluted. Shall I kill my-
self ?

What help in that ? I cannot kill my
sin,

If soul be soul, nor can I kill my
shame ;

No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the

weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and

make the years, 620
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of

scorn.

I must not dwell on that defeat of
fame.

Let the world be ; that is but of the
world —

What else ? what hope ? I think there
was a hope,

Except he mock'd me when he spake
of hope ;

His hope he call'd it ; but he never
mocks,

For mockery is the fume of little
hearts.

And blessed be the King, who hath
forgiven

My wickedness to him, and left me
hope 630

That in mine own heart I can live
down sin

IDYLLS OF THE KING

And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
 Before high God! Ah great and gentle lord,
 Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
 Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
 To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
 Full easily all impressions from below,
 Would not look up, or half-despised the height
 To which I would not or I could not climb—
 I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
 That pure severity of perfect light—
 I yearn'd for warmth and color which I found
 In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,
 Thou art the highest and most human too,
 Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
 Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?
 Now—ere he goes to the great battle?
 None!
 Myself must tell him in that purer life,
 But now it were too daring. Ah my God,
 What might I not have made of thy fair world,
 Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
 It was my duty to have loved the highest:
 It surely was my profit had I known;
 It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
 We needs must love the highest when we see it,
 Not Lancelot, nor another.'

Here her hand

Grasp'd made her veil her eyes. She look'd and saw
 The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said to her,
 'Yea, little maid, for am I not forgiven?'
 Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns
 All round her, weeping; and her heart was loosed

Within her, and she wept with and said:

'Ye know me then, that one, who broke
 The vast design and purpose King.
 O, shut me round with nunnery-walls,
 Meek maidens, from the voices "Shame!"
 I must not scorn myself; he lo still.
 Let no one dream but that I am still.
 So let me, if you do not shun me,
 Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you;
 Wear black and white, and be like you,
 Fast with your fasts, not feasting your feasts;
 Grieve with your griefs, not grieve at your joys,
 But not rejoicing; mingle with rites;
 Pray and be pray'd for; lie near your shrines;
 Do each low office of your holy Walk your dim cloister, and dis-
 To poor sick people, richer eyes
 Who ransom'd us, and haler too
 And treat their loathsome humors
 And so wear out in alms-deed prayer
 The sombre close of that volu-
 Which wrought the ruin of the King.'

She said. They took her to selves; and she
 Still hoping, fearing 'Is it late?'
 Dwelt with them, till in time the abbess died.
 Then she, for her good deeds and pure life,
 And for the power of ministrants
 And likewise for the high rank
 Had borne,



THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

567

Open abbess, there, an abbess,
ved ⁶⁹⁰
e brief years, and there, an
abbess, past
e beyond these voices there
peace.

PASSING OF ARTHUR

ory which the bold Sir Bedi-
re,
de and latest left of all the
ights,
en the man was no more than
voice
ite winter of his age, to those
om he dwelt, new faces, other
nds.

their march to westward,
livere,
vly paced among the slum-
ing host,
his tent the moanings of the
ig:

d Him in the shining of the
s,
Him in the flowering of His
ls, ¹⁰
s ways with men I find Him

his wars, and now I pass and

why is all around us here
e lesser god had made the
ld,
ot force to shape it as he
ld,
igh God behold it from be-
l,
it, and make it beautiful?
if the world were wholly

hese eyes of men are dense
dim,
ot power to see it as it is —
because we see not to the
; — ²¹

g simple, thought to work
will,
ut stricken with the sword
in,
ereon I lean'd in wife and
d

Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no
more.

My God, thou hast forgotten me in
my death!

Nay — God my Christ — I pass but
shall not die.'

Then, ere that last weird battle in
the west,

There came on Arthur sleeping, Ga-
wain kill'd ³⁰

In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain
blown

Along a wandering wind, and past his
ear

Went shrilling: 'Hollow, hollow all
delight!

Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass
away.

Farewell! there is an isle of rest for
thee.

And I am blown along a wandering
wind,

And hollow, hollow, hollow all de-
light!'

And fainter onward, like wild birds
that change

Their season in the night and wail
their way

From cloud to cloud, down the long
wind the dream ⁴⁰

Shrill'd; but in going mingled with
dim cries

Far in the moonlit haze among the
hills,

As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child

with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke
and call'd:

'Whospake? A dream. O, light upon
the wind,

Thine, Gawain, was the voice — are
these dim cries

Thine? or doth all that haunts the
waste and wild

Mourn, knowing it will go along with
me?'

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere

and spake: ⁵⁰

'O me, my King, let pass whatever

will,

Elves, and the harmless glamour of

the field;

But in their stead thy name and glory
 cling
 To all high places like a golden cloud
 For ever; but as yet thou shalt not
 pass.
 Light was Gawain in life, and light in
 death
 Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the
 man;
 And care not thou for dreams from
 him, but rise—
 I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
 And with him many of thy people,
 and knights
 Once thine, whom thou hast loved,
 but grosser grown
 Than heathen, spitting at their vows
 and thee.
 Right well in heart they know thee
 for the King.
 Arise, go forth and conquer as of old.'

Then spake King Arthur to Sir
 Bedivere:
 'Far other is this battle in the west
 Whereto we move than when we
 strove in youth.
 And brake the petty kings, and fought
 with Rome.
 Or thrust the heathen from the Roman
 wall,
 And shook him thro' the north. Ill
 doom is mine
 To war against my people and my
 knights.
 The king who fights his people fights
 himself.
 And they my knights, who loved me
 once, the stroke
 That strikes them dead is as my death
 to me.
 Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
 Thro' this blind haze which, ever since
 I saw
 One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
 Hath folded in the passes of the
 world.'

Then rose the King and moved his
 host by night,
 And ever push'd Sir Modred, league
 by league,
 Back to the sunset bound of Lyon-
 nesse—
 A land of old upheaven from the abyss
 By fire, to sink into the abyss again;

Where fragments of forgotten people
 dwelt,
 And the long mountains ended in
 coast
 Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
 The phantom circle of a morning
 sea.
 There the pursuer could pursue no
 more,
 And he that fled no further fly than
 King;
 And there, that day when the great
 light of heaven
 Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year
 On the waste sand by the waste sea,
 they closed.
 Nor ever yet had Arthur fought
 fight
 Like this last, dim, weird battle of the
 west.
 A death-white mist slept over sand
 and sea,
 Whereof the chill, to him who breathe
 it, drew
 Down with his blood, till all his heart
 was cold
 With formless fear; and even so
 Arthur fell
 Confusion, since he saw not whom he
 fought.
 For friend and foe were shadows
 the mist,
 And friend slew friend not knowing
 whom he slew;
 And some had visions out of golden
 youth,
 And some beheld the faces of old
 ghosts
 Look in upon the battle; and in the
 mist
 Was many a noble deed, many a base
 And chance and craft and strength in
 single fights,
 And ever and anon with host to host
 Shocks, and the splintering spear, the
 hard mail hewn,
 Shield-breakings, and the clash
 brands, the crash
 Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and
 shrieks
 After the Christ, of those who fall
 down
 Look'd up for heaven, and only saw
 the mist;
 And shouts of heathen and the trait
 knights,

Patha, insult, filth, and monstrous
blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring
of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the
light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the
dead.

Last, as by some one death-bed
after wall
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro'
death
Or death-like swoon, thus over all
that shore,
Save for some whisper of the seething
seas,
A dead hush fell; but when the dolor-
ous day
Drew drearier toward twilight falling,
came
A bitter wind, clear from the north,
and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind
the tide
Rose, and the pale King glanced
across the field
Of battle. But no man was moving
there;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen; only the wan
wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up
and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the
fallen,
And shiver'd brands that once had
fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy
shores
The voice of days of old and days to
be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir
Bedivere,
And whiter than the mist that all day
long
Had held the field of battle was the
King:

'Hearest thou this great voice that
shakes the world,
And wastes the narrow realm whereon
we move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,

My dead, as tho' they had not die
for me?—
O Bedivere, for on my heart has
fallen
Confusion, till I know not what
am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I
king;
Behold, I seem but king among the
dead.'

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere
'My King!
King everywhere! and so the dead
have kings,
There also will I worship thee as king
Yet still thy life is whole, and still
live
Who love thee; but who hates thee
he that brought
The heathen back among us, yonder
stands,
Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of this
house.'

Then spake the King: 'My house
hath been my doom.
But call not thou this traitor of my
house
Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof
with me.
My house are rather they who swam
my vows,
Yea, even while they brake their
own'd me king.
And well for thee, saying in my dar-
hour,
When all the purport of my throne
hath fail'd,
That quick or dead thou holdest none
for king.
King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
And one last act of kinghood shall
thou see
Yet, ere I pass.' And uttering these
the King
Made at the man. Then Modred smote
his liege
Hard on that helm which many
heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at once
blew,
Striking the last stroke with Excali-
bur,
Slew him, and, all but slain himself,
he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle
roll'd 170
Among the mountains by the winter
sea,
Until King Arthur's Table, man by
man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their
lord,
King Arthur; then, because his wound
was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the
field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren
land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on
one
Lay a great water, and the moon was
full. 180

Then spake King Arthur to Sir
Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous
knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such
a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I
think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly
deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the
halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come
again 191
To rule once more — but let what will
be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till
morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excal-
ibur,
Which was my pride; for thou re-
memberest how
In those old days, one summer noon,
an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the
lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,
Holding the sword — and how I row'd
across 200

And took it, and have worn it
king;
And, wheresoever I am sung
In aftertime, this also shall be
But now delay not; take Ex
And fling him far into the
mere;
Watch what thou seest, and
bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir I
'It is not meet, Sir King, to k
thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten
helm —
A little thing may harm a
man;
Yet I thy best will all perform
Watch what I see, and ligh
thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin
he stept,
And in the moon athwart the
tombs,
Where lay the mighty bon
cient men,
Old knights, and over them
wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of f
stepping down
By zigzag paths and juts o
rock,
Came on the shining levels of

There drew he forth the b
calibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, th
moon,
Brightening the skirts of a le
ran forth
And sparkled keen with fro
the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled
mound sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and
work
Of subtlest jewellery. He
long
That both his eyes were daz
stood,
This way and that dividing
mind,
In act to throw; but at th
seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur co

There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the
marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded
King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir
Bedivere:
Hast thou perform'd my mission
which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what
hast heard?

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:
I heard the ripple washing in the
reefs,
And the wild water lapping on the
crag.

To whom replied King Arthur, faint
and pale:
Thou hast betray'd thy nature and
thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as becom'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either
hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to
lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go
again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the
thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring
me word.

Then went Sir Bedivere the second
time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the
mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixt in
thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the
hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased,
he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:

'And if indeed I cast the brand
away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy
note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the
earth,

Which might have pleased the eyes of
many men.

What good should follow this, if th
were done?

What harm, undone? Deep harm t
disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a kin
demand

An act unprofitable, against himself
The King is sick, and knows not wh
he does.

What record or what relic of my lore
Should be to aftertime, but empt
breath

And rumors of a doubt? But we
this kept,

Stored in some treasure-house o
mighty kings,

Some one might show it at a joust o
arms,

Saying: "King Arthur's sword, Ex
calibur,

Wrought by the lonely Maiden of th
Lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting i
the deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills."

So might some old man speak in th
aftertime

To all the people, winning reverence
But now much honor and much fan
were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his ow
conceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to th
wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur, breathin
heavily:

'What is it thou hast seen? or wh
hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-
vere:

'I heard the water lapping on the crag
And the long ripple washing in th
reefs.'

To whom replied King Arthu
much in wrath

'Ah miserable, and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor hearted! Woe
me!

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his
eye ²⁹⁰
That bow'd the will. I see thee what
thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my
knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the pre-
cious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the
eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get
thee hence;
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my
hands.' ³⁰⁰

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and
ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly,
plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd
the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it.
The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the
moon,
And flashing round and round, and
whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern
morn,
Seen where the moving isles of win-
ter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern
Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excali-
bur; ³¹⁰
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an
arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brand-
ish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in
the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing
thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is
done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard,
or seen?'

And answer made the bold Sir Be-
divere:
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, but
the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never
saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till
I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal
men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him
wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold at
arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-
derful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brand-
ish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in
the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur,
breathing hard: ³²⁰
'My end draws nigh; 't is time that
I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive
my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet
fear
My wound hath taken cold, and
I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he
half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his
arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue
eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tear
And would have spoken, but he found
not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on
one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid
hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of
tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur
panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his
bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd
the King,



and murmuring at his ear,
quick, quick !
too late, and I shall die.'
ther swiftly strode from ridge
ridge,
with his breath, and looking,
he walk'd, 350
an human on the frozen
s.
the deep behind him, and a

His own thought drove him
a goad.
d his harness in the icy
as
n chasms, and all to left and
t
lack cliff clang'd round him,
e based
juts of slippery crag that
ten with the dint of armed
s—
udden, lo, the level lake,
ong glories of the winter
al ! 360

v they how there hove a
y barge,
funeral scarf from stem to
em ; and descending they
ware
e decks were dense with
y forms,
l, black-hooded, like a
l — by these
is with crowns of gold —
rom them rose
shiver'd to the tingling

ere one voice, an agony
ion, like a wind that shrills
a waste land, where no
omes, 370
e, since the making of the

nur'd Arthur, 'Place me
barge.'
arge they came. There
three queens
eir hands, and took the
and wept.
rose the tallest of them

And fairest laid his head upon her
lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and
chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complain-
ing loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a
brow
Striped with dark blood ; for all his
face was white 380
And colorless, and like the wither'd
moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the spring-
ing east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd
with drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous
curls —
That made his forehead like a rising
sun
High from the dais-throne — were
parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging
loose,
Mixt with the knightly growth that
fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the
King ;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance
in rest, 390
From spur to plume a star of tourna-
ment,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and
charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedi-
vere :
' Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I
go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and
my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are
dead,
When every morning brought a noble
chance,
And every chance brought out a noble
knight.
Such times have been not since the
light that led 400
The holy Elders with the gift of
myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is
dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty
world ;

And I, the last, go forth companion-
less,
And the days darken round me, and
the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other
minds.'

And slowly answer'd Arthur from
the barge :
The old order changeth, yielding
place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many
ways,
Yet one good custom should corrupt
the world. ⁴¹⁰
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in
me ?

I have lived my life, and that which I
have done
May He within himself make pure !
But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face
again,
Pray for my soul. More things are
wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Where-
fore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and
day.

For what are men better than sheep
or goats
That nourish a blind life within the
brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands
of prayer ⁴²⁰
Both for themselves and those who
call them friend ?

For so the whole round earth is every
way
Bound by gold chains about the feet
of God.

But now farewell. I am going a long
way
With these thou seest—if indeed I
go—

For all my mind is clouded with a
doubt—

To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any
snow,

Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it
lies

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with or-
chard lawns ⁴³⁰

And bowery hollows crown'd with
summer sea,

Where I will heal me of my
wound.'

So said he, and the barge
and sail

Moved from the brink, like a
breasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere he
Ruffles her pure cold plume, as

the flood
With swarthy webs. Long s

Bedivere
Revolving many memories,

hull
Look'd one black dot against

of dawn,
And on the mere the wall

away.

But when that moon had
evermore,

The stillness of the dead wor
ter dawn

Amazed him, and he groan
King is gone.'

And therewithal came on
weird rhyme,

'From the great deep to t
deep he goes.'

Whereat he slowly turn'd a
clomb

The last hard footstep of
crag,

Thence mark'd the black hul
yet, and cried:

'He passes to be king among
And after healing of his

wound
He comes again; but—if he

more—

O me, be yon dark queen
black boat,

Who shriek'd and wall'd, t
whereat we gazed

On that high day, when, clot
living light,

They stood before his throne i
friends

Of Arthur, who should hel
his need ?'

Then from the dawn it aet
came, but faint

As from beyond the limit of t
Like the last echo born of a g



lands, as if some fair city were one
voice ⁴⁶⁰
and a king returning from his wars.

Hereat once more he moved about,
and clomb
on to the highest he could climb,
and saw,
gaining his eyes beneath an arch of
hand,
thought he saw, the speck that bare
the King,
when that long water opening on the
deep
nowhere far off, pass on and on,
and go
from less to less and vanish into
light.
And the new sun rose bringing the
new year.

TO THE QUEEN

LOYAL to the royal in thyself,
and loyal to thy land, as this to
thee —
as witness, that rememberable day,
when, pale as yet and fever-worn, the
Prince
so scarce had pluck'd his flickering
life again
from halfway down the shadow of
the grave
sat with thee thro' thy people and
their love,
and London roll'd one tide of joy thro'
all
and trebled millions, and loud leagues
of man
and welcome! witness, too, the silent
cry, ¹⁰
a prayer of many a race and creed,
and clime —
underless lightnings striking under
sea
from sunset and sunrise of all thy
realm,
and that true North, whereof we
late heard
strain to shame us, 'Keep you to
yourselves;
loyal is too costly' friends — your
love
out a burthen; loose the bond, and
go.'

Is this the tone of empire? here the
faith
That made us rulers? this, indeed, her
voice
And meaning whom the roar of Hou-
goumont ²⁰
Left mightiest of all peoples under
heaven?
What shock has fool'd her since, that
she should speak
So feebly? wealthier — wealthier —
hour by hour!
The voice of Britain, or a sinking
land,
Some third-rate isle half-lost among
her seas?
There rang her voice, when the full
city peal'd
Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to
their crown
Are loyal to their own far sons, who
love
Our ocean-empire with her boundless
homes
For ever-broadening England, and
her throne ³⁰
In our vast Orient, and one isle, one
isle,
That knows not her own greatness; if
she knows
And dreads it we are fallen. — But
thou, my Queen,
Not for itself, but thro' thy living
love
For one to whom I made it o'er his
grave
Sacred, accept this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war
with Soul,
Ideal manhood closed in real man,
Rather than that gray king whose
name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man shaped,
from mountain peak, ⁴⁰
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still;
or him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Mal-
leor's, one
Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a
time
That hover'd between war and wan-
tonness,
And crownings and dethronements.
Take withal
Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that
Heaven

Will blow the tempest in the distance back	And that which knows, but careful f itself,
From thine and ours; for some are scared, who mark,	And that which knows not, ruling that which knows
Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,	To its own harm. The goal of the great world
Waverings of every vane with every wind,	Lies beyond sight; yet — if ours slowly grown
And wordy trucklings to the transient ⁵⁰ hour,	And crown'd Republic's crowning common sense,
And fierce or careless looseners of the faith,	That saved her many times, not fail- their fears
And Softness breeding scorn of simple life,	Are morning shadows huger than the shapes
Or Cowardice, the child of lust for gold,	That cast them, not those gloomies which forego
Or Labor, with a groan and not a voice,	The darkness of that battle in the west
Or Art with poisonous honey stolen from France,	Where all of high and holy dies away.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (see p. 603)

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

MY GRANDSON

DEN-HAIR'D Ally whose name is
 one with mine,
 y with laughter and babble and
 earth's new wine,
 that the flower of a year and a
 half is thine,
 the blossom, O mine, and mine of
 mine,
 ous poet who never hast written
 a line,
 th, for the name at the head of
 my verse is thine.
 at thou never be wrong'd by the
 name that is mine !

THE FIRST QUARREL

(IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT)

I

'Wait a little,' you say, 'you are sure
 it'll all come right.'
 But the boy was born i' trouble, an'
 looks so wan an' so white;
 Wait! an' once I ha' waited — I had n't
 to wait for long.
 Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry. —
 No, no, you are doing me
 wrong!
 Harry and I were married; the boy
 can hold up his head,
 The boy was born in wedlock, but
 after my man was dead ;

I ha' work'd for him fifteen years, an'
I work an' I wait to the end.
I am all alone in the world, an' you
are my only friend.

II

Doctor, if *you* can wait, I'll tell you
the tale o' my life.
When Harry an' I were children, he
call'd me his own little wife; ¹⁰
I was happy when I was with him,
an' sorry when he was away,
An' when we play'd together, I loved
him better than play;
He workt me the daisy chain — he
made me the cowslip ball,
He fought the boys that were rude,
an' I loved him better than all.
Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at
home in disgrace,
I never could quarrel with Harry — I
had but to look in his face.

III

There was a farmer in Dorset of
Harry's kin, that had need
Of a good stout lad at his farm; he
sent, an' the father agreed;
So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire
farm for years an' for years; ¹⁰
I walk'd with him down to the quay,
poor lad, an' we parted in tears.
The boat was beginning to move, we
heard them a-ringing the bell,
'I'll never love any but you, God bless
you, my own little Nell.'

IV

I was a child, an' he was a child, an'
he came to harm;
There was a girl, a hussy, that workt
with him up at the farm,
One had deceived her an' left her alone
with her sin an' her shame,
And so she was wicked with Harry;
the girl was the most to blame.

V

And years went over till I that was
little had grown so tall
The men would say of the maids, 'Our
Nelly's the flower of 'em all.'
I did n't take heed o' *them*, but I taught
myself all I could
To make a good wife for Harry, when
Harry came home for good. ²⁰

VI

Often I seem'd unhappy, and of
happy too,
For I heard it abroad in the fields
never love any but you;
'I'll never love any but you
morning song of the lark
'I'll never love any but you
nightingale's hymn in the

VII

And Harry came home at last, I
look'd at me sidelong and
Vext me a bit, till he told me
many years had gone by,
I had grown so handsome and
that I might ha' forgo
somehow —
For he thought — there were
lads — he was fear'd to I
me now.

VIII

Hard was the frost in the fie
were married o' Christma
Married among the red berries,
as merry as May —
Those were the pleasant time
house an' my man wer
pride,
We seem'd like ships i' the C
a-sailing with wind an' ti

IX

But work was scant in the Isl
he tried the villages roun
So Harry went over the Solent
if work could be found;
An' he wrote: 'I ha' six weeks'
little wife, so far as I kno
'I'll come for an hour to-morro
kiss you before I go.'

X

So I set to righting the hou
was n't he coming that d
An' I hit on an old deal-box th
push'd in a corner away,
It was full of old odds an' ends
letter along wi' the rest,
I had better ha' put my naked
in a hornets' nest.

XI

'Sweetheart,' — this was the le
this was the letter I read -

ou promised to find me work near
you, an' I wish I was dead—
In't you kiss me an' promise? you
have n't done it, my lad,
' I almost died o' your going away,
an' I wish that I had.'

XII

o wish that I had—in the pleasant
times that had past,
fore I quarrell'd with Harry—*my*
quarrel—the first an' the last.

XIII

Harry came in, an' I flung
him the letter that drove me
wild,
' he told it me all at once, as sim-
ple as any child,
' hat can it matter, my lass, what I
did wi' my single life?
a' been as true to you as ever a
man to his wife; 60
' she was n't one o' the worst.'
' Then,' I said, 'I'm none o'
the best.'
' he smiled at me, 'Ain't you, my
love? Come, come, little wife,
let it rest!
' man isn't like the woman, no
need to make such a stir.'
' he anger'd me all the more, an' I
said, 'You were keeping with
her,
an' I was a-lovin' you all along
an' the same as before.'
he didn't speak for a while,
an' he anger'd me more and
more.
n he patted my hand in his gentle
way, 'Let bygones be!'
' gones! you kept yours hush'd,' I
said, 'when you married me!
gones ma' be come-again; an' she
—in her shame an' her sin—
I'll have her to nurse my child, if
I die o' my lying in! 70
I'll make her its second mother!
I hate her—an' I hate you!'
Harry, my man, you had better
ha' beaten me black an' blue
an' ha' spoken as kind as you
did, when I were so crazy wi'
spite,
ait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll
all come right.

XIV

An' he took three turns in the rain,
an' I watch'd him, an' when he
came in
I felt that my heart was hard; he was
all wet thro' to the skin,
An' I never said, 'off wi' the wet,' I
never said, 'on wi' the dry,'
So I knew my heart was hard, when
he came to bid me good-bye.
' You said that you hated me, Ellen,
but that is n't true, you know;
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll
kiss me before I go?' 80

XV

'Going! you're going to her—kiss
her—if you will,' I said—
I was near my time wi' the boy, I must
ha' been light i' my head—
' I had sooner be cursed than kiss'd!'
—I didn't know well what I
meant,
But I turn'd my face from *him*, an'
he turn'd *his* face an' he went.

XVI

And then he sent me a letter, 'I've
gotten my work to do;
You would n't kiss me, my lass, an' I
never loved any but you;
I am sorry for all the quarrel an'
sorry for what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go
to night by the boat.'

XVII

An' the wind began to rise, an' I
thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he
was always kind to me. 90
' Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it
'ill all come right.'
An' the boat went down that night
the boat went down that night

RIZPAH

17—

I

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind
over land and sea
And Willy's voice in the wind 'O
mother, come out to me!'

Why should he call me to-night, when
he knows that I cannot go?
For the downs are as bright as day,
and the full moon stares at the
snow.

II

We should be seen, my dear; they
would spy us out of the town.
The loud black nights for us, and the
storm rushing over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but
am led by the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son till
I find myself drenched with the
rain.

III

Anything fallen again? nay—what
was there left to fall?
I have taken them home, I have num-
ber'd the bones, I have hidden
them all.
What am I saying? and what are
you? do you come as a spy?
Falls? what falls? who knows? As
the tree falls so must it lie.

IV

Who let her in? how long has she been?
you—what have you heard?
Why did you sit so quiet? you never
have spoken a word.
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady
—none of their spies—
But the night has crept into my heart,
and begun to darken my eyes.

V

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what
should *you* know of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and
the bitter frost and the fright?
I have done it, while you were asleep
—you were only made for the
day.
I have gather'd my baby together—
and now you may go your way.

VI

Nay—for it's kind of you, madam,
to sit by an old dying wife.
But say nothing hard of my boy, I
have only an hour of life.
I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before
he went out to die.

'They dared me to do it,' he said, and
he never has told me a lie.
I whipt him for robbing an orchard
once when he was but a child—
'The farmer dared me to do it,' he
said; he was always so wild—
And idle—and could n't be idle—my
Willy—he never could rest.
The King should have made him a
soldier, he would have been
one of his best.

VII

But he lived with a lot of wild mates
and they never would let him
be good;
They swore that he dare not rob the
mail, and he swore that he
would;
And he took no life, but he took
one purse, and when all was
done
He flung it among his fellows—'I'
none of it,' said my son.

VIII

I came into court to the judge and the
lawyers. I told them my tale
God's own truth—but they kill'
him, they kill'd him for rob-
bing the mail.
They hang'd him in chains for a show
—we had always borne a good
name—
To be hang'd for a thief—and the
put away—isn't that enough
shame?
Dust to dust—low down—let u
hide! but they set him so high
That all the ships of the world coul
stare at him, passing by.
God'll pardon the hell-black rave
and horrible fowls of the air,
But not the black heart of the lawye
who kill'd him and hang'd him
there.

IX

And the jailer forced me away. I had
bid him my last good-bye;
They had fasten'd the door of his cell
'O mother!' I heard him cry.
I could n't get back tho' I tried, he
had something further to say.
And now I never shall know it. Th
jailer forced me away.

X

Then since I couldn't but hear that
cry of my boy that was dead,
They seized me and shut me up:
they fasten'd me down on my
bed.
'Mother, O mother!'—he call'd in the
dark to me year after year—
They beat me for that, they beat me
—you know that I couldn't
but hear;
And then at the last they found I had
grown so stupid and still
They let me abroad again—but the
creatures had worked their will.

XI

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone
of my bone was left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and
you, will you call it a theft?—
My baby, the bones that had suck'd
me, the bones that had laughed
and had cried—
Theirs? O, no! they are mine—not
theirs—they had moved in my
side.

XII

Do you think I was scared by the
bones? I kiss'd 'em, I buried
'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the
night by the churchyard wall.
My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the
trumpet of judgment 'ill sound.
But I charge you never to say that I
laid him in holy ground.

XIII

They would scratch him up—they
would hang him again on the
cursed tree.
Sin? O, yes, we are sinners, I know
—let all that be,
And read me a Bible verse of the
Lord's goodwill toward men—
'Full of compassion and mercy, the
Lord'—let me hear it again:
'Full of compassion and mercy—long
suffering.' Yes, O, yes!
For the lawyer is born but to murder
—the Saviour lives but to bless.
He'll never put on the black cap
except for the worst of the
worst.

And the first may be last—I have
heard it in church—and the
last may be first.
Suffering—O, long-suffering—you
as the Lord must know,
Year after year in the mist and the
wind and the shower and the
snow.

XIV

Heard, have you? what? they have
told you he never repented his
sin.
How do they know it? are *they* his
mother? are *you* of his kin?
Heard! have you ever heard, when
the storm on the downs began
The wind that 'ill wail like a child at
the sea that 'ill moan like a man

XV

Election, Election, and Reprobation
it's all very well.
But I go to-night to my boy, and
shall not find him in hell.
For I cared so much for my boy that
the Lord has look'd into my
care,
And He means me I'm sure to be happy
with Willy, I know not when

XVI

And if *he* be lost—but to save a
soul, that is all your desire—
Do you think that I care for *my* son
if my boy be gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go
go, you may leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you
are just as hard as a stone.

XVII

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think
that you mean to be kind,
But I cannot hear what you say of
my Willy's voice in the wind
The snow and the sky so bright—
used but to call in the dark,
And he calls to me now from the
church and not from the gibbet
—for hark!
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it
coming—shaking the walls—
Willy—the moon's in a cloud—
Good night. I am going. I
call.

THE NORTHERN COBBLER

I

WAÏFT till our Sally cooms in, fur
 thou mun a' sights¹ to tell.
 Eh, but I be ma'in glad to seeä tha
 sa 'arty an' well.
 Cast awaäy on a disolut land wi' a
 vartical soon² !
 Strange fur to goä fur to think what
 saäilors a' seäan an' a' doon;
 'Summat to drink sa 'ot?' I 'a
 nowt but Adam's wine:
 What's the 'eät o' this little 'ill-side
 to the 'eät o' the line?

II

'What's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?'
 I'll tell tha. Gin.
 But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun
 goä fur it down to the inn.
 Naäy—fur I be ma'in glad, but thaw
 tha was iver sa dry,
 Thou gits naw gin fro' the bottle
 theer, an' I'll tell tha why. 10

III

Meä an' thy sister was married, when
 wur it? back-end o' June,
 Ten year sin', and wa 'greed as well
 as a fiddle i' tune.
 I could fettle and clump owd booöts
 and shoes wi' the best on 'em all,
 As fer as fro' Thursby thurn hup to
 Harmsby and Hutterby Hall.
 We was busy as bees i' the bloom an'
 as 'appy as 'art could think,
 An' then the babby wur burn, and
 then I taäkes to the drink.

IV

An' I weänt gaäinsaäy it, my lad, thaw
 I be hafe shaämed on it now,
 We could sing a good song at the
 Plow, we could sing a good
 song at the Plow;

¹ The vowels *ai*, pronounced separately though in the closest conjunction, best render the sound of the long *i* and *y* in this dialect. But since such words as *cräin*, *daäin*, *whai*, *ai* (I), etc., look awkward except in a page of express phonetics, I have thought it better to leave the simple *i* and *y*, and to trust that my readers will give them the broader pronunciation.

² The *oo* short, as in 'wood.'

Thaw once of a frosty night I slither'
 an' hurted my huck,¹
 An' I coom'd neck-an-crop soomtime
 slaäpe down i' the squad an' the
 muck:
 An' once I fowt wi' the taäilör—no
 hafe ov a man, my lad—
 Fur he scrawm'd an' scratted my faäce
 like a cat, an' it maäde 'ersa maä
 That Sally she turn'd a tongue
 banger,² an' raäted ma, 'Sottin'
 thy braäins
 Guzzlin' an' soäkin' an' smoäkin' an'
 hawmin'³ about i' the laänes,
 Soä sow-droonk that tha doesn not
 touch thy 'at to the Squire:
 An' I looök'd cock-eyed at my noäse
 an' I seeäd 'im a-gittin' o' fire;
 But sin' I wur hallus i' liquor an'
 hallus as droonk as a king,
 Foälsks' coostom flitted awaäy like a
 kite wi' a broken string.

V

An' Sally she wesh'd foälsks' cloäth
 to keep the wolf fro' the door,
 Eh, but the moor she riled me, sh
 druv me to drink the moor, 3
 Fur I fun', when 'er back wur turn'd
 wheer Sally's owd stockin' wu
 'id,
 An' I grabb'd the munny she maäde
 and I weärd it o' liquor, I did.

VI

An' one night I cooms o'äim like a bul
 gotten loose at a faäir,
 An' she wur a-waäitin' fo'mma, an'
 cryin' and teärin' 'er aäir,
 An' I tummled athurt the craädle an'
 sweärd as I'd break ivry sticl
 O' furnitur 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gie
 our Sally a kick,
 An' I mash'd the taäbles an' chair
 an' she an' the babby beäl'd,⁴
 Fur I knaw'd naw moor what I di
 nor a mortal beäst o' the feäld.

VII

An' when I waäked i' the murnin'
 seeäd that our Sally went laäme
 Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wu
 dreädful ashaämed;

¹ Hip.

² Scold.

³ Lounging.

⁴ Bellowed, cried out.

Sally wur sloomy¹ an' draggle-
taill'd in an owd turn gown,
the babby's faice wur n't wesh'd,
an' the 'ole 'ouse hupside down.

VIII

' then I minded our Sally sa pratty
an' neät an' sweeät,
aät as a pole an' cleän as a flower
fro' eäid to fecäit:
' then I minded the fust kiss I gied
'er by Thursby thurn;
eer wur a lark a-singin' 'is best of
a Sunday at morn,
uld n't see 'im, we 'eärd 'im a-moun-
tin' oop 'igher an' 'igher,
' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e
shined like a sparkle o' fire,
oes n't tha see 'im?' she axes, 'fur
I can see 'im; ' an' I⁴⁹
äid nobbut the smile o' the sun as
danced in 'er pratty blue eye;
' I says, 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an'
Sally says, 'Noä, thou moänt,'
at I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother,
an' Sally says, 'doänt I'

IX

' when we coom'd into meeätin', at
fust she wur all in a tew,
t. arter, we sing'd the 'ymn to-
gether like birds on a beugh;
' Muggins 'e preach'd o' hell-fire an'
the loov o' God fur men,
' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally
gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

X

er wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick
like Sultän as fell
wn out o' heaven i' hell-fire - thaw
theer 's naw drinkin' i' hell;
i fur to kick our Sally as kep the
wolf fro' the door,
along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er
as well as afoor.⁵⁰

XI

like a grafit num cumpus I blub
ber'd awaäy o' the bed
'änt niver do it naw moor; ' an'
Sally lookt up an' she säid,
'll upowd it² tha weänt; thou 'rt
like the rest o' the men.

¹ Sluggish, out of spirits.

² I'll uphold it.

Thou'll goä sniffin' about the tap till
tha does it ageän.
Theer's thy hennemy, man, an' I
knaws, as knaws tha sa well,
That, if tha seeäs 'im an' smells 'im
tha 'll foller 'im slick into hell.'

XII

' Naäy,' says I, 'fur I weänt goä sniff-
fin' about the tap.'
' Weänt tha?' she says, an' mysen I
thowt i' mysen 'mayhap.'
' Noä: ' an' I started awaäy like a shot,
an' down to the hinn,
An' I browt what tha seeäs stannin'
theer, yon big black bottle o'
gin.⁷⁰

XIII

' That caps owt,'¹ says Sally, an' saw
she begins to cry,
But I puts it inter 'er 'ands an' I says
to 'er, 'Sally,' says I,
' Stan' 'im theer i' the naäme o' the
Lord an' the power ov 'is graife,
Stan' 'im theer, fur I'll loök my hen-
nemy straät i' the faice,
Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let
ma loök at 'im then,
'E seeäs naw moor nor watter, an'
'e 's the devil's oäin sen.'

XIV

An' I wur down i' tha mouth, could n't
do naw work an' all,
Nasty an' snaggy an' shaäky, an'
poonch'd my 'and wi' the hawl,
But she wur a power o' coomfut, an'
sattled 'ersen o' my knee,
An' coäyd an' coödl'd me oop till ageän
I feel'd mysen free.⁸

XV

An' Sally she tell'd it about, an' foäll
stood a gawmin'² in,
As thaw it wur summat bewitch'd,
instead o' a quart o' gin;
An' some on 'em säid it wur watter
an' I wur choosin' the wife,
Fur I could n't owd lands off gin, wur
it nobbut to save my life
An' blacksmith e stäps me the thick
ov 'is airm, an' 'e shows it to
me.

¹ That 's beyond everything.

² Staring vacantly.

Look at the cloaths on
an most spic-spe
An' Tommy's faace b
codlin wesh'd i'

xx

'Ere be our Sally an'
be a-goin to din
Baileon an' taates, an'
din' ¹ an' Adam'
But if tha wants ony
goa fur it down
Fur I weant shed
blood, noa, not
kin

THE REV

A BALLAD OF THE

XVI

An' their 'e stans an' their 'e shall
stand to my dying day,
I'll getter to my lings an' it's a
kind of a way
Plead to my lings an' my lings
I'll get to my lings an' my lings
I'll get to my lings an' my lings
I'll get to my lings an' my lings

[illegible]

Wang, J. and J. A. Roberts. 1995. The effects of the 1992-1993 El Niño on the marine benthic invertebrates of the central Chilean coast. *Marine Biology* 123: 671-681.

... ..

Sir Richard bore in hand all his
 sick men from the land
 y carefully and slow,
 n of Bideford in Devon,
 d we laid them on the ballast down
 below ;
 e we brought them all aboard,
 d they blest him in their pain, that
 they were not left to Spain, 20
 the thumb-screw and the stake, for
 the glory of the Lord.

IV

had only a hundred seamen to
 work the ship and to fight,
 d he sailed away from Flores till
 the Spaniard came in sight,
 th his huge sea-castles heaving
 upon the weather bow.
 hall we fight or shall we fly ?
 od Sir Richard, tell us now,
 r to fight is but to die !
 ere 'll be little of us left by the time
 this sun be set.'
 d Sir Richard said again : ' We be
 all good English men,
 t us hang these dogs of Seville, the
 children of the devil, 30
 r I never turn'd my back upon Don
 or devil yet.'

V

Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and
 we roar'd a hurrah, and so
 e little Revenge ran on sheer into
 the heart of the foe,
 th her hundred fighters on deck,
 and her ninety sick below ;
 r half of their fleet to the right and
 half to the left were seen,
 d the little Revenge ran on thro'
 the long sea-lane between.

VI

ousands of their soldiers look'd
 down from their decks and
 laugh'd,
 ousands of their seamen made mock
 at the mad little craft
 nning on and on, till delay'd
 their mountain-like San Philip
 that, of fifteen hundred tons, 40
 d up-shadowing high above us with
 her yawning tiers of guns,
 k the breath from our sails, and
 we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip
 hung above us like a cloud
 Whence the thunderbolt will fall
 Long and loud,
 Four galleons drew away
 From the Spanish fleet that day.
 And two upon the larboard and two
 upon the starboard lay,
 And the battle-thunder broke from
 them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she
 bethought herself and went, 50
 Having that within her womb that
 had left her ill content ;
 And the rest they came aboard us, and
 they fought us hand to hand,
 For a dozen times they came with
 their pikes and musqueteers,
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off
 as a dog that shakes his ears
 When he leaps from the water to the
 land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars
 came out far over the summer
 sea,
 But never a moment ceased the fight
 of the one and the fifty-three.
 Ship after ship, the whole night long,
 their high-built galleons came,
 Ship after ship, the whole night long,
 with her battle-thunder and
 flame ;
 Ship after ship, the whole night long,
 drew back with her dead and
 her shame. 60
 For some were sunk and many were
 shatter'd, and so could fight us
 no more —
 God of battles, was ever a battle like
 this in the world before ?

X

For he said, ' Fight on ! fight on !'
 Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;
 And it chanced that, when half of
 the short summer night was
 gone,
 With a grisly wound to be drest ho
 had left the deck,
 But a bullet struck him that was
 dressing it suddenly dead,

LLADS AND OTHER POEMS

himself he was wounded again in
the side and the head,
and he said, 'Fight on! fight on!'

XI

And the night went down, and the sun
smiled out far over the summer
sea,
and the Spanish fleet with broken
sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for
they fear'd that we still could
sting.

So they watch'd what the end would
be.

And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were
slain,

And half of the rest of us maim'd for
life

In the crash of the cannonades and the
desperate strife;

And the sick men down in the hold
were most of them stark and
cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent,
and the powder was all of it
spent;

And the masts and the rigging were
lying over the side;

But Sir Richard cried in his English
pride—

'We have fought such a fight for a
day and a night

As may never be fought again!

We have won great glory, my men!

And a day less or more

At sea or ashore,

We die—does it matter when?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—
sink her, split her in twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into
the hands of Spain!

XII

And the gunner said, 'Ay, ay,' but
the seamen made reply:

'We have children, we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniard promise,
if we yield, to let us go;

We shall live to fight again and to
strike another blow.

And the lion there lay dying, and
they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to the
flagship bore him then.

Where they laid him by the mast, and
Sir Richard caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with
their courtly foreign grace;

But he rose upon their decks, and he
cried:

'I have fought for Queen and Faith
like a valiant man and true;

I have only done my duty as a man
bound to do.

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard
Grenville die!

And he fell upon their decks, and he
died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had
been so valiant and true,

And had holden the power and glory
of Spain so cheap

That he dared her with one little ship
and his English few;

Was he devil or man? He was devil
for aught they knew,

But they sank his body with honour
down into the deep,

And they mann'd the Revenge with
swarthier alien crew,

And away she sail'd with her loss as
long'd for her own;

When a wind from the lands they had
ruin'd awoke from sleep,

And the water began to heave as
the weather to moan,

And or ever that evening ended
great gale blew,

And a wave like the wave that
raised by an earthquake grew

Till it smote on their hulls and the
sails and their masts and the
flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell
the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain

And the little Revenge herself we
down by the island crags

To be lost evermore in the main.

THE SISTERS

They have left the doors ajar; and
by their clash,

And prelude on the keys, I know the
song,

**Their favorite — which I call 'The
Tables Turn'd.'**
Evelyn begins it, 'O diviner Air.'

EVELYN

O diviner Air,
Thro' the heat, the drowth, the dust, the
glare,
Far from out the west in shadowing
showers,
Over all the meadow baked and bare,
Making fresh and fair
All the bowers and the flowers, 10
Fainting flowers, faded bowers,
Over all this weary world of ours,
Breathe, diviner Air!

A sweet voice that — you scarce could
better that!
Now follows Edith echoing Evelyn.

EDITH

O diviner light,
Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon with
night,
Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding
showers,
Far from out a sky for ever bright, 20
Over all the woodland's flooded bowers,
Over all the meadow's drowning flowers,
Over all this ruin'd world of ours,
Break, diviner light!

Marvellously like, their voices — and
themselves!
Tho' one is somewhat deeper than the
other,
As one is somewhat graver than the
other —
Edith than Evelyn. Your good uncle,
whom
You count the father of your fortune,
longs
For this alliance. Let me ask you then,
Which voice most takes you? for I do
not doubt, 30
Being a watchful parent, you are taken
With one or other; tho' sometimes I
fear
You may be flickering, fluttering in a
doubt
Between the two — which must not
be — which might
Be death to one. They both are beau-
tiful;
Evelyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says
The common voice, if one may trust
it, she?

No! but the paler and the grav-
Edith.

Woo her and gain her then; no wav-
ing, boy!

The graver is perhaps the one for y
Who jest and laugh so easily and
well.

For love will go by contrast, as
likes.

No sisters ever prized each oth-
more.

Not so; their mother and her sis-
loved

More passionately still.

But that my h
And oldest friend, your uncle, wis-
it,

And that I know you worthy eve-
way

To be my son, I might, perchance,
loath

To part them, or part from them; a
yet one

Should marry, or all the broad lan-
in your view

From this bay-window — which a
house has held

Three hundred years -- will pass c
laterally.

My father with a child on eit-
knee,

A hand upon the head of either chi-
Smoothing their locks, as golden
his own

Were silver, 'get them wedded' wo-
he say.

And once my prattling Edith as-
him 'why?'

'Ay, why?' said he, 'for why shou-
I go lame?'

Then told them of his wars, and
his wound.

For see — this wine — the grape fr-
whence it flow'd

Was blackening on the slopes of P-
tugal,

When that brave soldier, down t
terrible ridge

Plunged in the last fierce charge
Waterloo,

And caught the laming bullet.
let me this,

Which yet retains a memory of
youth,

As I of mine, and my first passion.
Come:
Here 's to your happy union with my
child:

Yet must you change your name—
no fault of mine:
You say that you can do it as willingly
As birds make ready for their bridal-
time
By change of feather: for all that,
my boy,
Some birds are sick and sullen when
they moult.
An old and worthy name! but mine
that stirr'd
Among our civil wars and earlier too
Among the Roses, the more venerable.
I care not for a name—no fault of
mine.
Once more—a happier marriage than
my own!

You see yon Lombard poplar on
the plain.
The highway running by it leaves a
breadth
Of sward to left and right, where,
long ago,
One bright May morning in a world
of song,
I lay at leisure, watching overhead
The aerial poplar wave, an amber
spire.

I dozed; I woke. An open landaulet
Whirl'd by, which, after it had past
me, show'd
Turning my way, the loveliest face
on earth.
The face of one there sitting oppo-
site,
On whom I brought a strange unhap-
piness,
That time I did not see.

Love at first sight
May seem—with goodly rhyme and
reason for it—
Possible—at first glimpse, and for a
face
Gone in a moment—strange. Yet
once, when first
I came on lake Llanberris in the dark,
A moonless night with storm—one
lightning-fork

Flash'd out the lake; and the
ter'd there
The full day after, yet in retros-
That less than momentary the
sketch
Of lake and mountain conquest:
day.

The sun himself has limn'd it
for me.
Not quite so quickly, no, nor I
well.
For look you here—the shade
too deep,
And like the critic's blurring to
make
The veriest beauties of the we
pear
The darkest faults; the sweet
frown, the lips
Seem but a gash. My sole me
Of Edith—no, the other,—b
deed.

So that bright face was flash'
sense and soul
And by the poplar vanish'd—
found
Long after, as it seem'd, bene-
tall
Tree-bowers, and those long-sw
beechen boughs
Of our New Forest. I was
alone.
The phantom of the whirling la-
For ever past me by; when on
peal
Of laughter drew me thro' th
mering glades
Down to the snowlike sparkl
cloth
On fern and foxglove. Lo, it
again,
My Rosalind in this Arden—E
all
One bloom of youth, health, l
happiness,
And moved to merriment at a
jest.

There one of those about her
ing me
Call'd me to join them; so wild
I spent
What seem'd my crowning ha-
day of days.

her then, nor unsuccessfully,
 for her, for me! Was I
 sent?
 not quite; for now and then
 ought
 vague love-longings, the
 ht May.
 a heated haze to magnify
 of Edith — that a man's
 l
 heaven, and lodged with
 o's God,
 le here — content, and not
 ent,
 ch fashion as a man may be
 g had the portrait of his
 d
 an artist, looks at it, and
 y like! not altogether he.
 had not bound myself by
 s,
 ing I loved Edith, made
 me. Then came the day
 I,
 myself that all my doubts
 fools
 fool this Age that doubts
 —
 day of Edith's love or
 —
 my purpose to declare
 the stairs of Paradise.
 gates would open at a
 told her of my passion,
 found again, had got so
 er hand, her eyelids fell
 rd
 , noise of welcome at the
 —
 after two Italian years
 blossom of her health
 sister, Evelyn, enter'd —
 150
 face, and altogether she
 all about the daughter's
 ed in one another's arms,
 wrong'd about them from

And in the thick of question and
 reply
 I fled the house, driven by one angel
 face,
 And all the Furies.

I was bound to her;
 I could not free myself in honor —
 bound
 Not by the sounded letter of the word,
 But counter-pressures of the yielded
 hand
 That timorously and faintly echoed
 mine,
 Quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of
 her eyes
 Upon me when she thought I did not
 see —
 Were these not bonds? nay, nay, but
 could I wed her
 Loving the other? do her that great
 wrong?
 Had I not dream'd I loved her yester-
 morn?
 Had I not known where Love, at first
 a fear,
 Grew after marriage to full height and
 form?
 Yet after marriage, that mock-sister
 there —
 Brother-in-law — the fiery nearness of
 it —
 Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood —
 What end but darkness could ensue
 from this
 For all the three? So Love and Honor
 jarr'd,
 Tho' Love and Honor join'd to raise
 the full
 High-tide of doubt that sway'd me up
 and down
 Advancing nor retreating.

Edith wrote:
 'My mother bids me ask' — I did not
 tell you —
 A widow with less guile than many a
 child.
 God help the wrinkled children that
 are Christ's
 As well as the plump cheek — she
 wrought us harm,
 Poor soul, not knowing! — 'Are you
 ill?' — so ran
 The letter — 'you have not been here
 of late.

You will not find me here. At last I
 go
 On that long-promised visit to the
 North.
 I told your wayside story to my mother
 And Evelyn. She remembers you.
 Farewell.
 Pray come and see my mother. Almost
 blind
 'With ever-growing cataract, yet she
 thinks
 'He sees you when she hears. Again
 farewell.'

Cold words from one I had hoped to
 warm so far
 That I could stamp my image on her
 heart!
 'Pray come and see my mother, and
 farewell.'
 Cold, but as welcome as free airs of
 heaven
 After a dungeon's closeness. Selfish,
 strange!
 What dwarfs are men! my strangled
 vanity
 Utter'd a stifled cry — to have vexed
 myself
 And all in vain for her — cold heart or
 none —
 No bride for me. Yet so my path was
 clear
 To win the sister.

Whom I woo'd and won.
 For Evelyn knew not of my former
 suit,
 Because the simple mother work'd
 upon
 By Edith pray'd me not to whisper of
 it.
 And Edith would be bridesmaid on
 the day.
 But on that day, not being all at
 ease,
 I from the altar glancing back upon
 her,
 Before the first 'I will' was utter'd,
 saw
 The bridesmaid pale, statue-like, pas-
 sionless —
 No harm, no harm' — I turn'd again,
 and placed
 My ring upon the finger of my bride.

So, when we parted, Edith spoke no
 word,

She wept no tear, but round m
 lyn clung
 In utter silence for so long, I th
 'What, will she never set her
 free?'

We left her, happy each in
 and then,
 As tho' the happiness of each in
 Were not enough, must fain ha
 rents, lakes,
 Hills, the great things of Natu
 the fair,
 To lift us as it were from co
 place,
 And help us to our joy. Bette
 sent
 Our Edith thro' the glories of the
 To change with her horizon,
 Love
 Were not his own imperial all-i

Far off we went. My God, I
 not live
 Save that I think this gross
 seeming world
 Is our misshaping vision of the l
 Behind the world, that make ou
 our gains.

For on the dark night of ou
 riage-day
 The great tragedian, that had qu
 herself
 In that assumption of the brid
 -- she
 That loved me — our true Edith
 brain broke
 With over-acting, till she ro
 fled
 Beneath a pitiless rush of autur
 To the deaf church — to be let
 pray
 Before that altar — so I think
 there
 They found her beating the ha
 testant doors.
 She died and she was buried
 knew.

I learnt it first. I had to
 At once
 The bright quick smile of I
 that had sunn'd
 The morning of our marriag
 away.

d on our home-return the daily
 want 240
 Edith in the house, the garden,
 still
 wanted us like her ghost; and by
 and by,
 ther from that necessity for talk
 high lives with blindness, or plain
 innocence
 nature, or desire that her lost
 child
 ould earn from both the praise of
 heroism,
 e mother broke her promise to the
 dead,
 d told the living daughter with
 what love
 ith had welcomed my brief wooing
 of her,

And all her sweet self-sacrifice and
 death. 250

Henceforth that mystic bond be-
 twixt the twins —
 Did I not tell you they were twins? —
 prevail'd
 So far that no caress could win my
 wife
 Back to that passionate answer of full
 heart
 I had from her at first. Not that her
 love,
 Tho' scarce as great as Edith's power
 of love,
 Had lessen'd, but the mother's garru-
 lous wail
 For ever woke the unhappy Past
 again,



• We left her, happy each in each •

Till that dead bridesmaid, meant to be
my bride,
Put forth cold hands between us, and
I fear'd
The very fountains of her life were
chill'd;
So took her thence, and brought her
here, and here
She bore a child, whom reverently we
call'd
Edith; and in the second year was
born

A second — this I named from her
own self,
Evelyn; then two weeks — no more
— she join'd,
In and beyond the grave, that one she
loved.

Now in this quiet of declining life,
Thro' dreams by night and trances of
the day,

The sisters glide about me hand in
hand,

Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell
One from the other, no, nor care to
tell

One from the other, only know they
come,

They smile upon me, till, remember-
ing all

The love they both have borne me,
and the love

I bore them both — divided as I am
From either by the stillness of the
grave —

I know not which of these I love the
best.

But *you* love Edith; and her own
true eyes

Are traitors to her; our quick Eve-
lyn —

The merrier, prettier, wittier, as they
talk,

And not without good reason, my
good son —

Is yet untouch'd. And I that hold
them both

Dearest of all things — well, I am not
sure —

But if there lie a preference either
way,

And in the rich vocabulary of Love
Most dearest be a true superlative —

I think *I* likewise love your Edith
most.

THE VILLAGE WIFE; OR, ENTAIL¹

I

'OUSE-KEEPER sent *tha*, my las
new Squire coom'd last ni
Butter an' heggs — *yis* — *yis*. I'
w' *tha* back; all right;
Butter I warrants be prime, an'
rants the heggs be as well
Hafe a pint o' milk runs out wh
breaks the shell.

II

Sit thyssen down fur a bit; hev a
o' cowslip wine!

I liked the owd Squire an' 'is ge
thaw they was gells o' mi

Fur then we was all es one, the S
an' 'is darters an' me,

Hall but Miss Annie, the held
niver not took to she.

But Nelly, the last of the clet
liked 'er the fust on 'em a

Fur hoffens we talkt o' my dar
died o' the fever at fall;

An' I thowt 't wur the will o' the
but Miss Annie she said i
draäins,

Fur she hed n't naw coomfut i
an' arn'd naw thanks f
paäins

Eh! thebbe all wi' the Lord, my
der, I han't gotten none!

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is t
'is 'and, an' owd Squire's

III

Fur 'staäte be i' taäil, my lass
dosn' know what that be?

But I knaws the law, I does, fo
lawyer ha tow'd it to me.

When theer's naw 'eä'd to a 'Ou
the fault o' that ere maäle

The gells they counts fur now
the next un he taäkes the

IV

What be the next un like? ca
tell ony harm on 'im, lass

Naäy sit down — naw 'urrying
cowd! — hev another glas

Straänge an' cowd fur the time
may happen a fall o' snaw

¹ See note on pronunciation, p. 5.
² A brood of chickens.

cares fur to hear ony harm,
I likes to know.
es 'e beänt booöklarn'd; but
osn' not coom fro' the shere;
w o' that wi' the Squire, an'
haätes booöklarnin' ere.

V

wur a Varsity scholard, an'
er lookt arter the land —
er turmuts or taätes — 'e'd
as a booök i' 'is 'and,
in wi' 'is booöks, thaw nigh
seventy year.
as, what's booöks? thou
vs thebbe neyther 'ere nor
r.

VI

Is, they hed n't naw taäils,
he lawyer he tow'd it me
til were soä tied up es he
I n't cut down a tree! ³⁰
trees,' says I, to be sewer I
es 'em, my lass,
as the muck o' the land, an'
sucks the muck fro' the
l.

VII

wur hallus a-smilin', an'
to the tramps goin' by —
e wust i' the parish — wi'
as a drop in 'is eye.
arter o' Squire's hed her
ridin-erse to 'ersen,
ampaged about wi' their
as, an' wus 'untin' arter
en,
dallack't¹ an' dizen'd out,
buyin' new cloäthes,
t like a greät glimmer-
² wi' 'is glasses athurt 'is

sa grufted wi' snuff as it
n't be scroob'd awaäy,
'is readin' an' writin' 'e
up a box in a daily, ⁴⁰
runn'd arter the fox, nor
he birds wi' 'is gun,
not shot one 'arc, but 'e
l it to Charlie 'is son,
not fish'd 'is awn ponds,
harlie 'e cotch'd the pike,
rdrest in gay colors.

l.

Fur 'e warn't not burn to the land, an'
'e did n't take kind to it like;
But I cärs es 'e'd gie fur a howry¹
owd book thutty pound an'
moor,
An' 'e 'd wrote an' owd book, his awn
sen, sa I know'd es 'e'd coom
to be poor;
An' 'e gied — I be fear'd fur to tell tha
'ow much — fur an owd scratted
stoän,
An' 'e digg'd up a loomp i' the land
an' 'e got a brown pot an' a
boän,
An' 'e bowt owd money, es would n't
goä, wi' good gowd o' the
Queen,
An' 'e bowt little statutes all-naäkt
an' which was a shaäme to be
seen;
But 'e niver looökt ower a bill, nor 'e
niver not seed to owt, ⁵⁰
An' 'e niver knowd nowt but booöks,
an' booöks, as thou knows, beänt
nowt.

VIII

But owd Squire's laädy es long es she
lived she kep' 'em all clear,
Thaw es long es she lived I niver hed
none of 'er darters 'ere;
But arter she died we was all es one,
the childer an' me,
An' sarvints runn'd in an' out, an'
offens we hed 'em to tea.
Lawk! 'ow I laugh'd when the lasses
'ud talk o' their Missis's waäys,
An' the Missis's talk'd o' the lasses. —
I'll tell tha some o' these daälys.
Hoätnly Miss Annie were saw stuck
oop, like 'er mother afoor —
'Er an' 'er blessed darter — they niver
derken'd my door. ⁶⁰

IX

An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled till
'e 'd gotten a fright at last,
An' 'e calls fur 'is son, fur the 'turney's
letters they foller'd sa fast;
But Squire wur afear'd o' 'is son, an'
'e says to 'im, meek as a mouse,
'Lad, thou mun cut off thy taäil, or
the gells 'ull goä to the 'Ouse,
Fur I finds es I be that i' debt, es I
'oäps es thou 'll 'elp me a bit,

¹ Filthy.

An' if thou 'll 'gree to cut off thy taill
I may saive mysen yit.'

X

But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e
sweärs, an' 'e says to 'im, 'No!
I've gotten the 'staite by the taill an'
be dang'd if I iver let go!
Coom! coom! feyther, 'e says, 'why
should n't thy booöks be sowd!
I hears es soom o' thy booöks mebbe
worth their weight i' gowd.' 70

XI

Helps an' heäps o' booöks, I ha' seed
'em, belong'd to the Squire,
But the lasses 'ed teärd out leäves i'
the middle to kindle the fire;
Sa moäst on 'is owd big booöks fetch'd
nigh to nowt at the saäle,
And Squire were at Charlie ageäin to
git 'im to cut off 'is taill.

XII

Ya would n't find Charlie's likes—'e
were that outdacious at 'oäim,
Not thaw ya went fur to raäke out
hell wi' a small-tooth coämb—
Droonk wi' the Quoloty's wine, an'
droonk wi' the farmer's äile,
Mad wi' the lasses an' all—an' 'e
would n't cut off the taill.

XIII

Thou's coom'd oop by the beck; and
a thurn be a-grawin' theer,
I niver ha seed it sa white wi' the
maäy es I seed it to-year— 80
Theerbouts Charlie joompt—and it
gied me a scare tother night,
Fur I thowt it wur Charlie's ghoäst i'
the derk, fur it looökt sa white.
'Billy,' says 'e, 'hev a joomp!—thaw
the banks o' the beck be sa high,
Fur he ca'd 'is 'erse Billy-rough-un,
thaw niver a hair wur awry;
But Billy fell bakkuds o' Charlie, an'
Charlie 'e brok 'is neck,
Sa theer wur a hend o' the taill, fur
'e lost 'is taill i' the beck.

XIV

Sa 'is taill wur lost an' 'is booöks wur
gone an' 'is boy wur deädl,
An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled, but
'e niver not lift oop 'is 'eädl.

Hallus a soft un, Squire! an' 'e smil'd
fur 'e hed n't naw friend,
Sa feyther an' son was buried togher
an' this wur the hend.

XV

An' Parson as hes n't the call, nor t
mooney, but hes the pride,
'E reäds of a sewer an' eartan 'oäp
the tother side;
But I beänt that sewer as the Lord, ho
siver they praäy'd an' praäy'
Lets them inter 'eaven eäy es leäve
their debts to be paid.
Siver the mou'ds rattled down up
poor owd Squire i' the wood,
An' I cried along wi' the gella, i'
they weänt niver coom to m
good.

XVI

Fur Molly the long un she wal
awaäy wi' a hoffer lad,
An' nawbody 'eärd on 'er sin', sa
coorse she be gone to the bad
An' Lucy wur laäme o' one leg, swe
'arts she niver 'ed none—
Straänge an' unheppen¹ Miss Luc
we naämed her 'Dot an' g
one!
An' Hetty wur weak i' the hatti
wi'out ony harm i' the legs,
An' the fever 'ed baäked Jinny's 'e
as bald as one o' them heggs,
An' Nelly wur up fro' the craädle
big i' the mouth as a cow,
An' saw she mun hammergrate,² la
or she weänt git a maäte or
how!
An' es for Miss Annie es call'd
afor my awn foälsks to
faäce,
'A hignorant village wife es 'ud h
to be larn'd her awn plaäce,
Hes fur Miss Hannie the heldest l
now be a-grawin' sa howd,
I knaws that mooch o' sheä, es it beä
not fit to be tow'd!

XVII

Sa I did n't not taäke it kindly ov o
Miss Annie to saäy
Es I should be talkin' ageäin 'em,
soon es they went awaäy,

¹ Ungainly, awkward.

² Emigrate.

r laws! 'ow I cried when they
went, an' our Nelly she gied
me 'er 'and,
r I'd ha done owt for the Squire an'
'is gells es belong'd to the land;
oaks, es I said afoor, thebbe ney-
ther 'ere nor theer!
at I sarved 'em wi' butter an' heggs
for huppuds o' twenty year.

XVIII

r' they hallus pakid what I hax'd,
sa I hallus deal'd wi' the Hall,
r' they knaw'd what butter wur,
an' they knaw'd what a hegg
wur an' all;
agger-mugger they lived, but they
wasn't that eäsy to please,
ll I gied 'em Hinjian curn, an' they
lakid big heggs es tha seeds;
r' I niver puts saime¹ i' my butter
—they does it at Willis's farm;
aste another drop o' the wine—
twænt do tha naw harm. 120

XIX

new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäl in
'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone;
beard 'im a roomlin' by, but arter
my night-cap wur on;
I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fur
he coom'd last night sa laüte—
uksh!!² the hens i' the peäts! why
did n't tha heap the gaäte?

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

EMMIE

I

a doctor had call'd in another, I
never had seen him before,
it be sent a chill to my heart when
I saw him come in at the door,
esh from the surgery-schools of
France and of other lands—
ush red hair, big voice, big chest,
big merciless hands!
oderful cures he had done, O, yes,
but they said too of him
as was happier using the knife than
in trying to save the limb,

¹ Lard.² A cry accompanied by a clapping of
hands to scare trespassing fowl.

And that I can well believe, for he
look'd so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who
would break their jests on the
dead,
And mangle the living dog that had
loved him and fawn'd at his
knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali— that
ever such things should be! 10

II

Here was a boy—I am sure that some
of our children would die
But for the voice of love, and the
smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every
bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was
all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough;
but his voice and his face were
not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had
seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, 'The lad
will need little more of your
care.'
'All the more need,' I told him, 'to
seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all His children here, and I
pray for them all as my own.'
But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good wo-
man, can prayer set a broken
bone?' 20
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but
I know that I heard him say,
'All very well—but the good Lord
Jesus has had his day.'

III

Had? has it come? It has only
dawn'd. It will come by and
by.
O, how could I serve in the wards if
the hope of the world were a
lie?
How could I bear with the sights and
the loathsome smells of disease
But that He said, 'Ye do it to me,
when ye do it to these?'

IV

So he went. And we past to this
ward where the younger chil-
dren are laid.

ALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

of our orphan, our
meek little maid ;
just now ! We have
er who loved her so much—
ain tho' as quick as a sen-
o the touch. 30
est prattle, it often
tears,
tefullest heart I have
child of her years—
ber our Emmie; you
to send her the flowers.
d smile at 'em, play
talk to 'em hours after

an wander at will where the
is of the Lord are reveal'd
what joy can be got from
cowslip out of the field ;
ers to these 'spirits in prison' are
all they can know of the spring,
freshen and sweeten the wards
like the waft of an angel's wing.
And she lay with a flower in one hand
and her thin hands crost on her
breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can de-
sire, and we thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doc-
tor said, 'Poor little dear, 41
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll
never live thro' it, I fear.'

V

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as
far as the head of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward ; the child
did n't see I was there.

VI

Never since I was nurse had I been so
grieved and so vexed !
Emmie had heard him. Softly she
call'd from her cot to the next,
'He says I shall never live thro' it ;
O Annie, what shall I do ?'
Annie consider'd. 'If I,' said the
wise little Annie, 'was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to
help me, for, Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there : "Little
children should come to me"—
Meaning the print that you gave us, I
find that it always can please 51
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with
children about his knees.

'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie,
then if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it's
such a lot of beds in the ward
That was a puzzle for Annie. A
she consider'd and said :
'Emmie, you put out your arms
you leave 'em outside of
bed—
The Lord has so much to see to
Emmie, you tell it him plain
It's the little girl with her arms
out on the counterpane.'

VII

I had sat three nights by the child
I could not watch her for food
My brain had begun to reel—I
could do it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but
thought that it never would
pass.
There was a thunderclap once, a
clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that
heard as I tost about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in
storm and the darkness with
My sleep was broken besides
dreams of the dreadful knight
And fears for our delicate Emmie
scarce would escape with
life ;
Then in the gray of the morn-
seem'd she stood by me
smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour,
we went to see to the child

VIII

He had brought his ghastly tools
believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms
out on the counterpane—
Say that His day is done ! Ah,
should we care what they
The Lord of the children had
her, and Emmie had past a

DEDICATORY POEM TO PRINCESS ALICE

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if
which lived
True life live on—and if the fatal

n of true life and love, divorce
thee not
on earthly love and life — if what
we call
spirit flash not all at once from
out
is shadow into Substance — then
perhaps
e mellow'd murmur of the people's
praise
on thine own State, and all our
breadth of realm,
ere Love and Longing dress thy
deeds in light,
ends to thee; and this March
morn that sees
y Soldier-brother's bridal orange-
bloom
ak thro' the yews and cypress of
thy grave,
d thine Imperial mother smile
again,
y send one ray to thee! and who
can tell —
ou — England's England - loving
daughter — thou
ing so English thou wouldst have
her flag
me on thy coffin — where is he can
swear
t that some broken gleam from our
poor earth
y touch thee, while, remembering
thee, I lay
thy pale feet this ballad of the
deeds
England, and her banner in the
East?

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW

I

SSER of England, not for a sea-
son, O banner of Britain, hast
thou
sted in conquering battle or flap-
ped to the battle-cry!
ver with mightier glory than when
we had rear'd thee on high
ring at top of the roofs in the
ghastly siege of Lucknow —
et thro' the staff or the halyard, but
ever we raised thee anew,
flecter upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew.

II

Frail were the works that defended
the hold that we held with our
lives —
Women and children among us, God
help them, our children and
wives!
Hold it we might — and for fifteen
days or for twenty at most.
'Never surrender, I charge you, but
every man die at his post!' —
Voice of the dead whom we loved,
our Lawrence the best of the
brave;
'Cold were his brows when we kiss'd
him — we laid him that night in
his grave.
'Every man die at his post!' and
there hail'd on our houses and
halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and
death from their cannon balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and
death at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the mus-
ket, and death while we stoop'd
to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to
the wounded, for often there
fell,
Striking the hospital wall, crashing
thro' it, their shot and their
shell,
Death — for their spies were among
us, their marksmen were told of
our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro'
the brain that could think for
the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads,
and bullets would rain at our
feet —
Fire from ten thousand at once of the
rebels that girdled us round
Death at the glimpse of a finger from
over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque
and the palace, and death in the
ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine!
down, down! and creep thro'
the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! you can
hear him — the murderous mole!
Quick! ah! quiet — wait till the point
of the pickaxe be thro'!

Click with the pick, coming nearer
and nearer again than before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and
the dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew ! 30

III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many
times, and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground
thunder-clap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur
like so many fiends in their
hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on
volley, and yell upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad
enemy fell.
What have they done ? where is it ?
Out yonder. Guard the Redan !
Storm at the Water-gate ! storm at the
Bailey-gate ! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as
ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is
daily drown'd by the tide— 39
So many thousands that, if they be
bold enough, who shall escape ?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall
know we are soldiers and men !
Ready ! take aim at their leaders—
their masses are gapp'd with
our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave, like
the wave flinging forward
again,
Flying and foild at the last by the
handful they could not subdue ;
And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew.

IV

Handful of men as we were, we were
English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to
command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the
garrison hung but on him ;
Still—could we watch at all points ?
we were every day fewer and
fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but
only a whisper that past : 50
Children and wives—if the tigers
leap into the fold unawares—

Every man die at his post—and
foe may outlive us at last—
Better to fall by the hands that
love, than to fall into theirs !
Roar upon roar in a moment
by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our
and our poor palisades.
Rifleman, true is your heart, but
sure that your hand be as true
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aim
are your flank fusillades—
Twice do we hurl them to earth
the ladders to which they
clung,
Twice from the ditch where they
ter we drive them with
grenades ;
And ever upon the topmost roof
banner of England blew.

V

Then on another wild morning another
wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defence ten
twelve good paces or more.
Rifleman, high on the roof, hid
there from the light of the sun
One has leapt up on the breach, cry
out : ' Follow me, follow
me ! '—
Mark him—he falls ! then another
and him too, and down goes
Had they been bold enough then, we
can tell but the traitors
won ?
Boardings and rafters and doors—
embrasure ! make way for
gun !
Now double-charge it with grape !
is charged and we fire, and they
run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and
the dark face have his due !
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who
fought with us, faithful
few,
Fought with the bravest among
and drove them, and smote
them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof
banner in India blew.

VI

Men will forget what we suffer ;
not what we do. We can fight

LLADS AND OTHER POEMS

'—what use? The shepherd,
 when I speak,
 ling a sudden eyelid with his hard
 in Saesneg,' passes, wroth at things
 of old—
 fault of mine. Had he God's
 word in Welsh
 e might be kindlier; happily come
 the day!

Not least art thou, thou little Beth-
 lehem
 In Judah, for in thee the Lord was
 born;
 Nor thou in Britain, little Lutter-
 worth,
 Least, for in thee the word was born
 again.

Heaven-sweet Evangel, ever-living
 word,
 Who whilome spakest to the South in
 Greek
 About the soft Mediterranean shores,
 And then in Latin to the Latin crowd,
 As good need was—thou hast come
 to talk our isle.

Hereafter thou, fulfilling Pentecost,
 Must learn to use the tongues of all
 the world.

Yet art thou thine own witness that
 thou bringest

Not peace, a sword, a fire.

What did he say,
 My frightened Wiclif-preacher whom I
 crost

In flying hither? that one night a
 crowd

Throng'd the waste field about the
 city gates;

The king was on them suddenly with
 a host.

Why there? they came to hear their
 preacher. Then

Some cried on Cobham, on the good
 Lord Cobham;

Ay, for they love me! but the king—
 nor voice

Nor finger raised against him—took
 and hang'd,

Took, hang'd and burnt—how many
 —thirty-nine—

Call'd it rebellion—hang'd, poor
 friends, as rebels

And burn'd alive as heretics! for your
 priest

Labels—to take the king along wi
 him—

All heresy, treason; but to call m
 traitors

May make men traitors.

Rose of Lancaster
 Red in thy birth, redder with hous

hold war,
 Now reddest with the blood of be

men,
 Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster.

If somewhere in the North, as Rum

sang
 Fluttering the hawks of this crow

lusting line—
 By firth and loch thy silver sis

grow,¹
 That were my rose, there my al

giance due.
 Self-starved, they say—nay, mu

der'd, doubtless dead.
 So to this king I cleaved. My frie

was he,
 Once my fast friend; I would ha

given my life
 To help his own from scathe, a the

sand lives
 To save his soul. He might ha

come to learn
 Our Wiclif's learning; but the work

priests,
 Who fear the king's hard comm

sense should find
 What rotten piles uphold their mas

work,
 Urge him to foreign war. O, had

will'd
 I might have stricken a lusty stro

for him,
 But he would not; far liever hed

friend
 Back to the pure and universal chur

But he would not—whether that h

less flaw
 In his throne's title make him feel

frail,
 He leans on Antichrist; or that

mind,
 So quick, so capable in soldiership,

In matters of the faith, alas!

while!
 More worth than all the kingdoms

this world,
 Runs in the rut, a coward to

priest.

¹ Richard II.

good Sir Roger Acton, my
friend!
my faithful preacher, Bev-

er! thou power to thy two
esses,
also faith make merry over
it! ⁸⁰
but thirty-nine have risen
stand,
the smoke of human sacri-

light, and cry continually —
at whom?
who should bear the sword
— what! the kingly, kindly

the world so easily hereto-

ompanion, tavern-fellow —

and japed — in many a
tale
our sides — at pardoners,
moners,
lution-sellers, monkeries ⁹⁰
ries, when the wild hour
ie wine
wits aflame.

Harry of Monmouth,
of the East?

Better to sink
e-lys in slime again, and

back into the riotous

d harlotry — thy shame,
ine,

— than to persecute the

e Saul that never will be

nt! and while this mitred
el

nlicensed preacher to the ¹⁰⁰

action'd harlot draws his

rb — their hard celibacy,
veriest ice of pureness,

us living, or such crimes
l — a shame to speak of

—
athen —

Sanctuary granted
To bandit, thief, assassin — yea, to
him

Who hacks his mother's throat —
denied to him

Who finds the Saviour in his mother
tongue.

The Gospel, the priest's pearl, flung
down to swine — ¹¹⁰

The swine, lay-men, lay-women, whc
will come,

God willing, to outlearn the filthy
friar.

Ah, rather, Lord, than that thy Gos
pel, meant

To course and range thro' all the
world, should be

Tether'd to these dead pillars of the
Church —

Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,
Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack

heart, and life
Pass in the fire of Babylon! but how

long.

O Lord, how long!
My friend should meet me here.

Here is the copse, the fountain and —
a cross! ¹²⁰

To thee, dead wood, I bow not head
nor knees.

Rather to thee, green boscage, work
of God,

Black holly, and white-flower'd way-
faring-tree!

Rather to thee, thou living water,
drawn

By this good Wielif mountain down
from heaven,

And speaking clearly in thy native
tongue —

No Latin — He that thirsteth, come
and drink!

Eh! how I anger'd Arundel asking
me

To worship Holy Cross! I spread
mine arms,

God's work, I said, a cross of flesh and
blood ¹³⁰

And holier. That was heresy. — My
good friend

By this time should be with me. —
'Images?'

'Bury them as God's truer images
Are daily buried.' 'Heresy. — Pen

ance?' 'Fast,

Hair-shirt and scourge—nay, let a
man repent,
Do penance in his heart, God hears
him.' 'Heresy—
Not shriven, not saved?' 'What
profits an ill priest
Between me and my God? I would
not spurn
Good counsel of good friends, but
shrive myself—
No, not to an Apostle.' 'Heresy.'—
My friend is long in coming.—'Pil-
grimages?'¹⁴¹
'Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil's-
dances, vice.
The poor man's money gone to fat the
friar.
Who reads of begging saints in Scrip-
ture?'—'Heresy'—
Hath he been here—not found me—
gone again?
Have I mislearnt our place of meet-
ing?'—'Bread—
Bread left after the blessing?' how
they stared,
That was their main test-question—
glared at me!
'He veild Himself in flesh, and now
He veils
His flesh in bread, body and bread to-
gether.'¹⁵⁰
Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd
wolves,
'No bread, no bread. God's body!'
Archbishop, bishop,
Priors, canons, friars, bell-ringers,
parish-clerks—
'No bread, no bread!'—'Authority
of the Church,
Power of the keys!'—Then I, God
help me, I
So mock'd, so spurn'd, so baited two
whole days—
I lost myself and fell from evenness,
And rail'd at all the Popes that, ever
since
Sylvester shed the venom of world-
wealth
Into the church, had only proven
themselves¹⁶⁰
Poisoners, murderers. Well—God
pardon all—
Me, them, and all the world—yea,
that proud priest,
That mock-meek mouth of utter Anti-
christ,

That traitor to King Richard and the
truth,
Who rose and doom'd me to the fire.
^{Amen}
Nay, I can burn, so that the Lord's
life
Be by me in my death.
^{Those three! the fourth}
Was like the Son of God! Not burn
were they.
On *them* the smell of burning had as
past.
That was a miracle to convert the
king.
These Pharisees, this Caiaphas-Ar-
del
What miracle could turn? *He* be-
again,
He thwarting their traditions of Him
self,
He would be found a heretic to Him
self,
And doom'd to burn alive.
^{So, caught, I burn}
Burn? heathen men have borne as
much as this,
For freedom, or the sake of those the
loved,
Or some less cause, some cause far less
than mine;
For every other cause is less than mine.
The moth will singe her wings, and
sing'd return,
Her love of light quenching her fear
of pain—
How now, my soul, we do not heed
the fire?
Faint-hearted? tut!—faint-stom-
ach'd! faint as I am,
God willing, I will burn for Him.
^{Who comes}
A thousand marks are set upon my
head.
Friend?—foe perhaps—a tussle for
it then!
Nay, but my friend. Thou art as
well disguised,
I knew thee not. Hast thou brought
bread with thee?
I have not broken bread for fifty hours
None? I am damn'd already by the
priest¹⁰
For holding there was bread when
bread was none—
No bread. My friends await me yon-
der? Yea.



COLUMBUS

603

n. *Up* the mountain? Is
? *Climb first* and reach me
thy hand.
like to die for lack of
live to testify by fire.¹

COLUMBUS

good lord! In your
brows I read
er at our chamber orna-
this iron from our isles of

King know you deign to
im
e rose from off his throne
at
people, like his brother
face that morning in the

ona—tho' you were not

Yes. The city deck'd

roar'd my name; the
he Queen,¹⁰
seated, speak, and tell
l
my voyage, and while I

car fell as at the 'Peace,
l'
ased to speak, the King,
en,
eir thrones, and melted
rs,
I lifted hand and heart
e
d who led me thro' the
great 'Laudamus' rose
in.

e Admiral of the Ocean!

gave a new heaven, a
h,²⁰
ad prophesied of me,
on Christmas Day, 1417.

Gave glory and more empire to the
kings
Of Spain than all their battles! chains
for him
Who push'd his prow into the setting
sun,
And made West East, and sail'd the
Dragon's Mouth,
And came upon the Mountain of the
World,
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains! we are Admirals of the
Ocean, we,
We and our sons for ever. Ferdinand
Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic
Queen —³⁰
Of the Ocean—of the Indies—Admi-
rals we —
Our title, which we never mean to
yield,
Our guerdon not alone for what we
did,
But our amends for all we might have
done —
The vast occasion of our stronger
life —
Eighteen long years of waste, seven
in your Spain,
Lost, showing courts and kings a
truth the babe
Will suck in with his milk hereafter
— earth
A sphere.

Were *you* at Salamanca? No.
We fronted there the learning of all
Spain,⁴⁰
All their cosmogonies, their astron-
omies.
Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but the
golden guess
Is morning-star to the full round of
truth.
No guess-work! I was certain of my
goal;
Some thought it heresy, but that would
not hold.
King David call'd the heavens a hide,
a tent
Spread over earth, and so this earth
was flat.
Some cited old Lactantius; could it
be
That trees grew downward, rain fell
upward, men

ALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and
besides, ⁵⁰
The great Augustine wrote that none
could breathe
Within the zone of heat; so might
there be
Two Adams, two mankinds, and that
was clean
Against God's word. Thus was I
beaten back,
And chiefly to my sorrow by the
Church,
And thought to turn my face from
Spain, appeal
Once more to France or England; but
our Queen
Recall'd me, for at last their High-
nesses
Were half-assured this earth might be
a sphere.

All glory to the all-blessed Trinity,
All glory to the mother of our Lord, ⁶¹
And Holy Church, from whom I never
swerved
Not even by one hair's-breadth of
heresy,
I have accomplish'd what I came to do.

Not yet — not all — last night a
dream — I sail'd
On my first voyage, harass'd by the
frights
Of my first crew, their curses and
their groans,
The great flame-banner borne by Ten-
eriffe,
The compass, like an old friend false
at last
In our most need, appall'd them, and
the wind ⁷⁰
Still westward, and the weedy seas —
at length
The land-bird, and the branch with
berries on it,
The carven staff — and last the light,
the light
On Guanahani! but I changed the
name;
San Salvador I call'd it; and the light
Grew as I gazed, and brought out a
broad sky
Of dawning over — not those alien
palms,
The marvel of that fair new nature —
not

That Indian isle, but our most an-
East,
Moriah with Jerusalem; and I saw
The glory of the Lord flash up,
beat
Thro' all the homely town from jasper
sapphire,
Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx,
dius,
Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysopa-
Jacynth, and amethyst — and I
twelve gates,
Pearl — and I woke, and thought
death — I shall die —
I am written in the Lamb's own
of Life
To walk within the glory of the
Sunless and moonless, utter light
but no!
The Lord had sent this bright, strange
dream to me
To mind me of the secret ve-
made
When Spain was waging war against
the Moor —
I strove myself with Spain against
Moor.
There came two voices from the
ulchre,
Two friars crying that, if Spain should
oust
The Moslem from her limit, he
fierce
Soldan of Egypt, would break in
and raze
The blessed tomb of Christ; where
I vow'd
That, if our princes harken'd to
prayer,
Whatever wealth I brought from
new world
Should, in this old, be consecrated
lead
A new crusade against the Saracen
And free the Holy Sepulchre
thrall.

Gold? I had brought your price
gold enough
If left alone! Being but a Genoese
I am handled worse than had I been
Moor.
And breach'd the belting wall of
balu,
And given the Great Khan's price
to the Moor.

the sacred crown of Pres-
 ohn,
 to the Moor. But *had* I
 't
 on's now-recover'd Ophir

t Solomon's navies carried

have gilded *me*? Blue
 of Spain,
 ing your own royal arms
 in,
 blue blood and black
 of Spain,
 d the convict of Castile,
 rom Hispaniola. For you

home, that ever swarm

the highest heads, and
 ur down

ie distance—these out-
 me so
 our prudent King, our
 us Queen—

i being so calumniated
 ommission one of weight
 orth

tween my slander'd self
 :—

ain enemy at their court,
 out *his* tool, Bovadilla,

nd impolitic as a beast—
 verence, brainless greed
 sack'd
 seized upon my papers,

feed the rebels of the

n-farms for all but no-
 rave

ave for all to work the

my good brothers home

s,
 ruthless gold—a single

four thousand Castilla-

—weigh'd him down
 abysm—

of the latitude on him

r discovering over-roll
 old; the frailer caravel,

With what was mine, came happily to
 the shore.

There was a glimmering of God's
 hand.

And God

Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O
 my lord,

I swear to you I heard His voice be-
 tween

The thunders in the black Veragua
 nights,

'O soul of little faith, slow to believe!
 Have I not been about thee from thy
 birth?

Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-
 sea?

Set thee in light till time shall be no
 more?

Is it I who have deceived thee or the
 world?

Endure! thou hast done so well for
 men, that men

Cry out against thee. Was it other-
 wise

With mine own Son?

And more than once in days

Of doubt and cloud and storm, when
 drowning hope

Sank all but out of sight, I heard His
 voice,

'Be not cast down. I lead thee by
 the hand,

Fear not.' And I shall hear His voice
 again—

I know that He has led me all my
 life,

I am not yet too old to work His
 will—

His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord,

I lying here bedridden and alone, 160
 Cast off, put by, scouted by court and

king—

The first discoverer starves—his fol-
 lowers, all

Flower into fortune—our world's
 way—and I,

Without a roof that I can call mine
 own,

With scarce a coin to buy a meal
 withal,

And seeing what a door for scoundrel
 scum

I open'd to the West, thro' which the
 lust,
 Villainy, violence, avarice, of your
 Spain
 Pour'd in on all those happy naked
 isles —
 Their kindly native princes slain or
 slaved, 170
 Their wives and children Spanish con-
 cubines,
 Their innocent hospitalities quench'd
 in blood,
 Some dead of hunger, some beneath
 the scourge,
 Some over-labor'd, some by their own
 hands, —
 Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Na-
 ture, kill
 Their babies at the breast for hate of
 Spain —
 Ah God, the harmless people whom
 we found
 In Hispaniola's island-Paradise !
 Who took us for the very gods from
 heaven,
 And we have sent them very fiends
 from hell : 180
 And I myself, myself not blameless, I
 Could sometimes wish I had never led
 the way.

Only the ghost of our great Catholic
 Queen
 Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou com-
 forted !
 This creedless people will be brought
 to Christ
 And own the holy governance of
 Rome.'

But who could dream that we, who
 bore the Cross
 Thither, were excommunicated there.
 For curbing crimes that scandalized
 the Cross,
 By him, the Catalanian Minorite, 190
 Rome's Vicar in our Indies ? who be-
 lieve
 These hard memorials of our truth to
 Spain
 Clung closer to us for a longer term
 Than any friend of ours at Court ?
 and yet
 Pardon — too harsh, unjust. I am
 rack'd with pains.

You see that I have hung them
 my bed,
 And I will have them buried in
 grave.

Sir, in that flight of ages which
 God's
 Own voice to justify the dead — per-
 chance
 Spain, once the most chivalric re-
 on earth,
 Spain, then the mightiest, wealthiest
 realm on earth,
 So made by me, may seek to unbury
 me,

To lay me in some shrine of this
 Spain,
 Or in that vaster Spain I leave to
 Spain.

Then some one standing by my grave
 will say,
 'Behold the bones of Christopher Co-
 lôn' —

'Ay, but the chains, what do they
 mean — the chains ?'

I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain
 Who then will have to answer, 'These
 same chains

Bound these same bones back thro'
 the Atlantic sea,
 Which he unchain'd for all the world
 to come.'

O Queen of Heaven who seest the
 souls in hell

And purgatory, I suffer all as much
 As they do — for the moment. Stay
 my son

Is here anon ; my son will speak for
 me

Ablier than I can in these spasms the
 grind

Bone against bone. You will not
 One last word.

You move about the Court ; I pray
 you tell

King Ferdinand who plays with me
 that one

Whose life has been no play with his
 and his

Hidalgos — shipwrecks, famines, fi-
 vers, fights,

Mutinies, treacheries — wink'd at, and
 condoned —

at I am loyal to him till the death,
 d ready — tho' our Holy Catholic
 Queen,
 so fain had pledged her jewels on
 my first voyage,
 ose hope was mine to spread the
 Catholic faith,
 so wept with me when I return'd
 in chains,
 so sits beside the blessed Virgin
 now,
 whom I send my prayer by night
 and day —
 is gone — but you will tell the
 King, that I, ²³⁰
 k'd as I am with gout, and wench'd
 with pains
 n'd in the service of His Highness,
 yet
 ready to sail forth on one last
 voyage,
 d readier, if the King would hear,
 to lead
 last crusade against the Saracen,
 d save the Holy Sepulchre from
 thrall.

going? I am old and slighted; you
 have dared
 ewhat perhaps in coming? my
 poor thanks!
 m but an alien and a Genovese.

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE

(FOUNDED ON AN IRISH LEGEND
 A. D. 700)

I
 as the chief of the race — he had
 stricken my father dead —
 at I gather'd my fellows together, I
 swore I would strike off his
 head.
 sh of them look'd like a king, and
 was noble in birth as in worth,
 d each of them boasted he sprang
 from the oldest race upon earth.
 ch was as brave in the fight as the
 bravest hero of song,
 d each of them liefer had died than
 have done one another a wrong.
 e lived on an isle in the ocean — we
 sail'd on a Friday morn —
 e that had slain my father the day
 before I was born.

II

And we came to the isle in the ocean,
 and there on the shore was
 he.
 But a sudden blast blew us out and
 away thro' a boundless sea. ¹⁰

III

And we came to the Silent Isle that
 we never had touch'd at before,
 Where a silent ocean always broke on
 a silent shore,
 And the brooks glitter'd on in the
 light without sound, and the
 long waterfalls
 Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the
 base of the mountain walls,
 And the poplar and cypress unshaken
 by storm flourish'd up beyond
 sight,
 And the pine shot aloft from the crag
 to an unbelievable height,
 And high in the heaven above it there
 flicker'd a songless lark,
 And the cock could n't crow, and the
 bull could n't low, and the dog
 could n't bark.
 And round it we went, and thro' it,
 but never a murmur, a breath —
 It was all of it fair as life, it was all
 of it quiet as death, ²⁰
 And we hated the beautiful isle, for
 whenever we strove to speak
 Our voices were thinner and fainter
 than any flittermouse shriek;
 And the men that were mighty of
 tongue and could raise such a
 battle-cry
 That a hundred who heard it would
 rush on a thousand lances and
 die —
 O, they to be dumb'd by the charm!
 — so fluster'd with anger were
 they
 They almost fell on each other; but
 after we sail'd away.

IV

And we came to the Isle of Shouting;
 we land'd, a score of wild birds
 Cried from the topmost summit with
 human voices and words.
 Once in an hour they cried, and when
 ever their voices peal'd ²⁵
 The steer fell down at the plow and
 the harvest died from the field.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

men dropt dead in the valleys
 half of the cattle went lame,
 of sank in on the hearth,
 the dwelling broke into
 and ;
 shouting of these wild birds
 into the hearts of my crew,
 they shouted along with the
 shouting and seized one another
 and slew.
 I drew them the one from the
 other ; I saw that we could not
 stay,
 And we left the dead to the birds, and
 we sail'd with our wounded
 away.

v

And we came to the Isle of Flowers ;
 their breath met us out on the
 seas,
 For the Spring and the middle Sum-
 mer sat each on the lap of the
 breeze ;
 And the red passion-flower to the cliffs,
 and the dark-blue clematis,
 clung,
 And starr'd with a myriad blossom the
 long convolvulus hung ;
 And the topmost spire of the moun-
 tain was lilies in lieu of snow,
 And the lilies like glaciers winded
 down, running out below
 Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy,
 the blaze of gorse, and the blush
 Of millions of roses that sprang with-
 out leaf or a thorn from the
 bush ;
 And the whole isle-side flashing down
 from the peak without ever a
 tree
 Swept like a torrent of gems from the
 sky to the blue of the sea.
 And we roll'd upon capes of crocus
 and vaunted our kith and our
 kin,
 And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and
 chanted the triumph of Finn,
 Till each like a golden image was pol-
 len'd from head to feet
 And each was as dry as a cricket, with
 thirst in the middle-day heat,
 Blossom and blossom, and promise of
 blossom, but never a fruit !
 And we hated the Flowering Isle, as
 we hated the isle that was mute,

And we tore up the flowers
 million and flung them
 and bay,
 And we left but a naked rock
 anger we sail'd away.

vi

And we came to the Isle of F
 round from the cliffs
 capes,
 Purple or amber, dangled a
 fathom of grapes,
 And the warm melon lay lil
 sun on the tawny sand
 And the fig ran up from the
 rioted over the land,
 And the mountain arose like
 throne thro' the fragra
 Glowing with all-color'd pl
 with golden masses of
 And the crimson and scarlet
 that flamed upon bine
 But in every berry and fruit
 poisonous pleasure of
 And the peak of the moun
 apples, the hugest
 were seen,
 And they prest, as they grev
 other, with hardly a
 tween,
 And all of them redder th
 health or than utteres
 And setting, when Even d
 the very sunset aflam
 And we stay'd three days
 gorged and we mad
 every one drew
 His sword on his fellow to
 and ever they struck
 slew ;
 And myself, I had eaten bu
 and fought till I su
 fray,
 Then I bade them rememb
 ther's death, and we sa

vii

And we came to the Isle of
 were lured by the l
 afar,
 For the peak sent up one lea
 to the Northern Star ;
 Lured by the glare and the
 scarcely could stand
 For the whole isle shudder'd
 like a man in a morta

were giddy besides with the fruits
we had gorged, and so crazed
that at last
ere were some leap'd into the fire ;
and away we sail'd, and we past
er that undersea isle, where the
water is clearer than air.
wn we look'd — what a garden ! O
bliss, what a Paradise there !
wers of a happier time, low down
in a rainbow deep
ent palaces, quiet fields of eternal
sleep !
d three of the gentlest and best of
my people, whate'er I could say,
nged head-down in the sea, and
the Paradise trembled away.

VIII

I we came to the Bounteous Isle,
where the heavens lean low on
the land,
I ever at dawn from the cloud glit-
ter'd o'er us a sun-bright hand,
it open'd and dropt at the side of
each man, as he rose from his
rest,
ad enough for his need till the labor-
less day dipt under the west ;
I we wander'd about it and thro' it.
O, never was time so good !
I we sang of the triumphs of Finn,
and the boast of our ancient
blood,
I we gazed at the wandering wave
as we sat by the gurgle of
springs,
I we chanted the songs of the Bards
and the glories of fairy kings.
at length we began to be weary,
to sigh, and to stretch and yawn,
we hated the Bounteous Isle and
the sun-bright hand of the dawn,
there was not an enemy near, but
the whole green isle was our
own,
I we took to playing at ball, and
we took to throwing the stone,
I we took to playing at battle, but
that was a perilous play,
the passion of battle was in us, we
slew and we sail'd away.

IX

I we came to the Isle of Witches
and heard their musical cry - -

'Come to us, O, come, come !' in the
stormy red of a sky
Dashing the fires and the shadows of
dawn on the beautiful shapes,
For a wild witch naked as heaven
stood on each of the loftiest
capes,
And a hundred ranged on the rock like
white sea-birds in a row,
And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced
on the wrecks in the sand below,
And a hundred splash'd from the
ledges, and bosom'd the burst
of the spray ;
But I knew we should fall on each
other, and hastily sail'd away.

X

And we came in an evil time to the
Isle of the Double Towers,
One was of smooth-cut stone, one
carved all over with flowers,
But an earthquake always moved in
the hollows under the dells,
And they shock'd on each other and
buted each other with clashing
of bells,
And the daws flew out of the towers
and jangled and wrangled in
vain,
And the clash and boom of the bells
rang into the heart and the
brain,
Till the passion of battle was on us,
and all took sides with the
towers,
There were some for the clean-cut
stone, there were more for the
carven flowers,
And the wrathful thunder of God
peal'd over us all the day,
For the one half slew the other, and
after we sail'd away.

XI

And we came to the Isle of a Saint
who had sail'd with Saint Bren-
dan of yore,
He had lived ever since on the isle
and his winters were fifteen
score,
And his voice was low as from other
worlds, and his eyes were sweet,
And his white hair sunk to his heels,
and his white beard fell to his
feet,

And he spake to me : ' O Maeldune,
let be this purpose of thine !
Remember the words of the Lord
when he told us, " Vengeance
is mine ! " ¹²⁰
His fathers have slain thy fathers in
war or in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers,
each taken a life for a life,
Thy father had slain his father, how
long shall the murder last ?
Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer
the Past to be Past.
And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard,
and we pray'd as we heard
him pray,
And the holy man he assoil'd us, and
sadly we sail'd away.

XII

And we came to the isle we were
blown from, and there on the
shore was he,
The man that had slain my father. I
saw him and let him be.
O, weary was I of the travel, the
trouble, the strife, and the sin,
When I landed again with a tithe of
my men, on the Isle of Finn ! ¹³⁰

DE PROFUNDIS :

THE TWO GREETINGS

I

Out of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that
was,
Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the
vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddy-
ing light —
Out of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
Thro' all this changing world of
changeless law,
And every phase of ever-heightening
life,
And nine long months of antenatal
gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent —
her dark orb
Touch'd with earth's light — thou
comest, darling boy ;

Our own ; a babe in lineament and
limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect
man ;
Whose face and form are hers and
mine in one,
Indissolubly married like our love.
Live, and be happy in thyself, and
serve
This mortal race thy kin so well than
men
May bless thee as we bless thee, O
young life
Breaking with laughter from the
dark ; and may
The fated channel where thy mother
lives
Be prosperously shaped, and swift
thy course
Along the years of haste and random
youth
Unshatter'd ; then full-current thou
full man ;
And last in kindly curves, with gentle
lest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power
To that last deep where we and thou
are still.

II

I

Out of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
From that great deep, before our
world begins,
Whereon the Spirit of God moves ;
he will —
Out of the deep, my child, out of the
deep,
From that true world within the
world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bound-
ing shore —
Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the
deep,
With this ninth moon, that sends the
hidden sun
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, dar-
ling boy.

II

For in the world which is not ours
They said,
' Let us make man,' and that which
should be man,

rom that one light no man can look
 upon,
 rew to this shore lit by the suns and
 moons
 nd all the shadows. O dear Spirit,
 half-lost
 1 thine own shadow and this fleshly
 sign
 hat thou art thou — who wailest be-
 ing born
 nd banish'd into mystery, and the
 pain
 f this divisible-indivisible world
 mong the numerable-innumerable
 an, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite
 space
 1 finite-infinite Time — our mortal
 veil
 nd shatter'd phantom of that infinite
 One,
 'ho made thee unconceivably Thy-
 self
 at of His whole World-self and all
 in all —
 ve thou! and of the grain and husk,
 the grape
 nd ivy-berrie, choose; and still de-
 part
 rom death to death thro' life and
 life, and find
 earer and ever nearer Him, who
 wrought
 of matter, nor the finite infinite,
 at this main-miracle, that thou art
 thou,
 5th power on thine own act and on
 the world.

THE HUMAN CRY

I

HALLOWED be Thy name — Hallelu-
 iah! —
 Infinite Ideality!
 Immeasurable Reality!
 Infinite Personality!
 HALLOWED be Thy name — Halleluiah!

II

We feel we are nothing — for all is
 Thou and in Thee;
 We feel we are something — *that* also
 has come from Thee;
 We know we are nothing — but Thou
 wilt help us to be.
 HALLOWED be Thy name — Halleluiah!

SONNETS

PREFATORY SONNET

TO 'THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'

THOSE that of late had fled far and
 fast
 To touch all shores, now leaving to
 the skill
 Of others their old craft seaworthy
 still,
 Have charter'd this; where, mindful
 of the past,
 Our true co-mates regather round the
 mast;
 Of diverse tongue, but with a com-
 mon will
 Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
 And crocus, to put forth and brave
 the blast.
 For some, descending from the sacred
 peak
 Of hoar high-templed Faith, have
 leagu'd again
 Their lot with ours to rove the world
 about;
 And some are wilder comrades, sworn
 to seek
 If any golden harbor be for men
 In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of
 Doubt.

TO THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD

Brooks, for they call'd you so that
 knew you best,
 Old Brooks, who loved so well to
 mouth my rhymes,
 How oft we two have heard Saint
 Mary's chimes!
 How oft the Cantab supper, host and
 guest,
 Would echo helpless laughter to your
 jest!
 How oft with him we paced that walk
 of lines,
 Him, the lost light of those dawn
 golden times
 Who loved you well? Now both are
 gone to rest
 You man of humorous melancholy
 mark,
 Dead of some inward agony — is it so?
 Our kindlier, truster Jacques, past
 away!



VICTOR HUGO

I cannot laud this life, it looks so
dark.

Señor *drap*—dream of a shadow, go—
God bless you! I shall join you in a
day.

MONTENEGRO

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle
sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom,
on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day
and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad no-
where scales
Their headlong passes, but his foot-
step fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels
from flight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in
prone flight

By thousands down the crags and
the vales.

O smallest among peoples!
rock-throne

Of Freedom! warriors beating
the swarm

Of Turkish Islam for five hun-
dred years,

Great Tsernogora! never since
own

Black ridges drew the cloud and
the storm

Has breathed a race of mightier
tainners.

TO VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR in Drama, Victor in Romance,
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal
and fears,
French of the French, and Latin
human tears;



Bard whose fame-lit
glance
wreaths of all that
dvance,
trait, their claim to be
s;
y thy winter weight of
oken, stormy voice of
love our England — so
;
— England, France, all
be
people ere man's race
r that diviner day,
ll thanks for thy full
ngland in the boy my

LATIONS, ETC.

OF BRUNANBURH

I
TAN King,
ong Earls,
bestower and
f Barons,
his brother,
l Atheling,
a lifelong
battle,
th the sword edge
y Brunanburh,
ie shield-wall,
he linden-wood,²
the battle-shield,
l with hammer'd brands.

II
vas a greatness
n their grandsires --
hat so often in
ith their enemies
heir hoards and their
is and their homes.

or less availed myself of
ranslation of this poem in
ary Review' (November),
idenwood.

III
Bow'd the spoiler,
Bent the Scotsman,
Fell the ship-crews
Doom'd to the death.
All the field with blood of the fighters
Flow'd, from when first the
great
Sun-star of morning-tide,
Lamp of the Lord God
Lord everlasting,
Glode over earth till the glorious crea-
ture
Sank to his setting.

IV
There lay many a man
Marr'd by the javelin,
Men of the Northland
Shot over shield.
There was the Scotsman
Weary of war.

V
We the West-Saxons,
Long as the daylight
Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that we
hated;
Grimly with swords that were sharp
from the grindstone,
Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before
us.

VI
Mighty the Mercian,
Hard was his hand-play,
Sparing not any of
Those that with Aulaf,
Warriors over the
Weltering waters
Borne in the bark's bosom,
Drew to this island
Doom'd to the death.

VII
Five young kings put asleep by the
swordstroke,
Seven strong earls of the army of
Aulaf
Fell on the war field, numberless num-
bers,
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

VIII

Then the Norse leader —
 Dire was his need of it,
 Few were his following —
 Fled to his war-ship ;
 Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king
 in it,
 Saving his life on the fallow flood.

IX

Also the crafty one,
 Constantinus,
 Crept to his North again,
 Hoar-headed hero !

X

Slender warrant had
He to be proud of
 The welcome of war-knives —
 He that was reft of his
 Folk and his friends that had
 Fallen in conflict,
 Leaving his son too
 Lost in the carnage,
 Mangled to morsels,
 A youngster in war !

XI

Slender reason had
He to be glad of
 The clash of the war-glaive —
 Traitor and trickster
 And spurner of treaties —
 He nor had Anlaf
 With armies so broken
 A reason for bragging
 That they had the better
 In perils of battle
 On places of slaughter —
 The struggle of standards,
 The rush of the javelins,
 The crash of the charges,¹
 The wielding of weapons —
 The play that they play'd with
 The children of Edward.

XII

Then with their nail'd prows
 Parted the Norsemen, a
 Blood-redden'd relic of
 Javelins over
 The jarring breaker, the deep-sea bil-
 low,

¹ Lit. 'the gathering of men.'

Shaping their way toward I
 again,
 Shamed in their souls.

XIII

Also the brethren,
 King and Atheling,
 Each in his glory,
 Went to his own in his own
 Saxonland,
 Glad of the war.

XIV

Many a carcase they left to be c
 Many a livid one, many a fallow
 Left for the white-tail'd eagle t
 it, and
 Left for the horny-nib'd rav
 rend it, and
 Gave to the garbaging war-ha
 gorge it, and
 That gray beast, the wolf
 weald.

XV

Never had huger
 Slaughter of heroes
 Slain by the sword-edge —
 Such as old writers
 Have writ of in histories —
 Hapt in this isle, since
 Up from the East hither
 Saxon and Angle from
 Over the broad billow
 Broke into Britain with
 Haughty war-workers w
 Harried the Welshman, v
 Earls that were lured by
 Hunger of glory gat
 Hold of the land.

ACHILLES OVER THE TRE

[ILIAD, XVIII. 202]

So saying, light-foot Iris pass'd
 Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus
 round
 The warrior's puissant shoulder
 las flung
 Her fringed ægis, and around hi
 The glorious goddess wreath'd a
 cloud,

¹ Dublin.

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH



DANTE ALIGHIERI

And from it lighted an all-shining
flame.
As when a smoke from a city goes to
heaven
Far off from out an island girt by
foes,
All day the men contend in grievous
war
From their own city, but with set of
sun
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the
glare
Flies streaming, if perchance the
neighbors round
May see, and sail to help them in the
war;
So from his head the splendor went to
heaven.

From wall to dyke he stept, he sto
nor join'd
The Achæans — honoring his wise
ther's word —
There standing, shouted, and Pa
far away
Call'd; and a boundless panic sh
the foe.
For like the clear voice when a tr
pet shrills,
Blown by the fierce beleaguerers
town,
So rang the clear voice of Æakidē
And when the brazen cry of Æak
Was heard among the Trojans,
their hearts
Were troubled, and the full-ma
horses whirl'd

The chariots backward, knowing
 griefs at hand ;
 And sheer-astounded were the char-
 ioteers
 To see the dread, unweariable fire
 That always o'er the great Peleion's
 head
 Burn'd, for the bright-eyed goddess
 made it burn.
 Thrice from the dyke he sent his
 mighty shout,
 Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans
 and allies ;
 And there and then twelve of their
 noblest died
 Among their spears and chariots.

TO PRINCESS FREDERICA ON HER MARRIAGE

O you that were eyes and light to the
 King till he past away
 From the darkness of life —
 He saw not his daughter — he blest
 her : the blind King sees you
 to-day,
 He blesses the wife.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

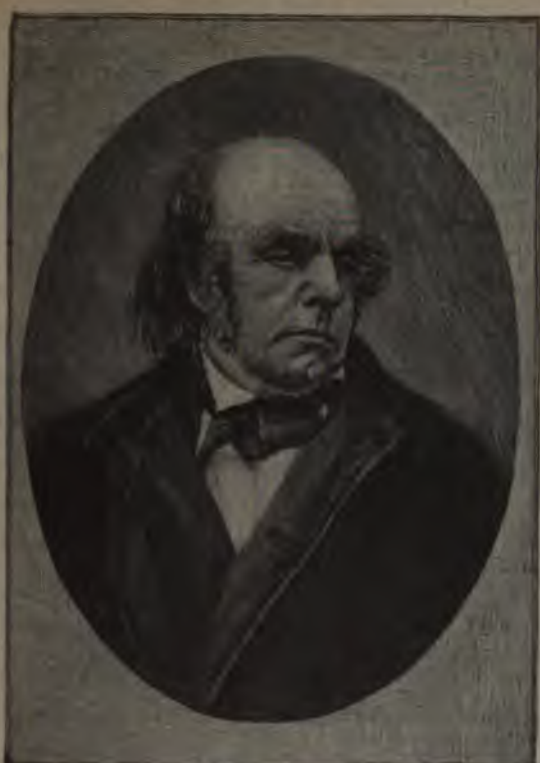
ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Not here! the white North has thy
 bones ; and thou,
 Heroic sailor-soul,
 Art passing on thine happier voyage
 now
 Toward no earthly pole.

TO DANTE

(WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF THE FLO-
 RENTINES)

King, that hast reign'd six hundred
 years, and grown
 In power, and ever growest, since
 thine own
 Fair Florence honoring thy nativity,
 Thy Florence now the crown of Italy
 Hath sought the tribute of a vers
 from me,
 I, wearing but the garland of a day,
 Cast at thy feet one flower that fade
 away.



EDWARD FITZGERALD

TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS

DEDICATION

TO MY GOOD FRIEND

ROBERT BROWNING

THE GENIUS AND GENIALITY WILL BEST APPRECIATE WHAT MAY BE BEST
MAKE MOST ALLOWANCE FOR WHAT MAY BE WORST, THIS VOLUME IS
SECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO E. FITZGERALD

FITZ, who from your suburb
graduate,
ere once I tarried for a while,
at the wheeling orb of change,
I greet it with a kindly smile;

Whom yet I see as there you sit
Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,
And watch your doves about you flit,
And plant on shoulder, hand, and
knee,
Or on your head their rosy feet,
As if they knew your diet spares

Whatever moved in that full sheet
 Let down to Peter at his prayers ;
 Who live on milk and meal and grass ;
 And once for ten long weeks I tried
 Your table of Pythagoras,
 And seem'd at first 'a thing enskied,'
 As Shakespeare has it, airy-light
 To float above the ways of men,
 Then fell from that half-spiritual
 height
 Chill'd, till I tasted flesh again
 One night when earth was winter-
 black,
 And all the heavens flash'd in frost ;
 And on me, half-asleep, came back
 That wholesome heat the blood had
 lost,
 And set me climbing icy capes
 And glaciers, over which there
 roll'd
 To meet me long-arm'd vines with
 grapes
 Of Eshcol hugeness ; for the cold
 Without, and warmth within me,
 wrought
 To mould the dream ; but none can
 say
 That Lenten fare makes Lenten
 thought
 Who reads your golden Eastern
 lay,
 Than which I know no version done
 In English more divinely well ;
 A planet equal to the sun
 Which cast it, that large infidel
 Your Omar ; and your Omar drew
 Full-handed plaudits from our best
 In modern letters, and from two,
 Old friends outvaluing all the rest,
 Two voices heard on earth no more ;
 But we old friends are still alive,
 And I am nearing seventy-four,
 While you have touch'd at seventy-
 five,
 And so I send a birthday line
 Of greeting ; and my son, who dipt
 In some forgotten book of mine
 With sallow scraps of manuscript,
 And dating many a year ago,
 Has hit on this, which you will take,
 My Fitz, and welcome, as I know,
 Less for its own than for the sake
 Of one recalling gracious times,
 When, in our younger London days,
 You found some merit in my rhymes,
 And I more pleasure in your praise.

TIRESIAS

I WISH I were as in the days of old
 While yet the blessed daylight morn'd
 itself
 Ruddy thro' both the roofs of sign
 and woke
 These eyes, now dull, but then so keen
 to seek
 The meanings ambush'd under all the
 saw,
 The flight of birds, the flame of sacrifice,
 What omens may foreshadow fate
 man
 And woman, and the secret of the
 Gods.
 My son, the Gods, despite of human
 prayer,
 Are slower to forgive than human
 kings.
 The great God Arès burns in anger
 still
 Against the guiltless heirs of him from
 Tyre,
 Our Cadmus, out of whom thou art
 who found
 Beside the springs of Dirce, smote, and
 still'd
 Thro' all its folds the multitudinous
 beast,
 The dragon, which our trembling
 fathers call'd
 The God's own son.
 A tale, that told to me
 When but thine age, by age as white
 ter-white
 As mine is now, amazed, but made
 yearn
 For larger glimpses of that more than
 man
 Which rolls the heavens, and lifts
 lays the deep,
 Yet loves and hates with mortal heart
 and loves,
 And moves unseen among the world
 of men.
 Then, in my wanderings all
 lands that lie
 Subjected to the Heliconian ridge
 Have heard this footstep fall, at
 my wont
 Was more to scale the highest of
 heights
 With some strange hope to see
 nearer God.



peak — the sister of the	And heard not, when I spake of fa-
from out the dark, and	mine, plague,
there ³⁰	Shrine-shattering earthquake, fire,
the valleys with her	flood, thunderbolt, ⁶⁰
—	And angers of the Gods for evil done
ut long ago, five-fold thy	And expiation lack'd — no power on
	Fate
y; the winds were dead	Theirs, or mine own! for when the
;	crowd would roar
crag made the hand	For blood, for war, whose issue was
and sick	their doom,
- not one bush was near	To cast wise words among the multi-
;	tude
rrrent till its myriad falls	Was flinging fruit to lions; nor, in
in the hollows under-	hours
	Of civil outbreak, when I knew the
ecret olive-glade I saw	twain
climbing from the bath	Would each waste each, and bring on
one glittering foot dis-	both the yoke
	Of stronger states, was mine the voice
l; one snowy knee was ⁴⁰	to curb
argin flowers; a dread-	The madness of our cities and their
	kings. ⁷⁰
golden hair, her golden	Who ever turn'd upon his heel to
	hear
den armor on the grass,	My warning that the tyranny of one
virgin breast, and vir-	Was prelude to the tyranny of all?
	My counsel that the tyranny of all
on mine, till mine grew	Led backward to the tyranny of one?
	This power hath work'd no good to
I heard a voice that	aught that lives,
	And these blind hands were useless in
blind, for thou hast	their wars.
much,	O, therefore, that the unfulfill'd de-
ruth that no man may	sire,
	The grief for ever born from griefs to
idden world of sight ⁵⁰	be,
rkness, I behold her	The boundless yearning of the pro-
k of those who carve	phet's heart — ⁸⁰
ns of Godlike woman-	Could <i>that</i> stand forth, and like a
	statue, rear'd
; out of whom, at a	To some great citizen, win all praise
	from all
, perforce, upon me	Who past it, saying, 'That was he!'
rophesying — but to	In vain!
	Virtue must shape itself in deed, and
chain'd and coupled	those
urse	Whom weakness or necessity have
l their unbelief who	cramp'd
	Within themselves, immersing, each,
	his urn
	In his own well, draws solace as he
	may.
	Menœceus, thou hast eyes, and I can
	hear
	Too plainly what full tides of onset sap

Our seven high gates, and what a
 weight of war⁹⁰
 Rides on those ringing axles! jingle
 of bits,
 'Shouts, arrows, tramp of the horn-
 footed horse
 That grind the glebe to powder! Stony
 showers
 Of that ear-stunning hail of Arès crash
 Along the sounding walls. Above, be-
 low,
 Shock after shock, the song-built
 towers and gates
 Reel, bruised and butted with the
 shuddering
 War-thunder of iron rams; and from
 within
 The city comes a murmur void of joy,
 Lest she be taken captive—maidens,
 wives,¹⁰⁰
 And mothers with their babblers of
 the dawn,
 And oldest age in shadow from the
 night,
 Falling about their shrines before their
 Gods,
 And wailing, 'Save us.'
 And they wail to thee!
 These eyeless eyes, that cannot see
 thine own,
 See this, that only in thy virtue lies
 The saving of our Thebes; for, yes-
 ternight,
 To me, the great God Arès, whose one
 bliss
 Is war and human sacrifice—himself
 Blood-red from battle, spear and hel-
 met tipt¹¹⁰
 With stormy light as on a mast at
 sea,
 Stood out before a darkness, crying,
 'Thebes,
 Thy Thebes shall fall and perish, for I
 loathe
 The seed of Cadmus—yet if one of
 these
 By his own hand—if one of these—'
 My son,
 No sound is breathed so potent to co-
 erce,
 And to conciliate, as their names who
 dare
 For that sweet mother land which
 gave them birth
 Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their
 names,

Graven on memorial columns, are
 song
 Heard in the future; few, but more
 than wall
 And rampart, their examples reach
 hand
 Far thro' all years, and everywhere
 they meet
 And kindle generous purpose, and the
 strength
 To mould it into action pure as their
 Fairer thy fate than mine, if life
 best end
 Be to end well! and thou refusing
 this,
 Unvenerable will thy memory be
 While men shall move the lips; but
 thou dare—
 Thou, one of these, the race of Cad-
 mus—then¹²⁰
 No stone is fitted in yon marble girth
 Whose echo shall not tongue thy glo-
 rious doom,
 Nor in this pavement but shall ring
 thy name
 To every hoof that clangs it, and the
 springs
 Of Dircè laving yonder battle-plain,
 Heard from the roofs by night, will
 murmur thee
 To thine own Thebes, while Thebes
 thro' thee shall stand
 Firm-based with all her Gods.
 The Dragon's cave
 Half hid, they tell me, now in flowing
 vines—
 Where once he dwelt and whence he
 roll'd himself¹³⁰
 At dead of night—thou knowest, and
 that smooth rock
 Before it, altar-fashion'd, where he
 late
 The woman-breasted Sphinx, with
 wings drawn back,
 Folded her lion paws, and look'd to
 Thebes,
 There blanch the bones of whom she
 slew, and these
 Mixt with her own, because the fierce
 beast found
 A wiser than herself, and dash'd her
 self
 Dead in her rage; but thou art wiser
 enough,
 Tho' young, to love thy wiser, blur
 the curse

ear, and tho' I speak the
ak it, let thine own hand ¹⁵⁰

il pulses into rest and
's anger, fearing not to
life in darkness, rather
t the sun, the moon, the
light upon the ways of

eed.
ither, my son, and there
st never known the em-
f love,
len life.

This useless hand!
arm tear fall upon it. ¹⁶⁰

e his greatness.
But for me,
I were gather'd to my

with the famous kings
t their ocean-islets flash
the Gods—the wise
ord,
by the populace under-

l with worship—and
s will find
w, and watch the char-

d again, and hunters

tion, and the warrior-
prowess more than hu-
ve ¹⁷⁰

, while the golden lyre
; in heroic cars
and every way the

with the grateful in-
e
x all odor to the Gods
ht in one far-shining

one far-shining fire!' ¹⁸⁰
ncied that my friend

For this brief idyll would require ¹⁸⁰

A less diffuse and opulent end,
And would defend his judgment well,
If I should deem it over nice—
The tolling of his funeral bell
Broke on my Pagan Paradise,
And mixt the dream of classic times,
And all the phantoms of the dream,
With present grief, and made the
rhymes,

That miss'd his living welcome, seem
Like would-be guests an hour too late,
Who down the highway moving
on

With easy laughter find the gate ¹⁹⁰
Is bolted, and the master gone.

Gone into darkness, that full light
Of friendship! past, in sleep, away
By night, into the deeper night!

The deeper night? A clearer day
Than our poor twilight dawn on
earth—

If night, what barren toil to be!
What life, so maim'd by night, were
worth ²⁰⁰

Our living out? Not mine to me
Remembering all the golden hours
Now silent, and so many dead,
And him the last; and laying flowers,
This wreath, above his honor'd head,
And praying that, when I from hence
Shall fade with him into the un-
known,

My close of earth's experience
May prove as peaceful as his own.

THE WRECK

I

HIDE me, mother! my fathers be
long'd to the church of old,

I am driven by storm and sin and
death to the ancient fold,

I cling to the Catholic Cross once
more, to the Faith that saves.

My brain is full of the crash of wrecks,
and the roar of waves,

My life itself is a wreck, I have sul-
lied a noble name,

I am flung from the rushing tide of
the world as a waif of shame,

I am roused by the wail of a child,
and awake to a livid light,

And a ghastlier face than ever has
haunted a grave by night.

I would hide from the storm without,
 I would flee from the storm
 within,
 I would make my life one prayer for
 a soul that died in his sin, 10
 I was the tempter, mother, and mine
 was the deeper fall;
 I will sit at your feet, I will hide my
 face, I will tell you all.

II

He that they gave me to, mother, a
 heedless and innocent bride —
 I never have wrong'd his heart, I
 have only wounded his pride —
 Spain in his blood and the Jew — dark-
 visaged, stately and tall —
 A princelier-looking man never stept
 thro' a prince's hall.
 And who, when his anger was kind-
 led, would venture to give
 him the nay?
 And a man men fear is a man to be
 loved by the women, they say.
 And I could have loved him too, if the
 blossom can dote on the blight,
 Or the young green leaf rejoice in the
 frost that sears it at night; 20
 He would open the books that I prized,
 and toss them away with a yawn,
 Repell'd by the magnet of Art to the
 which my nature was drawn,
 The word of the Poet by whom the
 deeps of the world are stirr'd,
 The music that robes it in language
 beneath and beyond the word!
 My Shelley would fall from my hands
 when he cast a contemptuous
 glance
 From where he was poring over his
 Tables of Trade and Finance;
 My hands, when I heard him coming,
 would drop from the chords or
 the keys,
 But ever I fail'd to please him, how-
 ever I strove to please —
 All day long far-off in the cloud of the
 city, and there 29
 Lost, head and heart, in the chances
 of dividend, consol, and share —
 And at home if I sought for a kindly
 caress, being woman and weak,
 His formal kiss fell chill as a flake of
 snow on the cheek.
 And so, when I bore him a girl, when
 I held it aloft in my joy,

He look'd at it coldly, and said to me
 'Pity it isn't a boy.'
 The one thing given me, to love and
 to live for, glanced at in scorn!
 The child that I felt I could die for —
 as if she were basely born!
 I had lived a wild-flower life, I was
 planted now in a tomb;
 The daisy will shut to the shadow,
 closed my heart to the gloom;
 I threw myself all abroad — I would
 play my part with the young
 By the low foot-lights of the world —
 and I caught the wreath that
 was flung.

III

Mother, I have not — however the
 tongues may have babbled of
 me —
 Sinn'd thro' an animal vile,ness, for
 but a dwarf was he,
 And all but a hunchback too; and
 look'd at him, first, askance,
 With pity — not he the knight for
 a
 amorous girl's romance!
 Tho' wealthy enough to have bask'd
 in the light of a dower-
 smile,
 Having lands at home and abroad in
 rich West-Indian isle;
 But I came on him once at a ball, the
 heart of a listening crowd —
 Why, what a brow was there! he was
 seated — speaking aloud
 To women, the flower of the time, a
 men at the helm of state —
 Flowing with easy greatness and
 touching on all things great,
 Science, philosophy, song — till I felt
 myself ready to weep
 For I knew not what, when I heard
 that voice, — as mellow and deep
 As a psalm by a mighty master
 peal'd from an organ, — roll
 Rising and falling — for, mother, that
 voice was the voice of the soul
 And the sun of the soul made day
 the dark of his wonderful eye
 Here was the hand that would heal
 me, would heal me — the hand
 that was wise!
 And he, poor man, when he learnt that
 I hated the ring I wore,
 He helpt me with death, and he helpt
 me with sorrow for evermore

IV

I broke the bond. That day my nurse had brought me the child. small sweet face was flush'd, but it coo'd to the mother and smiled. 60
 'Nothing ailing,' I ask'd her, 'with baby?' She shook her head,
 the motherless mother kiss'd it, and turn'd in her haste and fled.

V

Warm winds had gently breathed us away from the land — long sweet summer days upon deck, sitting hand in hand — when he clothed a naked mind with the wisdom and wealth of his own,
 I bow'd myself down as a slave to his intellectual throne, when he coin'd into English gold some treasure of classical song, when he flouted a statesman's error, or flamed at a public wrong, when he rose as it were on the wings of an eagle beyond me, and past
 the range and the change of the world from the first to the last, 70
 when he spoke of his tropical home in the canes by the purple tide, I the high star-crowns of his palms on the deep-wooded mountain-side,
 I cliffs all robed in lianas that dropt to the brink of his bay, I trees like the towers of a minster, the sons of a winterless day.
 'Paradise there!' so he said, but I seem'd in Paradise then
 the first great love I had felt for the first and greatest of men;
 a long days of summer and sin — if it must be so —
 a days of a larger light than I ever again shall know —
 as that will glimmer, I fear, thro' life to my latest breath;
 of frost there,' so he said, 'as in truest love no death.' 80

VI

There, one morning a bird with a warble plaintively sweet

Perch'd on the shrouds, and then fell fluttering down at my feet;
 I took it, he made it a cage, we fondled it, Stephen and I,
 But it died, and I thought of the child for a moment, I scarce know why.

VII

But if sin be sin, not inherited fate, as many will say,
 My sin to my desolate little one found me at sea on a day,
 When her orphan wail came borne in the shriek of a growing wind,
 And a voice rang out in the thunders of ocean and heaven, 'Thou hast sinn'd.'
 And down in the cabin were we, for the towering crest of the tides
 Plunged on the vessel and swept in a cataract off from her sides, 90
 And ever the great storm grew with a howl and a hoot of the blast
 In the rigging, voices of hell — then came the crash of the mast.
 'The wages of sin is death,' and there I began to weep,
 'I am the Jonah, the crew should cast me into the deep,
 For, ah, God! what a heart was mine to forsake her even for you!' —
 'Never the heart among women,' he said, 'more tender and true.'
 'The heart! not a mother's heart, when I left my darling alone.'
 'Comfort yourself, for the heart of the father will care for his own.'
 'The heart of the father will spurn her,' I cried, 'for the sin of the wife,
 The cloud of the mother's shame will enfold her and darken her life.' 100
 Then his pale face twitch'd. 'O Stephen, I love you, I love you, and yet' —
 As I lean'd away from his arms — 'would God, we had never met!' —
 And he spoke not — only the storm; till after a little, I yearn'd
 For his voice again, and he call'd to me, 'Kiss me!' and there — as I turn'd —
 'The heart, the heart!' I kiss'd him I clung to the sinking form,

And the storm went roaring above us,
and he — was out of the storm.

VIII

And then, then, mother, the ship stagger'd
under a thunderous shock,
That shook us asunder, as if she had
struck and crash'd on a rock;
For a huge sea smote every soul from
the decks of the Falcon but one;
All of them, all but the man that was
lash'd to the helm had gone; ¹¹⁰
And I fell — and the storm and the
days went by, but I knew no
more —

Lost myself — lay like the dead by the
dead on the cabin floor,
Dead to the death beside me, and lost
to the loss that was mine,
With a dim dream, now and then, of a
hand giving bread and wine,
Till I woke from the trance, and the
ship stood still, and the skies
were blue,
But the face I had known, O mother,
was not the face that I knew.

IX

The strange misfeaturing mask that I
saw so amazed me that I
Stumbled on deck, half mad. I would
fling myself over and die!
But one — he was waving a flag — the
one man left on the wreck —
'Woman,' — he graspt at my arm, —
'stay there!' — I crouch'd upon
deck — ¹²⁰
'We are sinking, and yet there's hope:
look yonder,' he cried, 'a sail!'
In a tone so rough that I broke into
passionate tears, and the wail
Of a beaten babe, till I saw that a boat
was nearing us — then
All on a sudden I thought, I shall look
on the child again.

X

They lower'd me down the side, and
there in the boat I lay
With sad eyes fixt on the lost sea-
home, as we glided away,
And I sigh'd as the low dark hull dipt
under the smiling main,
Had I stay'd with *him*, I had now —
with *him* — been out of my
pain.

XI

They took us aboard. The crew
gentle, the captain kind,
But *I* was the lonely slave of an
wandering mind;
For whenever a rougher gust
tumble a stormier wave,
'O Stephen,' I moan'd, 'I am co
to thee in thine ocean-grav
And again, when a balmier b
curl'd over a peacefuller sea
I found myself moaning agah
child, I am coming to thee

XII

The broad white brow of the
that bay with the color'd sea
Rich was the rose of sunset the
we drew to the land;
All so quiet the ripple would h
blanch into spray
At the feet of the cliff; and I p
— 'My child,' — for I still
pray, —
'May her life be as blissfully cal
never gloom'd by the curs
Of a sin, not hers!'
Was it well with the child?

I wrote to the
Who had borne my flower on her
ling heart; and an answer
Not from the nurse — nor yet
wife — to her maiden nam
I shook as I open'd the letter — I
that hand too well —
And from it a scrap, clipt out
'deaths' in a paper, fell.
'Ten long sweet summer day
fever, and want of care!
And gone — that day of the sto
O mother, she came t
there!

DESPAIR

I

Is it you, that preach'd in the c
there looking over the san
Follow'd us too that night, and d
us, and drew me to land?

II

What did I feel that night? Yo
curious. How should I te
Does it matter so much what I

You rescued me — yet — was it well
 at you came unwish'd for, uncall'd,
 between me and the deep and
 my doom,
 three days since, three more dark days
 of the Godless gloom
 a life without sun, without health,
 without hope, without any de-
 light
 anything here upon earth ? but, ah,
 God ! that night, that night
 when the rolling eyes of the light-
 house there on the fatal neck
 land running out into rock — they
 had saved many hundreds from
 wreck —
 ared on our way toward death, I
 remember I thought, as we past,
 does it matter how many they saved ?
 we are all of us wreck'd at
 last —
 do you fear ?' and there came thro'
 the roar of the breaker a whis-
 per, a breath,

'Fear ? am I not with you ? I am
 frighted at life, not death.'

III

And the suns of the limitless universe
 sparkled and shone in the sky,
 Flashing with fires as of God, but we
 knew that their light was a lie —
 Bright as with deathless hope — but,
 however they sparkled and
 shone,
 The dark little worlds running round
 them were worlds of woe like
 our own —
 No soul in the heaven above, no soul
 on the earth below,
 A fiery scroll written over with lamen-
 tation and woe.

IV

See, we were nursed in the drear
 nightfold of your fatalist creed,
 And we turn'd to the growing dawn,
 we had hoped for a dawn in-
 deed,



'The lost sea-home'

When the light of a sun that was coming
would scatter the ghosts of
the past,
And the cramping creeds that had
madden'd the peoples would
vanish at last,
And we broke away from the Christ,
our human brother and friend,
For He spoke, or it seem'd that He
spoke, of a hell without help,
without end.

V

Hoped for a dawn, and it came, but
the promise had faded away ;
We had past from a cheerless night to
the glare of a drearier day ;
He is only a cloud and a smoke who
was once a pillar of fire,
The guess of a worm in the dust and
the shadow of its desire —
Of a worm as it writhes in a world of
the weak trodden down by the
strong,
Of a dying worm in a world, all mas-
sacre, murder, and wrong.

VI

O, we poor orphans of nothing —
alone on that lonely shore —
Born of the brainless Nature who knew
not that which she bore !
Trusting no longer that earthly flower
would be heavenly fruit —
Come from the brute, poor souls — no
souls — and to die with the
brute —

VII

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity ;
I know you of old —
Small pity for those that have ranged
from the narrow warmth of
your fold,
Where you bawl'd the dark side of
your faith and a God of eternal
rage,
Till you flung us back on ourselves,
and the human heart, and the
Age.

VIII

But pity — the Pagan held it a vice
— was in her and in me.
Helpless, taking the place of the pity-
ing God that should be !

Pity for all that aches in the
an idiot power,
And pity for our own sin
earth that bore not a
Pity for all that suffers on
air or the deep,
And pity for our own sin
long'd for eternal sin

IX

'Lightly step over the
waters — you hear the
Life with its anguish, and
errors — away with
And she laid her hand in
she was always
sweet —
Till the points of the
dusk came playing
feet.
There was a strong sea-cu
sweep us out to the
'Ah, God !' tho' I felt a
was taking the nam
'Ah, God !' and we turn
other, we kiss'd, we
she and I,
Knowing the love we were
lieve everlasting wo
We had read their kno
books, and we lea
darker side —
Ah, God, should we find
haps, perhaps, if we
died ;
We never had found Him
this earth is a father
'Dear love, for ever an
ever and ever farew
Never a cry so desolate, n
world began,
Never a kiss so sad, no, n
coming of man !

X

But the blind wave cast
and you saved me.
life.
Not a grain of gratitude
have parted the m
wife.
I am left alone on the lan
alone in the sea ;
If a curse meant augh
curse you for not
me be.

XI

ions of youth—for my brain was
drunk with the water, it seems;
al past into perfect quiet at length
out of pleasant dreams,
l the transient trouble of drown-
ing—what was it when match'd
with the pains
the hellish heat of a wretched life
rushing back thro' the veins?

XII

y should I live? one son had
forged on his father and fled,
l if I believed in a God, I would
thank Him, the other is dead, so
l there was a baby-girl, that had
never look'd on the light;
ppiest she of us all, for she past
from the night to the night.

XIII

the crime, if a crime, of her
eldest - born, her glory, her
boast,
ack hard at the tender heart of the
mother, and broke it almost;
r, glory and shame dying out for
ever in endless time,
s it matter so much whether
crown'd for a virtue, or hang'd
for a crime?

XIV

I ruin'd by *him*, by *him*, I stood
there, naked, amazed
a world of arrogant opulence, fear'd
myself turning crazed,
l I would not be mock'd in a mad
house! and she, the delicate
wife,
th a grief that could only be cured,
if cured, by the surgeon's
knife, —

XV

y should we bear with an hour of
torture, a moment of pain,
every man die for ever, if all his
griefs are in vain,
d the homeless planet at length will
be wheel'd thro' the silence of
space,
therless evermore of an ever vanish-
ing race,
en the worm shall have writhed its

last, and its last brother-worm
will have fled

From the dead fossil skull that is left
in the rocks of an earth that is
dead?

XVI

Have I crazed myself over their hor-
rible infidel writings? O, yes,
For these are the new dark ages, you
see, of the popular press,
When the bat comes out of his cave,
and the owls are whooping at
noon,
And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill
and crows to the sun and the
moon,
Till the sun and the moon of our sci-
ence are both of them turn'd
into blood,
And Hope will have broken her heart,
running after a shadow of good;
For their knowing and know nothing
books are scatter'd from hand to
hand —
We have knelt in your know-all cha-
pel too, looking over the sand.

XVII

What! I should call on that Infinite
Love that has served us so well?
Infinite cruelty rather that made ever-
lasting hell,
Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us,
and does what he will with his
own;
Better our dead brute mother who
never has heard us groan!

XVIII

Hell? if the souls of men were immor-
tal, as men have been told,
The lecher would cleave to his lusts,
and the miser would yearn for
his gold,
And so there were hell for ever! but
were there a God, as you say,
His love would have power over hell
till it utterly vanish'd away.

XIX

Alas yet — I have had some glimmer,
at times, in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all — after all — the
great God, for aught that I
know;

But the God of love and of hell
together—they cannot be
thought,
If there be such a God, may the Great
God curse him and bring him to
nought!

XX

Blasphemy! whose is the fault? is it
mine? for why would you save
A madman to vex you with wretched
words, who is best in his grave?
Blasphemy! ay, why not, being
damn'd beyond hope of grace?
O, would I were yonder with her, and
away from your faith and your
face!
Blasphemy! true! I have scared you
pale with my scandalous talk,
But the blasphemy to my mind lies all
in the way that you walk.

XXI

Hence! she is gone! can I stay? can
I breathe divorced from the
past?
You needs must have good lynx-eyes
if I do not escape you at last.
Our orthodox coroner doubtless will
find it a felo-de-se,
And the stake and the cross-road, fool,
if you will, does it matter to
me?

THE ANCIENT SAGE

A THOUSAND summers ere the time of
Christ,
From out his ancient city came a Seer
Whom one that loved and honor'd
him, and yet
Was no disciple, richly garb'd, but
worn
From wasteful living, follow'd—in
his hand
A scroll of verse—till that old man
before
A cavern whence an affluent fountain
pour'd
From darkness into daylight, turn'd
and spoke:

'This wealth of waters might but
seem to draw
From yon dark cave, but, son, the
source is higher,

You summit half-a-league in air—
higher
The cloud that hides it—higher still
the heavens
Whereby the cloud was moulded, as
whereout
The cloud descended. Force is in
the heights.

I am wearied of our city, son, and
To spend my one last year among
hills.
What hast thou there? Some dead
song for the Ghouls
To make their banquet relish? let's
read.

"How far thro' all the bloom and bark
That nightingale is heard!
What power but the bird's could make
This music in the bird?
How summer-bright are yonder skies,
And earth as fair in hue!
And yet what sign of aught that lies
Behind the green and blue?
But man to-day is fancy's fool
As man hath ever been.
The nameless Power, or Powers, that rule
Were never heard or seen."

If thou wouldst hear the Nameless
and wilt dive
Into the temple-cave of thine own
There, brooding by the central alt
thou
Mayst haply learn the Nameless his
a voice,
By which thou wilt abide, if thou
wise,
As if thou knewest, tho' thou can
not know;
For Knowledge is the swallow on a
lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shad
there
But never yet hath dipt into a
abyss,
The abyss of all abysses, beneath
within
The blue of sky and sea, the green
earth,
And in the million-millionth of a grain
Which cleft and cleft again for ever
more,
And ever vanishing, never vanishes
To me, my son, more mystic than
self,
Or even than the Nameless is to me

en thou sendest thy free
 thro' heaven,
 standest bound nor bound-
 less,
 the Nameless of the hun-
 names.
 the Nameless should with-
 from all ⁵⁰
 counts most real, all thy
 like thy shadow in the

— from when this earth be-
 less never came
 ever spake with man,
 named the Name " —

not prove the Nameless,
 son,
 thou prove the world thou
 st in,
 not prove that thou art
 alone,
 thou prove that thou art
 alone, ⁶⁰
 thou prove that thou art
 in one.

not prove thou art im-
 al, no,
 at thou art mortal — nay,
 on,
 not prove that I, who
 with thee,
 self in converse with thy-

g worthy proving can be
 en,
 proven. Wherefore thou
 ise,
 r to the sunnier side of
 t,
 o Faith beyond the forms
 ith !
 ot in the storm of warring
 s, ⁷⁰
 ns at the clash of "Yes"
 "No."
 e best that glimmers thro'
 worst,
 e sun is hid but for a night,
 e summer thro' the winter
 be fruit before the blossom

She hears the lark within the songless
 egg,
 She finds the fountain where they
 wait'd "Mirage!"

"What Power? aught akin to Mind,
 The mind in me and you?
 Or power as of the Gods gone blind ⁸⁰
 Who see not what they do?"

But some in yonder city hold, my
 son,
 That none but gods could build this
 house of ours,
 So beautiful, vast, various, so beyond
 All work of man, yet, like all work
 of man,
 A beauty with defect — till That which
 knows,
 And is not known, but felt thro' what
 we feel
 Within ourselves is highest, shall de-
 scend
 On this half-deed, and shape it at the
 last
 According to the Highest in the High-
 est. ⁹⁰

"What Power but the Years that make
 And break the vase of clay,
 And stir the sleeping earth, and wake
 The bloom that fades away?
 What rulers but the Days and Hours
 That cancel weal with woe,
 And wind the front of youth with flowers,
 And cap our age with snow?"

The days and hours are ever glancing
 by,
 And seem to flicker past thro' sun
 and shade, ¹⁰⁰
 Or short, or long, as Pleasure leads,
 or Pain,
 But with the Nameless is nor day nor
 hour;
 Tho' we, thin minds, who creep from
 thought to thought,
 Break into "Thens" and "Whens"
 the Eternal Now —
 This double seeming of the single
 world! —
 My words are like the babblings in a
 dream
 Of nightmare, when the babblings
 break the dream.
 But thou be wise in this dream world
 of ours,

RESIAS AND OTHER POEMS

For thy deity,
 The passing shadow serve
 Will. 110
 The stripling wise
 Of heart and eyes,
 Men;
 And once would dare
 Cold,
 Cooler air
 "his held,
 He root,
 Marrow and mind;
 Drivell'd fruit
 e rind;
 ar his chest,
 is head;
 who love him best
 hat he were dead;
 which he once was wrung
 never worth the while"—
 knows? or whether this earth-
 narrow life
Be yet but yolk, and forming in the
 shell? 130
 "The shaft of scorn that once had stung
 But wakes a dotard smile."
 The placid gleam of sunset after storm!
 "The statesman's brain that sway'd the
 past
 Is feebler than his knees;
 The passive sailor wrecks at last
 In ever-silent seas;
 The warrior hath forgot his arms,
 The learned all his lore;
 The changing market frets or charms 140
 The merchant's hope no more:
 The prophet's beacon burn'd in vain,
 And now is lost in cloud;
 The plowman passes, bent with pain,
 To mix with what he plow'd;
 The poet whom his age would quote
 As heir of endless fame—
 He knows not even the book he wrote,
 Not even his own name.
 For man has overlied his day, 150
 And, darkening in the light,
 Scarce feels the senses break away
 To mix with ancient Night."
 The shell must break before the bird
 can fly.
 "The years that when my youth began
 Had set the lily and rose
 By all my ways where'er they ran,
 Have ended mortal foes;

My rose of love for ever gone,
 My lily of truth and trust—
 They made her lily and rose in one,
 And changed her into dust.
 O rose-tree planted in my grief,
 And growing on her tomb,
 Her dust is greening in your leaf,
 Her blood is in your bloom.
 O slender lily waving there,
 And laughing back the light,
 In vain you tell me 'Earth is fair'
 When all is dark as night."

on, the world is dark with grief
 and graves,
 So dark that men cry out against the
 heavens.
 Who knows but that the darkness
 in man?
 The floors of Night may be the gate
 of Light;
 For wert thou born or blind or deaf
 and then
 So only heal'd, how wouldst thou
 glory in all
 The splendors and the voices of the
 world!
 And we, the poor earth's dying race
 and yet
 No phantoms, watching from a phan-
 tom shore
 Await the last and largest sense
 make
 The phantom walls of this illusion
 fade,
 And show us that the world is whole
 fair.

"But vain the tears for darken'd years
 As laughter over wine,
 And vain the laughter as the tears,
 O brother, mine or thine,
 For all that laugh, and all that weep
 And all that breathe are one
 Slight ripple on the boundless deep
 That moves, and all is gone."

But that one ripple on the boundless
 deep
 Feels that the deep is boundless, and
 itself
 For ever changing form, but evermo-
 One with the boundless motion of the
 deep.

"Yet wine and laughter, friends! and
 The lamps alight, and call
 For golden music, and forget
 The darkness of the pall."

utter darkness closed the day, my
 son —
 earth's dark forehead flings
 athwart the heavens ²⁰⁰
 shadow crown'd with stars — and
 yonder — out
 northward — some that never set,
 but pass
 in sight and night to lose them-
 selves in day.
 At the black negation of the bier,
 I wish the dead, as happier than
 ourselves
 I higher, having climb'd one step
 beyond
 village miseries, might be borne
 in white
 burial or to burning, hymn'd from
 hence
 in songs in praise of death, and
 crown'd with flowers!

worms and maggots of to-day ²¹⁰
 without their hope of wings!

louder than thy rhyme the silent
 Word
 that world-prophet in the heart of
 man.

but some have gleams, or so they say,
 of more than mortal things."

Day? but what of yesterday? for
 oft
 me, when boy, there came what
 then I call'd,
 who knew no books and no philoso-
 phies,
 my boy-phrase, "The Passion of
 the Past."
 The first gray streak of earliest sum-
 mer-dawn, ²²⁰
 the last long strife of waning crimson
 gloom,
 if the late and early were but one —
 height, a broken grange, a grove,
 a flower
 and murmurs, "Lost and gone, and
 lost and gone!"
 breath, a whisper — some divine
 farewell —
 solate sweetness — far and far
 away —
 what had he loved, what had he lost,
 the boy?

I know not, and I speak of what has
 been.

'And more, my son! for more than
 once when I

Sat all alone, revolving in myself ²³⁰
 The word that is the symbol of my-
 self,

The mortal limit of the Self was
 loosed,

And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
 Melts into heaven. I touch'd my
 limbs, the limbs

Were strange, not mine — and yet no
 shade of doubt,

But utter clearness, and thro' loss of
 self

The gain of such large life as match'd
 with ours

Were sun to spark — unshadowable in
 words,

Themselves but shadows of a shadow-
 world.

"And idle gleams will come and go, ²⁴⁰
 But still the clouds remain;"

The clouds themselves are children of
 the Sun,

"And Night and Shadow rule below
 When only Day should reign."

And Day and Night are children of
 the Sun.

And idle gleams to thee are light to
 me.

Some say, the Light was father of the
 Night,

And some, the Night was father of
 the Light,

No night, no day! — I touch thy
 world again —

No ill, no good! — such counter-terms,
 my son, ²⁵⁰

Are border-races, holding each its
 own

By endless war. But night enough
 is there

In yon dark city. Get thee back; and
 since

The key to that weird casket, which
 for thee

But holds a skull, is neither thine nor
 mine,

But in the hand of what is more than
 man,

men,
A dying echo from a falling wall;
Nor care — for Hunger hath the evil
eye
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or
fold
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous
looms;
Nor roll thy viands on a luscious
tongue,
Nor drown thyself with flies in hon-
eyed wine;
Nor thou be rageful, like a handled
bee,
And lose thy life by usage of thy
sting;
Nor harm an adder thro' the lust for²⁷⁰
harm,
Nor make a snail's horn shrink for
wantonness.
And more — think well ! Do-well will
follow thought,
And in the fatal sequence of this
world
An evil thought may soil thy children's
blood;
But curb the beast would cast thee in
the mire,
And leave the hot swamp of voluptu-
ousness,
A cloud between the Nameless and
thyself,
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the

en I had fallen from off the crag
we clamber'd up in play,
and, fear'd me dead, and groan'd,
and took and kiss'd me, and
again
kiss'd me; and I loved him then;
he *was* my father then.

VII

father now, the tyrant vassal of a
tyrant vice!
: godless Jephtha vows his child
... to one cast of the dice.
: ancient woods, this Hall at
last will go — perhaps have
gone,
:pt his own meek daughter yield
her life, heart, soul to one —

VIII

one who knows I scorn him. O,
the formal mocking bow,
: cruel smile, the courtly phrase
that masks his malice now — 30
: often in the sidelong eyes a gleam
of all things ill —
: not Love but Hate that weds a
bride against her will;

IX

e, that would pluck from this
true breast the locket that I
wear,
: precious crystal into which I
braided Edwin's hair!
: love that keeps this heart alive
beats on it night and day —
: golden curl, his golden gift, be-
fore he past away.

X

left us weeping in the woods; his
boat was on the sand;
: slowly down the rocks he went,
how loth to quit the land!
: all my life was darken'd, as I
saw the white sail run,
: darken, up that lane of light into
the setting sun. 40

XI

ow often have we watch'd the sun
fade from us thro' the West,
: follow Edwin to those isles, those
Islands of the Blest!

Is *he* not there? would I were there,
the friend, the bride, the wife,
With him, where summer never dies,
with Love, the sun of life!

XII

O, would I were in Edwin's arms —
once more — to feel his breath
Upon my cheek — on Edwin's ship,
with Edwin, even in death,
Tho' all about the shuddering wreck
the death-white sea should rave,
Or if lip were laid to lip on the pillows
of the wave!

XIII

Shall I take *him*? I kneel with *him*?
I swear and swear forsworn
To love him most whom most I loathe,
to honor whom I scorn? 50
The Fiend would yell, the grave would
yawn, my mother's ghost would
rise —
To lie, to lie — in God's own house —
the blackest of all lies!

XIV

Why — rather than that hand in mine,
tho' every pulse would freeze,
I'd sooner fold an icy corpse dead of
some foul disease.
Wed him? I will not wed him, let
them spurn me from the doors,
And I will wander till I die about the
barren moors.

XV

The dear, mad bride who stabb'd
her bridegroom on her bridal
night —
If mad, then I am mad, but sane if she
were in the right.
My father's madness makes me mad —
but words are only words!
I am not mad, not yet, not quite —
There! listen how the birds 60

XVI

Begin to warble yonder in the budding
orchard trees!
The lark has past from earth to heaven
upon the morning breeze!
How gladly, were I one of those, how
early would I wake!
And yet the sorrow that I bear is sor-
row for *his* sake.

RESIAS AND OTHER POEMS

II

tes, to whom they
their songs, that

such music, would
sweet!

ers will not hear,
heavens are just,

and burns the feet
mple it to dust.

house —
who — sleeps!
ot upon — air! he —
ade — this way creeps!
s, he — lurks, listens, fears
ictim may have fled —
is some sharp-pointed
? he comes, and finds me

XIX

Not he, not yet! and time to act —
but how my temples burn!
And idle fancies flutter me, I know
not where to turn;
Speak to me, sister, counsel me; this
marriage must not be.
You only know the love that makes
the world a world to me!

XX

Our gentle mother, had *she* lived —
but we were left alone.
That other left us to ourselves, he
cared not for his own;
So all the summer long we roam'd in
these wild woods of ours,
My Edwin loved to call us then 'his
two wild woodland flowers.' &c

XXI

Wild flowers blowing side by side in
God's free light and air,
Wild flowers of the secret woods,
when Edwin found us there,
Wild woods in which we roved with
him, and heard his passionate
vow,
Wild woods in which we rove no more,
if we be parted now!

XXII

You will not leave me thus in grief
to wander forth forlorn;

We never changed a bitter word
once since we were born;
Our dying mother join'd our hands
she knew this father well
She bade us love, like souls in hell,
and now I fly from hell,

XXIII

And you with me; and we shall
upon some lonely shore,
Some lodge within the waste sea-cave
and hear the waters roar,
And see the ships from out the foam
go dipping thro' the foam
And sunshine on that sail at last
brings our Edwin home.

XXIV

But look, the morning grows
and lights the old church-tower
And lights the clock! the hand
five — O, me! — it strikes
hour —
I bide no more, I meet my fate,
ever ills betide!
Arise, my own true sister, come
the world is wide.

XXV

And yet my heart is ill at ease
eyes are dim with dew,
I seem to see a new-dug grave
yonder by the yew!
If we should never more return
wander hand in hand
With breaking hearts, with
friend, and in a distant land

XXVI

O sweet, they tell me that the world
hard, and harsh of mind,
But can it be so hard, so harsh
those that should be kind
That matters not. Let come what
at last the end is sure,
And every heart that loves with
is equal to endure.

TO-MORROW

I

HER, that yer Honor was spak'
Whin, yer Honor? last y
Standin' here be the bridge, wh
yer Honor was here?

ye gev her the top of
rnin', 'To-morra,' says

ye call her, yer Honor?
ll'd her Molly Magee.
's the thrue ould blood
ays manes to be kind,
son in all things, yer
or Molly was out of her

II

If remimbers wan night
own be the sthrame,
o me now like a bit of
y in a dhrame —
er Honor seen her —
s but a slip of a moon,
n — Molly Magee wid
lor, Danny O'Roon —
takin' a dhrop o' the
an' Danny says,
n' I been
health wid Shamus
; Katty's shebeen;¹
be lavin' ye soon,
are ye goin' away?'
he Sassenach whate,
over the say' —
ye meet me agin?' an'
n, 'Molly asthore,
in to-morra,' says he,
apel-door.'
e goin' to lave me?'
ay mornin', says he;
ye'll meet me to-
'To-morra, to-morra,

d mother, yer Honor,
o likin' for Dan,
abin an' tould her to
y from the man,²⁰
kem flyin' across me,
a lark,
ere for a minute, an'
into the dark.
storm that night —
r, an' rain that fell,
runnin' down at the
glin'ud'a dhrownded

III

pace nixt mornin',
n its glory smiled,
og-shop.

As the Holy Mother o' Glory that
smiles at her sleepin' child —

Ethen — she stept an the chapel-green
an' she turn'd herself roun'
Wid a diamond dhrop in her eye, for
Danny was not to be foun',
An' many's the time that I watch'd
her at mass lettin' down the
tear,
For the divil a Danny was there, yer
Honor, for forty year. ³⁰

IV

Och, Molly Magee, wid the red o' the
rose an' the white o' the may,
An' yer hair as black as the night, an'
yer eyes as bright as the day!
Achora, yer laste little whishper was
sweet as the lilt of a bird!
Acushla, ye set me heart batin' to
music wid ivery word!
An' sorra the Queen wid her sceptre
in sich an illigant han',
An' the fall of yer foot in the dance
was as light assnow an the lan',
An' the sun kem out of a cloud whin-
iver ye walkt in the shreet,
An' Shamus O'Shea was yer shadda,
an' laid himself undher yer feet,
An' I loved ye meself wid a heart an'
a half, me darlin', and he
'Ud 'a shot his own sowl dead for a
kiss of ye, Molly Magee. ⁴⁰

V

But shure we wor betther frinds whin
I crack'd his skull for her sake,
An' he ped me back wid the best he
could give at ould Donovan's
wake —
For the boys wor about her agin whin
Dan didn't come to the fore,
An' Shamus along wid the rest, but
she put thim all to the door.
An', afther, I thried her meself av the
bird 'ud come to me call,
But Molly, begorrah, 'ud listhen to
naither at all, at all.

VI

An' her nabors an' frinds 'ud consow!
an' condowl wid her, airly an'
late,
'Your Danny,' they says, 'niver crasst
over say to the Sassenach
whate;

TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS

He's gone to the States, aroon, an'
 he's married another wife,
 An' ye'll niver set eyes an the face of
 the thraithur agin in life! ⁵⁰
 An' to dhrame of a married man, death
 alive, is a mortal sin.
 But Molly says, 'I'd his hand-pro-
 mise, an' shure he'll meet me
 agin.'

VII

An' afther her paairints had inter'd
 glory, an' both in wan day,
 She began to spake to herself, the
 crathur, an' whisper, an' say,
 'To-morra, to-morra!' an' Father Mo-
 lowney he tuk her in han',
 'Molly, you're manin', he says, 'me
 dear, av I undherstan',
 That ye'll meet your paairints agin
 an' yer Danny O'Roon afore God
 Wid his blessed Marthys an' Saints;
 an' she gev him a frindly nod,
 'To-morra, to-morra,' she says, an' she
 did n't intind to desave,
 But her wits wor dead, an' her hair
 was as white as the snow an a
 grave. ⁶⁰

VIII

Arrah now, here last month they wor
 diggin' the bog, an' they foun'
 Dhrownded in black bog-wather a corp
 lyin' undher groun'.

IX

Yer Honor's own agint, he says to me
 wanst, at Katty's shebeen,
 'The divil take all the black lan', for
 a blessin' 'ud come wid the
 green!'
 An' where 'ud the poor man, thin, cut
 his bit o' turf for the fire?
 But och! bad scan to the bogs whin
 they swallies the man intire!
 An' sorra the bog that's in hiven wid
 all the light an' the glow,
 An' there's hate enough, shure, wid-
 out *thin* in the divil's kitchen
 below.

X

Thim ould blind nagers in Egypt, I
 hard his Riverence say,
 Could keep their haithen kings in the
 flesh for the Jidgmint day, ⁷⁰

An', faix, be the piper o' Mos-
 kep' the cat an' the dog
 But it 'ud 'a been aisier work
 lived be an Irish bog.

XI

How-an-iver they laid this be-
 foun' an the grass,
 Be the chapel-door, an' the pe-
 see it that wint in to m
 But a frish gineration had riz,
 of the ould was few,
 An' I did n't know him me-
 none of the parish knev

XII

But Molly kem limp'in' up
 stick,—she was lame
 knee,—
 Thin a slip of a gossoon call
 ye know him, Molly M
 An' she stood up strait as the
 the world—she lift
 head—
 'He said he would meet me to-
 an' dhropt down dead
 dead.

XIII

Och, Molly, we thought, r
 ye would start back a
 life,
 Whin we laid yez, aich be aic
 wake like husban' an' v
 Sorra the dhry eye thin but
 for the frinds that was
 Sorra the silent throat, but w
 cryin', 'Ochone!'
 An' Shamus O'Shea that has
 childer, handsome an' ta
 Him an' his childer wor kee
 he had lost thim all.

XIV

Thin his Riverence buried th
 in wan grave be the de
 tree, ¹
 The young man Danny O'R
 his ould woman, Molly

XV

May all the flowers o' Jeroosil
 som an' spring from the
 Imbrashin' an' kissin' aich ot
 ye did — over yer Cras
¹ Elder-tree.

the lark fly out o' the flowers wid
his song to the sun an' the moon,
tell thim in hiven about Molly
Magee an' her Danny O'Roon,
Holy Saint Pether gets up wid his
kays an' opens the gate!
shure, be the Crass, that's better
nor cuttin' the Sassenach whate,
be there wid the Blessed Mother
an' Saints an' Marthys galore,
singin' yer 'Aves' an' 'Pathers'
for iver an' ivermore.

XVI

now that I tould yer Honor what-
iver I hard an' seen,
Honor 'ill give me a thrife to
dhrink yer health in potheen.

E SPINSTER'S SWEET-ARTS

I

for my sweet-arts, Bess! fur it
mun be the time about now
en Molly cooms in fro' the far-end
close wi' her paails fro' the cow.
! tha be new to the plaice—
thou'rt gaapin'—does n't tha
see
alls 'em arter the fellers es once
was sweet upo' me?

II

ly, to be sewer, it be past 'er time.
What maakes 'er sa laite?
i to the laane at the back, an'
look thruf Maddison's gaite!

III

et-arts! Molly belike may 'a
lighted to-night upo' one.
et-arts! thanks to the Lord that I
niver not listen'd to noan!
I sits i' my oan armchair wi' my
oan kettle there o' the hob,
' Tommy the fust, an' Tommy the
second, an' Steevie an' Rob. 10

IV

b, coom oop 'ere o' my knee. Thou
sees that i' spite o' the men
a kep' thruf thick an' thin my two
'onderl a-year to mysen;
! thaw tha call'd me es pretty es
ony lass i' the Shere;

An' thou be es pretty a tabby, but
Robby I seed thruf ya theree.

V

Feyther 'ud saay I wur ugly es sin,
an' I beant not vaain,
But I niver wur downright hugly,
thaw soom 'ud 'a thowt ma
plaain,
An' I was n't sa plaain i' pink ribbons
— ye said I wur pretty i' pinks.
An' I liked to 'ear it I did, but I beant
sich a fool as ye thinks;
Ye was stroakin' ma down wi' the 'air,
as I be a-stroakin' o' you,
But whiniver I looked i' the glass I
wur sewer that it could n't be
true;
Niver wur pretty, not I, but ye
knew'd it wur pleasant to 'ear,
Thaw it warn't not me es wur pretty,
but my two 'onderl a-year.

VI

D' ya mind the murnin' when we was
a-walkin' together, an' stood
By the claa'y'd-ooop pond, that the
foolk be sa scared at, i' Gig-
glesby wood,
Wheer the poor wench drowndid her-
sen, black Sal, es 'ed been dis-
graced?
An' I feel'd thy arm es I stood wur
a-creeepin' about my waist;
An' me es wur allus afear'd of a man's
gittin' ower fond,
I sidled awaay an' awaay till I plumpt
foot fust i' the pond;
And, Robby, I niver 'a liked tha sa
well, as I did that daay,
Fur tha joompt in thysen, an' tha
hoickt my feet wi' a flop fro'
the claa'y. 30
Ay, stick oop thy back, an' set oop
thy taail, tha may gie ma a kiss,
Fur I walk'd wi' tha all the way hoam
an' wur niver sa nigh saayin'
Yis.
But wa boith was i' sich a clat we
was shaamed to cross Gigglesby
Green,
Fur a cat may look at a king, thou
knows, but the cat mun be
clein.
Sa we boith on us kep' out o' sight o'
thewinders o' Gigglesby Uwa—

ESIAS AND OTHER POEMS

o' tha! quiet!
 an thruf to the
 slinkt oan by the brok-
 hed f' the laane at the
 and at tha once,
 oop o' the thack;
 and i' the shed,
 here we was forced to
 that Steevie wur coomin',
 and one o' the Tommies beside.

VII

what art 'a mewin' at,
 ie? for ow't I can tell—
 fur fust, to be sewer, or I
 't 'a liked tha as well.

VIII

An' Robby, I thowt o' tha all the
 while I wur chaangin' my gown,
 I thowt, shall I challenge my
 staate? but, O Lord, upo'
My coomin' down—
 bran-new carpet es fresh es a
 midder o' flowers i' Maay—
Why 'ed n't tha wiped thy shoes? it
 wur clatted all ower wi' claa'y.
An' I could 'a cried ammost, fur I
 seed that it could n't be,
An' Robby, I gied tha a raatin' that
 sattled thy coortin' o' me.
An' Molly an' me was agreed, as we
 was a-cleānin' the floor,
That a man be a durty thing an' a
 trouble an' plague wi' indoor.
But I rued it arter a bit, fur I stuck
 to tha moor na the rest,
But I could n't 'a lived wi' a man, an'
 I knaws it be all fur the best.

IX

Naay—let ma stroak tha down till I
 maakes tha es smooth es silk,
But if I 'ed married tha, Robby, thou'd
 not 'a been worth thy milk,
Thou'd niver 'a cotch'd ony mice but
 'a left me the work to do,
And 'a taēen to the bottle beside, so
 es all that I 'ears be true;
But I loovs tha to maake thysen 'appy,
 an' soā purr awaay, my dear,
Thou 'ed wellnigh purr'd ma awaay
 fro' my oān two 'oonderd a-year.

X

Sweārin' ageān, you Toms, as ye used
 to do twelve year sin'!
 Ye niver eārd Steevie sweār 'cep'
 wur at a dog coomin' in.
 An' boāth o' ye mun be fools to be
 hallus a shawin' your claws,
 Fur I niver cared nothink for neith-
 er—an' one o' ye deād, ye
 knaws!
 Gae, give holiver then, weēst ye
 I warrant ye soom fine daay—
 There, lig down—I shall hev to gae
 one or tother awaay.
 Can't ye talk pattern by Steevie? ye
 shan't hev a drop fro' the pall
 Steevie be right good manners lan-
 thruf to the tip o' the taail.

XI

Robby, git down wi' tha, wilt tha
 let Steevie coom oop o' my knees
 Steevie, my lad, thou 'ed very nig-
 been the Steevie fur me!
 Robby wur fust, to be sewer, 'e wur
 burn an' bred i' the 'ouse,
 But thou be es 'ansom a tabby es iv-
 patted a mouse.

XII

An' I beānt not vaāin, but I knaws
 'ed led tha a quieter life
 Nor her wi' the hepithaph yonder!
 faaithful an' loovin' wife!
 An' 'cos o' thy farm by the beck, an'
 thy windmill oop o' the croft,
 Tha thowt tha would marry ma, di-
 tha? but that wur a bit ow-
 soft,
 Thaw thou was es soāber es daay, w'
 a niced red faice, an' es cleān
 Es a shillin' fresh fro' the mint wi'
 bran-new 'eād o' the Queeān,
 An' thy farmin' es cleān es thyse-
 fur, Steevie, tha kep' it sa nee-
 That I niver not spied sa much es
 poppy along wi' the wheāt,
 An' the wool of a thistle a-flyin' a-
 secādin' tha haāted to see;
 'T wur es bad es a battle-twig¹ 'ere
 my oān blue chaumber to me.
 Ay, roob thy whiskers ageān ma, fi-
 I could 'a taēen to tha well,
 But fur thy bairns, poor Steevie,
 bouncin' boy an' a gell.

¹ Earwig.

XIII

es fond o' thy bairns es
sen o' my cats,
ot wish'd fur childer, I
naw likin' fur brats;
hen ya dresses 'em oop,
goas fur a walk,
eir 'ands afoor 'em, an'
not 'inder the talk!
tles o' pap, an' their
bibs, an' the clats an'
ts,
in' their toys to pieæces
sin' ma deaff wi' their

ompin' about ma as if
set upo' springs,
na haw kard questions,
n' ondecnt things, 90
'hugly' mayhap to my
a-teärin' my gown—
ar! I mun part them
—Steevie, git down.

XIV

the men-tommies, you.
na moor o' that!
e o' the cushion, an'
m'ere o' the mat.

XV

aster'd them! Hed I
ie Tommies—O Lord,
naäy the 'Tommies! I
a stuck by my word.
about, an' waiked,
y'd put out the light,
in' in wi' a hiccup at
o' the night!
aäin'd wi' 'is aäle, an'
'is boots o' the stairs,
spipe i' the 'ouse, an'
'is 'eäid o' the chairs!
four sweet-arts 'ud 'a
ed my oän waäy, 101
best wi' taäils when
t a word to saäy.

XVI

oän little parlor, an'
ny oän little lass,
garden outside, an'
l o' sparrow-grass,
poorch wi' the wood-
ssmine a dressin' it

An' my oän fine Jackman i' purple a
roäbin' the 'ouse like a queefin.

XVII

An' the little gells bobs to ma hoffens
es I be abroad i' the laänes,
When I goäs fur to coomfurt the poor
es be down wi' their haäches
an' their paäins:
An' a haäf-pot o' jam, or a mossel o'
meät when it beänt too dear,
They maäkes ma a graäter lady nor
'er i' the mansion theer, 110
Hes 'es hallus to hax of a man how
much to spare or to spend;
An' a spinster I be an' I will be, if
soä please God, to the hend.

XVIII

Mew! mew! — Bess wi' the milk! what
ha maäde our Molly sa laäte?
It should 'a been 'ere by seven, an'
theere — it be strikin' height —
'Cushie wur craäzed fur 'er cauf,' well
— I 'eärd 'er a-maäkin' 'er moän,
An' I thowt to mysen, 'thank God that
I hev n't naw cauf o' my oän.'
There!

Set it down!

Now, Robby!

You Tommies shall waäit to-night
Till Robby an' Steevie 'es'ed their lap
— an' it sarves ye richt.

PROLOGUE

TO GENERAL HAMLEY

Our birches yellowing and from each
The light leaf falling fast,
While squirrels from our fiery beech
Were bearing off the mast,
You came, and look'd and loved the
view
Long-known and loved by me,
Green Sussex fading into blue
With one gray glimpse of sea;
And, gazing from this height alone,
We spoke of what had been
Most marvellous in the wars your own
Crimean eyes had seen;
And — now like old-world inns that
take
Some warrior for a sign

That therewithin a guest may make
 True cheer with honest wine —
 Because you heard the lines I read
 Nor utter'd word of blame,
 I dare without your leave to head
 These rhymings with your name,
 Who know you but as one of those
 I fain would meet again,
 Yet know you, as your England knows
 That you and all your men
 Were soldiers to her heart's desire,
 When, in the vanish'd year,
 You saw the league-long rampart-fire
 Flare from Tel-el-Kebir
 Thro' darkness, and the foe was
 driven,
 And Wolseley overthrew
 Arâbi, and the stars in heaven
 Paled, and the glory grew.

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA

OCTOBER 25, 1854

I

THE charge of the gallant three hundred,
 the Heavy Brigade !
 Down the hill, down the hill, thousands
 of Russians,
 Thousands of horsemen, drew to the
 valley — and stay'd ;
 For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred
 were riding by
 When the points of the Russian lances
 arose in the sky ;
 And he call'd, ' Left wheel into line ! '
 and they wheel'd and obey'd.
 Then he look'd at the host that had
 halted he knew not why,
 And he turn'd half round, and he bade
 his trumpeter sound
 To the charge, and he rode on ahead,
 as he waved his blade
 To the gallant three hundred whose
 glory will never die —
 ' Follow, ' and up the hill, up the hill,
 up the hill,
 Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

II

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge,
 and the might of the fight !
 Thousands of horsemen had gather'd
 there on the height,

With a wing push'd out to the left and
 a wing to the right,
 And who shall escape if they close
 but he dash'd up alone
 Thro' the great gray slope of men,
 Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
 Like an Englishman there and then.
 All in a moment follow'd with force
 Three that were next in their
 course,
 Wedged themselves in between horse
 and horse,
 Fought for their lives in the narrow
 gap they had made —
 Four amid thousands ! and up the hill
 up the hill,
 Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the
 Heavy Brigade.

III

Fell like a cannon-shot,
 Burst like a thunderbolt,
 Crash'd like a hurricane,
 Broke thro' the mass from below,
 Drove thro' the midst of the foe,
 Plunged up and down, to and fro,
 Rode flashing blow upon blow,
 Brave Inniskillens and Greys
 Whirling their sabres in circles of
 light !
 And some of us, all in amaze,
 Who were held for a while from the
 fight,
 And were only standing at gaze,
 When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
 Folded its wings from the left and the
 right,
 And roll'd them around like a cloud,
 O, mad for the charge and the battle
 were we,
 When our own good redcoats saw
 from sight,
 Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea
 And we turn'd to each other, whispering,
 all dismay'd,
 ' Lost are the gallant three hundred,
 Scarlett's Brigade ! '

IV

' Lost one and all ' were the words
 Mutter'd in our dismay ;
 But they rode like victors and lords
 Thro' the forest of lances and sword:
 In the heart of the Russian hordes,
 They rode, or they stood at bay
 Struck with the sword-hand and slew



THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE 641



*The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight.

own with the bridle-hand drew
 a foot from the saddle and threw
 a foot there in the fray —
 charged like a storm or stood like a rock
 the wave of a stormy day;
 it suddenly shock upon shock
 agger'd the mass from without,
 'ave it in wild disarray,
 or our men gallopt up with a cheer
 and a shout,
 ed the foeman surged, and wav'rd,
 and reel'd
 p the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
 out of the field,
 d over the brow and away

v

boy to each and to all, and the
 charge that they made;
 boy to all the three hundred and all
 the Brigade!

NOTE. The "three hundred" of the
 "Heavy Brigade" who made this famous
 charge were the Scots Greys and the 2d
 Cavalry of the Guards, the 2nd Cavalry of
 the Heavy Brigade, and the 2d Cavalry of
 the 1st Cavalry Division.

The "three hundred" of the "Heavy
 Brigade" were the Scots Greys and the 2d
 Cavalry of the Guards, the 2d Cavalry of
 the Heavy Brigade, and the 2d Cavalry of
 the 1st Cavalry Division.

EPHROGUE

THOU

Not this way will you set your foot
 A star above the stars

THOU

What way?

THOU

Yes, you will, when you should blame
 The first of the war
 A juster epoch has begun

POET.

Yet tho' this cheek be gray,
And that bright hair the modern sun,
Those eyes the blue to-day,
You wrong me, passionate little friend.
I would that wars should cease,
I would the globe from end to end
And some new Spirit o'erbear the
old,

Might sow and reap in peace,
Or Trade re-frain the Powers
From war with kindly links of gold,
Or Love with wreaths of flowers.
Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
My friends and brother souls,
With all the peoples, great and small,
That wheel between the poles.
But since our mortal shadow, ill,
To waste this earth began —
Perchance from some abuse of Will
In worlds before the man
Involving ours — he needs must fight
To make true peace his own,
He needs must combat might with
might,

Or Might world rule alone;
And who loves war for war's own sake
Is fool, or crazed, or worse;
But let the patriot-soldier take
His meed of fame in verse;
Nay — tho' that realm were in the
wrong

For which her warriors bleed,
It still were right to crown with song
The warrior's noble deed —
A crown the Singer hopes may last,
For so the deed endures;
But Song will vanish in the Vast;
And that large phrase of yours
'A star among the stars,' my dear,
Is girlish talk at best;

For dare we dally with the sphere
As he did half in jest,
Old Horace? 'I will strike,' said he,
'The stars with head sublime,'
But scarce could see, as now we see,
The man in space and time,
So drew perchance a happier lot
Than ours, who rhyme to-day.
The fires that arch this dusky dot —
Yon myriad-worlded way —
The vast sun-clusters' gather'd blaze,
World-isles in lonely skies,
Whole heavens within themselves,
amaze

Our brief humanities.

And so does Earth; for Homer's
Tho' carved in harder stone —
The falling drop will make his
As mortal as my own.

IRENE.

No 1

POET.

Let it live then — ay, till w
Earth passes, all is lost
In what they prophesy, our
men,
Sun-flame or sunless frost,
And deed and song alike are sw
Away, and all in vain
As far as man can see, except
The man himself remain;
And tho', in this lean age forlorn
Too many a voice may cry
That man can have no after-mo
Not yet of those am I.
The man remains, and whatsoe'
He wrought of good or brave,
Will mould him thro' the cycle;
That dawns behind the grave.

And here the Singer for his art
Not all in vain may plead
'The song that nerves a nation'
Is in itself a deed.'

TO VIRGIL

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST
OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE
TEENTH CENTENARY OF
GIL'S DEATH

I

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that sing'st
Ilion's lofty temples robed in
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and
pyre;

II

Landscape-lover, lord of langu
more than he that san
'Works and Days,'
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a
phrase;



THE DEAD PROPHET

643

III
at singest wheat and wood-
id,
and vineyard, hive and horse
d herd ;
harm of all the Muses
flowering in a lonely word ;

IV
he happy Tityrus
ig underneath his beechen
wers ;
he poet-satyr
m the laughing shepherd
und with flowers ;

V
of the Pollio, glorying
e blissful years again to be,
of the snakeless meadow,
borious earth and oarless sea ;

VI
at seest Universal
re moved by Universal Mind ;
jestic in thy sadness
ie doubtful doom of human
ad ;

VII
long the vanish'd ages ;
that gildest yet this phantom
ore ;
ranch amid the shadows,
s and realms that pass to rise
more ;

VIII
Forum roars no longer,
never purple Cæsar's dome —
e ocean-roll of rhythm
d forever of Imperial Rome —

IX
Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
the Rome of freemen holds
r place,
ut the Northern Island
er'd once from all the human
æ,

X
hee, Mantovano,
at loved thee since my day
gan,
of the stateliest measure
moulded by the lips of man.

THE DEAD PROPHET

182-

I
Dead !
And the Muses cried with a stormy
cry,
'Send them no more, for evermore.
Let the people die.'

II
Dead !
'Is it *he* then brought so low ?'
And a careless people flock'd from the
fields
With a purse to pay for the show.

III
Dead, who had served his time,
Was one of the people's kings,
Had labor'd in lifting them out of
slime,
And showing them, souls have
wings !

IV
Dumb on the winter heath he lay.
His friends had stript him bare,
And roll'd his nakedness everyway
That all the crowd might stare.

V
A storm-worn signpost not to be read
And a tree with a moulder'd nest
On its barkless bones, stood stark
by the dead ;
And behind him, low in the West,

VI
With shifting ladders of shadow and
light,
And blurr'd in color and form,
The sun hung over the gates of night
And glared at a coming storm.

VII
Then glided a vulturous beldam forth.
That on dumb death had thriven ;
They call'd her 'Reverence' here upon
earth,
And 'The Curse of the Prophet' in
heaven.

VIII
She knelt - 'We worship him' — all
but wept —

TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS

'So great, so noble, was he !'
She clear'd her sight, she arose, she
swept
The dust of earth from her knee.

IX

at! for he spoke and the people
heard,
And his eloquence caught like a
flame
From zone to zone of the world, till
his word
Had won him a noble name.

X

'Noble ! he sung, and the sweet sound
ran
Thro' palace and cottage door,
For he touch'd on the whole sad planet
of man,
The kings and the rich and the poor ;

XI

'And he sung not alone of an old sun
set,
But a sun coming up in his youth !
Great and noble — O, yes — but yet —
For man is a lover of truth,

XII

'And bound to follow, wherever she
go
Stark-naked, and up or down,
Thro' her high hill-passes of stainless
snow,
Or the foulest sewer of the town —

XIII

'Noble and great — O, ay — but then,
Tho' a prophet should have his
due,
Was he noblier-fashion'd than other
men ?
Shall we see to it, I and you ?

XIV

'For since he would sit on a prophet's
seat,
As a lord of the human soul,
We needs must scan him from head to
feet,
Were it but for a wart or a mole ?'

XV

His wife and his child stood by him in
tears,

But she — she push'd them
'Tho' a name may last for a
years,
Yet a truth is a truth," she

XVI

And she that had haunted
way still,
Had often truckled and cowed
When he rose in his wrath,
yielded her will
To the master, as overpowe

XVII

She tumbled his helpless
about.
'Small blemish upon the sk
But I think we know what
without
Is often as foul within.'

XVIII

She crouch'd, she tore him p
part,
And out of his body she dre
The red 'blood-eagle'¹ of li
heart;
She held them up to the vie

XIX

She gabbled, as she groped
dead,
And all the people were ple
'See, what a little heart,' she
'And the liver is half-disea

XX

She tore the prophet after de
And the people paid her we
Lightnings flicker'd along the
One shriek'd, 'The fires of

EARLY SPRING

I

ONCE more the Heavenly P
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd l
With loving blue ;
The blackbirds have their v
The throistles too.

¹ Old Viking term for lungs, b
when torn by the conqueror out of
of the conquered.

II
in heaven;
of glass
der falls
g grass,
mountain-walls
els pass.

III
fleets the shower,
the buds,
e level lands,
he floods;
from their hands
' the woods,

IV
ith living airs
' fann'd,
om where the deep,
he sand,
in his sleep,
he land.

V
aping blood,
's lure!
down and up
ure,
crocus cup,
drops, pure!

VI
glimpse and fade
: slight spell,
n yonder vale,
lue fell,
ies, how frail,
nd smell!

VII
nuckled note,
kling bird,
icies range,
ly stirr'd,
ells of change
l to word.

VIII
Heavenly Power
things new,
e cold, and fills
' with dew;
ds have their wills,
too.

PREFATORY POEM TO MY
BROTHER'S SONNETS

MIDNIGHT, JUNE 30, 1879

I
MIDNIGHT — in no midsummer tune
The breakers lash the shores;
The cuckoo of a joyless June
Is calling out of doors.

And thou hast vanish'd from thine own
To that which looks like rest,
True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.

II
Midnight — and joyless June gone by,
And from the deluged park
The cuckoo of a worse July
Is calling thro' the dark;

But thou art silent underground,
And o'er thee streams the rain,
True poet, surely to be found
When Truth is found again.

III
And, now to these unsummer'd skies
The summer bird is still,
Far off a phantom cuckoo cries
From out a phantom hill;

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun
Of sixty years away,
The light of days when life begun,
The days that seem to-day,

When all my griefs were shared with
thee,
As all my hopes were thine —
As all thou wert was one with me,
May all thou art be mine!

'FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE'

Row us out from Desenzano, to your
Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed —
'O venusta Sirmio!'
There to me thro' all the groves of
olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where
the purple flowers grow,

Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the
 Poet's hopeless woe,
 Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen
 hundred years ago,
 'Frater Ave atque Vale'—as we
 wander'd to and fro
 Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the
 Garda Lake below
 Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-
 silvery Sirmio!

HELEN'S TOWER

[Written at the request of my friend,
 Lord Dufferin.]

HELEN'S TOWER, here I stand,
 Dominant over sea and land.
 Son's love built me, and I hold
 Mother's love in letter'd gold.
 Love is in and out of time,
 I am mortal stone and lime.
 Would my granite girth were strong
 As either love, to last as long!
 I should wear my crown entire
 To and from the Doomsday fire,
 And be found of angel eyes
 In earth's recurring Paradise.

EPITAPH ON LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THOU third great Canning, stand
 among our best
 And noblest, now thy long day's
 work hath ceased,
 Here silent in our Minster of the
 West
 Who wert the voice of England in
 the East.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL GOR- DON

IN THE GORDON BOYS' NATIONAL
 MEMORIAL HOME NEAR WOKING

WARRIOR of God, man's friend, and
 tyrant's foe,
 Now somewhere dead far in the
 waste Soudan,

Thou livest in all hearts, for
 know
 This earth has never born
 man.

EPITAPH ON CAX

IN ST. MARGARET'S, WEST

Fiat Lux (his motto)

Thy prayer was 'Light—
 —while Time shall last
 Thou sawest a glory
 the night,
 But not the shadows which
 would cast,
 Till shadows vanish in the
 Light.

TO THE DUKE OF A

O PATRIOT Statesman, be
 to know
 The limits of resistance, and
 Determining concession; s
 Not only to slight praise
 scorn;
 And be thy heart a fortress!
 The day against the morrow
 year
 Against the day; thy voice
 heard
 Thro' all the yells and co
 of feud
 And faction, and thy will,
 make
 This ever-changing world
 stance,
 In changing, chime with
 ging Law.

HANDS ALL ROU

FIRST pledge our Queen to
 night,
 Then drink to England, e
 That man's the best Cosm
 Who loves his native cou
 May freedom's oak for ever
 With stronger life from d
 1 Written after the Queen's
 assassination, 1882.

n's the true Conservative
lopes the moulder'd branch
way.

Hands all round !
he traitor's hope confound !
great cause of Freedom drink,
y friends,
the great name of England,
und and round.

re loyal hearts who long
ep our English Empire whole !
ur noble sons, the strong
England of the Southern Pole !
and under Indian skies,
ee dark millions of her realm !
da whom we love and prize,
ever statesman hold the helm.
Hands all round !
re traitor's hope confound !
great name of England drink,
y friends,
ll her glorious empire, round
d round.

ir statesmen so they be
aders of the land's desire !
our Houses, may they see
d the borough and the shire !
l wherever ship could sail,
unded many a mighty state ;
d our greatness may not fail
craven fears of being great !
Hands all round !
re traitor's hope confound !
great cause of Freedom drink,
y friends,
he great name of England,
und and round.

FREEDOM

I

so fair in summers gone,
yet thy fresh and virgin
ul
l the pillar'd Parthenon,
littering Capitol ;

II

n southern sunshine bathed,
arce of such majestic mien
with forehead vapor swathed
adows ever green ;

III

For thou — when Athens reign'd and
Rome,
Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd with
pain
To mark in many a freeman's home
The slave, the scourge, the chain ;

IV

O follower of the Vision, still
In motion to the distant gleam,
Howe'er blind force and brainless
will
May jar thy golden dream

V

Of Knowledge fusing class with
class,
Of civic Hate no more to be,
Of Love to leaven all the mass,
Till every soul be free ;

VI

Who yet, like Nature, wouldst not
mar
By changes all too fierce and fast
This order of her Human Star,
This heritage of the past ;

VII

O scorner of the party cry
That wanders from the public good,
Thou — when the nations rear on
high
Their idol smear'd with blood,

VIII

And when they roll their idol down —
Of saner worship sanely proud ;
Thou leather of the lawless crown
As of the lawless crowd ;

IX

How long thine ever growing mind
Hath still'd the blast and strow'd
the wave,
Thou some of late would raise a wind
To sing thee to thy grave,

X

Men loud against all forms of power —
Unturnish'd — brows — tempestuous
tongues
Expecting all things in an hour —
Brass mouths and iron lungs !

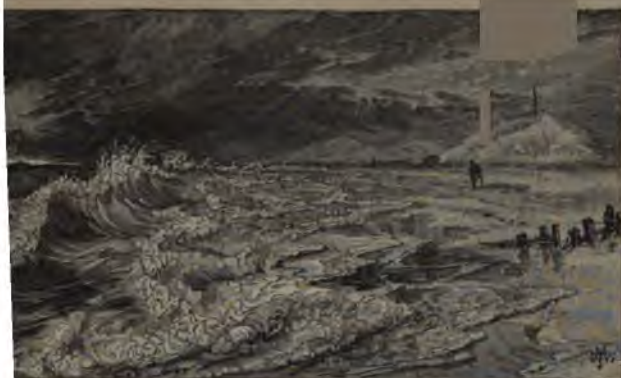
POETS AND THEIR BIBLIO-
PHIES

OLD poets foster'd under friendlier
skies,
Old Virgil who would write ten
lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden
day
To make them wealthier in his readers'
eyes;
And you, old popular Horace, you
the wise
Adviser of the nine-years-ponder'd
lay,
And you, that wear a wreath of
sweeter bay,
Callus, whose dead songster never
dies;
If, glancing downward on the kindly
sphere
That once had roll'd you round and
round the sun,
You see your Art still shrined in hu-
man shelves,
You should be jubilant that you flour-
ish'd here
Before the Love of Letters, over-
done,
Had swampt the sacred poets with
themselves.

TO H. R. H. PRINCESS BEA-
TRICE

Two Suns of Love make day of hu-
man life,
Which else with all its pains, and
griefs, and deaths,

Were utter darkness— one, the
of dawn
That brightens thro' the
tender eyes,
And warms the child's awa-
world — and one
The later-rising Sun of spouse
Which from her household orb
the child
To move in other spheres. T
ther weeps
At that white funeral of the
life,
Her maiden daughter's marria-
her tears
Are half of pleasure, half of
the child
Is happy—even in leaving A
thou,
True daughter, whose all-f
filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of
thrones,
Wilt neither quit the widow'd
nor let
This later light of Love have
vain,
But moving thro' the Mother's
between
The two that love thee, lead a s
life,
Sway'd by each Love, and swa
each Love,
Like some conjectured planet
heaven
Between two suns, and drawin
from both
The light and genial warmth of
day.



son ! half the morning have I paced these sandy tracts !

KEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER, ETC.

TO MY WIFE

THIS DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE AND THE POEMS WHICH FOLLOW

ALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER

son ! half the morning
ced these sandy tracts,
he hollow ridges roar-
ataracts,

to living boyhood
ard the curlews call,
on death, and death
ocksley Hall.

r suit was blasted—
iltless, the divine ;
boyish babble—this
f yours with mine.

en babbled doubtless
a past ;
our old England may
babble at last.

rse your fellow-vic-
him dotard in your

doting boyhood well
a dotard's age. 10

Jilted for a wealthier ! wealthier ? yet
perhaps she was not wise ;
I remember how you kiss'd the minia-
ture with those sweet eyes.

In the hall there hangs a painting—
Amy's arms about my neck—
Happy children in a sunbeam sitting
on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there was a picture, she
that clasp'd my neck had flown ;
I was left within the shadow sitting
on the wreck alone.

Yours has been a slighter ailment,
will you sicken for her sake ?
You, not you ! your modern amorist
is of easier, earthlier make.

Amy loved me, Amy fail'd me, Amy
was a timid child ;
But your Judith— but your world-
ling—*she* had never driven me
wild. 20

She that holds the diamond necklace
dearer than the golden ring,

She that finds a winter sunset fairer
than a morn of spring.

She that in her heart is brooding on
his briefer lease of life,
While she vows 'till death shall part
us,' she the would-be-widow
wife.

She the worldling born of worldlings—
father, mother—be content,
Even the homely farm can teach us
there is something in descent.

Yonder in that chapel, slowly sinking
now into the ground,
Lies the warrior, my forefather, with
his feet upon the hound.

Cross'd! for once he sail'd the sea to
crush the Moslem in his pride;
Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead
the cause in which he died. 30

Yet how often I and Amy in the
mouldering aisle have stood,
Gazing for one pensive moment on
that founder of our blood.

There again I stood to-day, and where
of old we knelt in prayer,
Close beneath the casement crimson
with the shield of Locksley—
there,

All in white Italian marble, looking
still as if she smiled,
Lies my Amy dead in childbirth, dead
the mother, dead the child.

Dead—and sixty years ago, and dead
her aged husband now—
I, this old white-headed dreamer,
stoopt and kiss'd her marble
brow.

Gone the fires of youth, the follies,
furies, curses, passionate tears,
Gone like fires and floods and earth-
quakes of the planet's dawning
years. 40

Fires that shook me once, but now to
silent ashes fallen away.
Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the
gleam of dying day.

Gone the tyrant of my
mute below the chan-
All his virtues—I forgiv
black in white above

Gone the comrades of my
some in fight against
Some thro' age and slow
gone as all on earth

Gone with whom for forty
life in golden sequen-
She with all the charm of
with all the breadth

Strong in will and rich
Edith, yet so lowly-
Woman to her inmost heart
man to her tender

Very woman of very woman
ailing body and mind
She that link'd again the
that bound me to my

Here to-day was Amy with
I wander'd down the
Near us Edith's holy shadow
at the slighter ghost.

Gone our sailor son thy father
early lost at sea;
Thou alone, my boy, of
and mine art left to

Gone thy tender-natured
wearying to be left
Pining for the stronger heart
had beat beside her

Truth, for truth is truth, be-
being true as he was
Good, for good is good
low'd, yet he look'd
grave,

Wiser there than you, the
barren Death as lord
Deem this over-tragic dra-
curtain is the pall!

Beautiful was death in
saw the death, be-
deck,
Saving women and their
sinking with the sin-



LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER 651

ne for ever ! Ever ? no — for since
our dying race began,
er, ever, and for ever was the lead-
ing light of man.

ose that in barbarian burials kill'd
the slave, and slew the wife
it within themselves the sacred pas-
sion of the second life.

dian warriors dream of ampler hunt-
ing grounds beyond the night ;
ren the black Australian dying hopes
he shall return, a white. 70

'Forward' rang the voices then, and
of the many mine was one.
Let us hush this cry of 'Forward' till
ten thousand years have gone.

Far among the vanish'd races, old As-
syrian kings would flay
Captives whom they caught in battle
— iron-hearted victors they. 80

Ages after, while in Asia, he that led
the wild Moguls,
Timur built his ghastly tower of eighty
thousand human skulls ;



'Sinking with the sinking wreck'

uth for truth, and good for good !
The good, the true, the pure,
the just —
like the charm 'For ever' from them,
and they crumble into dust.

oe the cry of 'Forward, Forward,'
lost within a growing gloom ;
st, or only heard in silence from
the silence of a tomb.

lf the marvels of my morning, tri-
umphs over time and space,
led by frequency, shrunk by usage
into commonest commonplace !

Then, and here in Edward's time, an
age of noblest English names,
Christian conquerors took and flung
the conquer'd Christian into
flames.

Love your enemy, bless your haters,
said the Greatest of the great ;
Christian love among the Churches
look'd the twin of heathen hate.

From the golden alms of Blessing man
had coin'd himself a curse ;
Rome of Caesar, Rome of Peter, which
was crueller ? which was worse ?

France had shown a light to all men,
preach'd a Gospel, all men's
good;

Celtic Demos rose a Demon, shriek'd
and slaked the light with blood.

Hope was ever on her mountain,
watching till the day begun—
Crown'd with sunlight—over dark-
ness—from the still unrisen
sun.

Have we grown at last beyond the
passions of the primal clan?
'Kill your enemy, for you hate him,'
still, 'your enemy' was a man.

Have we sunk below them? peasants
maim the helpless horse, and
drive

Innocent cattle under thatch, and burn
the kindlier brutes alive.

Brutes, the brutes are not your
wrongers—burnt at midnight,
found at morn,

Twisted hard in mortal agony with
their offspring, born-unborn,

Clinging to the silent mother! Are we
devils? are we men?

Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would
that he were here again,

He that in his Catholic wholeness used
to call the very flowers

Sisters, brothers—and the beasts—
whose pains are hardly less than
ours!

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! who
can tell how all will end?

Read the wide world's annals, you,
and take their wisdom for your
friend.

Hope the best, but hold the Present
fatal daughter of the Past,
Shape your heart to front the hour,
but dream not that the hour
will last.

Ay, if dynamite and revolver leave
you courage to be wise—

When was age so cram'd with men-
ace? madness? written, spoken
lies?

Envy wears the mask of Love, and
laughing sober fact to scorn,
Ories to weakest as to strongest, 'Ye
are equals, equal-born.'

Equal-born? O, yes, if yonder hill be
level with the flat.

Charm us, orator, till the lion look no
larger than the cat,

Till the cat thro' that mirage of over-
heated language loom

Larger than the lion,—Demos end in
working its own doom.

Rus bursts our Indian barrier, shall
we fight her? shall we yield?

Pau before you sound the trumpet,
hear the voices from the field.

three hundred millions under
one Imperial sceptre now,
we hold them? shall we loose
them? take the suffrage of the
plow.

Nay, but these would feel and follow
Truth if only you and you,

Rivals of realm-ruining party, what
you speak were wholly true.

Plowmen, shepherds, have I found
and more than once, and still
could find,

Sons of God, and kings of men in utter
nobleness of mind,

Truthful, trustful, looking upward to
the practised hustings-liar;

So the higher wields the lower, while
the lower is the higher.

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal
born by right divine;

Here and there my lord is lower than
his oxen or his swine.

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! once
again the sickening game;

Freedom, free to slay herself, and dy-
ing while they shout her name

Step by step we gain'd a freedom
known to Europe, known to all

Step by step we rose to greatness,—
thro' the tonguesters we ma-
fall.

that woo the Voices — tell them
'old experience is a fool,'
each your flatter'd kings that only
those who cannot read can rule.

ack the mighty from their seat, but
set no meek ones in their place;
lory Wisdom in your markets, pelt
your offal at her face.

umble Nature heel o'er head, and,
yelling with the yelling street,
t the feet above the brain and swear
the brain is in the feet.

ing the old dark ages back without
the faith, without the hope,
eak the State, the Church, the
Throne, and roll their ruins
down the slope.

uthors — essayist, atheist, novelist,
realist, rhymester, play your
part,
int the mortal shame of nature with
the living hues of art. 140

p your brothers' vices open, strip
your own foul passions bare;
own with Reticence, down with
Reverence — forward — naked
— let them stare.

ed the budding rose of boyhood with
the drainage of your sewer;
ed the drain into the fountain, lest
the stream should issue pure.

t the maiden fancies wallowing in
the troughs of Zolaism, —
rward, forward, ay, and backward,
downward too into the abyss!

your best to charm the worst, to
lower the rising race of men;
ve we risen from out the beast,
then back into the beast again?

dy 'dust to dust' for me that sicken
at your lawless din,
ist in wholesome old world dust be-
fore the newer world begin. 141

ated am I? you — you wonder
well, it scarce becomes mine
age —

Patience! let the dying actor mouth
his last upon the stage.

Cries of unprogressive dotage ere the
dotard fall asleep?
Noises of a current narrowing, not the
music of a deep?

Ay, for doubtless I am old, and think
gray thoughts, for I am gray;
After all the stormy changes shall we
find a changeless May?

After madness, after massacre, Jaco-
binism and Jacquerie,
Some diviner force to guide us thro'
the days I shall not see?

When the schemes and all the systems,
kingdoms and republics fall,
Something kindlier, higher, holier —
all for each and each for all? 142

All the full-brain, half-brain races, led
by Justice, Love, and Truth:
All the millions one at length with all
the visions of my youth?

All diseases quench'd by Science, no
man halt, or deaf, or blind;
Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier
body, larger mind?

Earth at last a warless world, a single
race, a single tongue —
I have seen her far away — for is not
Earth as yet so young?

Every tiger madness muzzled, every
serpent passion kill'd,
Every grim ravine a garden, every
blazing desert till'd,

Robed in universal harvest up to
either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her
warless isles. 143

Warless? when her tens are thou-
sands, and her thousands mil-
lions, then
All her harvest all too narrow — who
can fancy warless men?

Warless? war will die out late then
Will it ever? late or soon?

Can it, till this outworn earth be
dead as yon dead world the
moon?

Dead the new astronomy calls her. —
On this day and at this hour,
In this gap between the sandhills,
whence you see the Locksley
tower,

Here we met, our latest meeting —
Amy — sixty years ago —
She and I — the moon was falling
greenish thro' a rosy glow,

Just above the gateway tower, and
even where you see her now —
Here we stood and claspt each other,
swore the seeming-deathless
vow. — 180

Dead, but how her living glory lights
the hall, the dune, the grass!
Yet the moonlight is the sunlight, and
the sun himself will pass.

Venus near her! smiling downward at
this earthlier earth of ours,
Closer on the sun, perhaps a world of
never fading flowers.

Hesper, whom the poet call'd the
Bringer home of all good
things —
All good things may move in Hesper,
perfect peoples, perfect kings.

Hesper — Venus — were we native to
that splendor or in Mars,
We should see the globe we groan in,
fairest of their evening stars.

Could we dream of wars and carnage,
craft and madness, lust and
spite,
Roaring London, raving Paris, in that
point of peaceful light? 190

Might we not in glancing heavenward
on a star so silver-fair,
Yearn, and clasp the hands and mur-
mur, 'Would to God that we
were there'?

Forward, backward, backward, for-
ward, in the immeasurable sea,

Sway'd by vaster ebbs and flows that
can be known to you or me.

All the suns — are these but symbols
of innumerable man,
Man or Mind that sees a shadow of the
planner or the plan?

Is there evil but on earth? or pain in
every peopled sphere?
Well, be grateful for the sounding
watchword 'Evolution' here,

Evolution ever climbing after some
ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evolu-
tion in the mud.

What are men that He should heed us
cried the king of sacred song;
Insects of an hour, that hourly work
their brother insect wrong,

While the silent heavens roll, and sun
along their fiery way,
All their planets whirling round them
flash a million miles a day.

Many an æon moulded earth before
her highest, man, was born,
Many an æon too may pass when earth
is manless and forlorn,

Earth so huge, and yet so bounded —
pools of salt, and plots of land —
Shallow skin of green and azure —
chains of mountain, grains of
sand!

Only That which made us meant us to
be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless
heavens within the human eye

Sent the shadow of Himself, the
boundless, thro' the human soul
Boundless inward in the atom, bound-
less outward in the Whole.

* * * * *

Here is Locksley Hall, my grandson
here the lion-guarded gate.
Not to-night in Locksley Hall — to-
morrow — you, you come so
late.



* In this gap between the sandhills, whence you see the Locksley tower,
Here we met, our latest meeting — Amy — sixty years ago *

wreck'd — your train — or all but
wreck'd ? a shatter'd wheel ? a
vicious boy !
and, this forward, you that preach
it, is it well to wish you joy ?

It well that while we range with
Science, glorying in the Time,
By children soak and blacken soul
and sense in city slime ?

here among the glooming alleys Pro-
gress halts on palsied feet,
time and hunger cast our maidens by
the thousand on the street. 229

There the master scrimps his haggard
sempstress of her daily bread,
There a single sordid attic holds the
living and the dead.

There the smouldering fire of fever
creeps across the rotted floor,
And the crowded couch of incest in
the warrens of the poor.

Nay, your pardon, cry your 'For-
ward,' yours are hope and
youth, but I —

Eighty winters leave the dog too lame
to follow with the cry.

Lame and old, and past his time, and
passing now into the night;
Yet I would the rising race were half
as eager for the light.

Light the fading gleam of even?
light the glimmer of the dawn?
Aged eyes may take the growing glim-
mer for the gleam withdrawn.

Far away beyond her myriad coming
changes earth will be ²³¹
Something other than the wildest
modern guess of you and me.

Earth may reach her earthly-worst, or
if she gain her earthly-best,
Would she find her human offspring
this ideal man at rest?

Forward then, but still remember how
the course of Time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a
backward streaming curve.

Not the Hall to-night, my grandson!
Death and Silence hold their
own.

Leave the master in the first dark
hour of his last sleep alone.

Worthier soul was he than I am, sound
and honest, rustic Squire,
Kindly landlord, boon companion—
youthful jealousy is a liar. ²⁴⁰

Cast the poison from your bosom, oust
the madness from your brain.
Let the trampled serpent show you
that you have not lived in
vain.

Youthful! youth and age are scholars
yet but in the lower school,
Nor is he the wisest man who never
proved himself a fool.

Yonder lies our young sea-village—
Art and Grace are less and
less;
Science grows and Beauty dwindles—
roofs of slated hideousness!

There is one old hostel left us where
they swing the Locksley shield,

Till the peasant cow shall but
'lion passant' from his fl

Poor old Heraldry, poor old H
poor old Poetry, passing
In the common deluge drown
political common-sense!

Poor old voice of eighty crying
voices that have fled!
All I loved are vanish'd voices,
steps are on the dead.

All the world is ghost to me,
the phantom disappears,
Forward far and far from her
the hope of eighty years.

In this hostel—I remember—I
it o'er his grave—
Like a clown—by chance he n
—I refused the hand he

From that casement where the
mantles all the moul
bricks—

I was then in early boyhood,
but a child of six—

While I shelter'd in this archwa
a day of driving showers
Peept the winsome face of Edi
a flower among the flowe

Here to-night! the Hall to-m
when they toll the chapel
Shall I hear in one dark room
ing, 'I have loved thee w

Then a peal that shakes the pe
one has come to clai
bride,

Her that shrank, and put me
her, shriek'd, and started
my side—

Silent echoes! You, my Leonar
and not abuse your day,
Move among your people, know
follow him who led the v

Strove for sixty widow'd ye
help his homelier brother

erved the poor, and built the cottage,
raised the school, and drain'd the fen.

ars he now the voice that wrong'd him?
who shall swear it cannot be?

rth would never touch her worst,
were one in fifty such as he. 270

e she gain her heavenly-best, a God
must mingle with the game.
y, there may be those about us
whom we neither see nor name,

It within us as ourselves, the Powers
of Good, the Powers of Ill,
owing balm, or shedding poison in
the fountains of the will.

How you the star that lights a
desert pathway, yours or mine.
rward, till you see the Highest
Human Nature is divine.

How Light, and do the Right —
for man can half-control his
doom —

ll you find the deathless Angel seated
in the vacant tomb.

rward, let the stormy moment fly
and mingle with the past.
that loathed have come to love
him. Love will conquer at the
last. 280

me at eighty, mine own age, and I
and you will bear the pall;
en I leave thee lord and master,
latest lord of Locksley Hall.

THE FLEET

I

or, you, if you shall fail to under-
stand

What England is, and what her all-
in-all,

you will come the curse of all the
land,

Should this old England fall
Which Nelson left so great.

II

His isle, the mightiest Ocean-power
on earth,

Our own fair isle, the lord of every
sea —

Her fuller franchise — what would
that be worth —

Her ancient fame of Free —

Were she . . . a fallen state?

III

Her dauntless army scatter'd, and so
small,

Her island-myrriads fed from alien
lands —

The fleet of England is her all-in-all;

Her fleet is in your hands,

And in her fleet her fate.

IV

You, you, that have the ordering of
her fleet,

If you should only compass her dis-
grace,

When all men starve, the wild mob's
million feet

Will kick you from your place.

But then too late, too late.

OPENING OF THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION BY THE QUEEN

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE
PRINCE OF WALES

I

WELCOME, welcome with one voice!

In your welfare we rejoice,

Sons and brothers that have sent,

From isle and cape and continent,

Produce of your field and flood,

Mount and mine, and primal wood;

Works of subtle brain and hand,

And splendors of the morning land,

Gifts from every British zone;

Britons, hold your own!

II

May we find, as ages run,

The mother featured in the son;

And may yours for ever be

That old strength and constancy

shall we sin our fathers' sin,
Men that in a narrower day —
Unprophetic rulers they —
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the West
To forage for herself alone ;
Britons, hold your own !

IV

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last ?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still ?
Britain's myriad voices call,
' Sons, be welded each and all
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul !
One life, one flag, one fleet, one
throne !'
Britons, hold your own !



QUEEN VICTORIA

METER AND OTHER POEMS

RQUIS OF DUF-
AND AVA

I
tain cannot rest,
steps are swift and

her girdle clash
of East and West.

II

Not swift or rash, when late she lent
The sceptres of her West, her East
To one that ruling has increased
Her greatness and her self-content.

III

Your rule has made the people love
Their ruler. Your viceregal days

Have added fulness to the phrase
Of 'Gauntlet in the velvet glove.'

IV

But since your name will grow with
time,
Not all, as honoring your fair fame
Of Statesman, have I made the
name
A golden portal to my rhyme;

V

But more, that you and yours may
know
From me and mine, how dear a debt
We owed you, and are owing yet
To you and yours, and still would
owe.

VI

For he — your India was his Fate,
And drew him over sea to you —
He fain had ranged her thro' and
thro',
To serve her myriads and the State, —

VII

A soul that, watch'd from earliest
youth,
And on thro' many a brightening
year,
Had never swerved for craft or fear,
By one side-path, from simple truth;

VIII

Who might have chased and claspt
Renown
And caught her chaplet here — and
there
In haunts of jungle-poison'd air
The flame of life went wavering
down;

IX

But ere he left your fatal shore,
And lay on that funeral boat,
Dying, 'Unspeakable,' he wrote,
'Their kindness,' and he wrote no
more;

X

And sacred is the latest word;
And now the Was, the Might-have-
been,
And those lone rites I have not seen,
And one drear sound I have not heard,

XI

Are dreams that scarce will let
Not there to bid my boy fare
When That within the coffin
Fell — and flash'd into the Red

XII

Beneath a hard Arabian moon
And alien stars. To question
The sons before the fathers d
Not mine! and I may meet him

XIII

But while my life's late eve end
Nor settles into hueless gray,
My memories of his briefer d
Will mix with love for you and

ON THE JUBILEE OF Q
VICTORIA

I

FIFTY times the rose has flower
faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest
Since our Queen assumed the
the sceptre.

II

She beloved for a kindliness
Rare in fable or history,
Queen, and Empress of India
Crown'd so long with a diade
Never worn by a worthier,
Now with prosperous auguri
Comes at last to the bounteou
Crowning year of her Jubilee

III

Nothing of the lawless, of the d
Nothing of the vulgar, or vaingl
All is gracious, gentle, grea
queenly.

IV

You then joyfully, all of you
Set the mountain aflame to-ni
Shoot your stars to the firmam
Deck your houses, illuminate
All your towns for a festival,
And in each let a multitude
Loyal, each, to the heart of fi
One full voice of allegiance,
Hail the fair Ceremonial
Of this year of her Jubilee.



DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

661

V
ic to womanhood as
od,
glories of her people,
h the sorrows of the

VI
anton in affluence,
w to be bountiful,
or to regale with you,
r, the destitute,
neighborhood health-

old to the hospital,
y be comforted,
y be banqueted,
i'd in his heart rejoice
Ceremonial,
r of her Jubilee.

VII
cars are all in shadow,
stance Edward's fifty
s,
dsire's fifty half forgot-

VIII
triot Architect,
pe for eternity,
ly memorial,
lly gorgeous,
al Institute,
ol, in ornament,
speak to the centuries,
ries after us,
Ceremonial,
r of her Jubilee.

IX
ever-broadening Com-

' ever-brightening Sci-
ever-widening Empire!

X
ghty, the Fortunate,
rd-territorial,
rd-manufacturer,
dy, laborious,
lren of Albion,
an, Indian,
, African,
rts be in harmony,

All your voices in unison,
Singing, 'Hail to the glorious
Golden year of her Jubilee!'

XI

Are there thunders moaning in the
distance?
Are there spectres moving in the dark-
ness?
Trust the Hand of Light will lead her
people,
Till the thunders pass, the spectres
vanish,
And the Light is Victor, and the dark-
ness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.

TO PROFESSOR JEBB

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM

FAIR things are slow to fade away,
Bear witness you, that yesterday¹
From out the Ghost of Pindar in
you
Roll'd an Olympian; and they say²

That here the torpid mummy wheat
Of Egypt bore a grain as sweet
As that which gilds the glebe of
England,
Sunn'd with a summer of milder heat.

So may this legend for awhile,
If greeted by your classic smile,
Tho' dead in its Trinacrian Enna,
Blossom again on a colder isle.

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

(IN ENNA)

FAINT as a climate-changing bird that
flies
All night across the darkness, and at
dawn
Falls on the threshold of her native
land,
And can no more, thou camest, O my
child,
Led upward by the God of ghosts and
dreams,

¹ In Bologna.

² They say, for the fact is doubtful.

Saw thee, and flash'd into a frolic of
song
And welcome; and a gleam as of the
moon,
When first she peers along the tremu-
lous deep,
Fled wavering o'er thy face, and
chased away
That shadow of a likeness to the king
Of shadows, thy dark mate. Per-
sephone!
Queen of the dead no more — my
child! Thine eyes
Again were human-godlike, and the
Sun
Burst from a swimming fleece of win-
ter gray,
And robed thee in his day from head
to feet —
'Mother!' and I was folded in thine
arms.

Child, those imperial, disimpassion'd
eyes
Awed even me at first, thy mother —
eyes
That oft had seen the serpent-wand'ed
power
Draw downward into Hades with his
drift
Of flickering spectres, lighted from
below
By the red room of Ceres' hut —

'Where? do ye make your moaning
 for my child?'
 And round from all the world the
 voices came,
 'We know not, and we know not why
 we moan.'
 'Where?' and I stared from every
 eagle-peak,
 I thriddled the black heart of all the
 woods,
 I peer'd thro' tomb and cave, and in
 the storms
 Of autumn swept across the city, and
 heard ⁷⁰
 The murmur of their temples chanting
 me,
 Me, me, the desolate mother! 'Where?'
 — and turn'd,
 And fled by many a waste, forlorn of
 man,
 And grieved for man thro' all my grief
 for thee, —
 The jungle rooted in his shatter'd
 hearth,
 The serpent coil'd about his broken
 shaft,
 The scorpion crawling over naked
 skulls; —
 I saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane
 Spring from his fallen God, but trace
 of thee
 I saw not; and far on, and, following
 out ⁸⁰
 A league of labyrinthine darkness,
 came
 On three gray heads beneath a gleam-
 ing rift.
 'Where?' and I heard one voice from
 all the three,
 'We know not, for we spin the lives
 of men,
 And not of Gods, and know not why
 we spin!
 There is a Fate beyond us.' Nothing
 knew.

Last as the likeness of a dying
 man,
 Without his knowledge, from him flits
 to warn
 A far-off friendship that he comes no
 more,
 So he, the God of dreams, who heard
 my cry,
 Drew from thyself the likeness of thy
 self

Without thy knowledge, and the
 shadow past
 Before me, crying, 'The Bright one
 the highest
 Is brother of the Dark one in the lo-
 est,
 And Bright and Dark have sworn th
 I, the child
 Of thee, the great Earth-Mother, the
 the Power
 That lifts her buried life from gloo
 to bloom,
 Should be for ever and for evermore
 The Bride of Darkness.'

So the Shadow wail'
 Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed t
 Gods of heaven,
 I would not mingle with their feast
 to me
 Their nectar smack'd of hemlock
 the lips,
 Their rich ambrosia tasted aconite.
 The man, that only lives and loves
 hour,
 Seem'd nobler than their hard eter
 ties,
 My quick tears kill'd the flower, n
 ravings hush'd
 The bird, and lost in utter grief
 fail'd
 To send my life thro' olive-yard an
 vine
 And golden grain, my gift to helpe
 man.
 Rain-rotten died the wheat, the barle
 spears
 Were hollow-husk'd, the leaf fell, an
 the Sun,
 Pale at my grief, drew down befo
 his time
 Sickening, and Ætna kept her wint
 snow.

Then He, the brother of this Dar
 ness, He
 Who still is highest, glancing from h
 height!
 On earth a trustless fallow, when
 miss'd
 The worsted steam of sacrifice, t
 press
 And prayer of men, decreed that the
 shouldst dwell
 For nine white moons of each who
 year with me

the harvest and the
grange.

Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but ill
content
With them who still are highest
Those gray heads,
What meant they by their 'Fate' be-
yond the Fates?
But younger kindlier Gods to bear us
down,
As we bore down the Gods before us?
Gods,
To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt,
to stay,
Not spread the plague, the famine;
Gods indeed,
To send the noon into the night and
break
The sunless halls of Hades into Hea-
ven?
Till thy dark lord accept and love the
Sun,
And all the Shadow die into the Light,
When thou shalt dwell the whole
bright year with me,
And souls of men, who grew beyond
their race,
And made themselves as Gods against
the fear
Of Death and Hell; and thou that
hast from men,
As Queen of Death, that word ^{to}
which is ^{to}

they'll walk upo' two,
knaaws they runs upo'

icky! but waasit till tha
t be strikin' the hour.

to tell tha o' Roß when
ed i' Howlaby Daäle,
— Naäy — naäy! tha mun
it hev' onc glass of aäle. 20

'owd-farran'd² the 'ouse,
It³ long afoor my daäy,
the chimleys a-twizzen'd⁴
vined like a band o' haäy.

as maäkes them picturs,
om at the fall o' the year,
heir ends upo' stools to
the door-poorch there,

agle 'as hed two heäds
in' there o' the brokken
er 'ed seed sich ivin'⁶ as
d hall ower the brick :

the 'ouse one night — but
own, an' all on it now
mangles an' tonups,⁷ an'
d slick thruf by the plow —

in the 'ouse wur a house,
ight I wur sittin' aloän,
athurt my feett, an'
in' still as a stoän, 30

mas Eäve, an' as cowl as
in' the midders⁸ as white,
es all on 'em bolster'd oop
e windle⁹ that night ;

wur a-sleeäpin' alongside
er, but I wur awaäke,
an' thinkin' o' things —
t maäke thysen sick wi'
äke.

ater supper 'ed sung their
an' 'ed 'ed their beer,

house,
an'd,¹ old-fashioned.

⁴ Twizzen'd,⁵ twisted.
ragulé. ⁶ Ivy.
and turnips.

⁹ Drifted snow.

An' 'ed goän their waäys; ther was
nobbut three, an noän on 'em
there.

They was all on 'em fear'd o' the
Ghoäst an' dussen't not sleeäp i'
the 'ouse,
But, Dicky, the Ghoäst moästlins¹
was nobbut a rat or a mouse.

An' I looökt out wonst² at the night,
an' the daäle was all of a thaw,
Fur I seed the beck coomin' down like
a long black snaäke i' the snaw,

An' I heard greät heäps o' the snaw
slushin' down fro' the bank to
the beck,
An' then as I stood i' the doorwaäy, I
feæld it drip o' my neck.

Saw I turn'd in ageän, an' I thowt o'
the good owd times 'at was goan,
An' the munney they maäde by the
war, an' the times 'at was
coomin' on ;

Fur I thowt if the Staäte was a-gawin'
to let in furriners' wheät,
Howiver was British farmers to stan'
ageän o' their feett ?

Howiver was I fur to find my rent an'
to paäy my men ?
An' all along o' the feller³ as turn'd
'is back of hissen.

Thou slep i' the chaumber above us,
we could n't ha' 'eärd tha call,
Sa moother 'ed tell'd ma to bring tha
down, an' thy craädle an' all ; 50

Fur the gell o' the farm 'at slep wi'
tha then 'ed gotten wer leave,
Fur to goä that night to 'er foälk by
cause o' the Christmas Eäve ;

But I cleän forgot tha, my lad, when
moother 'ed gotten to bed,
An' I slep i' my chair hup-on end, an'
the Freeä Traäde runn'd i' my
'end,

¹ 'Moästlins,' for the most part, gener-
ally.

² Once.

³ Peck.

‘Then hout to-night ‘tha sh
god.’

‘Tha ‘ll niver,’ says I, ‘be a turni
ma hout upo’ Christmas Eäve.
Then I waiked an’ I fun it was Roäiv
a-tuggin’ an’ teärin’ my sleäve

An’ I thowt as ‘e ‘d goän cleän-wud
fur I noäwaäys know’d ‘is in
tent;

An’ I says, ‘Git awaäly, ya beast,’ an
I fetcht ‘im a kick, an’ ‘e went

Then ‘e tumbled up stairs, fur I ‘eäre
‘im, as if ‘e ‘d ‘a brokken ‘i
neck.

An’ I ‘d cleär forgot, little Dicky, thy
chaumberdoor wouldn’t sneek;

An’ I slep i’ my chair ageän wi’ my
hairm hingin’ down to the floor,

An’ I thowt it was Roäiver a-tuggin’
an’ teärin’ me wuss nor afoor,

An’ I thowt ‘at I kick’d ‘im ageän,
but I kick’d thy noo daer instead.

‘What arta snorin’ theere fur?’ the
house is afire,’ she said,

Thy moother ‘ed beän a muggin’ about
the goll o’ the farm.

She offens ‘nd shes sorry at ‘er own

an I call'd out, 'Roß, Roß, Roß,'
thaw I did n't haäfe think as 'e
'd ear,

*'e coom'd thruf the fire wi' my bairn
's 'is mouth to the winder there!*

coom'd like a hangel o' marcy as
soon as 'e 'cärd 'is naäme,
like tother hangel i' Scriptur 'at
summun seed i' the flaäme,

sen summun 'ed hax'd fur a son,
an' 'e promised a son to she,
'Roß was as good as the hangel i'
saävin' a son fur me.

I browt tha down, an' I says, 'I mun
gaw up ageän fur Roß.'
aw up ageän fur the varmint?' I
tell'd 'er, 'Yeäs, I mun goä.'

I claumb'd up ageän to the win-
der, an' clemm'd¹ owd Roß by
the 'eäð,
'is 'air coom'd off i' my 'ands an' I
taäked 'im at fust fur deäð; 100

'e smell'd like a herse a-singein',
an' seeäm'd as blind as a poop,
haäfe on 'im bare as a bublin'.² I
could n't wakken 'im oop,

I browt 'im down, an' we got to
the barn, fur the barn would n't
burn
the wind blawin' hard tother waäy,
an' the wind was n't like to turn.

I kep a-callin' o' Roß till 'e wag-
gled 'is taäil fur a bit,
the cocks kep a-crawin' an' craw-
in' all night, an' I 'ears 'em ylt;

the dogs was a-yowlin' all round,
and thou was a-squeälin' thysen,
moother was naggin' an' groänin'
an' moänin' an' naggin' ageän;

I 'cärd the bricks an' the baulks³
rumble down when the roof
gev waäy,
the fire was a-raägin' an' raävin'
an' roarin' like judgment daäy.

Clutched.

'Babbling,' a young unfledged bird.
Beams.

Warm enew theree sewer-ly, but the
barn was as cowl as owt, 111
An' we cuddled and huddled together,
an' happt¹ wersens oop as we
mowt.

An' I browt Roß round, but mooother
'ed beän sa soäk'd wi' the thaw
'At she cotch'd 'er death o' cowl that
night, poor soul, i' the straw.

Haäfe o' the parish runn'd oop when
the rig-tree² was tummlin' in —
Too laäte — but it's all ower now —
hall hower — an' ten year sin';

Too laäte, tha mun git tha to bed,
but I'll coom an' I'll squench
the light,

Fur we moänt 'ev naw moor fires —
and soä, little Dick, good-night.

VASTNESS

I

MANY a hearth upon our dark globe
sighs after many a vanish'd
face,

Many a planet by many a sun may
roll with the dust of a vanish'd
race.

II

Raving politics, never at rest — as this
poor earth's pale history runs, —
What is it all but a trouble of ants in
the gleam of a million million
of suns?

III

Lies upon this side, lies upon that
side, truthless violence mourn'd
by the wise,

Thousands of voices drowning his own
in a popular torrent of lies upon
lies;

IV

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glo-
rious annals of army and fleet,

Death for the right cause, death for
the wrong cause, trumpets of
victory, groans of defeat;

¹ Wrapt ourselves.

² The beam that runs along the roof of
the house just beneath the ridge.

~~the sailors;~~
Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her
hand, follow'd up by her vast
legion of fools;

VII

Trade flying over a thousand seas with
her spice and her vintage, her
silk and her corn;
Desolate offing, sailorless harbors
famishing populace, wharves
forlorn;

VIII

Star of the morning, Hope in the sun-
rise; gloom of the evening, Life
at a close;
Pleasure who flaunts on her wide down-
way with her flying robe and
her poison'd rose;

IX

Pain, that has crawl'd from the corpse
of Pleasure, a worm which
writhes all day, and at night
Stirs up again in the heart of the
sleeper, and stings him back to
the curse of the light;

X

Wealth with his wines and his wedded
harlots; honest Poverty, bare
to the bone;

Quintessence



THE RING

669



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE RING

acted to the Hon. J. Russell Lowell

MIRIAM AND HER FATHER

MIRIAM (*singing*).

MELLOW moon of heaven,
Bright in blue,
Moon of married hearts,
Hear me, you!

Twelve times in the year
Bring me bliss,
Gleaming honey moons
Bright as this.

Moon, you fade at times
From the night.
Young again you grow
Out of sight.

10

Silver crescent-curve,
Coming soon,
Glebe again, and make
Honey moon.

Shall not *my* love last,
Moon, with you,
For ten thousand years
Old and new?

20

FATHER.

And who was he with such love
drunken eyes

They made a thousand honey moons
of one ?

MIRIAM.

The prophet of his own, my Hubert
— his
The words, and mine the setting.
'Air and words,'
Said Hubert, when I sang the song,
'are bride
And bridegroom.' Does it please you ?

FATHER.

Mainly, child,
Because I hear your mother's voice in
yours.
She —, why, you shiver tho' the wind
is west
With all the warmth of summer.

MIRIAM.

Well, I felt
On a sudden I know not what, a
breath that past ³⁰
With all the cold of winter.

FATHER (*muttering to himself*).

Even so.
The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that
once was Man,
But cannot wholly free itself from
Man,
Are calling to each other thro' a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen ;
the veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the
day
Are heard across the Voices of the
dark,
No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell,
for man,
But thro' the Will of One who knows
and rules —
And utter knowledge is but utter
love — ⁴⁰
Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro' all the spheres — an ever open-
ing height,
An ever lessening earth — and she
perhaps,
My Miriam, breaks her latest earthly
link
With me to-day.

MIRIAM.

You speak so low ; what is it ?

Your 'Miriam breaks' — is m
new link
Breaking an old one ?

FATHER.

No, for we, m
Have been till now each other
all.

MIRIAM.

And you the lifelong guardi
child.

FATHER.

I, and one other whom you
known.

MIRIAM.

And who ? what other ?

FATHER.

Whither are you
For Naples which we only
May ?

MIRIAM.

No, father, Spain, but Hube
me home
With April and the swallo
me joy !

FATHER.

What need to wish when Hal
in you
The heart of love, and you
of truth
In Hubert ?

MIRIAM.

Tho' you used to call
The lonely maiden princes
wood,
Who meant to sleep her hund
mers out
Before a kiss should wake her

FATHER.

Ay,
Your fairy prince has found
this ring.

MIRIAM.

'Io t' amo' — and these dia
beautiful !
'From Walter,' and for me !
then ?

FATHER.

Well,
Miriam.

MIRIAM.

Miriam am I not ?

FATHER.

queath'd you by your
child,
en you — such her dying
morning when you cameyou married. Both the
one. The ring is doubly
look so gravely at the

MIRIAM.

yet so all ablaze
crimsoning to the pin-
l sunset linger'd there,
too in the lake below !
birds that circle round
to each other of their
ids!

FATHER.

it has made you grave ?
Birds and brides must
nest.
ppier in your happiness
own.

MIRIAM.

It is not that !

FATHER.

What else ?

MIRIAM.

n the tower.

FATHER.

What chamber, child ?
ere ?

MIRIAM.

other's nurse and mine.
dress me in my bridal

83

FATHER.

What did she say ?

MIRIAM.

She said that you and I
Had been abroad for my poor health
so long
She fear'd I had forgotten her, and I
ask'd
About my mother, and she said, 'Thy
hair
Is golden like thy mother's, not so
fine.'

FATHER.

What then ? what more ?

MIRIAM.

She said — perhaps indeed
She wander'd, having wander'd now
so far
Beyond the common date of death —
that you,
When I was smaller than the statuette
Of my dear mother on your bracket
here —
You took me to that chamber in the
tower,
The topmost — a chest there, by which
you knelt —
And there were books and dresses —
left to me,
A ring too which you kiss'd, and I,
she said,
I babbled, 'Mother, mother' — as I
used
To prattle to her picture — stretch'd
my hands
As if I saw her; then a woman
came
And caught me from my nurse. I
hear her yet —
A sound of anger like a distant storm.

FATHER.

Garrulous old crone !

MIRIAM.

Poor nurse !

FATHER.

I bade her keep,
Like a seal'd book, all mention of the
ring,
For I myself would tell you all to-day

— away with your nurse,
and felt
An icy breath play on me, while I
stooped
To take and kiss the ring.

MIRIAM,

This very ring,
'Io t' amo ?'

FATHER.

Yes, for some wild hope was mine
That, in the misery of my married
life,
Miriam your mother might appear to
me.
She came to you, not me. The storm
you hear
Far-off is Muriel — your stepmother's
voice.

MIRIAM.

Vext, that you thought my mother
came to me ?
Or at my crying, 'Mother' ? or to find
My mother's diamonds hidden from
her there,
Like worldly beauties in the cell, not
shown
To dazzle all that see them ?

FATHER.

Wait a while
Your mother —

I feel
For
The
And
No
Then,
On our
To the
The
Were
This
And yet
For all
The
And
Tho' m

world fly by me like a
 communed with my truest
 of truest in myself,
 beam of those midsummer
 Ariel faded, and the face
 shew upon me, till I knew;
 future mixt in heaven
 de 160
 light of a perfect day.

MIRIAM.

ear for him who left you
 ?

FATHER.

seen the man but once;
 name, not me; and then

o' Venice, where a jew-

own, or so far up in life,
 caring his own hundred,

ne, then laugh'd, 'The
 weird.'

l worn and wizard-like

I ask'd him; and he
 he souls 170
 ant lovers guard the

ald twinkle in his bleak

re the ring to any maid,
 mber what it cost them

said to love you by the

; were stolen from the

death or madness to
 ghost lovers hold the

d their legend:

'Long ago
 rted by a scurrilous

till the man repenting

'amo," to his best be-

And sent it on her birthday. She in
 wrath

Return'd it on her birthday, and that
 day

His death-day, when, half-frenzied by
 the ring,

He wildly fought a rival suitor, him
 The causer of that scandal, fought and
 fell;

And she that came to part them all too
 late,

And found a corpse and silence, drew
 the ring

From his dead finger, wore it till her
 death, 190

Shrined him within the temple of her
 heart,

Made every moment of her after life
 A virgin victim to his memory,

And dying rose, and rear'd her arms,
 and cried,

"I see him, Io t' amo, Io t' amo."

MIRIAM.

Legend or true? so tender should be
 true!

Did *he* believe it? did you ask him?

FATHER.

Ay!

But that half skeleton, like a barren
 ghost

From out the fleshless world of spirits,
 laugh'd —

A hollow laughter!

MIRIAM.

Vile, so near the ghost
 Himself, to laugh at love in death!

But you? 201

FATHER.

Well, as the bygone lover thro' this
 ring

Had sent his cry for her forgiveness, I
 Would call thro' this 'Io t' amo' to the
 heart

Of Miriam; then I bade the man en-
 grave

'From Walter' on the ring, and sent it
 — wrote

Name, surname, all as clear as noon,
 but he —

Some younger hand must have engra-
 ven the ring —

His fingers were so stiffen'd by the frost

ster there, — — — — —, a min-	AY
A galleried palace, or a battle-field,	What fo
Where stood the sheaf of Peace: but	th
— coming home —	Not thre
And on your mother's birthday — all	ria
but yours —	This bir
A week betwixt — and when the tower	tre
as now	Laid on h
Was all ablaze with crimson to the	And after
roof,	and
And all ablaze too plunging in the lake	And hubb
Head-foremost — who were those that	Sc
stood between	Found in
The tower and that rich phantom of	der
the tower ?	My Miria
Muriel and Miriam, each in white, and	smi.
like	As who si
May-blossoms in mid-autumn — was it	lose
they ?	Then I a
A light shot upward on them from the	year
lake.	One year v
What sparkled there ? whose hand	cloud
was that ? they stood	And you, n
So close together. I am not keen of	year
sight,	And she, n
But coming nearer — Muriel had the	year.
ring —	I sat be
'O Miriam ! have you given your ring	gasp
to her ?	The book
O Miriam !' Miriam reddened, Muriel	are l
clench'd	My ring to
The hand that wore it, till I cried	or w
again :	She marrie

moment in her own
 ow, then with my latest
 closed her eyes, which
 not close,
 ir watch upon the ring
 1.
 was her death-day.

MIRIAM.

O poor mother !
 or desolate father, and
 271
 eless, worthless, word-
 e,
 our life was wreck'd !

FATHER.

Desolate ? yes !
 that sailor whom the
 om his comrade in the
 f dead on barren sands,
 e my one solace ; only
 ailing. Muriel's mo-
 t,
 l, by Muriel, one day
 shook her head, and
 ours, 280
 making with a kindly
 e cheek a momentary
 fix'd,' she said ; ' your
 d,
 re, would flower into
 h
 th and bracken. Let
 !
 d her with our moun-
 me to you rejoicing.'
 art. And once, when
 girl,
 alder home — the tiny
 laisy from your mo-
 7c — 291
 : was Muriel. ' Ay,'

' Among the tombs in this damp vale
 of yours !
 You scorn my mother's warning, but
 the child
 Is paler than before. We often walk
 In open sun, and see beneath our
 feet
 The mist of autumn gather from your
 lake,
 And shroud the tower ; and once we
 only saw
 Your gilded vane, a light above the
 mist' —
 Our old bright bird that still is veer-
 ing there
 Above his four gold letters — 'and the
 light,' 300
 She said, ' was like that light' — and
 there she paused,
 And long ; till I, believing that the
 girl's
 Lean fancy, groping for it, could not
 find
 One likeness, laugh'd a little and found
 her two —
 ' A warrior's crest above the cloud of
 war' —
 ' A fiery phoenix rising from the smoke,
 The pyre he burnt in.' — ' Nay,' she
 said, ' the light
 That glimmers on the marsh and on
 the grave.'
 And spoke no more, but turn'd and
 past away.
 Miriam, I am not surely one of those
 Caught by the flower that closes on
 the fly, 311
 But after ten slow weeks her fix'd in-
 tent,
 In aiming at an all but hopeless mark
 To strike it, struck. I took, I left
 you there ;
 I came, I went, was happier day by
 day ;
 For Muriel nursed you with a mo-
 ther's care ;
 Till on that clear and heather-scented
 height
 The rounder cheek had brighten'd into
 bloom.
 She always came to meet me carrying
 you,
 And all her talk was of the babe she
 loved ; 320
 So, following her old pastime of the
 brook,

Not risen to, she was bolder. 'Ever	And
^{since}	
You sent the fatal ring' — I told her	Not
^{'sent}	
To Miriam,' 'Doubtless — ay, but ever	The
^{since}	
In all the world my dear one sees but	At t
³³⁰ you —	
In your sweet babe she finds but you	'Tha
— she makes	
Her heart a mirror that reflects but	"Io t
^{you.'}	
And then the tear fell, the voice broke.	Again
<i>Her heart!</i>	
I gazed into the mirror, as a man	Were
Who sees his face in water, and a	
stone,	As fro
That glances from the bottom of the	Past o
pool,	No pl
Strike upward thro' the shadow ; yet	But sti
^{at last,}	
Gratitude — loneliness — desire to keep	For on
So skilled a nurse about you always	l
— nay !	Till I
Some half remorseful kind of pity	³⁴⁰
too —	And ev
Well ! well, you know I married Mu-	
riel Erne.	Italian
'I take thee Muriel for my wedded	My
wife' —	
I had forgotten it was your birthday,	A foot
child —	
When all —	

MIRIAM.
 ber once that being wakod
 the house—and no one
 nurse, and felt a gentle
 forehead, and a sudden
 on me like a gleam and
 ietied, and slept again.
 half memory of a dream?

FATHER.
 ptember birthday.

MIRIAM.
 And the face,
 ny mother.

FATHER.
 Miriam, on that day
 arted by no scurrilous
 f gold—and still for
 years
 golden cord of their
 e—
 to their marriage, and

-banquet. Muriel, paler
 i were in your cradle,
 or my bed, or for my
 o you.' And then she
 e with such a hard em-
 long, that half-amazed
 er, and I went alone.
 bridegroom murmur'd,
 is ring,'
 I could not find, the

her relics, of her ring,
 cred amulet
 ne! and gone in that

home, I found her
 ise
 the tower—an icy

There, the chest was
 l

The sacred relics tost about the
 floor—
 Among them Muriel lying on her
 face—
 I raised her, call'd her, 'Muriel, Mu-
 riel, wake!'
 The fatal ring lay near her; the glazed
 eye
 Glared at me as in horror. Dead! I
 took
 And chafed the freezing hand. A red
 mark ran
 All round one finger pointed straight,
 the rest
 Were crumpled inwards. Dead!—
 and maybe stung
 With some remorse, had stolen, worn
 the ring—
 Then torn it from her finger, or as
 if—
 For never had I seen her show re-
 morse
 As if —

MIRIAM.
 —those two ghost lovers—

FATHER.
 Lovers yet—

MIRIAM.
 Yes, yes!

FATHER.
 —but dead so long, gone up so far,
 That now their ever-rising life has
 dwarf'd
 Or lost the moment of their past on
 earth,
 As we forget our wail at being born—
 As if —

MIRIAM.
 —a dearer ghost had —

FATHER.
 —wrench'd it away.

MIRIAM.
 Had floated in with sad reproachful
 eyes,
 Till from her own hand she had torn
 the ring
 In fright, and fallen dead. And I
 myself
 Am half afraid to wear it.

FATHER.

Well, no more!
 No bridal music this! but fear not
 you! ⁴³¹
 You have the ring she guarded; that
 poor link
 With earth is broken, and has left her
 free,
 Except that, still drawn downward
 for an hour,
 Her spirit hovering by the church,
 where she
 Was married too, may linger, till she
 sees
 Her maiden coming like a queen, who
 leaves
 Some colder province in the North to
 gain
 Her capital city, where the loyal bells
 Clash welcome—linger, till her own,
 the babe ⁴⁴⁰
 She lean'd to from her spiritual sphere,
 Her lonely maiden princess, crowned
 with flowers,
 Has enter'd on the larger woman-world
 Of wives and mothers.
 But the bridal veil—
 Your nurse is waiting. Kiss me,
 child, and go.

FORLORN

I

'He is fled—I wish him dead—
 He that wrought my ruin—
 O, the flattery and the craft
 Which were my undoing—
 In the night, in the night,
 When the storms are blowing.

II

'Who was witness of the crime?
 Who shall now reveal it?
 He is fled, or he is dead,
 Marriage will conceal it—
 In the night, in the night,
 While the gloom is growing.'

III

Catherine, Catherine, in the night,
 What is this you're dreaming?
 There is laughter down in hell
 At your simple scheming—
 In the night, in the night,
 When the ghosts are fleeing.

IV

You to place a hand in his
 Like an honest woman's,
 You that lie with wasted life
 Waiting for your summer
 In the night, O, the night
 O, the deathwatch beating

V

There will come a witness
 Hard to be confuted,
 All the world will hear a voice
 Scream you are polluted
 In the night! O, the night
 When the owls are wailing

VI

Shame and marriage, shame
 riage,
 Fright and foul dissembl
 Bantering bridesman, redder
 Tower and altar tremblin
 In the night, O, the night
 When the mind is failing

VII

Mother, dare you kill your
 How your hand is shakin
 Daughter of the seed of Cal
 What is this you're takin
 In the night, O, the night
 While the house is sleepin

VIII

Dreadful! has it come to this
 O unhappy creature?
 You that would not tread on
 For your gentle nature—
 In the night, O, the night
 O, the night of weeping!

IX

Murder would not veil your
 Marriage will not hide it,
 Earth and Hell will brand y
 Wretch, you must abide it
 In the night, O, the night,
 Long before the dawning.

X

Up, get up, and tell him all,
 Tell him you were lying!
 Do not die with a lie in your
 You that know you're dyi
 In the night, O, the night,
 While the grave is yawning

XI

I will not die before,
 You'll ne'er be stronger;
 I live till *that* is born,
 A little longer —
 Night, O, the night,
 The Fiend is prowling.

XII

A marriage, death and marriage!
 I hearses rolling!
 A bridal favors mixt!
 Bells with tolling! — 70
 Night, O, the night,
 The wolves are howling.

XIII

A time, the time is short,
 Now or never!
 All before you die,
 You die for ever —
 Night, O, the night,
 There's no forgetting.

XIV

It, and wrote him all,
 A tale of sadness, 80
 Every word with tears,
 And her heart of madness —
 Night, and nigh the dawn,
 Aile the moon was setting.

HAPPY

THE LEPER'S BRIDE

I

I you, pretty plover? and
 At is it that you fear?
 Ick, your mate, like mine?
 'e you lost him, is he fled?
 — the heron rises from his
 Tech beside the mere,
 Les above the leper's hut,
 Ere lives the living-dead.

II

I k, nor let me know it! would
 Live and die alone?
 s he not forgiven me yet, his
 r jealous bride,
 and was, and will be his,
 own and only own,
 e his living death with him,
 with him side by side?

III

Is that the leper's hut on the solitary
 moor,
 Where noble Ulric dwells forlorn,
 and wears the leper's weed? 10
 The door is open. He! is he standing
 at the door,
 My soldier of the Cross? it is he,
 and he indeed!

IV

My roses — will he take them *now* —
 mine, his — from off the tree
 We planted both together, happy in
 our marriage morn?
 O God, I could blaspheme, for he
 fought Thy fight for Thee,
 And Thou hast made him leper to
 compass him with scorn —

V

Hast spared the flesh of thousands, the
 coward and the base,
 And set a crueller mark than Cain's
 on him, the good and brave!
 He sees me, waves me from him. I
 will front him face to face.
 You need not wave me from you.
 I would leap into your grave. 20

VI

My warrior of the Holy Cross and of
 the conquering sword,
 The roses that you cast aside — once
 more I bring you these.
 No nearer? do you scorn me when
 you tell me, O my lord,
 You would not mar the beauty of
 your bride with your disease?

VII

You say your body is so foul — then
 here I stand apart,
 Who yearn to lay my loving head
 upon your leprous breast
 The leper plague may sear my skin,
 but never taint my heart:
 Your body is not foul to me, and
 body is foul at best.

VIII

I loved you first when young and fair,
 but now I love you most;
 The fairest flesh at last is filth on
 which the worm will feast; 30

X

The beauty that endures on the Spirit-
ual height. J

When we shall stand transfigured,
like Christ on Hermon hill,
And moving each to music, soul in
soul and light in light,
Shall flash thro' one another in a
moment as we will. T
40

XI

Foul ! foul ! the word was yours not
mine, I worship that right hand
Which fell'd the foes before you as
the woodman fells the wood,
And sway'd the sword that lighten'd
back the sun of Holy Land,
And clove the Moslem crescent
moon, and changed it into blood. I

XII

And once I worshipt all too well this
creature of decay, A
For age will chink the face, and
death will freeze the supplest
limbs—
Yet you in your mid manhood — O, J
the grief when yesterday
They bore the Cross before you to
the chant of funeral hymns!

XIII

T

and yet you kiss'd them.
 Once the trumpet blew,
 You hur'd your fiery horse,
 You hur'd them to the

XX

For the Holy War without
 To me,
 Yourself unask'd — not I.
 I was too proud.
 Now but once again, and
 I was he,
 Praying in a storm —
 It was long and loud —

XXI

It would ever slant His bolt
 Lying on your head — so
 I hid up my eyes, he was
 Down the fell —
 And. The sudden fire
 I had dash'd him
 Charr'd and blasted to
 Less fire of hell.

XXII

It was for a moment. I re-
 pent,
 Yourself forgiven by the
 Lord I kneel.
 Yes. I shall hardly
 Ever like yourself, my
 Head to heel.

XXIII

And, that you, that I,
 That our marriage oath!
 That that moment even
 I had before;
 And you leper in His
 For both,
 Cling together, never
 Other more.

XXIV

Join'd you to the
 Join'd our hands of
 We be but one flesh,
 Leprous too,

As dead from all the human race as if
 Beneath the mould;
 If you be dead, then I am dead,
 Who only live for you.

XXV

Would Earth tho' hid in cloud not be
 Follow'd by the Moon?
 The leech forsake the dying bed for
 Terror of his life?
 The shadow leave the Substance in
 The brooding light of noon?
 Or if I had been the leper would
 You have left the wife? 100

XXVI

Not take them? Still you wave me
 Off — poor roses — must I go —
 I have worn them year by year —
 From the bush we both had
 Set —
 What? fling them to you? — well —
 That were hardly gracious. No!
 Your plague but passes by the
 Touch. A little nearer yet!

XXVII

There, there! he buried you, the
 Priest; the priest is not to
 Blame,
 He joins us once again, to his either
 Office true.
 I thank him. I am happy, happy.
 Kiss me. In the name
 Of the everlasting God, I will live
 And die with you!

[Dean Milman has remarked that the protection and care afforded by the Church to this blighted race of lepers was among the most beautiful of its offices during the Middle Ages. The leprosy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was supposed to be a legacy of the Crusades, but was in all probability the offspring of meagre and unwholesome diet, miserable lodging and clothing, physical and moral degradation. The services of the Church in the seclusion of these unhappy sufferers were most affecting. The stern duty of looking to the public welfare is tempered with exquisite compassion for the victims of this loathsome disease. The ritual for the sequestration of the leprous differed little from the burial service. After the leper had been sprinkled with holy water, the priest con-

ducted him into the church, the leper singing the psalm 'Libera me, Domine,' and the crucifix and bearer going before. In the church a black cloth was stretched over two trestles in front of the altar, and the leper leaning at its side devoutly heard mass. The priest, taking up a little earth in his cloak, threw it on one of the leper's feet, and put him out of the church, if it did not rain too heavily; took him to his hut in the midst of the fields, and then uttered the prohibitions: 'I forbid you entering the church . . . or entering the company of others. I forbid you quitting your home without your leper's dress.' He concluded: 'Take this dress, and wear it in token of humility; take these gloves, take this clapper, as a sign that you are forbidden to speak to any one. You are not to be indignant at being thus separated from others, and as to your little wants, good people will provide for you, and God will not desert you.' Then in this old ritual follow these sad words: 'When it shall come to pass that the leper shall pass out of this world, he shall be buried in his hut, and not in the churchyard.' At first there was a doubt whether wives should follow their husbands who had been leprous, or remain in the world and marry again. The Church decided that the marriage-tie was indissoluble, and so bestowed on these unhappy beings this immense source of consolation. With a love stronger than this living death, lepers were followed into banishment from the haunts of men by their faithful wives. Readers of Sir J. Stephen's 'Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography' will recollect the description of the founder of the Franciscan order, how, controlling his involuntary disgust, Saint Francis of Assisi washed the feet and dressed the sores of the lepers, once at least reverently applying his lips to their wounds. — BOURCHIER-JAMES.]

This ceremony of *quasi*-burial varied considerably at different times and in different places. In some cases a grave was dug, and the leper's face was often covered during the service.

TO ULYSSES

I

ULYSSES, much-experienced man,
Whose eyes have known this globe
of ours,
Her tribes of men, and trees, and
flowers,
From Corrientes to Japan,

II

To you that bask below the
I soaking here in winter w
The century's three str
have met
To drag me down to seventy

III

In summer if I reach my da
To you, yet young, who b
balm
Of summer-winters by the
And orange grove of Parag

IV

I, tolerant of the colder tim
Who love the winter woo
On paler heavens the
grace
Of leafless elm, or naked lin

V

And see my cedar green, as
My giant ilex keeping be
When frost is keen and
brief —
Or marvel how in English

VI

My yucca, which no winter
Altho' the months have
gun,
Has push'd toward our f
A spike of half-accomplish

VII

Or watch the waving pine
The warrior of Caprera
A name that earth will n
Till earth has roll'd her late

VIII

I, once half-crazed for large
On broader zones beyond
But chaining fancy now
Among the quarried dows

IX

Not less would yield full the
For your rich gift, your t
I know not,² your Arabi
Your cane, your palm, tree
boo,

¹ Garibaldi said to me, all
barren island, 'I wish I had y
² The tale of Nejd.



X

h of tropic bower and brake ;
h of tropical Eden-isles,¹
nan, nor only Nature smiles ;
der of the boiling lake ;²

XI

, the Shadow of the Best,³
t⁴ the step ; your Pontic
st ;
ister ;⁵ Anatolian Ghost ;⁶
ng,⁷ Karnac,⁸ and all the
;

XII

ch I follow'd line by line
ading hand, and came, my
nd,
e your various book, and
l
slenderer value, mine.

TO MARY BOYLE

THE FOLLOWING POEM

I

'LOWERS' ! While you still
y to take
our leave of town,
ee's ruddy-hearted blossom-
e
fluttering down.

II

to your promise. There ! I
rd
ur cuckoo call.
to the magnet of your word,
or wait, till all

ilippines. ³ In Dominica.
adow of the Lord. Certain ob-
ings on a rock in Siam, which
image of Buddha to the Bud-
or less distinctly according to
d his moral worth.
step of the Lord on another

nastery of Sumelas.
an spectre stories.
ee cities.
in Egypt.

III

Our vernal bloom from every vale and
plain
And garden pass,
And all the gold from each laburnum
chain
Drop to the grass.

IV

Is memory with your Marian gone to
rest,
Dead with the dead ?
For ere she left us, when we met, you
prest
My hand, and said

V

'I come with your spring-flowers.'
You came not, friend ;
My birds would sing,
You heard not. Take then this spring
flower I send,
This song of spring.

VI

Found yesterday — forgotten mine
own rhyme
By mine old self,
As I shall be forgotten by old Time,
Laid on the shelf —

VII

A rhyme that flower'd betwixt the
whitening sloe
And kingcup blaze,
And more than half a hundred years
ago,
In rick-fire days,

VIII

When Dives loathed the times, and
paced his land
In fear of worse,
And sanguine Lazarus felt a vacant
hand
Fill with *his* purse.

IX

For lowly minds were madden'd to the
height
By tonguester tricks,
And once — I well remember that red
night
When thirty ricks,

X

All flaming, made an English home-
stead hell —

These hands of mine
Have helpt to pass a bucket from the
well
Along the line,

XI

When this bare dome had not begun
to gleam

Thro' youthful curls,
And you were then a lover's fairy
dream,
His girl of girls;

XII

And you, that now are lonely, and
with Grief

Sit face to face,
Might find a flickering glimmer of re-
lief
In change of place.

• XIII

What use to brood? This life of min-
gled pains

And joys to me,
Despite of every Faith and Creed, re-
mains
The Mystery.

XIV

Let golden youth bewail the friend,
the wife,

For ever gone.
He dreams of that long walk thro' de-
sert life
Without the one.

XV

The silver year should cease to mourn
and sigh —

Not long to wait —
So close are we, dear Mary, you and I,
To that dim gate.

XVI

Take, read! and be the faults your
Poet makes

Or many or few,
He rests content, if his young music
wakes
A wish in you

XVII

To change our dark Queen
realm

Of sound and so
For his clear heaven, a
lanes of elm
And whispering

THE PROGRESS OF

I

The ground-flame of the
the mould.

Fair Spring slides h
Southern sea.

Wavers on her thin sun
cold

That trembles not to
bee.

Come, Spring, for now
dripping eaves

The spear of ice ha
away.

And hour by hour unfold
leaves

O'er his uncertain s
the day.

She comes! The loo
run;

The frost-bead melt
hair;

Her mantle, slowly g
Sun,

Now wraps her close
leaves her bare

To breaths of balmer

II

Up leaps the lark, g
come her,

About her glance the
the jays,

Before her skims the
pecker,

The linnet's bosom
gaze,

While round her be
culver flits,

Watching her large-
gracious looks,

And in her open pa
sits

Patient — the secret
brooks.

THE PROGRESS OF SPRING

6

Come, Spring! She comes on waste
and wood,

On farm and field; but enter also
here,

Diffuse thyself at will thro' all my
blood,

And, tho' thy violet sicken into sere,
Lodge with me all the year!

III

Once more a downy drift against the
brakes,

Self-darken'd in the sky, descending
slow!

But gladly see I thro' the wavering
flakes

Yon blanching apricot like snow in
snow.

These will thine eyes not brook in
forest-paths,

On their perpetual pine, nor round
the beech;

They fuse themselves to little sp
baths,

Solved in the tender blushes of
peach;

They lose themselves and die
On that new life that gems

hawthorn line;

Thy gay lent-lilies wave and put th
by,

And out once more in varnis
glory shine

Thy stars of celandine.

IV

She floats across the hamlet. Hear
hours,

But in the tearful splendor of
smiles

I see the slowly thickening chest
towers

Fill out the spaces by the bar
tiles.



* She comes on waste and wood,
On farm and field *

coming home,
 But ere thy maiden birk be wholly
 clad,
 And these low bushes dip their ⁵⁰
 twigs in foam,
 Make all true hearths thy home.

V

Across my garden! and the thicket
 stirs,
 The fountain pulses high in sunnier
 jets,
 The blackcap warbles, and the turtle
 purrs,
 The starling claps his tiny casta-
 nets,
 Still round her forehead wheels the
 woodland dove,
 And scatters on her throat the sparks
 of dew,
 The kingcup fills her footprint, and
 above
 Broaden the glowing isles of vernal
 blue,
 Hail, ample presence of a Queen,
 Bountiful, beautiful, apparell'd gay,
 Whose mantle, every shade of glan-
 cing green,
 Flies back in fragrant breezes to
 display
 A tunic white as May!

VI

CH. 11

those fail that hold the
 the long day of knowledge
 and warms,
 the heart of this most ancient
 n
 ul voice be utter'd, and
 ns
 g 'To arms! to arms!'

IX

saner lesson might he learn
 ads thy gradual process,
 7 Spring.
 possess the season in their
 their time thy warblers rise
 ing.
 7 glidest thou from March
 ay,
 agest, breathing it, the sul-
 wind,
 of operation, day by day,
 nd fuller, like the human
 l!
 hs from bud to bud
 ish that blind model in the
 ave hopes, which race the
 es blood,
 er many changes may suc-
 ch is Life indeed.

I AND THE GLEAM

I

so Mariner,
 om the haven
 the sea-cliff,
 at are watching
 ay Magician
 yes of wonder,
 lerlin,
 am dying,
 lerlin
 ollow the Gleam.

II

the Wizard
 und me at sunrise
 g, and woke me
 urn'd me Magic!

Great the Master,
 And sweet the Magic,
 When over the valley,
 In early summers,
 Over the mountain,
 On human faces,
 And all around me,
 Moving to melody,
 Floated the Gleam.

III

Once at the croak of a Raven who
 crost it,
 A barbarous people,
 Blind to the magic
 And deaf to the melody,
 Snarl'd at and cursed me.
 A demon vext me,
 The light retreated,
 The landskip darken'd,
 The melody deaden'd,
 The Master whisper'd,
 'Follow the Gleam.'

IV

Then to the melody,
 Over a wilderness
 Gliding, and glancing at
 Elf of the woodland,
 Gnome of the cavern,
 Griffin and Giant,
 And dancing of Fairies
 In desolate hollows,
 And wraiths of the mountain,
 And rolling of dragons
 By warble of water,
 Or cataract music
 Of falling torrents,
 Flitted the Gleam.

V

Down from the mountain
 And over the level,
 And streaming and shining on
 Silent river,
 Silvery willow,
 Pasture and plowland,
 Innocent maidens,
 Garrulous children,
 Homestead and harvest,
 Reaper and gleaner,
 And rough-ruddy faces
 Of lowly labor,
 Slided the Gleam —

Rested on the forehead
 Of Arthur the blameless
 Rested the Gleam.

VII

Clouds and darkness	
Closed upon Camelot ;	
Arthur had vanish'd	
I knew not whither,	
The king who loved me,	
And cannot die ;	
For out of the darkness	
Silent and slowly	
The Gleam, that had waned to a win-	
try glimmer	
On icy fallow	' Br a
And faded forest,	
Drew to the valley	Wl
Named of the shadow,	
And slowly brightening	Good
Out of the glimmer,	
And slowly moving again to a melody	To sit
Yearningly tender,	
Fell on the shadow,	Or sp
No longer a shadow,	
But clothed with the Gleam.	Baccl

VIII

And broader and brighter	To co
The Gleam flying onward,	And
Wed to the melody,	
Sang thro' the world ;	In m
And slower and fainter,	

ROMNEY'S REMORSE

Nurse, were you hired ? or came of your own will To wait on one so broken, so forlorn ? Have I not met you somewhere long ago ? I am all but sure I have—in Kendal church— O, yes ! I hired you for a season there, And then we parted ; but you look so kind ²¹ That you will not deny my sultry throat One draught of icy water. There— you spill The drops upon my forehead. Your hand shakes. I am ashamed. I am a trouble to you, Could kneel for your forgiveness. Are they tears ? For me—they do me too much grace —for me ? O Mary, Mary ! Vexing you with words ! Words only, born of fever, or the fumes Of that dark opiate dose you gave me, — words, ³⁰ Wild babble. I have stumbled back again Into the common day, the sounder self. God stay me there, if only for your sake, The truest, kindest, noblest hearted wife That ever wore a Christian marriage- ring. My curse upon the Master's apo- theism, That wife and children drag an artist down ! This seem'd my lodestar in the heaven of Art, And lured me from the household fire on earth. To you my days have been a lifelong lie, ⁴⁰ Grafted on half a truth ; and tho' you say, 'Take comfort you have won the painter's fame.' The best in me that sees the worst in me, And groans to see it, finds no comfort there. What fame ? I am not Raphael, Titian, —no,	Nor even a Sir Joshua, some will Wrong there ! The painter's fi- but mine, that grew Blown into glittering by the po- breath, May float awhile beneath the may roll The rainbow hues of heaven about The color'd bubble bursts above ⁵¹ abyss Of Darkness, utter Lethe. Is it s Her sad eyes plead for my own with me To make it dearer. Look, the sun has To flame along another dreary da- Your hand. How bright you your marriage-ring ! Raise me. I thank you. Has your opiate Bred this black mood ? or am I scious, more Than other Masters, of the chas- tween Work and Ideal ? Or does the g- of age And suffering cloud the height I s- upon Even from myself ? stand ? sto- no more. And yet The world would lose, if such a as you Should vanish unrecorded. Mi- crave One favor ? I am bankrupt o- claim On your obedience, and my stron- wish Falls flat before your least unwil- ness Still, would you — if it please y- sit to me ? I dream'd last night of that stammer-teen When seated on a rock, and fo- fear With your own shadow in the p- lake, You kiss'd our infant daughter — to heart
--	---

— you sang it for the moment with a
song
Which often echo'd in me, while I
stood
Before the great Madonna-master's
pieces
Of ancient Art in Paris, or in Rome.

Mary, my crayons! if I can, I
will.
You should have been — I might have
made you once,
Had I but known you as I know you
now —
The true Alcestis of the time. Your
song —
Sit, listen! I remember it, a proof
That I — even I — at times remember'd
you.

'Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your
feet,
My sweet.'

Less profile! turn to me — three quar-
ter face.

'Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!
And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a
kiss!
Sleep!'

Too early! — too late!

wife of wives a widow-bride, and
lost
ration for a sketch.

I am wild again!
coals of fire you heap upon my
head
re crazed me. Some one knocking
there without?
Will my Indian brother come? to
find
or my coffin? Should I know the
man?
a worn-out Reason dying in her
house
leave the windows blinded, and
if so,
him farewell for me, and tell
him—

Hope!
hear a death-bed angel whisper,
'Hope.'
he miserable have no medicine —
'only hope!' He said it—in the
play.
crime was of the senses; of the
mind
— worse, cold, calculated.

Tell my son —
let me lean my head upon your
breast.
cat, little heart' on this fool brain
of mine.
we had friends — and many — none
like you.
ove you more than when we mar-
ried. Hope!
yes, I hope, or fancy that, perhaps,
man forgiveness touches heaven,
and thence —
you forgive me, you are sure of
that —
lected, sends a light on the for-
given.

PARNASSUS

et monumentum . . .

et non . . .

et diuere . . .

. . . Innumerabilis
orum series et fuga temporum.

HORACE.

I

Let be those crown'd forms high
over the sacred fountain?

Bards, that the mighty Muses have
raised to the heights of the
mountain,
And over the flight of the Ages!
O Goddesses, help me up thi-
ther!

Lightning may shrivel the laurel of
Cæsar, but mine would not
wither.

Steep is the mountain, but you, you
will help me to overcome it,

And stand with my head in the zenith,
and roll my voice from the sum-
mit,

Sounding forever and ever thro' Earth
and her listening nations,

And mixt with the great sphere-music
of stars and of constellations.

II

What be those two shapes high over
the sacred fountain,

Taller than all the Muses, and huger
than all the mountain?

On those two known peaks they stand
ever spreading and heighten-
ing;

Poet, that evergreen laurel is blasted
by more than lightning!

Look, in their deep double shadow
the crown'd ones all disappear-
ing!

Sing like a bird and be happy, nor hope
for a deathless hearing!

'Sounding for ever and ever!' pass
on! the sight confuses —

These are Astronomy and Geology,
terrible Muses!

III

If the lips were touch'd with fire from
off a pure Pierian altar,

Tho' their music here be mortal need
the singer greatly care?

Other songs for other worlds! the fire
within him would not falter;

Let the golden Iliad vanish, Homer
here is Homer there.

BY AN EVOLUTIONIST

THE Lord let the house of a brute to
the soul of a man,

And the man said, 'Am I your
debtor?'

wealth, and choice of women
and of wines?

II

What hast thou done for me, grim Old
Age, save breaking my bones on
the rack?

Would I had past in the morn-
ing that looks so bright from
afar!

OLD AGE

Done for thee? starved the wild beast
that was linkt with thee eighty
years back.

Less weight now for the ladder-of-
heaven that hangs on a star.

I

If my body come from brutes, tho'
somewhat finer than their own.

I am heir, and this my king-
dom. Shall the royal voice be
mute?

No, but if the rebel subject seek to
drag me from the throne.

Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and
rule thy province of the brute.

II

I have climb'd to the snows of A-

But, while the hills remain,
 Hill 'Too-slow' will need the whip,
 Down hill 'Too-quick' the chain.

BEAUTIFUL CITY

BEAUTIFUL city, the centre and crater
 of European confusion,
 You with your passionate shriek
 for the rights of an equal hu-
 manity,
 How often your Re-volution has pro-
 ven but E-volution
 I'd again back on itself in the tides
 of a civic insanity!

THE ROSES ON THE TERRACE

Now, on this terrace fifty years ago,
 When I was in my June, you in
 your May,
 So words, 'My Rose,' set all your
 face aglow,
 And now that I am white and you
 are gray,
 At blush of fifty years ago, my
 dear,
 Blooms in the past, but close to me
 to-day,
 This red rose, which on our terrace
 here
 Flows in the blue of fifty miles
 away.

THE PLAY

For first, this Earth, a stage so
 gloom'd with woe
 For all but sicken at the shifting
 scenes.
 And yet be patient. Our Playwright
 may show
 In some fifth act what this wild
 Drama means.

TO ONE WHO AFFECTED AN EFFEMINATE MANNER

While man and woman still are in-
 complete,
 Wize that soul where man and wo-
 man meet,

Which types all Nature's male and
 female plan,
 But, friend, man-woman is not woman
 man.

TO ONE WHO RAN DOWN THE ENGLISH

You make our faults too gross, and
 thence maintain
 Our darker future. May your fears
 be vain!
 At times the small black fly upon the
 pane
 May seem the black ox of the distant
 plain.

THE SNOWDROP

MANY, many welcomes,
 February fair-maid,
 Ever as of old time,
 Solitary firstling,
 Coming in the cold time,
 Prophet of the gay time,
 Prophet of the May time,
 Prophet of the roses,
 Many, many welcomes,
 February fair-maid!

THE THROSTLE

'SUMMER is coming, summer is com-
 ing.

I know it, I know it, I know it.
 Light again, leaf again, life again,
 love again!

Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.

Last year you sang it as gladly.

'New, new, new, new!' Is it then
 so new

That you should carol so merrily?

'Love again, song again, nest again,
 young again.'

Never a prophet so crazy!

And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
 See, there is hardly a daisy.

'Here again, here, here, here, happy
 year!'

O warble unchidden, unbidden!
 Summer is coming, is coming, my
 dear,
 And all the winters are hidden.

THE OAK

LIVE thy Life,
 Young and old,
 Like yon oak,
 Bright in spring,
 Living gold;
 Summer-rich
 Then; and then
 Autumn-changed,
 Soberer-hued
 Gold again.
 All his leaves
 Fallen at length,

Look, he stands,
 Trunk and bough,
 Naked strength.

IN MEMORIAM

W. G. WARD

FAREWELL, whose like on
 shall not find,
 Whose Faith and Work w
 of full accord,
 My friend, the most unwe
 mankind,
 Most generous of all Ultram
 Ward,
 How subtle at tierce and
 mind with mind,
 How loyal in the followin
 Lord!



QUEEN MARY

QUEEN MARY

A DRAMA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

QUEEN MARY.
 PHILIP, *King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain.*
 THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.
 REGINALD POLE, *Cardinal and Papal Legate.*
 SIMON RENAUD, *Spanish Ambassador.*
 LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES, *French Ambassador.*
 THOMAS CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
 SIR NICHOLAS HEATH, *Archbishop of York; Lord Chancellor after Gardiner.*
 EDWARD COURTENAY, *Earl of Devon.*
 LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, *afterwards Lord Howard, and Lord High Admiral.*
 LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME.
 LORD PAGET.
 LORD PETER.
 STEPHEN GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor.*
 EDMUND BONNER, *Bishop of London.*
 THOMAS THIELBY, *Bishop of Ely.*
 SIR THOMAS WYATT
 SIR THOMAS STAFFORD } *Insurrectionary Leaders.*

SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.
 SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.
 SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.
 SIR WILLIAM CECIL.
 SIR THOMAS WHITE, *Lord Mayor of London.*
 THE DUKE OF ALVA } *attending on Philip.*
 THE COUNT DE FERIA }
 PETER MARTYR.
 FATHER COLE.
 FATHER BOURNE.
 VILLA GARCIA.
 SOTO.
 CAPTAIN BRETT } *Adherents of Wyatt.*
 ANTHONY KNYVETT }
 PETERS, *Gentleman of Lord Howard.*
 ROGER, *Servant to Noailles.*
 WILLIAM, *Servant to Wyatt.*
 STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD to the Princess Elizabeth.
 OLD NOKES and NOKES.
 MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, *Mother of Courtenay.*
 LADY CLARENCE } *Ladies in Waiting to the Queen.*
 LADY MAGDALEN DACRES }
 ALICE }
 MAID OF HONOR to the Princess Elizabeth.
 JOAN } *two Country Wives.*
 TIB }

Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, pellers, Marshalmen, etc.

QUEEN MARY

ACT I

SCENE I. — ALDGATE RICHLY DECORATED

CROWD. MARSHALMEN

Marshalman. Stand back, keep a clear lane! When will her Majesty pass, say'st thou? why now, even now; wherefore draw back your heads and your horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth! Shout, knaves! ¹⁰

Citizens. Long live Queen Mary!

First Citizen. That's a hard word, legitimate; what does it mean?

Second Citizen. It means a bastard.

Third Citizen. Nay, it means true-born.

First Citizen. Why, did n't the Parliament make her a bastard?

Second Citizen. No; it was the Lady Elizabeth. ²⁰

Third Citizen. That man; that was after.

First Citizen. Then w bastard?

Second Citizen. Troth, both bastards by Act of and Council.

Third Citizen. Ay, the can make every true-born a bastard. Old Nokes, is thee a bastard? thou shou for thou art as white as t mases.

Old Nokes (dreamily). passing? King Edward Richard?

Third Citizen. No, old Old Nokes. It's Harry!

Third Citizen. It's Que

Old Nokes. The blessed passing!

Nokes. Let father alone ters! he's past your quest

Third Citizen. Answer him, then! thou'rt no sue thyself, for thou was born end of old Harry the Seven

Nokes. Eh! that was

began. I was born true
in the forenoon, I' the tail
, and so they can't make
l.

⁵²
zen. But if Parliament
e Queen a bastard, why,
l the more that they can
ne, who art fray'd I' the
ut at elbow, and bald o'
d bursten at the toes, and
s.

was born of a true man
wife, and I can't argue
I and my old woman 'ud
, that would we.

n. What are you cack-
ardy under the Queen's
[I'll have you flogg'd and
the rood I will.

n. He swears by the
I

⁶⁹
zen. Hark! the trum-

*cession passes, Mary and
th riding side by side, and
ars under the gate.*

Long live Queen Mary!
I traitors! God save her
death to Northumber-

[*Exeunt.*

TWO GENTLEMEN.

man. By God's light a
s, right royal!

Gentleman. She looks come-
nary to-day; but to my
ly Elizabeth is the more
al.

⁸¹
man. I mean the Lady
did you hear (I have a
er service who reported
et the Queen at Wan-
ver hundred horse, and
ho' some say they be
) took her hand, call'd
er, and kiss'd not her
the ladies of her follow-

⁹¹
leman. Ay, that was in
y. There will be plenty
unsister them again;
for one, who is to be
uncellor, and will pounce
ast out of his cage to
r.

⁹⁸
nan. And, furthermore,
said that when there

rose a talk of the late rebellion, she
spoke even of Northumberland piti-
fully, and of the good Lady Jane as
a poor innocent child who had but
obeyed her father; and, furthermore,
she said that no one in her time should
be burnt for heresy.

Second Gentleman. Well, sir, I look
for happy times. ¹⁰⁹

First Gentleman. There is but one
thing against them. I know not if
you know.

Second Gentleman. I suppose you
touch upon the rumor that Charles,
the master of the world, has offer'd
her his son Philip, the Pope and the
devil. I trust it is but a rumor. ¹¹⁷

First Gentleman. She is going now
to the Tower to loose the prisoners
there, and among them Courtenay, to
be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood,
of splendid feature, whom the council
and all her people wish her to marry.
May it be so, for we are many of us
Catholics, but few Papists, and the
Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

Second Gentleman. Was she not be-
troth'd in her babyhood to the Great
Emperor himself? ¹²⁹

First Gentleman. Ay, but he's too
old.

Second Gentleman. And again to
her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardi-
nal; but I hear that he too is full of
aches and broken before his day.

First Gentleman. Oh, the Pope
could dispense with his cardinalate,
and his achage, and his breakage, if
that were all. Will you not follow
the procession? ¹⁴⁰

Second Gentleman. No; I have seen
enough for this day.

First Gentleman. Well, I shall fol-
low; if I can get near enough I shall
judge with my own eyes whether her
Grace incline to this splendid scion of
Plantagenet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE

Cranmer. To Strasburg, Antwerp,
Frankfort, Zurich, Worms,
Geneva, Basle — our bishops from their
sees

Or fled, they say, or flying—Poinet,
Barlow,
Bale, Scory, Coverdale; besides the
deans
Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter,
and Wells—
Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds
more;
So they report. I shall be left alone.
No; Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, will
not fly.

Enter PETER MARTYR.

Peter Martyr. Fly, Cranmer! were
there nothing else, your name
Stands first of those who sign'd the
letters patent
That gave her royal crown to Lady
Jane.

Cranmer. Stand first it may, but it
was written last.
Those that are now her privy council
sign'd
Before me; nay, the judges had pro-
nounced
That our young Edward might be-
queath the crown
Of England, putting by his father's
will.
Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for
me.

The wan boy-king, with his fast-fad-
ing eyes
Fixt hard on mine, his frail transpar-
ent hand,
Damp with the sweat of death, and
gripping mine,
Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to
yield
His Church of England to the Papal
wolf

And Mary; then I could no more—I
sign'd.

Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency,
She cannot pass her traitor council
by,

To make me headless.

Peter Martyr. That might be for-
given.

I tell you, fly, my lord. You do not
own

The bodily presence in the Eucharist,
Their wafer and perpetual sacrifice:
Your creed will be your death.

Cranmer. Step after step.
Thro' many voices crying right and
left,

Have I climb'd back into the primal
church,
And stand within the porch, and Christ
with me.

My flight were such a scandal to the
faith,

The downfall of so many simple souls,
I dare not leave my post.

Peter Martyr. But you divorced
Queen Catharine and her father; hence,
her hate

Will burn till you are burn'd.

Cranmer. I cannot help it.
The Canonists and Schoolmen were
with me.

'Thou shalt not wed thy brother's
wife.'—'Tis written,

'They shall be childless.' True, Mary
was born,

But France would not accept her for
a bride

As being born from incest; and this
wrought

Upon the King; and child by child
you know,

Were momentary sparkles, out as quick
Almost as kindled; and he brought

his doubts
And fears to me. Peter, I'll swear
for him

He *did* believe the bond incestuous.

But wherefore am I trenching on this
time

That should already have seen you
steps a mile

From me and Lambeth? God be wit-
ness!

Peter Martyr. Ah, but how fierce
letter you wrote against

Their superstition when they slander'd
you

For setting up a mass at Canterbury
To please the Queen!

Cranmer. It was a wheedling monk
Set up the mass.

Peter Martyr. I know it, my good
lord.

But you so bubbled over with his
terms

Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist
She never will forgive you. Fly, my
lord, fly!

Cranmer. I wrote it, and God gave
me power to burn!

Peter Martyr. They have given you
a safe conduct; for all that

I dare not stay. I fear, I fear, I see you,

Dear friend, for the last time; farewell, and fly.

Cranmer. Fly and farewell, and let me die the death.

[*Erit* Peter Martyr.

Enter OLD SERVANT.

O, kind and gentle master, the Queen's Officers

Are here in force to take you to the Tower.

Cranmer. Ay, gentle friend, admit them. I will go.

I thank my God it is too late to fly.

[*Ereunt.*

SCENE III

ST. PAUL'S CROSS

FATHER BOURNE in the pulpit. A crowd. MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, COURTENAY. The SIEUR DE NOAILLES and his man ROGER in front of the stage. Hubbub.

Noailles. Hast thou let fall those papers in the palace?

Roger. Ay, sir.

Noailles. 'There will be no peace for Mary till Elizabeth lose her head.'

Roger. Ay, sir.

Noailles. And the other, 'Long live Elizabeth the Queen!'

Roger. Ay, sir; she needs must tread upon them.

Noailles. Well.

These beastly swine make such a grunting here.

I cannot catch what Father Bourne is saying.

Roger. Quiet a moment, my masters; hear what the shaveling has to say for himself.

Crowd. Hush—hear!

Bourne.—and so this unhappy land, long divided in itself, and severed from the faith, will return into the one true fold, seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen hath—

Crowd. No pope! no pope!

Roger (to those about him, mimicking Bourne).—hath sent for the holy legate of the holy father the Pope, Car-

dinal Pole, to give us all that holy absolution which—

First Citizen. Old Bourne to life!

Second Citizen. Holy absolution holy Inquisition!

Third Citizen. Down with the Inquist!

Bourne.—and now that your grace

bishop, Bonner, who hath lain so long under bonds for the faith—

Noailles. Friend Roger, steal thou in among the crowd,

And get the swine to shout 'Elizabeth!'

Yon gray old Gospeller, sour as my winter,

Begin with him.

Roger (goes). By the mass, old frier we'll have no pope here while the Lady Elizabeth lives.

Gospeller. Art thou of the true faith, fellow, that swearest by the mass?

Roger. Ay, that am I, new converted, but the old leaven sticks to my tongue yet.

First Citizen. He says right; the mass, we'll have no mass here.

Voices of the Crowd. Peace! hear him; let his own words damn the Inquist.

From thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him down!

Bourne.—and since our gracious Queen, let me call her our second Virgin Mary, hath begun to re-edify this true temple—

First Citizen. Virgin Mary! we have no virgins here—we'll have the Lady Elizabeth!

[*Swords are drawn, a knife hurled and sticks in the pulpit.*

The mob throng to the pulpit stairs.

Marchioness of Exeter. Son Courtenay, wilt thou see the holy

thief

Murdered before thy face? up, save him!

They love thee, and thou canst not come to harm.

Courtenay (in the pulpit). Shame, my masters! are ye

English born,

And set yourselves by hundreds against one?

you there —
The Prince of Spain coming to wed o
Queen !

After him, boys ! and put him in
the city.

[*They seize stones and follow it
Spanishly. Flourish the att
side* Marchioness of Exeter o
Attendants.

Noailles, to Roger. — Stand from m
If Elizabeth lose her head —
That makes for France.

And if her people, angered ther
upon,

Arise against her and dethrone th
Queen.

That makes for France.

And if I breed confusion any way —

That makes for France.

Good day, my Lord of Devon
A bold heart yours to lead that ra
ging mob !

Courtesan. — My mother said I g
up; and up I went.

I knew they would not do me any
wrong.

For I am mighty popular with them.
Noailles.

Noailles. — You're a fool, King.

Courtesan. — Why not? I am King's
blood.

Noailles. — And in this world, it
change new masters.

SCENE IV

QUEEN MARY

That, with an ass's, not a horse's head,
Skips every way, from levity or from
fear.

Well, we shall use him somehow, so
that Gardiner

And Simon Renard spy not out our
game

Too early. Roger, thinkest thou that
any one

Suspected thee to be my man?

Roger. Not one, sir.

Nasillea. No! the disguise was
perfect. Let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE

ELIZABETH. *Enter COURTENAY.*

Courtney. So yet am I,
Unless my friends and mirrors lie to
me,

A goodlier-looking fellow than this
Philip.

Pah!

The Queen is ill advised. Shall I turn
traitor?

They've almost talked me into it; yet
the word

Affrights me somewhat; to be such a
one

As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in
it.

Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by
your age

And by your looks you are not worth
the having,

Yet by your crown you are.

[*Seeing Elizabeth.*]

The Princess there?

If I tried her, and la — she's amorous.

Have we not heard of her in Edward's
time,

Her freaks and frolics with the late
Lord Admiral?

I do believe she'd yield. I should be
still

A party in the State; and then, who
knows —

Elizabeth. What are you musing
on, my Lord of Devon?

Courtney. Has not the Queen

Elizabeth. Done what, Sir?

Courtney. — made you follow

The Lady Suffolk and the Lady
nox? — you,

The heir presumptive.

Elizabeth. Why do you ask?
know it.

Courtney. You needs must
it hardly.

Elizabeth. No, indeed!

I am utterly submissive to the Q

Courtney. Well, I was m

upon that; the Queen

Is both my foe and yours; we sh

be friends.

Elizabeth. My Lord, the hatre
another to us

Is no true bond of friendship.

Courtney. Might i

Be the rough preface of some c

bond?

Elizabeth. My lord, you late
loosed from out the Tower

Where, like a butterfly in a chrys

You spent your life; that broken
you flutter

Thro' the new world, go zigzag,

would settle

Upon this flower, now that. Bu

things here

At court are known; you have

licited

The Queen, and been rejected.

Courtney. Flower,

Half faded! but you, cousin, are

and sweet

As the first flower no bee has

tried.

Elizabeth. Are you the bee to
me? why, but now

I called you butterfly.

Courtney. You did me wr

I love not to be called a butterfly

Why do you call me butterfly?

Elizabeth. Why do you go so
then?

Courtney. Velvet and gold.

This dress was made me as the

of Devon

To take my seat in; looks it not i

royal?

Elizabeth. So reveal that the Q

forbade you wearing it

Courtney. I wear it then to
her

Elizabeth. My lord, my lord.

I see you in the Tower again

Majesty

Wills me to wed her.

Elizabeth. Failing her, my lord
Doth not as great a party in the State
Will you to wed me?

Courtney. Even so, fair lady.

Elizabeth. You know to flatter ladies.

Courtney. Nay, I meant
True matters of the heart.

Elizabeth. *My heart,* my lord,
Is no great party in the State as
yet.

Courtney. Great, said you? nay,
you shall be great. I love you,
Lay my life in your hands. Can you
be close?

Elizabeth. Can you, my lord?

Courtney. Close as a miser's casket
Listen:

The King of France, Noailles the Am-
bassador,

The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter
Carew,

Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some
others,

Have sworn this Spanish marriage
shall not be.

If Mary will not hear us — well — con-
jecture —

Were I in Devon with my wedded
bride,

The people there so worship me —
your ear;

You shall be close

SCENE IV

QUEEN MARY

You know your Latin—quiet as a dead body.

What was my Lord of Devon telling you?

Elizabeth. Whether he told me anything or not.

I follow your good counsel, gracious uncle.

Quiet as a dead body.

Howard. You do right well.

I do not care to know; but this I charge you,

Tell Courtenay nothing. The Lord Chancellor—

I count it as a kind of virtue in him,

He hath not many—as a mastiff dog

May love a puppy cur for no more reason

Than that the twain have been tied up together,

Thus Gardiner—for the two were fellow-prisoners

So many years in yon accursed Tower—

Hath taken to this Courtenay. Look to it, niece,

He hath no fence when Gardiner questions him;

All oozes out; yet him—because they know him

The last White Rose, the last Plantagenet—

Say, there is Cardinal Pole, too—the people

Claim as their natural leader—ay, some say

That you shall marry him, make him king belike.

Elizabeth. Do they say so, good uncle?

Howard. Ay, good niece!

You should be plain and open with me, niece.

You should not play upon me.

Elizabeth. No, good uncle.

Enter GARDINER.

Gardiner. The Queen would see your Grace upon the moment.

Elizabeth. Why, my lord bishop?

Gardiner. I think she means to counsel your withdrawing

To Ashridge, or some other country house.

Elizabeth. Why, my lord bishop?

Gardiner. I do but bring the message, know no more.

Your Grace will hear her reasons for herself.

Elizabeth. 'Tis mine own wish I'll'd before the world

Was spoken, for in truth I had much to crave

Permission of her Highness to return To Ashridge, and pursue my studies there.

Gardiner. Madam, to have the word before the world

Is man's good fairy—and the Queen is yours.

I left her with rich jewels in her hand Whereof 'tis like enough she means to make

A farewell present to your Grace.

Elizabeth. My lord,

I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

Gardiner. I doubt it not, madam, most loyal. [*Bows low and*

Howard. See,

This comes of parleying with my lord of Devon.

Well, well, you must obey; and myself

Believe it will be better for your fare.

Your time will come.

Elizabeth. I think my time come.

Uncle,

I am of sovereign nature, thank you, know,

Not to be quell'd; and I have within me

Stirrings of some great doom with God's just hour

Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner his big baldness,

That irritable forelock which he r His buzzard beak and deep incave eyes

Half fright me.

Howard. You've a bold heart; but it so

He cannot touch you save that turn traitor;

And so take heed I pray you are one

Who love that men should smile upon you, niece

They'd smile you into treason—some of them

SCENE —

Or will be in a moment. If they dared
To harm you, I would blow this Philip
and all

Your trouble to the dog star and the
devil.

Elizabeth. To the Pleiads, under
they have lost a sister.

Howard. But why say that? what
have you done to lose her?

Come, come, I will go with you to the
Queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY *with* PHILIP'S *ministers.*
ALICE.

Mary (kissing the infant's forehead). Most
goodly, kinglike, and an em-
peror's son, —

A king to be, — is he not noble, girl?

Alice. Goodly enough, your Grace,
and yet, methinks,

I have seen goodlier.

Mary. Ay; some waxen doll
Thy baby eyes have rested on, be like;

All red and white, the fashion of our
land.

But my good mother came —

holy Virgin, being noble,
only. Then the bastard
t,
far fairer than myself.
drawn to her ?

the true faith with my-
him — for to wed with

le England — Gardiner is
at him ;
oil, people, Parliament
at him ;
ve him ! My hard father
me ;
ther hated me than loved ;
vers and hates me. Holy
by blessed Son ; grant me
ayer.
Philip ; and we two will

aters of the Faith again
eir widow'd channel here,
itch
banks rolling incense, as

nd kindled with the palms
ist !

Enter USHER.

ir ?
adam, the Lord Chancel-

him come in. (*Enter*
NER.) Good morning, my
ord. [*Exit Usher.*
That every morning of
ajesty
good, is every morning's

loyal subject, Stephen
er.
e you to tell me this, my

And more.
ave begun to learn your

sh to pay King Edward's

ousehold curb'd, and the
on

absidy levied on the peo-
ues praise and all hearts
you.

I'd have you yet more loved. The
realm is poor,
The exchequer at neap-tide ; we might
withdraw

Part of our garrison at Calais.

Mary. Calais !
Our one point on the main, the gate of
France !

I am Queen of England ; take mine
eyes, mine heart,
But do not lose me Calais.

Gardiner. Do not fear it.
Of that hereafter. I say your Grace is
loved.

That I may keep you thus, who am
your friend

And ever faithful counsellor, might I
speak ?

Mary. I can forespeak your speak-
ing. Would I marry

Prince Philip, if all England hate him ?
That is

Your question, and I front it with
another :

Is it England, or a party ? Now, your
answer.

Gardiner. My answer is, I wear be-
neath my dress

A shirt of mail ; my house hath been
assaulted,

And when I walk abroad the populace,
With fingers pointed like so many dag-

gers,
Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and

Philip ;

And when I sleep a hundred men-at-
arms

Guard my poor dreams for England.
Men would murder me,

Because they think me favorer of this
marriage.

Mary. And that were hard upon you,
my Lord Chancellor.

Gardiner. But our young Earl of
Devon —

Mary. Earl of Devon ?

I freed him from the Tower, placed
him at Court ;

I made him Earl of Devon, and — the
fool —

He wrecks his health and wealth on
courtesans,

And rolls himself in carrion like a dog.

Gardiner. More like a school-boy
that hath broken bounds
Sickening himself with sweets.

~~-----~~ brought us back the mass. I am
all thanks

To God and to your Grace; yet I know
well,

Your people, and I go with them so
far,

Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard¹¹⁰
here to play

The tyrant, or in commonwealth or
church.

Mary (showing the picture). Is this
the face of one who plays the
tyrant?

Peruse it; is it not goodly, ay, and
gentle?

Gardiner. Madam, methinks a cold
face and a haughty.

And when your Highness talks of
Courtenay —

Ay, true — a goodly one. I would
his life

Were half as goodly (*aside*).

Mary. What is that you mutter?

Gardiner. O, madam, take it
bluntly; marry Philip,

And be stepmother of a score of sons!
The prince is known in Spain, in

Flanders, ha!¹²¹

For Philip —

Mary. You offend us; you may
leave us.

You see thro' warping glasses.

Gardiner. If your Majesty —



PHILIP

not be content with that ; and so,
farewell.

Noailles (going, returns). I would
your answer had been other,
madam,

or I foresee dark days.

Mary. And so do I, sir ;
our master works against me in the
dark.

to believe he help Northumberland
against me.

Noailles. Nay, pure phantasy,
your Grace.

Why should he move against you ?

Mary. Will you hear why ?
Mary of Scotland, — for I have not
own'd

my sister, and I will not, — after
me

heir of England ; and my royal
father,

make the crown of Scotland one
with ours,

Had mark'd her for my brother Ed-
ward's bride ;

Ay, but your king stole her a babe
from Scotland

In order to betroth her to your Dau-
phin.

See then :

Mary of Scotland, married to your
Dauphin,

Would make our England, France :

Mary of England, joining hands with
Spain,

Would be too strong for France.

Yea, were there issue born to her,
Spain and we,

One crown, might rule the world.
There lies your fear.

That is your drift. You play at hide
and seek.

Show me your faces !

Noailles. Madam, I am amazed.

French, I must needs wish all good
things for France.

<i>Mary.</i> Is this like Philip ?	<i>Mar.</i>
<i>Noailles.</i> Ay, but nobler-looking.	
<i>Mary.</i> Hath he the large ability of	<i>First</i>
the Emperor ?	
<i>Noailles.</i> No, surely.	Than e
<i>Mary.</i> I can make allowance for	
thee,	And t
Thou speakest of the enemy of thy	
king.	I'll set
<i>Noailles.</i> Make no allowance for	
the naked truth.	Let tl
He is every way a lesser man than	
Charles ;	Stand
Stone-hard, ice-cold — no dash of dar-	
ing in him.	God b
<i>Mary.</i> If cold, his life is pure.	
<i>Noailles.</i> Why (<i>smiling</i>), no, in-	And he
deed.	
<i>Mary.</i> Say'st thou ?	I am n
<i>Noailles.</i> A very wanton life in-	
deed (<i>smiling</i>).	Paget
<i>Mary.</i> Your audience is concluded,	
sir. (<i>Exit Noailles.</i>) You cannot	But fe
Learn a man's nature from his natural	<i>Re</i>
foe.	You fl
<i>Enter USHER.</i>	
Who waits ?	Bale y
<i>Usher.</i> The ambassador of Spain,	
your Grace.	[<i>Exit.</i> Until ;
<i>Enter SIMON RENARD.</i>	
<i>Mary (rising to meet him).</i> Thou	Spit tl
art ever welcome Simon Re-	When

of the Church lands. At
coming
will rise.

My star! a baleful one.
he black night, and hear the
?

Your star will be your
ely son,
England and the Nether-
s!
ir wolf the while should
for more,
him from a bag of Spanish

— I have dusted some al-
7 —
or late, your Parliament is
240
Why do they talk so foully
ur Prince,

The lot of princes. To
gh
about.

They call him cold,
7, worse.

Why, doubtless, Philip
bearing of your blue blood
treasure — nay, it well be-
him.

With he the large ability of
her?

Nay, some believe that he
beyond him.

this like him?

Ay, somewhat; but your

rincelike prince beneath
1. 250

b to Philip.

Of a pure life?
as an angel among angels.

y Heaven,
Your Highness knows
soever

r a woman,' would not

Spain. You are happy
there,

r Grace!

am happy in him there.
nd would be altogether

madam,

So that your sister were but look'd to
closer.

You have sent her from the court, but
then she goes, 259

I warrant, not to hear the nightingales,
But hatch you some new treason in the
woods.

Mary. We have our spies abroad to
catch her tripping.

And then, if caught, to the Tower.

Renard. The Tower! the block!
The word has turn'd your Highness
pale; the thing

Was no such scarecrow in your father's
time.

I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd
with the jest

When the head leapt — so common!
I do think,

To save your crown, that it must
come to this.

Mary. No, Renard; it must never
come to this.

Renard. Not yet; but your old
traitors of the Tower — 270

Why, when you put Northumberland
to death,

The sentence having passed upon
them all,

Spared you the Duke of Suffolk,
Guildford Dudley,

Even that young girl who dared to
wear your crown?

Mary. Dared? nay, not so; the
child obey'd her father.

Spite of her tears her father forced it
on her.

Renard. Good madam, when the
Roman wish'd to reign,

He slew not him alone who wore the
purple,

But his assessor in the throne, per-
chance 279

A child more innocent than Lady Jane.

Mary. I am English Queen, not
Roman Emperor.

Renard. Yet too much mercy is a
want of mercy,

And wastes more life. Stamp out the
fire, or this

Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn
the throne

Where you should sit with Philip.

He will not come

Till she be gone.

Mary. Indeed, if that were true —

My father on a birthday gave it me,
And I have broken with my father —
take
And wear it as memorial of a morn-
ing
Which found me full of foolish doubts
and leaves me
As hopeful.

Richard (aside). Whew — the folly
of all follies
Is to be lovesick for a shadow.
(*Aloud.*) Madam,
This chains me to your service, not
with gold,
But dearest links of love. Farewell,
and trust me,

Philip is yours. 30 [*Exit.*]

Mary. Mine — but not yet all
mine.

Enter USHER.

Usher. Your Council is in session,
please your Majesty.

Mary. Sir, let them sit. I must
have time to breathe.

No, say I come. (*Exit Usher.*) I won
by boldness once

The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to
Flanders.

I would not; but a hundred miles I
rode,

Sent out my letters, call'd my friends
together

Renard. Not prettily put ? I mean,
my pretty maiden, 339
A pretty man for such a pretty maiden.

Alice. My Lord of Devon is a
pretty man.
I hate him. Well, but if I have, what
then ?

Renard. Then, pretty maiden, you
should know that whether
A wind be warm or cold, it serves to
fan

A kindled fire.

Alice. According to the song.

His friends would praise him, I believed

'em,

His foes would blame him, and I scorn'd

'em,

His friends — as angels I received 'em,

His foes — the devil had suborn'd 'em.

Renard. Peace, pretty maiden.
I hear them stirring in the Council
Chamber. 351

Lord Paget's 'Ay' is sure — who else ?
and yet,

They are all too much at odds to close
at once

In one full-throated No ! Her High-
ness comes.

Enter MARY.

Alice. How deathly pale ! — a chair,
your Highness.

[*Bringing one to the Queen.*

Renard. Madam,
The Council ?

Mary. Ay ! My Phillip is all mine.
[*Sinks into chair, half fainting.*

ACT II

SCENE I — ALINGTON CASTLE

Sir Thomas Wyatt. I do not hear
from Carew or the Duke
Of Suffolk, and till then I should not
move.

The Duke hath gone to Leicester ;
Carew stirs

In Devon ; that fine porcelain Courte-
nay,

Save that he fears he might be crack'd
in using —

I have known a semi-madman in my
time

So fancy-ridden — should be in Devon
too.

Enter WILLIAM.

News abroad, William ?

William. None so new, Sir Thomas
and none so old, Sir Thomas. I
new news that Philip comes to w
Mary, no old news that all men ha
it. Old Sir Thomas would have hat
it. The bells are ringing at Mai
stone. Does n't your worship hear ?

Wyatt. Ay, for the Saints are cor
to reign again.

Most like it is a Saint's-day. There
no call

As yet for me ; so in this pause, befo
The mine be fired, it were a pio
work

To string my father's sonnets, h
about

Like loosely-scatter'd jewels, in f
order,

And head them with a lamer rhyr
of mine,

To grace his memory.

William. Ay, why not, Sir Thoma
He was a fine courtier, he ; Que
Anne loved him. All the women lov
him. I loved him, I was in Spa
with him. I could n't eat in Spain,
could n't sleep in Spain. I hate Spai
Sir Thomas.

Wyatt. But thou couldst drink
Spain if I remember.

William. Sir Thomas, we may gra
the wine. Old Sir Thomas alwa
granted the wine.

Wyatt. Hand me the casket wi
my father's sonnets.

William. Ay — sonnets — a fi
courtier of the old Court, old S
Thomas. [*Exit*

Wyatt. Courtier of many court
he loved the more

His own gray towers, plain life, an
letter'd peace,

To read and rhyme in solitary fields.
The lark above, the nightingale belo
And answer them in song. The si
begets

Not half his likeness in the son. I f
Where he was fullest. Yet to wri
it down. [*He writes*

Re-enter WILLIAM.

William. There is news, there
news, and no call for sonnet sortin
now, nor for sonnet making eithe

house knaves,
Brain-dizzied with a draught of morn-
ing ale.

Enter ANTONY KNYVETT.

William. Here's Antony Knyvett.

Knyvett. Look you, Master Wyatt,
Tear up that woman's work there.

Wyatt. No; not these,
Dumb children of my father, that will
speak

When I and thou and all rebellions lie
Dead bodies without voice. Song
flies, you know,

For ages.

Knyvett. Tut, your sonnet's a fly-
ing ant.

Wing'd for a moment.

Wyatt. Well, for mine own work,

[*Tearing the paper.*]

It lies there in six pieces at your feet;

For all that, I can carry it in my head.

Knyvett. If you can carry your head
upon your shoulders,

Wyatt. I fear you come to carry it
off my shoulders.

And sonnet-making's safer.

Knyvett. Why, good lord,

Write you as many sonnets as you
will.

Ay, but not now; what have you
eyes, ears, brains?

This—*Plummet*—and that—*awl*—

Kent, England of England,
 ave kept your old customs
 hile all the rest of England
 rs to the Norman, the cause
 brought us together is not
 of a county or a shire, but
 land, in whose crown our
 fairest jewel. Philip shall
 ry; and ye have called me
 leader. I know Spain. I
 there with my father; I
 them in their own land,
 d the haughtiness of their
 cruelty of their priests. If
 arry our Queen, however
 and the Commons may
 his power with restriction,
 King, King of England,
 and the Queen, and the
 the people, his slaves.
 I we have Spain on the
 in the parliament; Spain
 t and on the law-bench;
 the great offices of state;
 ir ships, in our forts, in
 n our beds? 137
 o! no! no Spain!
 No Spain in our beds—
 orse than all. I have been
 old Sir Thomas, and the
 I hate Spain.
 But, Sir Thomas, must
 ar against the Queen's 145
 o, my friend; war for the
 e—to save her from her-
 lip—war against Spain.
 ot we shall be alone—
 ll flock to us. The Coun-
 t itself, is on our side.
 hancellor himself is on
 e King of France is with
 of Denmark is with us;
 with us—war against
 if we move not now, yet
 wn that we have moved;
 come to be King, O my
 pe, the rack, the thumb-
 ke, the fire. If we move
 ain moves, bribes our
 her gold, and creeps,
 like about our legs till
 ve at all; and ye know,

my masters, that wherever Spain hath
 ruled she hath wither'd all beneath
 her. Look at the New World—a
 paradise made hell; the red man, that
 good helpless creature, starved,
 maim'd, flogg'd, flay'd, burn'd, boil'd,
 buried alive, worried by dogs; and
 here, nearer home, the Netherlands,
 Sicily, Naples, Lombardy. I say no
 more—only this, their lot is yours.
 Forward to London with me! forward
 to London! If ye love your liberties
 or your skins, forward to London!

Crowd. Forward to London! A
 Wyatt! a Wyatt!

Wyatt. But first to Rochester, to
 take the guns
 From out the vessels lying in the
 river. 136

Then on.

A Peasant. Ay, but I fear we be
 too few, Sir Thomas.

Wyatt. Not many yet. The world
 as yet, my friend,
 Is not half-waked; but every parish
 tower

Shall clang and clash alarum as we
 pass,

And pour along the land, and, swollen
 and fed

With indraughts and side-currents, in
 full force

Roll upon London.

Crowd. A Wyatt! a Wyatt! For-
 ward!

Knyvett. Wyatt, shall we proclaim
 Elizabeth?

Wyatt. I'll think upon it, Knyvett.

Knyvett. Or Lady Jane?

Wyatt. No, poor soul, no. 191
 Ah, gray old castle of Alington, green
 field

Beside the brimming Medway, it may
 chance

That I shall never lock upon you
 more.

Knyvett. Come, now, you're son
 netting again.

Wyatt. Not I.

I'll have my head set higher in the
 State;

Or—if the Lord God will it—on the
 stake. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II

GUILDHALL.

SIR THOMAS WHITE (*The Lord Mayor*), LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDERMEN and CITIZENS.

White. I trust the Queen comes hither with her guards.

Howard. Ay, all in arms.

[*Several of the citizens move hastily out of the hall.*]

Why do they hurry out there?

White. My lord, cut out the rotten from your apple, Your apple eats the better. Let them go.

They go like those old Pharisees in John

Convicted by their conscience, arrant cowards,

Or tamperers with that treason out of Kent.

When will her Grace be here?

Howard. In some few minutes. She will address your guilds and companies.

I have striven in vain to raise a man for her.

But help her in this exigency, make Your city loyal, and be the mightiest man

This day in England.

White. I am Thomas White. Few things have fail'd to which I set my will.

I do my most and best.

Howard. You know that after The Captain Brett, who went with your train bands

To fight with Wyatt, had gone over to him

With all his men, the Queen in that distress

Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the traitor,

Feigning to treat with him about her marriage —

Know too what Wyatt said.

White. He'd sooner be. While this same marriage question was being argued,

Trusted than trust — the scoundrel — and demanded

Possession of her person and Tower.

Howard. And four of her council too, my Lord,

As hostages.

White. I know it. What d say

Your Council at this hour?

Howard. I will trust

We fling ourselves on you, my

The Council,

The Parliament as well, are to

waters;

And yet like waters of the fe

know not

Which way to flow. All hands

address,

And upon you, Lord Mayor.

White. How look'd t

When now you past it? Quiet

Howard. Like our C

Your city is divided. As wep

Some hail'd, some hiss'd us.

were citizens

Stood each before his shut-up

and look'd

As grim and grave as from a f

And here a knot of ruffians

rags,

With execrating execrable eye

Glared at the citizen. Here

young mother,

Her face on flame, her red l

blown back,

She shrilling 'Wyatt,' while t

she held

Mimick'd and piped her 'Wy

red as she

In hair and cheek; and almost

ing her,

So close they stood, another, t

death,

And white as her own milk; h

in arms

Had felt the faltering of his t

heart,

And look'd as bloodless. Here

Catholic.

Mumbling and mixing up in h

prayers

Heaven and earth's Maries; t

bow'd shoulder

Scowl'd that world-hated and

hating beast,

A haggard Anabaptist. Ma

groups.

Wyatt, Elizabeth, Cour-
ueen's right to reign—
God, the rogues!—
buzz'd among them. So
divided, and I fear
this or that way, of suc-
it thither. Wherefore
ie Queen,
pulse and palsy of the
ell you that she counts on
If as her two hands; on
ity, as her right, my lord,
oyal.
Am I Thomas White?
fore she comes. Eliza-
uch abused among these
She is loved by all of
heart to mingle in this
be mishandled.
No, she shall not.
id written her word to
court:
melt out Renard in the
her, sent a secret mis-
r to be sick. Happily
ck indeed.
God send her well!
Royal Grace.
MARY and GARDINER.
WHITE leads her to a
the dais.
he Lord Mayor, and
companies
London, gathered here,
to accept our lowliest
 princely presence; and
rue and loyal citizens,
royal lips, at once may

The wherefore of this coming, and so
learn
Your royal will, and do it. — I, Lord
Mayor
Of London, and our guilds and com-
panies.
Mary. In mine own person am I
come to you,
To tell you what indeed ye see and
know,
How traitorously these rebels out of
Kent
Have made strong head against our-
selves and you.
They would not have me wed the
Prince of Spain;
That was their pretext — so they spake
at first —
But we sent divers of our Council to
them,
And by their answers to the question
ask'd,
It doth appear this marriage is the
least
Of all their quarrel.
They have betrayed the treason of
their hearts,
Seek to possess our person, hold our
Tower,
Place and displace our councillors, and
use
Both us and them according as they
will.
Now what I am ye know right well —
your Queen;
To whom, when I was wedded to the
realm
And the realm's laws — the spousal
ring whereof,
Not ever to be laid aside, I wear
Upon this finger — ye did promise
full
Allegiance and obedience to the death.
Ye know my father was the rightful
heir
Of England, and his right came down
to me,
Corroborate by your acts of Parlia-
ment.
And as ye were most loving unto him,
So doubtless will ye show yourselves
to me.
Wherefore, ye will not brook that any
one
Should seize our person, occupy our
state,

iorn,
 To make free spoil and havoe of
 goods.
 Now, as your Prince, I say,
 I, that was never mother, cannot
 How mothers love their children
 methinks.
 A prince as naturally may love
 people
 As these their children; and be
 your Queen
 So loves you, and so loving, I
 must deem
 This love by you return'd as hear
 And thro' this common knot and
 of love,
 Doubt not they will be speedily
 thrown.
 As to this marriage, ye shall unders
 We made thereto no treaty of
 selves,
 And set no foot theretoward unadvis
 Of all our Privy Council; furthermore
 This marriage had the assent of all
 to whom
 The King, my father, did commit
 trust;
 Who not alone esteem'd it honor'd
 But for the wealth and glory of
 realm,
 And all our loving subjects, most
 peditent.
 As to myself,

of England — or the Kent-
quire ?

loyal. Speak ! in the name
d !
of England or the rabble
nt ?

dungfork master of the
!

gs wasted by the scythe
ade —

and charters hobnail'd
ush —

fired — your gutters bub-
blood — ¹⁸⁰

n. No! No! The Queen!
een !

Your Highness hears
id bass of loyal harmony,
re each and all of us

is, bestial, devilish revolt
Wyatt. Hear us now

xath
Highness thirty thousand

strike as with one hand,
ush

rom our shoulders, like a

ave leapt upon us una-

ne, noble fellow-citizens,
¹⁹⁰

r trades, and guilds, and
ies.

'e swear !

thank your lordship and
yal city.

[*Exit Mary, attended.*
rust this day, thro' God,
saved the crown.

nan. Ay, so my Lord of
ke in command
e be safe ; but there are

rman. I hear that Gar-
oming with the Queen,
Pembroke, bent to his

ow,
e man by flattering him.

o fight upon her side ?

nan. If not, there's no
'e.

Yes, Thomas White.
gh ; no man need flatter

202

Second Alderman. Nay, no man
need ; but did you mark our
Queen ?

The color freely play'd into her face,
And the half sight which makes her
look so stern

Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of
hers

To read our faces ; I have never seen
her

So queenly or so goodly.

White. Courage, sir,
That makes or man or woman look
their goodliest.

Die like the torn fox dumb, but never
whine ²¹⁰

Like that poor heart, Northumberland,
at the block.

Bagenhall. The man had children,
and he whined for those.

Methinks most men are but poor-
hearted, else

Should we so dote on courage, were it
commoner ?

The Queen stands up, and speaks for
her own self ;

And all men cry, She is queenly, she
is goodly.

Yet she's no goodlier ; tho' my Lord
Mayor here,

By his own rule, he hath been so bold
to-day.

Should look more goodly than the rest
of us.

White. Goodly ? I feel most goodly,
heart and hand, ²²⁰

And strong to throw ten Wyatts and
all Kent.

Ha ! ha ! sir ; but you jest ; I love it.
A jest

In time of danger shows the pulses
even.

Be merry ! yet, Sir Ralph, you look
but sad.

I dare avouch you'd stand up for your-
self.

Tho' all the world should bay like
winter wolves.

Bagenhall. Who knows ? the man
is proven by the hour.

White. The man should make the
hour, not this the man ;

And Thomas White will prove this
Thomas Wyatt,

And he will prove an Iden to this
Cade, ²³⁰

Lagenhall. One of much outdo
bluster.

Howard. For all that,
Most honest, brave, and skilful ; an
his wealth
A fountain of perennial alms — b
fault
So thoroughly to believe in his ow
self.

Bagenhall. Yet thoroughly to b
lieve in one's own self,
So one's own self be thorough, wei
to do
Great things, my lord.

Howard. It may be.

Bagenhall. I have hear
One of your Council fleer and jeer a
him.

Howard. The nursery-cocker's
child will jeer at aught
That may seem strange beyond his
nursery.
The statesman that shall jeer and
fleer at men,
Makes enemies for himself and for his
king ;
And if he jeer, not seeing the true
man
Behind his folly, he is thrice the
fool ;
And if he see the man and still will
jeer,
He is child and fool, and traitor to the

full at Southwark. We
round
n Bridge.

Ten miles about.
Even so.
notice from our partisans
city that they will stand

can be reach'd by dawn
TOW.

29
one of WYATT'S men.

Thomas, I've found this
your worship read it; I
y letters; the old priests
othing.

ids. 'Whosoever will ap-
traitor Thomas Wyatt
hundred pounds for re-

hat it? That's a big lot
ey.

y, ay, my friend; not
? 'tis not written
ough. Give me a piece
er!

40
"THOMAS WYATT ' large.
an can read that.

[Sticks it in his cap.

But that's foolhardy.
o! boldness, which will
y followers boldness.

AN with a prisoner.

found him, your wor-
dering o' Bishop Win-
se; he says he's a poor

gentleman! a thief! Go
im. Shall we make
we come to serve our
t foes?

Thomas—
ing him, I say.

att, but now you pro-
ne a boon.

, and I warrant this fine
life.

u so; he was my neigh-
e in Kent.

nough, has drunk and
l out

mad, and gentleman he

glad together; let him

has gambled for his
lost, he hangs.

No, no, my word's my word. Take
thy poor gentleman!

Gamble thyself at once out of my
sight,

Or I will dig thee with my dagger.
Away!

60
Women and children!

Enter a CROWD of WOMEN and CHILDREN.

First Woman. O Sir Thomas, Sir
Thomas, pray you go away, Sir
Thomas, or you'll make the White
Tower a black 'un for us this blessed
day. He'll be the death on us; and
you'll set the Devil's Tower a-spit-
ting, and he'll smash all our bits o'
things worse than Philip o' Spain. 69

Second Woman. Don't ye now go to
think that we be for Philip o' Spain.

Third Woman. No, we know that
ye be come to kill the Queen, and
we'll pray for you all on our bended
knees. But o' God's mercy don't ye
kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas;
look ye, here's little Dickon, and little
Robin, and little Jenny—though
she's but a side-cousin—and all on
our knees, we pray you to kill the
Queen further off, Sir Thomas. 81

Wyatt. My friends, I have not
come to kill the Queen

Or here or there; I come to save you
all,

And I'll go further off.

Crowd. Thanks, Sir Thomas, we
be beholden to you, and we'll pray
for you on our bended knees till our
lives' end.

Wyatt. Be happy, I am your friend.
To Kingston, forward!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV

ROOM IN THE GATE-HOUSE OF WEST-
MINSTER PALACE

MARY, ALICE, GARDINER, RENARD,
LADIES.

Gardiner. Their cry is, Philip
never shall be king.

Mary. Lord Pembroke in command
of all our force

Will front their cry and shatter them
into dust.

Alice. Was not Lord Pembroke
with Northumberland?
O madam, if this Pembroke should be
false!

Mary. No, girl; most brave and
loyal, brave and loyal.
His breaking with Northumberland
broke Northumberland.
At the park gate he hovers with our
guards.
These Kentish plowmen cannot break
the guards.

Enter MESSENGER.

Messenger. Wyatt, your Grace, hath
broken thro' the guards 10
And gone to Ludgate.

Gardiner. Madam, I much fear
That all is lost; but we can save your
Grace.

The river still is free. I do beseech
you,
There yet is time, take boat and pass
to Windsor.

Mary. I pass to Windsor and I lose
my crown.

Gardiner. Pass, then, I pray your
Highness, to the Tower.

Mary. I shall but be their prisoner
in the Tower.

Cries without. The traitor! treason!
Pembroke!

Ladies. Treason! treason!
Mary. Peace.

False to Northumberland, is he false
to me? 20

Bear witness, Renard, that I live and
die

The true and faithful bride of Philip
— A sound

Of feet and voices thickening hither
— blows —

Hark, there is battle at the palace
gates,

And I will out upon the gallery.

Ladies. No, no, your Grace; see
there the arrows flying.

Mary. I am Harry's daughter, Tu-
dor, and not Fear.

[*Goes out on the gallery.*]

The guards are all driven in, skulk
into corners

Like rabbits to their holes. A gra-
cious guard

Truly; shame on them! they have
shut the gates! 20

*Enter SIR ROBERT SOK
Southwell.* The porter,
Grace, hath shut the
On friend and foe. You
at-arms,
If this be not your Gr

cry
To have the gates set wide
they
With their good battles
you right
Against all traitors.

Mary. They are the ga-
land; set the gates
[*Exit*]

Enter COURTNEY.

Courtney. All lost,
yielded! A barge,
The Queen must to the T

Mary. Whence co-
Courtney. From Cha-

the rebels broke us
And I sped hither with
might

To save my royal cousin.

Mary. Where is

Courtney. I left him
in the thick of it.

Mary. Left him and fle-
that wouldst be Ki-
And hast nor heart nor he-
self

Will down into the batt-
bide

The upshot of my quarrel
those

That are no cowards and
nays.

Courtney. I do not lov-
should call me cow-

Enter another MESSENGER.

Messenger. Over, your
crush'd; the brave I

Thrust him from Ludg-
traitor flying

To Temple Bar, there by
Berkeley

Was taken prisoner.

Mary. To the Tow-
Messenger. 'Tis said

Maurice there was
Cognizant of this, and part

My Lord of Devon.

Mary. To the Tow-



GATE-HOUSE, WESTMINSTER

eg. O la, the Tower, the
er, always the Tower,
ow into it—I shall be the
ter.

four lordship may not have
ing to wait.

m!

eg. La, to whistle out my
my coat upon the walls
n!

[Exit Courtenay, guarded.]

Messenger. Also this Wyatt did con-
fess the Princess
Cognizant thereof, and party there-
unto.

Mary. What? whom—whom did
you say?

Messenger. Elizabeth,
Your royal sister.

Mary. To the Tower with her!
My foes are at my feet, and I am
Queen.

[Gardiner and her Ladies kneel to her]

Gardiner (rising). There let them lie, your footstool! (*Aside.*) Can I strike

Elizabeth? — not now and save the life Of Devon. If I save him, he and his Are bound to me — may strike hereafter. (*Aloud.*) Madam, ⁷⁰ What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,

Cries of the moment and the street — *Mary.* He said it.

Gardiner. Your courts of justice will determine that.

Renard (advancing). I trust by this your Highness will allow Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,

When last we talk'd, that Philip would not come

Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of Suffolk ⁷⁷

And Lady Jane had left us. *Mary.* They shall die.

Renard. And your so loving sister? *Mary.* She shall die.

My foes are at my feet, and Philip King. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. — THE CONDUIT IN GRACE-CHURCH

Painted with the Nine Worthies, among them King Henry VIII. holding a book, on it inscribed 'Verbum Dei.'

Enter SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and SIR THOMAS STAFFORD.

Bagenhall. A hundred here and hundreds hang'd in Kent.

The tigress had unsheath'd her nails at last,

And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd them.

In every London street a gibbet stood. They are down to-day. Here by this house was one;

The traitor husband dangled at the door,

And when the traitor wife came out for bread

To still the petty treason therewithin, Her cap would brush his heels.

Stafford. It is Sir Ralph,

And muttering to himself fore.

Sir, see you aught up yond *Bagenhall.* I miss

The tree that only bears d gone.

Stafford. What tree, sir? *Bagenhall.* Well, the tree

That bears not its own app *Stafford.* What! the

Bagenhall. Sir, this dead ripening overmuch.

And had to be removed Spain

Should sicken at dead Eng *Stafford.*

But that a shock may rous *Bagenhall.*

Sir Thomas Stafford? *Stafford.* I am ill

Bagenhall. Well, are you peril here?

Stafford. I think I came to feel the pulse

whether It beats hard at this man

you see it? *Bagenhall.* Stafford, I

man and a serious. Far liefer had I in my con

Been reading some old mine old hound

Couch'd at my hearth, a flask of wine

Beside me, than have so saw it.

Stafford. Good, was it *Bagenhall.* Ay, if duke

And counts, and sixty ⁸ liers,

Some six or seven bishop pearls,

That royal commonplace gold,

Could make it so. *Stafford.* And what

dress? *Bagenhall.* Good faith,

sorry for the woman To mark the dress. Sir

shoes! *Stafford.* Red shoes!

Bagenhall. Scarlet, as were wash'd in blood

As if she had waded in it.

Were your eyes
hat you look'd no higher ?
A diamond,
gift, as proof of Philip's

ot any for any, — tho' a
ne, 39
upon her heart.

But this proud Prince —
Nay, he is King, you
the King of Naples.
ed Naples that the son,
g, might wed a Queen —

rocade — white satin his
hose,
with silver, — on his neck
r,
with diamonds; hanging
from this

Fleece — and round his
misplaced,
h Garter, studded with
emeralds,
ow not what. Have you
ough
ear ?

Ay, since you hate the
it. 50
the Queen ?

No fairer for her jewels.
see that as the new-made
the Minster, moving side
e

canopy, ever and anon
him a vassal smile of love,
ip with a glance of some
te,
ught, return'd. I may be
t, sir.
ge will not hold.

I think with you.
France will help to break

France !
nd half of France, and
our battles 60
rt of Spain; but England

chuck'd between France
pain,
hand she drops. Harry
ingbroke
Richard's tottering throne
ad,

Could Harry have foreseen that all our
nobles

Would perish on the civil slaughter-
field,

And leave the people naked to the
Crown,

And the Crown naked to the people;
the Crown

Female, too ! Sir, no woman's regimen
Can save us. We are fallen, and, as
I think, 70

Never to rise again.

Stafford. You are too black-blooded.
I'd make a move myself to hinder
that ;

I know some lusty fellows there in
France.

Bagenhall. You would but make
us weaker, Thomas Stafford.

Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he
fail'd.

And strengthen'd Philip.

Stafford. Did not his last breath
Clear Courtenay and the Princess from
the charge

Of being his co-rebels ?

Bagenhall. Ay, but then
What such a one as Wyatt says is
nothing ;

We have no men among us. The
new lords 80

Are quieted with their sop of Abbey-
lands,

And even before the Queen's face Gar-
diner buys them

With Philip's gold. All greed, no
faith, no courage !

Why, even the haughty prince, North-
umberland,

The leader of our Reformation, knelt
And blubber'd like a lad, and on the
scaffold

Recanted, and resold himself to Rome.

Stafford. I swear you do your
country wrong, Sir Ralph.

I know a set of exiles over there,
Dare devils, that would eat fire and
spit it out 90

At Philip's beard; they pillage Spain
already.

The French King winks at it. An
hour will come

When they will sweep her from the
seas. No men ?

Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true
man ?

There's a brave man, if any.

Bagenhall. Ay; if it hold.

Crowd (coming on). God save their
Graces!

Stafford. Bagenhall, I see
The Tudor green and white. (*Trum-
pets.*) They are coming now.
And here's a crowd as thick as her-
ring-shoals.

Bagenhall. Be limpets to this pil-
lar, or we are torn

Down the strong wave of brawlers.

Crowd. God save their Graces!

*Procession of Trumpeters, Javelinmen,
etc.; then Spanish and Flemish No-
bles intermingled.*

Stafford. Worth seeing, Bagenhall!
These black dog-Dons
Garb themselves bravely. Who's the
long-face there, ¹¹⁰

Looks very Spain of very Spain?

Bagenhall. The Duke
Of Alva, an iron soldier.

Stafford. And the Dutchman,
Now laughing at some jest?

Bagenhall. William of Orange, I c
William the Silent.

Stafford. Why do they call him so?

Bagenhall. He keeps, they say,
some secret that may cost
Philip his life.

thou
ter
thou
T
that
a de
T
hose
stitu
ame
F
ish
lish
F
— it
F
call
pale
for
E
G
M
I c
G
See

r. Knave, thou shalt lose
e ears and find thy tongue,
be thankful if I leave thee

[*Coming before the Conduit.*
it painted — the Nine Wor-
s—ay!

what's here? King Harry
a scroll. 160

om Dei — verbum — Word
iod!

ion! do you know the knave
; painted it?

nt. I do, my lord.

r. Tell him to paint it out,
some fresh device in lieu of

loves, a pair of gloves, sir; ha?
o heresy there.

nt. I will, my lord;
shall paint a pair of gloves.

n sure —

the man — he wrought it
brantly,

rom any malice.

r. Word of God!
h! over this the brainless

is 170
ot spell Esaias from Saint

il,
nselves drunk and mad, fly
and flare

ions. I'll have their Bibles
nt.

is the priest's. Ay! fellow,
at!

ing at me! shout, you gap-
rogue!

have, my lord, shouted till
n hoarse.

r. What hast thou shouted,
ve?

Long live Queen Mary!

r. Knave, there be two.
re be both King and Queen.

Mary. Shout!

Nay, but, my lord,
en comes first, Mary and

lip.

r. Shout, then, 180
Philip!

Mary and Philip!

r. Now,
shouted for thy pleasure,
it for mine!

Mary!

Man. Must it be so, my lord?

Gardiner. Ay, knave.

Man. Philip and Mary.

Gardiner. I distrust thee.

Thine is a half voice and a lean as-
sent.

What is thy name?

Man. Sanders.

Gardiner. What else?

Man. Zerubbabel.

Gardiner. Where dost thou live?

Man. In Cornhill.

Gardiner. Where, knave, where?

Man. Sign of the Talbot.

Gardiner. Come to me to-mor-
row. —

Rascal! — this land is like a hill of
fire,

One crater opens when another shuts.
But so I get the laws against the

heretic, 191
Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William

Howard,
And others of our Parliament, re-
vived,

I will show fire on my side — stake
and fire —

Sharp work and short. The knaves
are easily cow'd.

Follow their Majesties.

[*Exit. The crowd following.*
Bagenhall. As proud as Becket

Stafford. You would not have him
murder'd as Becket was?

Bagenhall. No — murder fathers
murder; but I say

There is no man — there was one wo-
man with us —

It was a sin to love her married,
dead 200

I cannot choose but love her.

Stafford. Lady Jane?

Crowd (*going off*). God save their
Graces!

Stafford. Did you see her die?

Bagenhall. No, no; her innocent
blood had blinded me.

You call me too black blooded — true
enough,

Her dark, dead blood is in my heart
with mine.

If ever I cry out against the Pope
Her dark, dead blood that ever moves
with mine

Will stir the living tongue and make
the cry.

She would not take a last farewell of
 him ; W
 She fear'd it might unman him for his
 end. Tl
 She could not be unmann'd : no, nor
 outwoman'd —
 Seventeen — a rose of grace !
 Girl never breathed to rival such a W
 rose ;
 Rose never blew that equal'd such a Sl
 bud. 226
Stafford. Pray you go on. Tl
Bagenhall. She came upon the scaf-
 fold, A
 And said she was condemn'd to die M
 for treason ;
 She had but follow'd the device of Tl
 those
 Her nearest kin ; she thought they Tl
 knew the laws.
 But for herself, she knew but little Y
 law,
 And nothing of the titles to the
 crown ;
 She had no desire for that, and wrung O
 her hands,
 And trusted God would save her thro' A
 the blood
 Of Jesus Christ alone. H
Stafford. Pray you go on.
Bagenhall. Then knelt and said the A
 Misereere Mei — 23

Myself, but for the kingdom
 r,
 at you would fight along
 us.
 l. No; you would fling
 lives into the gulf.
 But if this Philip, as he's
 o do,
 a wife-widow here alone,
 viceroy, sent his myriads
 r
 on the forts and fleet, and
 us
 province; would you not
 then?
 I think I should fight

I am sure of it:
 s the face coming on here
 ;
 me. I must leave you.
 you well,
 of me again.

Upon the scaffold.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II

WHITEHALL PALACE

PHILIP and CARDINAL
 POLE.

Maria, gratia plena,
 sta tu in mulieribus!
 al and royal cousin, hum-
 lanks.
 pleasant voyage up the
 ad your royal barge, and
 me chair,
 rone of purple, on the
 ss sparkled before the
 inkled at their diamond-
 t follow'd were as glow-
 ens, and your flocks of
 nite as angels; and your
 eyes the green of Para-¹⁰

My foreign friends, who dream'd us
 blanketed
 In ever-closing fog, were much amazed
 To find as fair a sun as might have
 flash'd
 Upon their lake of Garda fire the
 Thames;
 Our voyage by sea was all but mir-
 acle;
 And here the river flowing from the
 sea,
 Not toward it — for they thought not
 of our tides —
 Seem'd as a happy miracle to make
 glide —
 In quiet — home your banish'd coun-
 tryman.

²⁰
 Mary. We heard that you were sick
 in Flanders, cousin.

Pole. A dizziness.

Mary. And how came you round
 again?

Pole. The scarlet thread of Rahab
 saved her life;

And mine, a little letting of the blood.

Mary. Well? now?

Pole. Ay, cousin, as the heathen
 giant
 Had but to touch the ground, his force
 return'd —

Thus, after twenty years of banish-
 ment,

Feeling my native land beneath my
 foot,

I said thereto: 'Ah, native land of
 mine,

Thou art much beholden to this foot
 of mine,

That hastes with full commission from
 the Pope³⁰

To absolve thee from thy guilt of her-
 esy.

Thou hast disgraced me and attainted
 me,

And mark'd me even as Cain, and I
 return

As Peter, but to bless thee; make me
 well.'

Methinks the good land heard me, for
 to-day

My heart beats twenty, when I see
 you, cousin.

Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's
 death,

How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's
 gate!

And Mary would have risen and let
him in,

But, Mary, there were those within the
house

Who would not have it.

Mary. True, good cousin Pole;
And there were also those without the
house

Who would not have it.

Pole. I believe so, cousin.
State-policy and church-policy are con-
joint,

But Janus-faces looking diverse ways.
I fear the Emperor much misvalued
me.

But all is well; 't was even the will
of God,

Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd,
now

Makes me His mouth of holy greeting.

' Hail, ⁵⁰
Daughter of God, and saver of the
faith.

Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui !'

Mary. Ah, heaven !

Pole. Unwell, your Grace ?

Mary. No, cousin, happy —
Happy to see you ; never yet so happy
Since I was crown'd.

Pole. Sweet cousin, you forget
That long low minster where you gave
your hand

To this great Catholic King.

Philip. Well said, Lord Legate.

Mary. Nay, not well said ; I thought
of you, my liege,

Even as I spoke.

Philip. Ay, madam ; my Lord
Paget

Waits to present our Council to the le-
gate.

Sit down here, all ; madam, between
us you.

Pole. Lo, now you are enclosed with
boards of cedar,

Our little sister of the Song of Songs !
You are doubly fenced and shielded
sitting here

Between the two most high-set thrones
on earth,

The Emperor's highness happily sym-
bol'd by

The King your husband, the Pope's
holiness

By mine own self.

Mary. True, cousin, I am happy.

When will you that we sur-
round our houses

To take this absolution from
And be re-gather'd to the

Pole. In Britain's cal-
brightest day

Beheld our rough forefat-
their gods,

And clasp the faith in C-
after that

Might not Saint Andrew's
piest day ?

Mary. Then these shall
Saint Andrew's Day

Enter PAGET, who presents a
Dumb show.

Pole. I am an old man w-
my journey.

Even with my joy. Permit
draw.

To Lambeth ?

Philip. Ay, Lambeth !
Cranmer.

It was not meet the her-
should live

In Lambeth.

Mary. There or anywhere

Philip. We have had it
garnish'd after him.

Pole. Not for the seven
enter in ?

Philip. No, for we trust t-
in the swine.

Pole. True, and I am th-
the Pope.

Farewell, your Graces.

Philip. Nay, not here

I will go with you to the w-

Pole. Not be my Char-

counter-side ?

Philip. No, my Lord L-

Lord Chancellor goes

Pole. And unto no dead

Lambeth Palace,

Henceforth a centre of the

[*Exeunt Philip, Pole,*

Manet MARY.

Mary. He hath awak-
awaked !

He stirs within the darkness
O Philip, husband ! now th-

mine

Will cling more close, and th-

manners thaw.

meshamed and tongue-tied
 by love.
 O Prince of Peace —
 unborn defender of the
 h,
 venge me of mine enemies —
 and my star rises. 100
 7 Wyatts and Northumber-
 s,
 ambitions of Elizabeth,
 fieriest partisans — are pale
 star!
 of this new learning wanes
 dies;
 of Luther and Zuinglius
 athless hell which is their
 1
 star!
 shall go forth from Ind to
 shall hew the heretic peo-
 down! 110
 hall clothe the world that
 be his,
 salairand sunshine! Open,
 ing gates! The King is
 ! —
 7 son!
 IF, DUKE OF ALVA, *etc.*
 O, Philip, come with me!
 have I to tell you, news to
 happy — ay, the kingdom
 with me — one moment!
Alva. More than that;
 one here of late — William
 ilent
 im — he is free enough in
 e nothing. You will be,
 ust, 120
 he viceroy of those pro-
 ; —
 ervice his surname better.
 Ay, sir;
 Great Silence.
 True; the provinces
 rule and must be hardly
 ;
 l, yet, indeed, an empty
 l out with stinging her-

And for their heresies, Alva, they will
 fight;
 You must break them or they break
 you.
Alva (proudly). The first.
Philip. Good!
 Well, Madam, this new happiness of
 mine? [*Exeunt.*]

Enter THREE PAGES.

First Page. News, mates! a miracle,
 a miracle! news! 131
 The bells must ring; Te Deums must
 be sung;
 The Queen hath felt the motion of her
 babe!

Second Page. Ay; but see here!

First Page. See what?

Second Page. This paper, Dickon.
 I found it fluttering at the palace
 gates: —

'The Queen of England is delivered
 of a dead dog!'

Third Page. These are the things
 that madden her. Fie upon it!

First Page. Ay; but I hear she hath
 a dropsy, lad,

Or a high-dropsy, as the doctors call it.

Third Page. Fie on her dropsy, so
 she have a dropsy! 140

I know that she was ever sweet to me.

First Page. For thou and thine are
 Roman to the core.

Third Page. So thou and thine
 must be. Take heed!

First Page. Not I;

And whether this flash of news be
 false or true,

So the wine run, and there be revelry,
 Content am I. Let all the steeples
 clash,

Till the sun dance, as upon Easter
 Day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

GREAT HALL IN WHITEHALL

*At the far end a dais. On this three
 chairs, two under one canopy for
 MARY and PHILIP, another on the
 right of these for POLE. Under the
 dais on POLE's side, ranged along
 the wall, sit all the Spiritual Peers,
 and along the wall opposite all the*

That Gardiner, once so one with all	To
of us	
Against this foreign marriage, should	At
have yielded	
So utterly! — strange! but stranger	At
still that he,	Fr
So fierce against the headship of the	
Pope,	
Should play the second actor in this	
pageant	But
That brings him in; such a chameleon	
he!	
<i>Second Member.</i> This Gardiner turn'd	Ye
his coat in Henry's time;	
The serpent that hath slough'd will	To
slough again.	
<i>Third Member.</i> Tut, then we all are	W
serpents.	
<i>Second Member.</i> Speak for yourself.	H
<i>Third Member.</i> Ay, and for Gardi-	
ner! being English citizen,	Th
How should he bear a bridegroom out	
of Spain?	Th
The Queen would have him! being	
English churchman,	Th
How should he bear the headship of	W
the Pope?	
The Queen would have it! Statesmen	
that are wise	Ge
Shape a necessity, as a sculptor	
clay,	Ph
To their own model.	
<i>Second Member.</i> Statesmen that are	

Madam, my wish
ur Majesty's.

It shall be so.
r. Mine echoes both your
ces' ; (*aside*) but the Pope —
t have the Catholic Church
tell
s with the Italian? if we
not,
the Pope.
y lords of the upper house,
ny masters, of the lower
e,

Presenting the whole body of this
realm
Of England, and dominions of the
same,
Do make most humble suit unto your
Majesties,
In our own name and that of all the
State,
That by your gracious means and in-
tercession
Our supplication be exhibited 70
To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here
as legate



WHITEHALL

d fast by that which ye
ed?

fe do.

And be you all one mind
pplicate
here for pardon, and ac-
ledge 60
of the Pope?

We are all one mind.
Then must I play the
to this Pole. [*Aside.*

*He takes a paper from under his
and presents it to the King
queen, who look through it
turn it to him; then as-
a tribune, and reads.*

ords Spiritual and Tem-
ns here in Parliament as-
ed.

From our most Holy Father Julius,
Pope,
And from the Apostolic See of Rome ;
And do declare our penitence and grief
For our long schism and disobedience,
Either in making laws and ordinances
Against the Holy Father's primacy,
Or else by doing or by speaking aught
Which might impugn or prejudice
the same ;
By this our supplication promising, 80
As well for our own selves as all the
realm,
That now we be and ever shall be
quick,
Under and with your Majesties' au-
thorities,
To do to the utmost all that in us lies
Towards the abrogation and repeal
Of all such laws and ordinances made ;
Whereon we humbly pray your Ma-
jesties,

And unity of Universal Church ;	
And that this noble realm thro' after	A
years	
May in this unity and obedience	G
Unto the holy see and reigning Pope	
Serve God and both your Majesties.	D
<i>Voices.</i> Amen. [<i>All sit.</i>	
[<i>He again presents the petition to</i>	A
<i>the King and Queen, who hand</i>	
<i>it reverentially to Pole.</i>	W
<i>Pole (sitting).</i> This is the loveliest	
day that ever smiled	
On England. All her breath should	
incense-like,	
Rise to the heavens in grateful praise	W
of Him	
Who now recalls her to His ancient	T
fold.	
Lo! once again God to this realm	
hath given	H
A token of His more especial grace ;	
For as this people were the first of all	O
The islands call'd into the dawning	
church	A
Out of the dead, deep night of hea-	G
thendom,	O
So now are these the first whom God	G
hath given	
Grace to repent and sorrow for their	D
schism ;	A
And if your penitence be not mock	
ery,	A
O how the blessed angels will	

but Sir Ralph Bagenhall
out into the neighboring
del, whence is heard the Te
m.

ll. We strove against the
acy from the first,
n's time, in our first Ed-
d's time, 150
r master Henry's time; but

of Universal Church,
ld have it; and this Gardi-
follows.

of Universal Hell,
ld have it; and this Gardi-
follows!

ent of imitative apes!
the gap which Gardiner
s, who not
ie Pope, nor any of them
ive —
iel-Spaniard English of the

their fawning noses in the
s Philip's gold-dust, and 160

of their Vicar. Would I
been
ard! I had held my head
ien.
ed that I am Bagenhall,

Enter OFFICER.

Sir Ralph Bagenhall!
What of that?
You were the one sole man
her house
upright when both the
s fell.

The houses fell!
I mean the houses knelt
egate.

Do not scrimp your
e,
it wider; say when Eng-
fell. 170

say you were the one sole
who stood.

I am the one sole man
her house,
n England, loves her like

Vell, you one man, because
tood upright,

Her Grace the Queen commands you
to the Tower.

Bagenhall. As traitor, or as heretic,
or for what?

Officer. If any man in any way
would be

The one man, he shall be so to his cost.

Bagenhall. What! will she have my
head?

Officer. A round fine likelier.

Your pardon. [Culling to Attendant.

By the river to the Tower.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV

WHITEHALL. A ROOM IN THE
PALACE

MARY, GARDINER, POLE, PAGET,
BONNER, etc.

Mary. The King and I, my lords,
now that all traitors
Against our royal state have lost the
heads

Wherewith they plotted in their trea-
sonous malice,

Have talk'd together, and are well
agreed

That those old statutes touching Lol-
lardism

To bring the heretic to the stake,
should be

No longer a dead letter, but re-quick-
en'd.

One of the Council. Why, what hath
fluster'd Gardiner? how he rubs
His forelock!

Paget. I have changed a word with
him

In coming, and may change a word
again. 10

Gardiner. Madam, your Highness
is our sun, the King

And you together our two suns in one;
And so the beams of both may shine
upon us,

The faith that seem'd to droop will
feel your light,

Lift head, and flourish; yet not light
alone,

There must be heat — there must be
heat enough

To scorch and wither heresy to the
root.

For what saith Christ? "Compel them to come in."

And what saith Paul? "I would they were cut off"

That trouble you." Let the dead letter live!

Trace it in fire, that all the hours to whom

Their A B C is darkness, dross and gloom

May read it! so you quash rebellion too.

For heretic and traitor are all one;

Two vipers of one breed — an amphibia,

Each end a sting. Let the dead letter burn!

Paget. Yet there be some disloyal Catholics,

And many heretics loyal; heretic throats

Cried no God-bless her to the Lady Jane,

But shouted in Queen Mary. So there be

Some traitor-heretic, there is axe and corl,

To take the lives of others that are loyal,

And by the churchman's pitiless doom of fire,

Were but a thankless policy in this crown.

Ay, and against itself; for there are many.

Mary. If we could burn out heresy, my Lord Paget,

We reck not tho' we lost this crown of England —

Ay! tho' it were ten Englands!

Gardiner. Right, your Grace. Paget, you are all for this poor life of ours,

And care but little for the life to be.

Paget. I have some time, for curiosity, my lord,

Watch'd children playing at *their* life to be,

And cruel at it, killing helpless flies;

Such is our time — all times for aught I know.

Gardiner. We kill the heretics that sting the soul —

They, with right reason, flies that prick the flesh.

Paget. They had not reason, little child.

They kill'd but for their power

They felt in killing.

Gardiner. A spice. Why, good! what then

we are fallen creatures

Look to your Bible, be fallen.

Paget. I am but of a lord bishop,

And may not read your found

One day a wholesome and the children,

Love one another.

Gardiner. Did you find "I come not to bring

sword"? The sword is in her Grace's hand

Paget. You stand up here to fight

You are more than guess-tic,

And on the steep-up trail faith

Your lapses are far seen.

Paget. The fault *Mary.* You brawl

question; speak!

Pole. Indeed, I cannot your Grace;

Rather would say — they not kill

The sheep that wander but sends

His careful dog to bring fold,

Look to the Netherlands have been

Such holocausts of her end?

For yet the faith is not there.

Gardiner. The end's *Pole.* No — not come,

Seeing there lie two w end,

A better and a worse — here

To persecute, because it makes a faith hated, as more

No perfect witness of any

SCENE IV

QUEEN MARY

In him who persecutes. When men
are lost

On tides of strange opinion, and not
sure

Of their own selves, they are wroth
with their own selves,

And thence with others; then, who
lights the faggot?

Not the full faith, no, but the lurking
doubt.

Old Rome, that first made martyrs in
the Church,

Trembled for her own gods, for these
were trembling—

But when did our Rome tremble?

Pope. Did she not

In Henry's time and Edward's?

Pole. What, my lord!

The Church on Peter's rock? never!
I have seen

A pine in Italy that cast its shadow

Athwart a cataract; firm stood the
pine—

The cataract shook the shadow. To
my mind,

The cataract typed the headlong
plunge and fall

Of heresy to the pit; the pine was
Rome.

You see, my lords,

It was the shadow of the Church that
trembled;

Your church was but the shadow of a
church,

Wanting the Papal mitre.

Cardinal (muttering). Here be
tropes.

Pole. And tropes are good to clothe
a naked truth,

And make it look more seemly.

Cardinal. Tropes again!

Pole. You are hard to please.

Then without tropes, my lord,

An overmuch severeness, I repent.

When faith is wavering makes the
waverer pass

Into more settled hatred of the doc-
trines

Of those who rule, which hatred by
and by

Involves the ruler— thus there springs
to light

That Centaur of a monstrous Common-
weal,

The traitor-heretic;— then tho' some
may quail,

Yet others are that dare the stake
fire,

And their strong torment bri-
borne begets

An admiration and an indignation
And hot desire to imitate; so
plague

Of schism spreads. Were there
three or four

Of these misleaders, yet I would
say

Burn! and we cannot burn a
town; they are many,

As my Lord Paget says.

Cardinal. Yet, my Lord Cardinal

Pole. I am your legate; please
let me finish.

Methinks that under our Queen's
men

We might go softlier than with
son rowel

And streaming lash. When H
Henry first

Began to batter at your En
Church,

This was the cause, and hence
judgment on her.

She seethed with such adulteries
the lives

Of many among your churchmen
so foul

That heaven wept and earth blu-
I would advise

That we should thoroughly cle-
the Church within

Before these bitter statutes be
quicken'd.

So after that when she once me-
seen

White as the light, the spotless
of Christ,

Like Christ himself on Tabor, I
bly

The Lutheran may be won to
again;

Till when, my lords, I counsel
ance.

Cardinal. What if I had do-
your head shaved?

Would your holiness's answer cut
off,

Lost your whole body should ma-
with the papal?

I would not, were I Queen of
the heretics.

No not so heart. The ruler of a

man heresy is itself; beware, I	Bu
say,	
Lest men accuse you of indifference	An
To all faiths, all religion; for you	
know	The
Right well that you yourself have	Ca
been supposed	
Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy.	Mu
<i>Pole (angered).</i> But you, my lord,	
beyond all supposition,	W
In clear and open day were congru-	
ent	Th
With that vile Crammer in the accursed	
lie	Wo
Of good Queen Catharine's divorce —	
the spring	B
Of all those evils that have flow'd	G
upon us;	
For you yourself have truckled to the	B
tyrant,	
And done your best to bastardize our	G
Queen,	
For which God's righteous judgment	But
fell upon you	
In your five years of imprisonment.	Our
my lord,	
Under young Edward. Who so bol-	Eve
ster'd up	
The gross King's headship of the	Hea
Church, or more	P
Denied the Holy Father?	Tho
<i>Gardiner.</i> Ha! what! eh?	
But you, my lord, a polish'd gen'l	Th

the thief is even within the
s,
ing one another. My Lord
acellor,
n old trick of offending us ;
at you are art and part with
heresy, well we might, for
ace and much roughness to
egate,
you from our counsels.
in Pole,
resh from brighter lands.
e with me.
eas and myself — so you
us —
learn in peace and privacy
r this cooler sun of Eng-
hath
z godless vermin. And
Heaven
nay see according to our
l
in.
Count Queen and Pole, etc.
Pole has the Plantagenet
e force made them our
tiest kings.
- but melancholy, irreso-
-
Bonner, a very full fine
k mouth, an indetermi-
- ha ?
Well, a weak mouth, per-
e.
And not like thine
heretic whole, roasted or
l'd do my best, my Lord ;
at the legate
Pope and Master of the
h,
not with you —
Tut, Master Bishop,
legate, saw'st not how he
l ?
pon his old heretical talk,
diocese to prove his or-
ry.
I call me truckler. In
times,
est we had to dodge, or
or die ;

I kept my head for use of Holy
Church ;
And see you, we shall have to dodge
again,
And let the Pope trample our rights,
and plunge
His foreign fist into our island Church
To plump the leaner pouch of Italy.
For a time, for a time.
Why ? that these statutes may be put
in force,
And that his fan may thoroughly
purge his floor.
Bonner. So then you hold the
Pope —
Gardiner. I hold the Pope !
What do I hold him ? what do I hold
the Pope ?
Come, come, the morsel stuck — this
Cardinal's fault —
I have gulpt it down. I am wholly
for the Pope,
Utterly and altogether for the Pope,
The Eternal Peter of the changeless
chair,
Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred
king of kings,
God upon earth ! what more ? what
would you have ?
Hence, let's be gone.
Enter USHER.
Usher. Well that you be not gone,
My lord. The Queen, most wroth at
first with you,
Is now content to grant you full for-
giveness,
So that you crave full pardon of the
legate.
I am sent to fetch you.
Gardiner. Doth Pole yield, sir, ha ?
Did you hear 'em ? were you by ?
Usher. I cannot tell you,
His bearing is so courtly-delicate ;
And yet methinks he falters ; their
two Graces
Do so dear-cousin and royal-cousin
him,
So press on him the duty which as
legate
He owes himself, and with such royal
smiles —
Gardiner. Smiles that burn men.
Bonner, it will be carried.
He falters, ha ? 'fore God, we change
and change ;

Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors tell you,
 At three-score years; then if we change at all ²⁵⁰
 We needs must do it quickly; it is an age
 Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief patience,
 As I have shown to-day. I am sorry for it
 If Pole be like to turn. Our old friend Cranmer,
 Your more especial love, hath turn'd so often
 He knows not where he stands, which, if this pass,
 We two shall have to teach him; let 'em look to it.
 Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,
 Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is come,
 Their hour is hard at hand, their 'dies Irae,' ²⁶⁰
 Their 'dies Illa,' which will test their sect.
 I feel it but a duty—you will find in it
 Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bonner,—
 To test their sect. Sir, I attend the Queen
 To crave most humble pardon—of her most
 Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

WOODSTOCK

ELIZABETH, LADY IN WAITING.

Elizabeth. So they have sent poor Courtenay over-sea.*Lady.* And banish'd us to Woodstock, and the fields.

The colors of our Queen are green and white;

These fields are only green, they make me gape.

Elizabeth. There's white-thorn, girl.*Lady.* Ay, for an hour in May. But court is always May, buds out in masques,

Breaks into feather'd merrin flowers

In silken pageants. Why keep us here?

Why still suspect your Grace *Elizabeth.* Hand up[*Writes on the window pane.*]Much suspected, of me
 Nothing proven can be
 Quoth *Elizabeth.**Lady.* What hath your written?*Elizabeth.* A true rhyme.*Lady.* Cut with a diamond last like truth.*Elizabeth.* Ay, if truth be*Lady.* But truth, they out;

So it must last. It is not like That comes and goes in utter

Elizabeth. Truth The very Truth and very

one. But truth of story, which I girl,

Is like a word that comes for days,

And passes thro' the people's tongue

Alters it passing, till it speaks

Quite other than at first.

Lady. I do not*Elizabeth.* How many the long sweep of time

That so foreshortens great but hang

On the chance mention of that once

Break bread with us, per my poor chronicle

Is but of glass. Sir Henry field

May split it for a spite.

Lady. God grant

And witness to your Grace, cence,

Till doomsday melt it!

Elizabeth. Or as a Like that which lately cr derfoot

And in this very chamber glass,

And char us back again into

n. Never peacock
in
did for water.

And I got it.
y — and he's true to

horror in his eyes.
true to you?

r Henry Bedingfield!
can true to me, your

res his nails; to me?
!

it, girl! you wrong a
leman.

e his cloak, his man-
the nap

rt; but of this fire he

as no wicked wilful-

hance.

A chance — perchance
ked wilfuls that men

ll it nature. Nay, I

blood. Save for my

e
sant fields of Holy

But there hath some

movement. Hence,

[*Exit* Lady.

singing without).

Robin,
ou now!

? with my hands

w?
gain,

again,
kiss'd me milking the

me,

, I vow.

with my hands

w?
gain,

gain,
kiss'd me milking the

a,
me now;

Help it can I? with my hands

Milking the cow?

Ringdoves coo again,

All things woo again.

Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!

Elizabeth. Right honest and red-
check'd; Robin was violent,

And she was crafty — a sweet vio-
lence,

And a sweet craft. I would I were a
milkmaid,

To sing, love, marry, churn, brew,
bake, and die,

Then have my simple headstone by the
church,

And all things lived and ended hon-
estly.

I could not if I would. I am Harry's
daughter.

Gardiner would have my head. They
are not sweet,

The violence and the craft that do di-
vide

The world of nature; what is weak
must lie.

The lion needs but roar to guard his
young;

The lapwing lies, says 'here' when
they are there.

Threaten the child, 'I'll scourge you
if you did it;'

What weapon hath the child, save his
soft tongue,

To say 'I did not'? and my rod's the
block.

I never lay my head upon the pillow
But that I think, 'Wilt thou lie there

to-morrow?'
How oft the falling axe, that never

fell,
Hath shock'd me back into the day-

light truth
That it may fall to-day! Those damp,

black, dead
Nights in the Tower; dead — with

the fear of death
Too dead even for a death-watch!

Toll of a bell,
Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a

rat
Affrighted me, and then delighted me,
For there was life — And there was

life in death —
The little murder'd princes, in a pale

light,

night, 2
 And make a morning outcry in the 2
 yard ;
 But there's no Remard here to 'catch 1
 her tripping ;'
 Catch me who can ; yet, sometime I 1
 have wish'd
 That I were caught, and kill'd away 1
 at once 110 1
 Out of the flutter. The gray rogue, 1
 Gardiner,
 Went on his knees, and pray'd me to 1
 confess 1
 In Wyatt's business, and to cast my- 1
 self 1
 Upon the good Queen's mercy : ay, 1
 when, my lord ? 1
 God save the Queen ! My jailor —

Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

Bedingfield. One, whose bolts, 1
 That jail you from free life, bar you 1
 from death, 0
 There haunt some Papist ruffians here - 1
 about

Would murder you. 1
Elizabeth. I thank you heartily, sir, 1
 But I am royal, tho' your prisoner, 1
 And God hath blest or curs'd me with 1
 a nose — 110 1
 Your boots are from the horses 1

Bedingfield. Ay, my lady, 1
 When next there comes a missive from

ot this landless Philibert 160
but, if Philip menace me,
at I will play with Phil-
—
he Holy Father did with
3, father married my good
er, —
Spain.

Enter LADY.
Lord! your Grace, your
e,
happy. It seems that we
fly
l, blank fields, and dance
the sun
on princes.

Yet, a moment since,
self the milkmaid singing

cuff among the birds and
rs — 170
gh life and healthful.

But the wench
wn troubles; she is weep-
ow;
ng Robin took her at her
w kick'd, and all her milk
pilt.
less such a milkmaid?

I had kept
and my cows in sweeter
such.

y). And had your Grace a
1?

Come, come, you are chill
you want the sun
at court; make ready for
urney. 179
we 'scape the sunstroke!
at once. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI

ROOM IN THE PALACE

and LORD WILLIAM
HOWARD.

u cannot see the Queen.
d denied her
me.
their Flemish go-between

And all-in-all. I came to thank her
Majesty

For freeing my friend Bagenhall from
the Tower;

A grace to me! Mercy, that herb-of-
grace,

Flowers now but seldom.

Petre. Only now, perhaps,
Because the Queen hath been three
days in tears

For Philip's going — like the wild
hedge-rose

Of a soft winter, possible, not prob-
able,

However you have proven it.

Howard. I must see her.

Enter RENARD.

Renard. My lords, you cannot see
her Majesty. 11

Howard. Why, then the King! for
I would have him bring it

Home to the leisure wisdom of his
Queen,

Before he go, that since these statutes
past,

Gardiner out-Gardiniers Gardiner in his
heat,

Bonner cannot out-Bonner his own
self —

Beast! — but they play with fire as
children do,

And burn the house. I know that
these are breeding

A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in
men

Against the King, the Queen, the
Holy Father, 20

The faith itself. Can I not see him?
Renard. Not now.

And in all this, my lord, her Majesty
Is flint of flint; you may strike fire
from her,

Not hope to melt her. I will give
your message.

[*Exeunt Petre and Howard.*
Enter PHILIP (musing).]

Philip. She will not have Prince
Philibert of Savoy,

I talk'd with her in vain — says she
will live

And die true maid — a goodly crea-
ture too.

Would *she* had been the Queen! yet
she must have him.

She troubles England; that she
breathes in England

Care more for our brief life in their | 7
 wet land
 Than yours in happier Spain. I told | 1
 my lord
 He should not vex her Highness; she | A
 would say
 These are the means God works with,
 that His church | 1
 May flourish.
Philip. Ay, sir, but in statesman- | 2
 ship | 4
 To strike too soon is oft to miss the | 2
 blow, | 1
 Thou knowest I bade my chaplain,
 Castro, preach
 Against these burnings. | 1
Renard. And the Emperor | 1
 Approved you, and, when last he
 wrote, declared
 His comfort in your Grace that you
 were bland | 4
 And affable to men of all estates,
 In hope to charm them from their | 1
 hate of Spain.
Philip. In hope to crush all heresy | A
 under Spain.
 But, Renard, I am sicker staying here
 Than any sea could make me passing
 hence, | 5
 Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea;
 So sick am I with biding for this | A
 child.
 Is it the fashion in this clime to use

cannot but allow. Sire, I would have you —

What should I say, I cannot pick my words —

somewhat less — majestic to your Queen.

Philip. Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard, because these islanders are brutal beasts?

would you have me turn a sonneteer,

I warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers?

Renard. Brief-sighted tho' they be, I have seen them, sire,

when you perchance were trifling royally

with some fair dame of court, suddenly fill

with such fierce fire — had it been fire indeed

would have burnt both speakers

Philip. Ay, and then?

Renard. Sire, might it not be policy in some matter

of small importance now and then to cede

point to her demand?

Philip. Well, I am going

Renard. For should her love when

you are gone, my liege,

these papers, there will not

be wanting

use that will urge her injury —

should her love —

I have known such women more

than one —

or to the counterpoint, and jealousy

is in it an alchemic force to fuse

most into one metal love and hate, —

she impress her wrongs upon her

Council,

and these again upon her Parlia-

ment —

are not loved here, and would be

then perhaps

so well holpen in our wars with

France,

else we might be — here she comes,

Enter MARY.

Mary. O Philip!

must you go indeed?

Philip. Madam, I must.

Mary. The parting of a husband

and a wife

is like the cleaving of a heart; one half

will flutter here, one there.

Philip. You say true, Madam.

Mary. The Holy Virgin will not

have me yet

Lose the sweet hope that I may bear

a prince.

If such a prince were born, and you

not here!

Philip. I should be here if such a

prince were born.

Mary. But must you go?

Philip. Madam, you know my

father,

Retiring into cloistral solitude

To yield the remnant of his years to

heaven,

Will shift the yoke and weight of all

the world

From off his neck to mine. We meet

at Brussels.

But since mine absence will not be for

long,

Your Majesty shall go to Dover with

me,

And wait my coming back.

Mary. To Dover? no,

I am too feeble. I will go to Green-

wich,

So you will have me with you; and

there watch

All that is gracious in the breath of

heaven

Draw with your sails from our poor

land and pass

And leave me, Philip, with my prayers

for you.

Philip. And doubtless I shall profit

by your prayers.

Mary. Methinks that would you

tarry one day more —

The news was sudden — I could mould

myself

To bear your going better; will you

do it?

Philip. Madam, a day may sink or

save a realm.

Mary. A day may save a heart

from breaking too

Philip. Well, Simon Renard, shall

we stop a day?

Renard. Your Grace's business will

not suffer, sire,

For one day more, so far as I can

tell.

Simon, is supper ready?

Renard. Ay, my liege,
I saw the covers laying.

Philip. Let us have it.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY, CARDINAL POLE.

Mary. What have you there?

Pole. So please your Majesty,
A long petition from the foreign exiles
To spare the life of Cranmer. Bishop

Thirlby,
And my Lord Paget and Lord William
Howard,

Crave, in the same cause, hearing of
your Grace.

Hath he not written himself—infatu-
ated—

To sue you for his life?

Mary. His life? O, no;
Not sued for that—he knows it were
in vain.

But so much of the anti-papal leaven
Works in him yet, he hath pray'd me
not to sully

My own prerogative, and degrade
the realm

By seeking justice at a stranger's hand

W

Th

Or

In

He

2

2

2

He

2

Th

As

I 1

To

I 1

W

at most need when I forget
ivorce — my sainted mother
fo! —

Ay, ay, but mighty doc-⁵⁰
doubted there.
himself waver'd; and more
one

that galley — Gardiner to

ly I deny not to have been
ful friend and trusty coun-
r.

Your Highness ever read his
e,
e upon True Obedience,
mself and Bonner?

I will take
r with all bad, heretical
is

shall hold them in his
e and live,⁶⁰
ard. No, my lord.

Then never read it.
is here. Your father was
n

colossal kinghood, yet so
leous,
en wroth, you scarce could
his eye

your own; and were he
b indeed,
less, or not at all. I say,

had a will that beat men
i;
r had a brain that beat
down —

t me, my lord.
No, for you were not here;
on this fallen Cranmer's

e;⁷⁰
ld more become you, my
Legate,

voice, so potent with her
ness,
plea for Cranmer than to

self-assertion.

All your voices
on flint. The heretic must

Yet once he saved your
sty's own life;
against the King in your

f,
peril.
I know not if he did;

And if he did I care not, my Lord
Howard.

My life is not so happy, no such boon,
That I should spare to take a heretic
priest's,⁸¹

Who saved it or not saved. Why do
you vex me?

Paget Yet to save Cranmer were
to serve the Church,
Your Majesty's I mean; he is effaced.

Self-blotted out; so wounded in his
honor,
He can but creep down into some dark
hole

Like a hurt beast, and hide himself
and die;

But if you burn him, — well, your
Highness knows

The saying, 'Martyr's blood — seed of
the Church.'

Mary. Of the true Church; but his
is none, nor will be.⁹⁰
You are too politic for me, my Lord
Paget.

And if he have to live so loath'd a
life,
It were more merciful to burn him
now.

Thirlby. O, yet relent! O, madam,
if you knew him

As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,
With all his learning —

Mary. Yet a heretic still.
His learning makes his burning the
more just.

Thirlby. So worshipt of all those
that came across him;
The stranger at his hearth, and all his
house —

Mary. His children and his concu-
bine, belike.¹⁰⁰

Thirlby. To do him any wrong was
to beget
A kindness from him, for his heart
was rich,

Of such fine mould that if you sow'd
therein
The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity.

Pole. 'After his kind it costs him
nothing,' there's
An old world English adage to the
point.

These are but natural graces, my good
bishop,

Which in the Catholic garden are as
flowers,

But on the heretic dunghill only
weeds.

Howard. Such weeds make dung-
hills gracious.

Mary. Enough, my lords.
It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,
And Philip's will, and mine, that he
should burn.

He is pronounced anathema.

Howard. Farewell, madam,
God grant you ampler mercy at your
call

Than you have shown to Cranmer.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

Pole. After this,
Your Grace will hardly care to over-
look

This same petition of the foreign exiles
For Cranmer's life.

Mary. Make out the writ to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

OXFORD. CRANMER IN PRISON

Cranmer. Last night I dream'd the
fagots were alight,
And that myself was fasten'd to the
stake;

And found it all a visionary flame,
Cool as the light in old decaying
wood;

And then King Harry look'd from out
a cloud,

And bade me have good courage; and
I heard

An angel cry, 'There is more joy in
Heaven'

And after that, the trumpet of the
dead.

[*Trumpets without.*]

Why, then, are trumpets blowing
now? what is it?

Enter FATHER COLE.

Cole. Cranmer, I come to question
you again.

Have you renash'd in the true Catho-
lic Faith?

Cranmer. Yes?

Cole. Be the true Catholic
faith.

By Heaven's grace, I am more and
more confirmed.

Why are the trumpets blowing, Fa-
ther Cole?

Cole. Cranmer, it is decri-
Council

That you to-day should re-
cantation

Before the people in Sai-
Church.

And there be many heret-
town,

Who loath you for your late
Rome,

And might assail you passin'
the street,

And tear you piecemeal; so
a guard.

Cranmer. Or seek to re-
thank the Council.

Cole. Do you lack any more?

Cranmer. Nay, why?
The prison fare is good on
me.

Cole. Ay, but to give the

Cranmer. Hand it me, the

I thank you.

Cole. For a little space, I

Until I see you in Saint Mary's

[*Exeunt.*]

Cranmer. It is against all

dent to burn

One who recants; they mean
don me.

To give the poor—they give
who die.

Well, burn me or not burn me
fixt;

It is but a communion, not a
A holy supper, not a sacrifice;

No man can make his Maker-

Garcia.

Enter VILLA GARCIA.

Villa Garcia. Pray you write

this paper for me, Cran-

Cranmer. Have I not writ
to satisfy you?

Villa Garcia. It is the last.

Cranmer. Give it me, then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Villa Garcia.

Cranmer. I have sign'd a

and I will sign no more.

Villa Garcia. It is no more

what you have sign'd at

The public form thereof.

Cranmer. It may

I sign it with my presence if I

Villa Garcia. But this is

you. Well, sir, well.

are to beg the people to pray for
you;
hort them to a pure and virtuous
life;
clare the Queen's right to the
throne: confess
ur faith before all hearers; and
retract
at Eucharistic doctrine in your
book.

Will you not sign it now?

Cranmer. No, Villa Garcia,
sign no more. Will they have mercy
on me?

Villa Garcia. Have you good hopes
of mercy! So, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Cranmer. Good hopes, not theirs,
have I that I am fixt,
Fixt beyond fall; however, in strange
hours,

After the long brain-dazing colloquies,
And thousand-times recurring argu-
ment

Of those two friars ever in my prison,
When left alone in my despondency,
Without a friend, a book, my faith
would seem



CRANMER

Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam
heavily
Against the huge corruptions of the
Church,
Monsters of mistradition, old enough
To scare me into dreaming. 'What
am I, ⁶¹
Cranmer, against whole ages?' was
it so,
Or am I slandering my most inward
friend,
To veil the fault of my most outward
foe —

The soft and tremulous coward in the
flesh?

O higher, holier, earlier, purer church,
I have found thee and not leave thee
any more.

It is but a communion, not a mass —
No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast!

(Writes.) So, so; this will I say —
thus will I pray. ⁷⁰

[Puts up the paper.

Enter BONNER.

Bonner. Good day, old friend;
what, you look somewhat worn;
And yet it is a day to test your health
Even at the best. I scarce have spoken
with you

Since when? — your degradation. At
your trial

Never stood up a bolder man than
you;

You would not cap the Pope's com-
missioner —

Your learning, and your stoutness,
and your heresy,

Dumbfounded half of us. So, after
that,

We had to dis-archbishop and unlord,
And make you simple Cranmer once
again.

The common barber clipt your hair,
and I

Scraped from your finger-points the
holy oil;

And worse than all, you had to kneel
to me;

Which was not pleasant for you, Mas-
ter Cranmer.

Now you, that would not recognize
the Pope,

And you, that would not own the
Real Presence,

Have found a real presence in the
stake,

Which frights you back into
cient faith:

And so you have recanted
Pope.

How are the mighty fallen,
Cranmer!

Cranmer. You have been
fierce against the Pope!
But why fling back the stone he
me with?

O Bonner, if I ever did you kind
Power hath been given you
faith by fire —

Pray you, remembering how
self have changed,

Be somewhat pitiful, after
gone,

To the poor flock — to women
children —

That when I was archbishop he
me.

Bonner. Ay — gentle as th
you — live or die!

Pitiful to this pitiful heresy?
I must obey the Queen and C

man.

Win thro' this day with honor t
self,

And I'll say something for y
— good-bye.

Cranmer. This hard coarse
old hath crouch'd to me

Till I myself was half ashan
him.

Enter THIRLBY.

Weep not, good Thirlby.

Thirlby. O, my lord, m
My heart is no such block as E

is:

Who would not weep?

Cranmer. Why do you so
me,

Who am disgraced?

Thirlby. On earth; but s
heaven

By your recanting.

Cranmer. Will they b
Thirlby?

Thirlby. Alas! they will
burnings will not help

The purpose of the faith; I
poor voice

Against them is a whisper to t
Of a spring-tide.

Cranmer. And they will
burn me?

y. Ay ; and besides will have
 u in the church
 our recantation in the ears
 n, to the saving of their souls,
 our execution. May God
 lp you
 at hard hour !
 er. And may God bless you,
 hirlby !
 ey shall hear my recantation
 ere. [Exit Thirlby.
 i, dishonor'd ! — not by them,
 deed,
 own self — by mine own
 nd !
 sinn'd hand and jutting veins,
 was you
 n'd the burning of poor Joan
 Kent ;
 she was a witch. You have
 ritten much,
 were never raised to plead
 r Frith,
 logmas I have reach'd. He
 as deliver'd
 ecular arm to burn ; and three
 as Lambert ;
 foresee himself ? truly these
 urnings,
 lby says, are profitless to the
 urners,
 p the other side. You shall
 urn too,
 t when I am burnt.
 ch by inch to die in agony !
 timer
 lef end — not Ridley. Hooper
 urn'd
 arters of an hour. Will my
 gots
 as his were ? It is a day of
 in.
 t muse upon it.
 y takes the burner's part, and
 akes
 seem even crueller than it
 t doubt that God will give me
 rength,
 have denied Him.
 Soto and VILLA GARCIA.
 Garcia. We are ready
 you to Saint Mary's, Master
 Cranmer.
 t. And I. Lead on ; ye loose
 e from my bonds. [Exeunt.

SCENE III

ST. MARY'S CHURCH

COLE in the Pulpit, LORD WILLIAMS
 OF THAME *presiding*. LORD WIL-
 LIAM HOWARD, LORD PAGET, and
others. CRANMER *enters between*
 SOTO and VILLA GARCIA, and the
whole Choir strike up, 'Nunc Dimit-
tis.' CRANMER is set upon a Scaffold
before the people.

Cole. Behold him —

[A pause : people in the foreground.

People. O, unhappy sight !

First Protestant. See how the tears
run down his fatherly face.

Second Protestant. James, didst thou
ever see a carrion crow
Stand watching a sick beast before he
dies ?

First Protestant. Him perch'd up
there ? I wish some thunderbolt
Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit
and all.

Cole. Behold him, brethren ; he hath
cause to weep ! —

So have we all. Weep with him if ye
will,

Yet —

It is expedient for one man to die,

Yea, for the people, lest the people
die.

Yet wherefore should he die that hath
return'd

To the one Catholic Universal Church,
Repentant of his errors ?

Protestant Murmurs. Ay, tell us
that.

Cole. Those of the wrong side will
despise the man,

Deeming him one that thro' the fear
of death

Gave up his cause, except he seal his
faith

In sight of all with flaming martyr-
dom.

Cranmer. Ay.

Cole. Ye hear him, and albeit there
may seem

According to the canons pardon due
To him that so repents, yet are there
causes

Wherefore our Queen and Council at
this time

Adjudge him to the death. He hath
 been a traitor,
 A shaker and confounder of the realm :
 And when the King's divorce was
 sued at Rome,
 He here, this heretic metropolitan,
 As if he had been the Holy Father, sat
 And judged it. Did I call him here-
 tic?
 A huge heresiarch? never was it
 known
 That any man so writing, preaching
 so,
 So poisoning the Church, so long con-
 tinuing,
 Hath found his pardon; therefore he
 must die,
 For warning and example.

Other reasons
 There be for this man's ending, which
 our Queen
 And Council at this present deem it
 not
 Expedient to be known.

Protestant Murmurs. I warrant
 you.

Cole. Take therefore, all, example
 by this man,
 For if our Holy Queen not pardon
 him,
 Much less shall others in like cause
 escape,
 That all of you, the highest as the
 lowest,
 May learn there is no power against
 the Lord.
 There stands a man, once of so high
 degree,
 Chief prelate of our Church, arch-
 bishop, first
 In Council, second person in the
 realm,
 Friend for so long time of a mighty
 King;
 And now ye see downfallen and de-
 based
 From councillor to caitiff — fallen so
 low,
 The leprous flutterings of the byway,
 scum
 And offal of the city, would not
 change
 Estates with him; in brief, so miser-
 able
 There is no hope of better left for him,
 No place for worse.

Yet, *Cressmer* be
 This is the work of God,
 rified
 In thy conversation; he
 claim'd;
 He brings thee home: a
 that to-day
 Thou shalt remove thy pen-
 sward,
 And be with Christ the
 dis-
 Remember how God and
 fire seem
 To those three children in
 dew.
 Remember, too,
 The triumph of Saint
 cross,
 The patience of Saint Lawrence
 fire.
 Thus, if thou call on God
 Saints
 God will beat down the
 flame,
 Or give thee saintly strength
 dergo,
 And for thy soul shall be
 sung
 By every priest in Oxford
 him.

Cressmer. Ay, one as
 brothers, pray for
 Pray with one breath, as
 soul for me.

Cole. And now, lest as
 you doubt

The man's conversation
 of heart,
 Yourselves shall hear
 Speak, Master *Cra*
 Fulfil your promise made
 claim
 Your true undoubted
 may hear.

Cressmer. And that I
 Father of Heaven
 O Son of God, Redeemer
 O Holy Ghost, proceed
 both!

Three persons and one
 mercy on me,
 Most miserable sinner, who
 I have offended against
 earth
 More grievously than as
 tell.

her should I flee for any
 ?
 ned to lift my eyes to hea-
 and no refuge upon earth.
 spair then?— God forbid !
 ed,
 art merciful, refusing none
 to Thee for succor, unto
 I come ; humble myself to
 ;
 Lord God, although my
 be great,
 eat mercy have mercy ! O
 the Son,
 nt faults alone, when Thou
 nest
 flesh, was the great mys-
 wrought ;
 'ather, not for little sins
 yield up Thy Son to
 n death !
 greatest sin that can be
 ,
 ich as mine, incalculable,
 le, — sin against the light,
 God, which I had proven
 own.
 must be greater than all
 Father, for no merit of
 y name by man be glori-
 st blessed Son's, who died
 n.
 , every man at time of
 et forth some saying that
 ve
 h and better humankind ;
 gives life's last word a
 to live,
 e stone-cut epitaph, re-
 ish'd voice, and speak to
 ie grace to glorify my
 y it is a grievous case,
 upon this bubble world,
 in a moment break and
 or nothing else. What
 int John ?

'Love of this world is hatred against
 God.'
 Again, I pray you all that, next to
 God,
 You do unmurimuringly and willingly
 Obey your King and Queen, and not
 for dread .
 Of these alone, but from the fear of
 Him
 Whose ministers they be to govern you.
 Thirdly, I pray you all to live together
 Like brethren ; yet what hatred Chris-
 tian men
 Bear to each other, seeming not as
 brethren,
 But mortal foes ! But do you good to
 all
 As much as in you lieth. Hurt no man
 more
 Than you would harm your loving
 natural brother
 Of the same roof, same breast. If any
 do,
 Albeit he think himself at home with
 God,
 Of this be sure, he is whole worlds
 away.
Protestant Murmurs. What sort of
 brothers then be those that lust
 To burn each other ?
Williams. Peace among you, there !
Cranmer. Fourthly, to those that
 own exceeding wealth,
 Remember that sore saying spoken
 once
 By Him that was the truth, 'How hard
 it is
 For the rich man to enter into heaven !'
 Let all rich men remember that hard
 word.
 I have not time for more ; if ever, now
 Let them flow forth in charity, seeing
 now
 The poor so many, and all food so
 dear.
 Long have I lain in prison, yet have
 heard
 Of all their wretchedness. Give to the
 poor,
 Ye give to God. He is with us in the
 poor.
 And now, and forasmuch as I have
 come
 To the last end of life, and thereupon
 Hangs all my past, and all my life to
 be.

Cole. Hear him, my good brethren.
Crammer. I do believe in God, Fa-
 ther of all;
 In every article of the Catholic faith,
 And every syllable taught us by our
 Lord,
 His prophets, and apostles, in the
 Testaments,
 Both Old and New.
Cole. Be plainer, Master Crammer.
Crammer. And now I come to the
 great cause that weighs
 Upon my conscience more than any-
 thing ^{is}
 Or said or done in all my life by me;
 For there be writings I have set abroad
 Against the truth I knew within my
 heart,
 Written for fear of death, to save my
 life,
 If that might be; the papers by my
 hand
 Sign'd since my degradation — by this
 hand
 [*Holding out his right hand.*
 Written and sign'd — I here renounce
 them all;
 And, since my hand offended, having
 written
 Against my heart, my hand shall first
 be burnt,
 So I may come to the fire,
 ————— | *Death's*

for some backwardness and
 en him
 e against a thousand, and
 nan
 soil'd life against the pikes
 dies.

Yet that he might not after
 ose papers
 ation yield again, who
 vs ?

pers of recantation ! Think
 then
 aer read all papers that he
 i ?

l those they tell us that he
 i ?

v not ; and you shall see,
 ord, ²¹⁰

ever hero-like the man
 fire, this Bonner or an-

e lying fashion misreport
 o the glory of their church.
 v Latimer and Ridley die ?
 eighty, was he not ? his

over then.

His eighty years
 ewhat crooked on him in
 eze ;
 ey had stript him to his
 i,

priest, a lad of twenty-
²²⁰

l with his hands the start-
 me,

his hands and all his face
 i,

under suddenly blew him

longer burning ; but he

and boldly, and, 'fore

heretics, but right Eng-

es.
 avenge grant, we clash with

oldiers and our Latimer-

r something.

Your mild legate Pole
 that the devil helpt them

²³⁰
 'of the Crowd in the dis-

Hark, how those Roman wolf-dogs
 howl and bay him !

Howard. Might it not be the other
 side rejoicing

In his brave end ?

Paget. They are too crush'd, too
 broken,

They can but weep in silence.

Howard. Ay, ay, Paget,
 They have brought it in large measure

on themselves.

Have I not heard them mock the
 blessed Host

In songs so lewd the beast might roar
 his claim

To being in God's image, more than
 they ?

Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the
 groom,

Gardener, and huntsman, in the par-
 son's place, ²⁴⁰

The parson from his own spire swung
 out dead,

And Ignorance crying in the streets,
 and all men

Regarding her ? I say they have drawn
 the fire

On their own heads ; yet, Paget, I do
 hold

The Catholic, if he have the greater
 right,

Hath been the crueller.

Paget. Action and reaction,
 The miserable see-saw of our child-

world,

Make us despise it at odd hours, my
 lord.

Heaven help that this reaction not re-
 act ²⁴⁹

Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth
 So that she come to rule us.

Howard. The world's mad.

Paget. My Lord, the world is like a
 drunken man,

Who cannot move straight to his end,
 but reels

Now to the right, then as far to the
 left,

Push'd by the crowd beside — and un-
 derfoot

An earthquake ; for since Henry for a
 doubt —

Which a young lust had clapt upon
 the back,

Crying, 'Forward !' — set our old
 church rocking, men

to it;	
Altho' your lordship hath as little of	
each	Hi
Cleaving to your original Adam-clay	
As may be consonant with mortal-	I t
ity.	I
<i>Howard.</i> We talk and Cranmer	
suffers.	Es
The kindest man I ever knew; see,	
see.	25
I speak of him in the past. Unhappy	
land!	co
Hard-natured Queen, half Spanish in	wi
herself,	wh
And grafted on the hard-grain'd stock	da
of Spain—	Jos
Her life, since Philip left her, and she	che
lost	.
Her fierce desire of bearing him a	it l
child.	ye
Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's	thi
day,	bu
Gone narrowing down and darkening	
to a close.	no
There will be more conspiracies, I	Du
fear.	anc
<i>Paget.</i> Ay, ay, beware of France.	Isl
<i>Howard.</i> O Paget, Paget!	
I have seen heretics of the poorer	
sort,	25
Expectant of the rack from day to	z l
day.	.
To whom the fire were welcome, before	

we was forced to stick
 fetched her round at last.
 Lord therevore. Dumble's
 kher in Islip.

335
 you's thy way wi' man and

I wonder at tha, it beats
 out I do know ez Pwoaps
 a bad things; tell 'ee now,

mmat as summun towld

owld Bishop Gardiner's

wur an owld lord a-cum to

a, and a wur so owld a

de vor his dinner, but a

showsomiver, vor 'I wunt

my Lord Bishop, says he,

ears ez Latimer and Ridley

and so they bided on and

o' the clock, till his man

t vro' here, and tells un ez

as tuk holt. 'Now,' says

says he, 'we'll gwo to

ad the owld lord fell to's

will, God bless un! but

ur struck down like by

God avore a could taste a

l a set un all a-vire, so 'z

on un cum a-lolluping out

as black as a rat. Thank

erevore! 360

he fools!

Joan; and Queen Mary

a-burnin' and a-burnin', to

by born; but all her burn-

er burn out the hypoerisy

the water in her. There's

the vire of God's hell ez

it that.

ank the Lord therevore!

he fools! 370

urnin', and a-burnin', and

volk madder and madder;

u my word vor 't, Joan, —

't wrong not twice i' ten

burnin' o' the owld arch-

urn the Pwoap out o' this

river and iver.

Out of the church, you

of cursed crones,

ave you duck'd! (*Women*

y out.) Said I not right?

ould reverend prelate or

ed prince 380

in hour such brute malig-

!

an acrid wine has Luther

'd!

Paget. Pooh, pooh, my lord! poor
 garrulous country-wives.

Buy you their cheeses, and they'll
 side with you;

You cannot judge the liquor from
 the lees.

Howard. I think that in some sort
 we may. But see,

Enter PETERS.

Peters, my gentleman, an honest
 Catholic,

Who follow'd with the crowd to Cran-
 mer's fire.

One that would neither misreport nor
 lie,

Not to gain paradise; no, nor if the
 Pope 390

Charged him to do it — he is white as
 death.

Peters, how pale you look! you bring
 the smoke

Of Cranmer's burning with you.

Peters. Twice or thrice

The smoke of Cranmer's burning
 wrapt me round.

Howard. Peters, you know me Cath-
 olic, but English.

Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or
 leave

All else untold.

Peters. My lord, he died most
 bravely.

Howard. Then tell me all.

Paget. Ay, Master Peters, tell us.

Peters. You saw him how he past

among the crowd;

And ever as he walk'd the Spanish
 friars 400

Still plied him with entreaty and re-
 proach;

But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the
 helm

Steers, ever looking to the happy
 haven

Where he shall rest at night, moved
 to his death;

And I could see that many silent
 hands

Came from the crowd and met his
 own; and thus,

When we had come where Ridley
 burnt with Latimer,

He, with a cheerful smile, as one
 whose mind

Is all made up, in haste put off the
 rags

Flid him, but Cranmer only shook
 his head,
 Or answer'd them in smiling negatives;
 Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden
 cry:—
 'Make short! make short!' and so
 they lit the wood.
 Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to
 heaven,
 And thrust his right into the bitter
 flame;
 And crying, in his deep voice, more
 than once,
 'This hath offended—this unworthy
 hand!'
 So held it till it all was burn'd, be-
 fore
 The flame had reach'd his body; I
 stood near—
 Mark'd him—he never uttered moan
 of pain.
 He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like
 a statue,
 Unmoving in the greatness of the
 flame,
 Gave up the ghost; and so past mar-
 tyr-like—
 Martyr I may not call him—past—
 but whither?
Puget. To purgatory, man, to pur-
 gatory.
Peters. Nay, but, my lord, he de-

of Oran, and the Philippines,
the fair spice-islands of the
East.

admiringly). You are the
mightiest monarch upon earth,
the Queen ; and so, indeed, so
the more.

A little Queen ! but when
I wed your majesty, Lord
Howard,
an insolent shot that dash'd
the seas
made us lower our kingly

of England.

Howard is all English !
no king, not were he ten
times king,

our husband, but must
wear his flag

of England in the seas of
the land.

Is that your answer ?

Being Queen of England,
no other.

So.

But wherefore not
the huge vessel of your State,
the siege,

the side of her who loves you
? No, madam, no ! a candle

the sun
smoke—a star beside the

lost ; your people will not
leave me—
we are as cheerless as your

mine ; witness the brawls,
the ribbets.

as a Spaniard—there an
Englishman ;

are unlike as their com-
pansions ;

be your swallow and re-
fuge—

cannot bide.

Not to help me ?
no also for my love to you,
and these judgments on
me—

autumns, horrible agues,
and—

the blood and sweat of
ours at the stake

Is God's best dew upon the barren field.
Burn more !

Mary. I will, I will ; and you will
stay ?

Philip. Have I not said ? Madam,
I came to sue

Your Council and yourself to declare
war.

Mary. Sir, there are many English
in your ranks

To help your battle.

Philip. So far, good. I say
I came to sue your Council and your-
self

To declare war against the King of
France.

Mary. Not to see me ?

Philip. Ay, madam, to see you.
Unalterably and pesteringly fond !

[*Aside*.

But soon or late you must have war
with France ;

King Henry warms your traitors at
his hearth.

Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford
there.

Courtenay, belike—

Mary. A fool and featherhead !

Philip. Ay, but they use his name.
In brief, this Henry

Stirs up your land against you to the
intent

That you may lose your English heri-
tage.

And then, your Scottish namesake
marrying

The Dauphin, he would weld France,
England, Scotland,

Into one sword to hack at Spain and
me.

Mary. And yet the Pope is now
colleagu'd with France ;

You make your wars upon him down
in Italy—

Philip, can that be well ?

Philip. Content you, madam ;
You must abide my judgment, and
my father's,

Who deems it a most just and holy
war.

The Pope would cast the Spaniard out
of Naples ;

He calls us worse than Jews, Moors,
Saracens.

The Pope has push'd his horns beyond
his mitre—

of England.

They will not lay more taxes on a land

So hunger-nipt and wretched; and you know

The crown is poor. We have given the church-lands back.

The nobles would not; nay, they clapt their hands

Upon their swords when ask'd; and therefore God

Is hard upon the people. What's to be done?

Sir, I will move them in your cause again,

And we will raise us loans and subsidies

Among the merchants; and Sir Thomas Gresham

Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews.

Philip. Madam, my thanks.

Mary. And you will stay your going?

Philip. And further to discourage and lay lame

The plots of France, altho' you love her not,

You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

She stands between you and the Queen of Scots.

I have to pray you, some
old time,
d the Princess carelessly on
is;
om me, but as your phantasy;
me how she takes it.

Sire, I will.

I am not certain but that
ilibert
the man; and I shall urge his
it
e Queen, because I am not
tain.
erstand, Feria.

Sire, I do.

And if you be not secret
this matter,
erstand me there, too?

Sire, I do.

You must be sweet and
pple, like a Frenchman.
one of those who loathe the
neycomb.

[*Exit* Feria.]

Enter RENARD.

My liege, I bring you
odly tidings.

Well?

There *will* be war with
ance, at last, my liege;
as Stafford, a bull-headed ass,
rom France, with thirty Eng-
hmen,
ken Scarboro' Castle, north
York;

s himself protector, and af-
ms
en has forfeited her right to
ign
tage with an alien — other
ings

a weak Wyatt! Little doubt
z will soon be silenced; but
e Council —

Ik'd with some already — are
r war.

be fifth conspiracy hatch'd in
ance;

ow their teeth upon it; and
ur Grace,

will take advice of mine,
ould stay

a while, to shape and guide
e event.

Good! Renard, I will stay
en.

Renard. Also, sire,
Might I not say — to please your wife,
the Queen?

Philip. Ay, Renard, if you care to
put it so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

MARY, *sitting: a rose in her hand.*

LADY CLARENCE. ALICE *in the
background.*

Mary. Look! I have play'd with
this poor rose so long
I have broken off the head.

Lady Clarence. Your Grace hath
been

More merciful to many a rebel head
That should have fallen, and may rise
again.

Mary. There were not many hang'd
for Wyatt's rising.

Lady Clarence. Nay, not two hun-
dred.

Mary. I could weep for them
And her, and mine own self and all
the world.

Lady Clarence. For her? for whom,
your Grace?

Enter USHER.

Usher. The Cardinal.
Enter CARDINAL POLE (*MARY rises*).

Mary. Reginald Pole, what news
hath plagued thy heart?

What makes thy favor like the blood-
less head

Fallen on the block, and held up by
the hair?

Philip? —

Pole. No, Philip is as warm in life
As ever.

Mary. Ay, and then as cold as ever.
Is Calais taken?

Pole. Cousin, there hath chanced
A sharper harm to England and to
Rome

Than Calais taken. Julius the Thirti
Was ever just, and mild, and father-
like;

But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the
Fourth,

Not only reft me of that legateship

Rome,
 That you might rest among us, till
 the Pope,
 To compass which I wrote myself to
 Rome,
 Reversed his doom, and that you
 might not seem
 To disobey his Holiness.
Pole. He hates Philip;
 He is all Italian, and he hates the
 Spaniard;
 He cannot dream that *I* advised the
 war;
 He strikes thro' me at Philip and your
 self.
 Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me
 too;
 So brands me in the stare of Chris-
 tendom
 A heretic!
 Now, even now, when how'd before
 my time,
 The house half-ruin'd ere the lease be
 out;
 When I should guide the Church in
 peace at home,
 After my twenty years of banishment;
 And all my life-long labor to uphold
 The primacy — a heretic! Long ago,
 When I was ruler in the patrimony,
 I was too lenient to the Lutheran,
 And I and learned friends among our
 nobles

e one flesh, and cleave unto
other
i wife ?

Ah, cousin, I remember
uld dandle you upon my

age. I watch'd you dancing

huge father.; he look'd the
t Harry,
cockboat ; prettily you did

ently. No — we were not

n happiness, no happiness

; are made one flesh in mis-

naids are not lovely — Dis-

intment,

, Injustice, Evil-tongue,

in.

Surely, not all in vain.

sin, peace! I am sad at

; myself.

r altar is a mound of dead

s clay,

he grave that yawns for us

nd ;

is one Death stands behind

room,

is one Death stands behind

ride —

ave you been looking at the

ice of Death' ?

; but these libellous papers

h I found

our palace. Look you here

e Pope

t me with 'Pole, the her-

burnt others, do thou burn

if,

urn thee ;' and this other ;

—

continually for the death

rsed Queen and Cardinal

,

I dare not read it her.

[*Aside.*

Away !

u bring me these ?

ou knew me better. I never

; they come back upon my

na.

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The hands that write them should be
burnt clean off

As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter
them

Tongue-torn with pincers, lash'd to
death, or lie

Famishing in black cells, while fam-
ish'd rats

Eat them alive. Why do they bring
me these ?

Do you mean to drive me mad ?

Pole. I had forgotten

How these poor libels trouble you.

Your pardon,

Sweet cousin, and farewell ! 'O bub-
ble world,

Whose colors in a moment break and
fly !'

Why, who said that ? I know not —
true enough !

[*Puts up the papers, all but the
last, which falls. Exit Pole.*

Alice. If Cranmer's spirit were a
mocking one,

And heard these two, there might be
sport for him. [*Aside.*

Mary. Clarence, they hate me ; even
while I speak

There lurks a silent dagger, listening
In some dark closet, some long gal-

lery, drawn,
And panting for my blood as I go by.

Lady Clarence. Nay, madam, there
be loyal papers too,

And I have often found them.

Mary. Find me one !

Lady Clarence. Ay, madam : but
Sir Nicholas Heath, the Chan-
cellor,

Would see your Highness.

Mary. Wherefore should I see him ?

Lady Clarence. Well, Madam, he
may bring you news from
Philip.

Mary. So, Clarence.

Lady Clarence. Let me first put up
your hair ;

It tumbles all abroad.

Mary. And the gray dawn

Of an old age that never will be mine

Is all the clearer seen. No, no ; what
matters ?

Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.

Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

Heath. I bring your Majesty such
grievous news

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ALONGSIDE SOME MAN'S SHOE ON
the head.

What said you, my good lord, that
our brave English

Had sallied out from Calais and driven
back

The Frenchmen from their trenches?

Hotth. Alas! no.

That gateway to the mainland over
which

Our flag hath floated for two hundred
years

Is France again.

Mary. So; but it is not lost

Not yet. Send out; let England as of
old

Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep into
The prey they are rending from her

ay, and rend

The renders too. Send out, send out,
and make

Musters in all the counties; gather all
From sixteen years to sixty; collect

the fleet;

Let every craft that carries sail and
gun

Steer toward Calais. Guisnes is not
taken yet?

Hotth. Guisnes is not taken yet.

Mary. There yet is hope.

Hotth. Ah, madam, but your people
are so cold;

I do much fear that England will be so.

I hate me and desire my death.

Clarence. No, madam, no.

My husband hates me, and desires my death.

Clarence. No, madam; these are libels.

I hate myself, and I desire death.

Clarence. Long live your Majesty! Shall Alice sing you pleasant songs? Alice, my lute,

our lute (*Alice goes*). They hear the gloom of Saul's harp, and by young David's harp.

Too young to have known a Philip.

Re-enter ALICE. Give me the lute.

O!
(*She sings.*)

A woman happy in betroth-

al like a breath, and love is lost when she sings.

Speak low, my lute, but say I am not low —

Low, lute, low! Over round the flowers when I am awaken;

Like the fallen leaf, and not be forsaken.

O, low, my lute! we fade when forsaken —

Low, dear lute, low!

Say! not low enough for

our Grace hath a low voice.

How dare you say it? That he hates me. A low

wilderness where none can

shipwreck on a shoreless

from the dust and from

the ground.) There, am I

rough now? O Lord! how grim and

low; y looks her Grace,

her knees drawn upward to

in. An old-world tomb beside

there's,

And this was open'd, and the dead were found

Sitting, and in this fashion; she looks a corpse.

Enter LADY MAGDALEN DACRES.

Lady Magdalen. Madam, the Count de Feria waits without,

In hopes to see your Highness.

Lady Clarence (pointing to Mary). Wait he must —

Her trance again. She neither sees nor hears,

And may not speak for hours.

Lady Magdalen. Unhappiest of queens and wives and women!

Alice (in the foreground with Lady Magdalen). And all along

Of Philip.

Lady Magdalen. Not so loud! Our Clarence there

Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen,

It gilds the greatest wronger of her peace,

Who stands the nearest to her.

Alice. Ay, this Philip; I used to love the Queen with all my heart —

God help me, but methinks I love her less

For such a dotage upon such a man. I would I were as tall and strong as you.

Lady Magdalen. I seem half-shamed at times to be so tall.

Alice. You are the stateliest deer in all the herd —

Beyond his aim — but I am small and scandalous,

And love to hear bad tales of Philip.

Lady Magdalen. Why? I never heard him utter worse of you than that you were low-statured.

Alice. Does he think Low stature is low nature, or all women's

Low as his own?

Lady Magdalen. There you strike in the nail.

This coarseness is a want of phantasy. It is the low man thinks the woman low;

Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

Alice. Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as well as dull.

How dared he?

Our drooping Queen should know !	260	ANNE
In Hampton Court		La
My window look'd upon the corri-		Had
dor ;		
And I was robing ; this poor throat of		The
mine		
Barer than I should wish a man to		Nobl
see it —		
When he we speak of drove the win-		It mi
dow back,		He c
And, like a thief, push'd in his royal		
hand ;		And
But by God's providence a good stout		Ma
staff		
Lay near me, and you know me strong		La
of arm.		Ma
I do believe I lamed his Majesty's		La
For a day or two, tho', give the devil		
his due,	270	
I never found he bore me any spite.		That
Alice. I would she could have wed-		
ded that poor youth,		Ma
My Lord of Devon, — light enough,		
God knows,		Savin
And mixt with Wyatt's rising, — and		
the boy		La
Not out of him — but neither cold,		
coarse, cruel,		Ma
And more than all — no Spaniard.		La
Lady Clarence.		
Not so loud.		
Lord Devon, girls ! what are you		King
... whispering here ?		Ma

Clarence. Ay, so your Grace
ould bide a moment yet. ³¹⁰
No, no, he brings a letter. I
y die
read it. Let me see him at
e.

COUNT DE FERIA (*kneels*).

I trust your Grace is well,
(side.) How her hand burns!
I am not well, but it will
ter me,
t, to read the letter which
I bring.

Madam, I bring no letter.

How! no letter?
His Highness is so vex'd
h strange affairs—
That his own wife is no af-
of his.

Nay, madam, nay! he sends
veriest love, ³¹⁹
he will come quickly.

Doth he, indeed?
do you remember what you
l

you came to England?
Madam, I brought
's congratulations; it was
ed
ghness was once more in
py state
an heir male.

Sir, you said more;
he would come quickly. I
horses
road from Dover, day and
at;

road from Harwich, night
day;
ild came not, and the hus-
i came not;
will come quickly. — Thou
learnt ³³⁰

, and I mine. There is no
l
so to shame himself again.

him that I know he comes
ore.
at last I know his love is
l,
I am in state to bring forth
h—
ommission'd to Elizabeth,
me!

Feria. Mere compliments and
wishes.

But shall I take some message from
your Grace?

Mary. Tell her to come and close
my dying eyes, ³⁴⁰
And wear my crown, and dance upon
my grave.

Feria. Then I may say your Grace
will see your sister?
Your Grace is too low-spirited. Air
and sunshine.

I would we had you, madam, in our
warm Spain.

You droop in your dim London.

Mary. Have him away!
I sicken of his readiness.

Lady Clarence. My Lord Count,
Her Highness is too ill for colloquy.

Feria (kneels and kisses her hand).
I wish her Highness better.
(Aside.) How her hand burns!
[*Ereunt.*]

SCENE III

A HOUSE NEAR LONDON

ELIZABETH, STEWARD OF THE
HOUSEHOLD, ATTENDANTS.

Elizabeth. There's half an angel
wrong'd in your account;
Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it
Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er
again.

Steward. I were whole devil if I
wrong'd you, madam.

[*Exit Steward.*
Attendant. The Count de FERIA,
from the King of Spain.

Elizabeth. Ah!—let him enter.
Nay, you need not go;

[*To her Ladies*
Remain within the chamber, but apart.
We'll have no private conference.
Welcome to England!

Enter FERIA.
Feria. Fair island star!
Elizabeth. I shine! What else, Sir
Count?

Feria. As far as France, and into
Philip's heart. ¹⁰
My King would know if you be fairly
served,
And lodged, and treated.

Elizabeth. You see the lodging, sir. I am well-served, and am in everything Most loyal and most grateful to the Queen.

Feria. You should be grateful to my master, too.
He spoke of this; and unto him you owe
That Mary hath acknowledged you her heir.

Elizabeth. No, not to her nor him; but to the people,
Who know my right, and love me, as I love
The people! whom God aid!

Feria. You will be Queen, And, were I Philip—

Elizabeth. Wherefore pause you—what?

Feria. Nay, but I speak from mine own self, not him.
Your royal sister cannot last; your hand

Will be much coveted! What a delicate one!

Our Spanish ladies have none such—and there,

Were you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer gold—

Like sun-gilt breathings on a frosty dawn—

That hovers round your shoulder—

Elizabeth. Is it so fine? Troth, some have said so.

Feria.—would be deemed a miracle.

Elizabeth. Your Philip hath gold hair and golden beard;

There must be ladies many with hair like mine.

Feria. Some few of Gothic blood have golden hair,

But none like yours.

Elizabeth. I am happy you approve it.

Feria. But as to Philip and your Grace,—consider,—

If such a one as you should match with Spain,

What hinders but that Spain and England join'd

Should make the mightiest empire earth has known.

Spain would be England on her seas, and England

Mistress of the Indies.

Elizabeth. It may chance to land
Will be the Mistress of it yet.

Without the help of Spain.

Feria. Im
Except you put Spain down
Wide of the mark even for man's dream.

Elizabeth. Perhaps; but seamen. Count de Feria
I take it that the King has to you;

But is Don Carlos such a match?

Feria. Don Carlos, Madam, twelve years old.

Elizabeth. Ay, tell the King will muse upon it;

He is my good friend, and keep him so;

But—he would have me to Rome,

And that I scarce can be; and now

My sister's marriage, and my marriages,

Make me full fain to live a maid.

But I am much beholden to you. Have you aught else to tell?

Feria. Nothing. Save that methought I gath'ring the Queen

That she would see your Grace she—died.

Elizabeth. God's death! wherefore spake you not before?

We dally with our lazy mom, And hers are number'd. Hor

without!

I am much beholden to you, your master.

Why did you keep me from Horses, there!

[*Exit Elizabeth*]
Feria. So from a clear sky, thunderbolt!

Don Carlos? Madam, if you Philip,

Then I and he will snaffle your death.

And break your paces in, if you tame.

God's death, forsooth—you know King Philip!



QUEEN ELIZABETH

SCENE IV

YN. BEFORE THE PALACE

Turning within. Voices of the night passing.

Is not yon light in the Queen's chamber?

Ay,
she's dying.

So is Cardinal Pole.
great angels join their wings,
el make
their heads to heaven!

Amen. Come on.
[*Exeunt.*

TWO OTHERS.

First. There's the Queen's light. I
hear she cannot live.

Second. God curse her and her le-
gate! Gardiner burns

Already; but to pay them full in kind,
The hottest hold in all the devil's den
Were but a sort of winter. Sir, in
Guernsey,

I watch'd a woman burn; and in her
agony

The mother came upon her—a child
was born—

And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the
fire,

That, being but baptized in fire, the
babe

Might be in fire for ever. Ah, good neighbor,
There should be something fierier than fire
To yield them their deserts.

First. Amen to all
Your wish, and further ! ¹⁷

A Third Voice. Deserts ! Amen to what ? Whose deserts ? Yours ? You have a gold ring on your finger, and soft raiment about your body ; and is not the woman up yonder sleeping after all she has done, in peace and quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed room, with light, fire, physic, tendance ; and I have seen the true men of Christ lying famine-dead by scores, and under no ceiling but the cloud that wept on them, not for them.

First. Friend, tho' so late, it is not safe to preach.

You had best go home. What are you ?

Third. What am I ? One who cries continually with sweat and tears to the Lord God that it would please Him out of His infinite love to break down all kingship and queenship, all priesthood and prelacy ; to cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the wealthy ; and to send us again, according to His promise, the one King, the Christ, and all things in common, as in the day of the first church, when Christ Jesus was King.

First. If ever I heard a madman, let's away !

Why, you long winded - Sir, you go beyond me.

I pride myself on being moderate.
Good night ! Go home ! Besides, your curse so loud,

The watch will hear you. Get you home at once. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V

LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE

A Gallery on one side. The mouth of a staircase leading to the state of nobles on the wall opposite. MARY, LADY

CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALE
CRES, ALICE. QUEEN *pacing*
Gallery. A writing-table in
QUEEN *comes to the table and*
and goes again, pacing the

Lady Clarence. Mine eyes at what hath she written ?

Alice. 'I am dying, Philip : to me.'

Lady Magdalen. There - u down, poor lady, up and

Alice. And how her shadow one by one

The moonlight casements patte the wall,

Following her like her sorrow turns again.

[Queen sits and writes, and again.]

Lady Clarence. What hath she ten now ?

Alice. Nothing ; but 'come, come,' and all awry.

And blotted by her tears. *TE* not last. *[Queen r]*

Mary. I whistle to the bi broken cage,

And all in vain. *[Sitting]* Calais gone - Guisnes gone, too

Philip gone !

Lady Clarence. Dear n Philip is but at the wars

I cannot doubt but that he again ;

And he is with you in a measu I never look'd upon so fair a fi

As your great King in armor his hand

Upon his helmet.

[Painting to the porte Philip on the wall.]

Mary. Doth he not look I had heard of him in battle over

And I would have my warrior arms.

He said it was not courtly to helmeted

Before the Queen. He had h cious moment.

Ah ! you'll not believe me. he smiles

As if he loved me yet !

Lady Clarence. And so h *Mary.* He never loved me - he could not love me.

It was his father's policy against France.

— an eleven years older than he, poor boy!

Alice. That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven; *[Weeps.]*
[Aside.]

— poor enough in God's grace!

Mary. And all in vain! The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,

and Charles, the lord of this low world, is gone;

and all his wars and wisdoms past away;

and in a moment I shall follow him.

Lady Clarence. Nay, dearest lady, see your good physician.

Mary. Drugs — but he knows they cannot help me — says

that rest is all — tells me I must not think —

that I must rest — I shall rest by and by.

Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs

and maims himself against the bars, say 'rest.'

Why, you must kill him if you would have him rest —

dead or alive, you cannot make him happy.

Lady Clarence. Your Majesty has lived so pure a life,

and done such mighty things by Holy Church,

trust that God will make you happy yet.

Mary. What is the strange thing happiness? Sit down here.

Tell me thine happiest hour.

Lady Clarence. I will, if that may make your Grace forget yourself a little.

Here runs a shallow brook across our field

for twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,

and doth so bound and babble all the way

as if itself were happy. It was May-time,

and I was walking with the man I loved.

I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.

And both were silent, letting the wild brook

Speak for us — till he stoop'd and gather'd one

From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,

Look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me.

I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,

And put it in my bosom, and all at once

I felt his arms about me, and his lips —

Mary. O God! I have been too slack, too slack;

There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards —

Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt

The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children.

Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath, —

We have so play'd the coward; but by God's grace,

We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up

The Holy Office here — garner the wheat,

And burn the tares with unquenchable fire!

Burn! — Fie, what a savor! tell the cooks to close

The doors of all the offices below. Latimer!

Sir, we are private with our women here —

Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow —

Thou light a torch that never will go out!

'Tis out — mine flames. Women, the Holy Father

Has ta'en the legatship from our cousin Pole —

Was that well done? and poor Pole pines of it,

As I do, to the death. I am but a woman,

I have no power. — Ah, weak and meek old man,

Sevenfold dishonor'd even in the sight

Of thine own sectaries. — No, no. No pardon! —

Why, that was false; there is the right hand still

Beckons me hence.

Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for treason,

Remember that! 't was I and Bonner did it,

And Pole; we are three to one — Have you found mercy there,

Grant it me here — and see, he smiles and goes, 90

Gentle as in life.

Alice. Madam, who goes? King Philip?

Mary. No, Philip comes and goes, but never goes.

Women, when I am dead,

Open my heart, and there you will find written

Two names, Philip and Calais; open his, —

So that he have one, —

You will find Philip only, policy, policy, —

Ay, worse than that — not one hour true to me!

Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd vice!

Adulterous to the very heart of hell! 100

Hast thou a knife?

Alice. Ay, madam, but o' God's mercy —

Mary. Fool, think'st thou I would peril mine own soul

By slaughter of the body? I could not, girl,

Not this way — callous with a constant stripe,

Unwoundable. The knife!

Alice. Take heed, take heed!

The blade is keen as death.

Mary. This Philip shall not stare in upon me in my haggardness;

Old, miserable, diseased,

Incapable of children. Come thou down.

[*Cuts out the picture and throws it down.*]

Lie there. (*Wails.*) O God, I have kill'd my Philip!

Alice. No, 110

Madam, you have but cut the canvas out;

We can replace it.

Mary. All is well then; rest I will to rest; he said I must have

[*Cries of 'Elizabeth' in the distance.*]

A cry! What's that? Elizabeth's volt?

A new Northumberland, another att?

I'll fight it on the threshold of grave.

Lady Clarence. Madam, your sister comes to see you.

Mary. I will not see her.

Who knows if Boleyn's daughter my sister?

I will see none except the p

Your arm. [*To Lady Clarence.*]

O Saint of Aragon, with that worn smile

Among thy patient wrinkles — me hence. [*Exit.*]

The PRIEST passes. Enter ELIZABETH and SIR WILLIAM CECIL.

Elizabeth. Good counsel you

No one in waiting? still,

As if the chamberlain were I himself!

The room she sleeps in — is not the way?

No, that way there are voices. too late?

Cecil. . . . God guide me lest I the way! [*Exit Elizabeth.*]

Cecil. Many points weather'd, perilous ones,

At last a harbor opens; but there Sunk rocks — they need fine steering — much it is

To be nor mad nor bigot — his mind —

Nor let priests' talk, or dream worlds to be,

Miscolor things about her — such touches

For him, or him — sunk rocks passionate faith —

But — if let be — balance and promise;

Brave, wary, sane to the heart of — a Tudor

School'd by the shadow of death Boleyn, too,

Glancing across the Tudor — not well.

Enter ALICE.

How is the good Queen now?

Alice. Away from Ph

ck in her childhood — prattling to
 her mother ¹⁴⁰
 her betrothal to the Emperor
 Charles,
 d childlike-jealous of him again —
 and once
 thank'd her father sweetly for his
 book
 ainst that godless German. Ah,
 those days
 re happy. It was never merry
 world
 England since the Bible came
 among us.
Deil. And who says that?
Alice. It is a saying among the
 Catholics.
Deil. It never will be merry world
 in England

Till all men have their Bible, rich and
 poor. ¹⁵⁰
Alice. The Queen is dying, or you
 dare not say it.
Enter ELIZABETH.
Elizabeth. The Queen is dead.
Cecil. Then here she stands! my
 homage.
Elizabeth. She knew me, and ac-
 knowledged me her heir,
 Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep
 the Faith;
 Then claspt the cross, and pass'd away
 in peace.
 I left her lying still and beautiful,
 More beautiful than in life. Why
 would you vex yourself,
 Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no
 heart



SIR WILLIAM CECIL

QUEEN MARY

To be your Queen. To reign is rest-
less fence,

Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is
with the dead. 160

Her life was winter, for her spring
was nipt;

And she loved much: pray God she
be forgiven!

Cecil. Peace with the dead, who
never were at peace!

Yet she loved one so much — I needs
must say —

That never English monarch dying
left

England so little.

Elizabeth. But with O
And others, if our person be
From traitor stabs — we wi
England great.

Enter PAGET, and other L
THE COUNCIL, SIR RALPH
HALL, etc.

Lords. God save Elizab
Queen of England!

Bagenhall. God save the
the Papacy is no more

Paget (aside). Are we so
that?

Acclamation. God save th



LORD LYTTON

HAROLD

A DRAMA

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON,

Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

EARL LORD LYTTON, — After old-world records — such as the Bayeux tapestry Roman de Rou, — Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in this Drama. Your father dedicated his 'Harold' to my father's brother; and so I dedicate my 'Harold' to yourself.

A. TENNYSON.

SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876

A GARDEN here — May breath and bloom of spring —
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying, ' With my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest ; ' and fancy hears the ring

Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
 And Saxon battle-axe clang on Norman helm.
 Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm ;
 Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.
 O Garden blossoming out of English blood !
 O strange hate-healer Time ! We stroll and stare
 Where might made right eight hundred years ago ;
 Might, right ? ay, good, so all things make for good —
 But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
 Each stands full face with all he did below.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.
 STIGAND, *created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict.*
 ALDRED, *Archbishop of York.*
 THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON.
 HAROLD, *Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England* } *Sons of Godwin*
 TOSTIG, *Earl of Northumbria*
 GURTH, *Earl of East Anglia*
 LEOFWIN, *Earl of Kent and Essex*
 WULFNOTH
 COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.
 WILLIAM RUFUS.
 WILLIAM MALET, *a Norman Noble.*¹
 EDWIN, *Earl of Mercia*
 MORCAR, *Earl of Northumbria after Tostig* } *Sons of Alfgar of Mercia.*
 GAMEL, *a Northumbrian Thane.*
 GUY, *Count of Ponthieu.*
 ROLF, *a Ponthieu Fisherman.*
 HUGH MARGOT, *a Norman Monk.*
 OSGOD and ATHELRIC, *Canons from Waltham.*
 THE QUEEN, *Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin.*
 ALDWYTH, *Daughter of Alfgar and widow of Griffyth. King of Wales.*
 EDITH, *Ward of King Edward.*

Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men-at-Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen

HAROLD

ACT I

SCENE I. — LONDON. THE KING'S
PALACE

(*A comet seen through the open window.*)

ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIERs *talking together.*

First Courtier. Lo ! there once more
 — this is the seventh night !
 Yon grimly-glaring, treble-brandish'd
 scourge
 Of England !

Second Courtier. Horrible !

First Courtier. Look you, t
 star
 That dances in it as mad with
Third Courtier. Ay, like a s
 hell who skips and flies
 To right and left, and cannot s
 flame.

Second Courtier. Steam'd i
 from the undescendible

Abysm.

First Courtier. Or floated dow
 from the throne

Of God Almighty.

Aldwyth. Gamel, son o

What thinkest thou this means

Gamel. War, my den

Aldwyth. Doth this affright t

Gamel. Mightily, my den

¹ . . . quidam partim Normannus et Anglus
 Computar Herald. (*Guy of Amiens*, 587.)

Stand by me then, and
upon my face, ¹²
comet.

Enter MORCAR.

Brother! why so pale?
It glares in heaven, it flares
the Thames,
are as thick as bees below,
like bees, — they cannot
k — for awe;
the skies, then to the river,
e
s, and hold their babies up
at they would Molochize
too,
e heavens clear.

They fright not me.
OFWIN, after him GURTH.
ord Leofwin what he thinks
is!

Lord Leofwin, dost thou
ve that these
of blood-red fire up yonder
1
of England and the wrath
eaven?

London (passing). Did ye
ast with bestial violence
orman bishops down from

es in England? I alone re-
i not Heaven be wroth?

With us, or thee?
London. Did ye not outlaw
archbishop Robert,
umièges — well-nigh mur-
im too? ³⁰

reason for the wrath of
en?
Why, then the wrath of
en hath three tails,
ly one.

[*Exit Bishop of London.*
ARCHBISHOP STIGAND.

Ask *our* archbishop.
ould know the purposes of
en.

Not I. I cannot read the
of heaven;
vines will grow the better

laughing). He can but read
ing's face on his coins.

Stigand. Ay, ay, young lord, *there*
the King's face is power.

Gurth. O father, mock not at a pub-
lic fear,
But tell us, is this pendent hell in hea-
ven ⁴⁰

A harm to England?

Stigand. Ask it of King Edward!
And he may tell thee I am a harm to
England.

Old uncanonical Stigand — ask of *me*
Who had my pallium from an Anti-
pope!

Not he the man — for in our windy
world

What's up is faith, what's down is
heresy.

Our friends, the Normans, help to
shake his chair.

I have a Norman fever on me, son,
And cannot answer sanely. — What it
means?

Ask our broad earl.

[*Pointing to Harold, who enters.*
Harold (seeing Gamel). Hail, Gamel,
son of Orm! ⁵⁰

Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend
Gamel,

Thou hast rounded since we met. Thy
life at home

Is easier than mine here. Look! am I
not

Work-wan, flesh-fallen?

Gamel. Art thou sick, good earl?

Harold. Sick as an autumn swallow
for a voyage,
Sick for an idle week of hawk and
hound

Beyond the seas — a change! When
camest thou hither?

Gamel. To-day, good earl.

Harold. Is the North quiet, Gamel?

Gamel. Nay, there be murmurs, for
thy brother breaks us

With over-taxing — quiet, ay, as yet —
Nothing as yet.

Harold. Stand by him, mine old
friend, ⁶¹

Thou art a great voice in Northumber-
land!

Advise him; speak him sweetly, he
will hear thee.

He is passionate, but honest. Stand
thou by him!

More talk of this to-morrow, if yon
weird sign

more
Than French or Norman. War? the
 worst that follows
 Things that seem jerk'd out of the
 common rut
 Of Nature is the hot religious fool,
 Who, seeing war in heaven, for hea-
 ven's credit
 Makes it on earth — but look, where
 Edward draws
 A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tos-
 tig.
 He hath learnt to love our Tostig
 much of late.
Leofric. And *he* hath learnt, despite
 the tiger in him,
 To sleek and supple himself to the
 King's hand.
Gurth. I trust the kingly touch that
 cures the evil
 May serve to charm the tiger out of
 him.
Leofric. He hath as much of cat as
 tiger in him.
 Our Tostig loves the head and not the
 man.
Harold. Nay! Better die than lie!
Enter KING, QUEEN, and TOSTIG.
Edward. In heaven signs!
 Signs upon earth! signs everywhere!
 your priests
 Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!
 They scarce can read the book of God

en all my foes, lighten'd for

ht of this poor crown, and
me time

for prayer to gain a better

years of service! England
s thee for it.

he man to rule her!

(*aside*). So, not Tostig!

And after those twelve

s a boon, my King,

holiday, — thyself wast

t

ie chase, — thy leave to set

feet

and hunt and hawk beyond

seas! ¹³⁰

What, with this flaming

or overhead?

Well, when it passes then.

Ay, if it pass.

Normandy — go not to Nor-

ly.

And wherefore not, my

; to Normandy?

brother Wulfnoth hostage

d father's loyalty to thee?

s, let me hence and bring

ome.

Not thee, my son; some

messenger.

And why not me, my lord,

ormandy?

Norman Count thy friend

nine? ¹⁴⁰

I pray thee, do not go to

andy.

Because my father drove

ormans out

d? — That was many a

er gone —

nd forgiven by them and

Harold, I will not yield

eave to go.

Why, then to Flanders. I

awk and hunt

Be there not fair woods

elds

? Wilful, wilful! Go —

ints

rosper all thy wandering

And homeward! — Tostig, I am faint
again. — ¹⁵⁰

Son Harold, I will in and pray for
thee.

[*Exit, leaning on Tostig, and
followed by Stigand, Morcar, and
Courtiers.*

Harold. What lies upon the mind
of our good King,

That he should harp this way on Nor-
mandy?

Queen. Brother, the King is wiser
than he seems;

And Tostig knows it; Tostig loves
the King.

Harold. And love should know;
and — be the King so wise, —

Then Tostig too were wiser than he
seems.

I love the man, but not his phantasies.

Re-enter TOSTIG

Well, brother,

When didst thou hear from thy North-

umbria?

Tostig. When did I hear aught but
this 'When' from thee? ¹⁶⁰

Leave me alone, brother, with my
Northumbria;

She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her!
The King hath made me earl; make

me not fool!

Nor make the King a fool, who made
me earl!

Harold. No, Tostig — lest I make
myself a fool

Who made the King who made thee
make thee earl.

Tostig. Why chafe me then? Thou
knowest I soon go wild.

Gurth. Come, come! as yet thou
art not gone so wild

But thou canst hear the best and wisest
of us.

Harold. So says old Gurth, not I;
yet hear! thine earldom, ¹⁷⁰

Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their
old crown

Is yet a force among them, a sun set
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's
house

To strike thee down by — nay, this
ghastly glare

May heat their fancies.

Tostig. My most worthy brother,
Thou art the quietest man in all the
world —

Ay, ay, and wise in peace and great in war —

Pray God the people choose thee for their king!

But all the powers of the house of Godwin

Are not enframed in thee.

Harold. Thank the Saints, no! 180

But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls,

And thou art ever here about the King.

Thine absence well may seem a want of care.

Cling to their love; for, now the sons of Godwin

Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,

Like the rough bear beneath the tree, good brother,

Waits till the man let go.

Tostig. Good counsel truly! I heard from my Northumbria yester-

day.

Harold. How goes it then with thy Northumbria? Well?

Tostig. And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well? 190

Harold. I would it went as well as with mine earldom,

Leofwin's and Gurth's.

Tostig. Ye govern milder men.

Gurth. We have made them milder by just government.

Tostig. Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.

Leofwin. An honest gift, by all the Saints, if giver

And taker be but honest! but they bribe

Each other, and so often, an honest world

Will not believe them.

Harold. I may tell thee, *Tostig*,

I heard from thy Northumberland to-day.

Tostig. From spies of thine to spy my nakedness 200

In my poor North.

Harold. There is a movement there, A blind one — nothing yet.

Tostig. Crush it at once With all the power I have! — I must

— I will! —

Crush it half-born! Full still? or wisdom there,

My wise head-shaking *Harold*! 180

Harold. The nothing something, V

when in power

And wisest should not frown at but smile

As kindness, watching all, till must

Shall make her strike as Power when to strike —

O *Tostig*, O dear brother —

prance,

Rein in, not lash them, lest th and run

And break both neck and axle. *Tostig.* Good

Good counsel tho' scarce Pour not water

In the full vessel running out To swamp the house.

Leofwin. Nor thou be a w Out of the waste, to turn and hand

Would help thee from the trap *Tostig.* Thou playest

Leofwin. To the deaf add that wilt not dance

However wisely charm'd. *Tostig.* No more, n

Gurth. I likewise cry 'no Unwholesome talk

For Godwin's house! *Leofwin* hast a tongue!

Tostig. thou look'st as thou spring upon him.

Saint Olaf, not while I am by come.

Join hands, let brethren dwell in Let kith and kin stand close

shield-wall, Who breaks us then? I say

hast a tongue, And *Tostig* is not stout enough

it. Vex him not, *Leofwin*.

Tostig. No, I am not! Altho' ye seek to vex me, one

I have to make report of my earldom

To the good King who gave it to you —

Not any of you. — I am not vexed

Harold. The King? the King ever at his prayers;

In all that handles matter of the I am the King.

That shalt thou never be
thwart thee.

Brother, brother !

Away !

[*Exit* Tostig.]

Spite of this grisly star ye
see must gall
Tig.

Tostig, sister, galls him-
f ;

It smell a rose but pricks his
the thorn, and rails against
rose. ²⁴⁰

I am the only rose of all
stock

ever thorn'd him ; Edward
es him, so

him. Harold always hated

ow they fought when boys
nd, Holy Mary !

old used to beat him !

Why, boys will fight.
ould often fight me, and I
t him.

Gurth would fight. I had
ch ado

ine own against old Gurth.

Gurth,

t like great States for grave

se ; but Tostig —

en — at a something — for a
ing — ²⁵⁰

would fist me hard, and

n we fought

d, and he loved me none

less,

wouldst get him all apart,

tell him

re he was but worsted he

wrong'd.

hast taught the King to

l him too ;

spoilt child sways both.

heed, take heed ;

re Queen ; ye are boy and

no more.

ith Tostig in any violence,

be sideways guilty of the

nce.

Come, fall not foul on me.

ve thee, brother. ²⁶⁰

Nay, my good sister —

t Queen, Harold, Gurth,

Leofwin.

Aldwyth. Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means ?

[*Pointing to the comet.*

Gamel. War, waste, plague, famine, all ma-
lignities.

Aldwyth. It means the fall of Tos-
tig from his earldom.

Gamel. That were too small a mat-
ter for a comet !

Aldwyth. It means the lifting of
the house of Alfgar.

Gamel. Too small ! a comet would
not show for that !

Aldwyth. Not small for thee, if
thou canst compass it.

Gamel. Thy love ?

Aldwyth. As much as I can give
thee, man ; ²⁶⁹

This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant.
Stir up thy people ; oust him !

Gamel. And thy love ?

Aldwyth. As much as thou canst
bear.

Gamel. I can bear all,
And not be giddy.

Aldwyth. No more now ; to-mor-
row.

SCENE II

IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S
HOUSE NEAR LONDON. SUNSET

Edith. Mad for thy mate, passion-
ate nightingale ! —

I love thee for it — ay, but stay a
moment ;

He can but stay a moment ; he is go-
ing.

I fain would hear him coming ! — near
me — near,

Somewhere — to draw him nearer with
a charm

Like thine to thine !

(*Singing.*)

Love is come with a song and a smile,

Welcome Love with a smile and a song.

Love can stay but a little while.

Why cannot he stay ? They call him away.

Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong ; ¹¹

Love will stay for a whole life long.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. The nightingales in Ha-
vering-atte-Bower

Edith. Leaving so many foes in
Edward's hall ²⁰
To league against thy weal. The
Lady Aldwyth
Was here to-day, and when she
touch'd on thee
She stammer'd in her hate ; I am sure
she hates thee,
Pants for thy blood. ¹
Harold. Well, I have given her
cause —
I fear no woman.
Edith. Hate not one who felt ⁷
Some pity for thy hater ! I am
sure
Her morning wanted sunlight, she so
praised
The convent and lone life — within
the pale —
Beyond the passion. Nay — she held ⁷
with Edward,
At least methought she held with holy ⁷
Edward, ³⁰ ^F
That marriage was half sin.
Harold. A lesson worth ^T
Finger and thumb — thus (*snaps his*
fingers). ^F
And my answer to it —
See here — an interwoven H and E ! ^W
Take thou this ring ; I will demand
his ward ^C
From Edward when I come again.
Ay, would she ? ⁿ

ingle, shore-weed, not the liv-
g rock
uards the land.

70

Except it be a soft
e,
ler-eaten to the fall. Mine
nulet —
— upon thine eyelids, to shut

er dream. Sleep, sleep, and
ou shalt see
ounds fleeting like a beam of
ht,

my peregrine and her bells
heaven;
r bells on earth, which yet
heaven's;
at they be.
He cannot guess who knows.
my king.

Not yet, but then — my
en.

[*Exeunt.*]

ALDWYTH *from the thicket.*

The kiss that charms thine
lids into sleep
mine waking. Hate him? I
ld love him
old, than this fearful child
do;

80

hated; why not hate the
d? Griffyth, when I saw him

er-like up his mountains, all
blood
ld have only pulsed for
fyth beat
rsuer. I love him, or think
ve him.

e King of England, I his
en,
sure of it. Nay, I do love

be cloister'd somehow, lest
cing
d his ward to Harold's will.
t harm?

90

it blood enough to live, not
—
ld goes and Tostig, shall I

r Tostig with him? fawn
him?
ith all? 'O thou more saint
king!

And that were true enough. 'O blessed
relics!'

'O Holy Peter!' If he found me thus,
Harold might hate me; he is broad
and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness — not like
Aldwyth —

For which I strangely love him.
Should not England
Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds
that part

100

The sons of Godwin from the sons of
Alfgar

By such a marrying? Courage, noble
Aldwyth!

Let all thy people bless thee!

Our wild Tostig,
Edward hath made him earl; he would
be king.

The dog that snapt the shadow dropt
the bone.

I trust he may do well, this Gamel,
whom

I play upon, that he may play the
note

Whereat the dog shall howl and run,
and Harold

Hear the King's music, all alone with
him,

110

Pronounced his heir of England.

I see the goal and half the way to it. —
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake
Of England's wholeness — so — to
shake the North

With earthquake and disruption —
some division —

Then fling mine own fair person in the
gap

A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,
A scapegoat marriage — all the sins of
both

The houses on mine head — then a fair
life

And bless the Queen of England!

Morcar (coming from the thicket). Art
thou assured

120

By this, that Harold loves but Edith?
Aldwyth. *Morcar!*

Why creep'st thou like a timorous
beast of prey

Out of the bush by night?

Morcar. I follow'd thee.

Aldwyth. Follow my lead, and I will
make thee earl.

Morcar. What lead then?

Aldwyth. Thou shalt flash it secretly

Among the good Northumbrian folk,
that I —

That Harold loves me — yea, and presently

That I and Harold are betroth'd — and last —

Perchance that Harold wrongs me ;
tho' I would not 129

That it should come to that.

Morcar. I will both flash
And thunder for thee.

Aldwyth. I said 'secretly ;'
It is the flash that murders, the poor
thunder

Never harm'd head.

Morcar. But thunder may bring
down

That which the flash hath stricken.

Aldwyth. Down with Tostig !
That first of all. — And when doth
Harold go ?

Morcar. To-morrow — first to Bosham, then to Flanders.

Aldwyth. Not to come back till Tostig shall have shown

And redden'd with his people's blood
the teeth

That shall be broken by us — yea, and
thou

Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and
dream thyself 140

Their chosen earl. [*Exit Aldwyth.*]

Morcar. Earl first, and after that
Who knows I may not dream myself
their king ?

ACT II

SCENE I. — SEASHORE. PONTHEU.
NIGHT.

HAROLD and his MEN, *wrecked*.

Harold. Friends, in that last inhospitable plunge

Our boat hath burst her ribs ; but ours
are whole ;

I have but bark'd my hands.

Attendant. I dug mine into
My old fast friend the shore, and clinging thus

Felt the remorseless outdraught of the
deep

Haul like a great strong fellow at my
legs,

And then I rose and ran. That
that came

So suddenly hath fallen as sud-
Put thou the comet and this
gether —

Harold. Put thou thyself
ther-wit together.

Be not a fool !

Enter FISHERMEN with torches
old going up to one of them,

Wicked sea-will-o'-the-
Wolf of the shore ! dog, with
lights

Thou hast betray'd us on the
of thine !

Rolf. Ay, but thou liest as
the black herring-pond behind
We be fishermen ; I came to
my nets.

Harold. To drag us into the
ermen ? devils !

Who, while ye fish for men with
false fires,

Let the great devil fish for your
souls.

Rolf. Nay then, we be
blessed Apostles ; *they* were
men, Father Jean says.

Harold. I had liefer that the
swallowed me,

Like Jonah, than have known
were such devils.

What's to be done ?

[*To his Men — goes apart with*
Fisherman. Rolf, what fish
low Jonah ?

Rolf. A whale !

Fisherman. Then a whale to
we have swallowed the King
land. I saw him over there. Look
Rolf, when I was down in the
she was down with the hun-
thou didst stand by her and
thy crabs, and set her up again
now, by the patient Saints,
crabb'd as ever.

Rolf. And I'll give her
again, when thou art down again.

Fisherman. I thank thee, Rolf,
thou to Count Guy ; he is
hand. Tell him what hath be-
our creel, and he will fee thee
as he will wrench this outland
som out of him — and why
what right had he to get
wrecked on another man's land

Thou art the human-hearted-
istian-charitiest of all crab-
Share and share alike! 51

[*Exit.*

! (to Fisherman). Fellow, dost
ou catch crabs?

nan. As few as I may in a
I less than I would in a calm.

. I have a mind that thou
lt catch no more.

nan. How?

. I have a mind to brain thee
th mine axe. 58

nan. Ay, do, do, and our
nt-crab will make his nippers
ine heart; he'll sweat it out
he'll sweat it out of thee!
's here! He'll speak for
Hold thine own, if thou

buy, COUNT OF PONTIEU.

Guy, Count of Ponthieu?

Harold, Earl of Wessex!

Thy villains with their ly-
lights have wreck'd us!
rt thou not Earl of Wessex?

In mine earldom
y hang gold bracelets on a
h,

them for a year, and com-
back 70
again.

Thou art a mighty man
wn earldom!

Were such murderous liars
—if I caught them, they
ld hang

ted for sea-marks, our sea-
v
their only wail!

Ay, but my men
the shipwreckt are accursed
lod;—

lers me to hold with mine
men?

The Christian manhood of
man who reigns!

y, rave thy worst, but in
oubliettes

rot or ransom. — Hale him
el! 80

[To one of his Attendants.
to William; tell him we
: Harold.

SCENE II

BAYEUX. PALACE

COUNT WILLIAM and WILLIAM
MALET.

William. We hold our Saxon wood-
cock in the springe,
But he begins to flutter. As I think
He was thine host in England when I
went

To visit Edward.

Malet. Yea, and there, my lord,
To make allowance for their rougher
fashions,

I found him all a noble host should be.

William. Thou art his friend. Thou
know'st my claim on England
Thro' Edward's promise. We have
him in the toils;

And it were well if thou shouldst let
him feel

How dense a fold of danger nets him
round, 10

So that he bristle himself against my
will.

Malet. What would I do, my lord,
if I were you?

William. What wouldst thou do?

Malet. My lord, he is thy guest.

William. Nay, by the splendour of
God, no guest of mine.

He came not to see me, had past me by
To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save
for the fate

Which hunted him when that un-
Saxon blast,

And bolts of thunder moulded in high
heaven

To serve the Norman purpose, drave
and crack'd

His boat on Ponthieu beach; where
our friend Guy 20

Had wrung his ransom from him by
the rack,

But that I stept between and pur-
chased him,

Translating his captivity from Guy
To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where

he sits
My ransom'd prisoner.

Malet. Well, if not with gold,
With golden deeds and iron strokes
that brought

Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier
close

Than else had been, he paid his ran-
som back.

William. So that henceforth they
are not like to league 29
With Harold against me.

Malet. A marvel, how
He from the liquid sands of Coesnon
Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armor'd
Normans up

To fight for thee again!

William. Perchance against
Their sayer, save thou save him from
himself.

Malet. But I should let him home
again, my lord.

William. Simple! let fly the bird
within the hand,
To catch the bird again within the
bush!

No.

Smooth thou my way, before he clash
with me;

I want his voice in England for the
crown, 40

I want thy voice with him to bring
him round;

And being brave he must be subtly
cow'd,

And being truthful wrought upon to
swear

Vows that he dare not break. Eng-
land our own

Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my
dear friend

As well as thine, and thou thyself
shalt have

Large lordship there of lands and ter-
ritory.

Malet. I knew thy purpose; he and
Wulfnoth never

Have met, except in public; shall
they meet

In private? I have often talk'd with
Wulfnoth, 50

And stuff'd the boy with fears, that
these may act

On Harold when they meet.

William. Then let them meet!

Malet. I can but love this noble,
honest Harold.

William. Love him! why not? thine
is a loving office,

I have commission'd thee to save the
man.

Help the good ship, show
sunken rock,

Or he is wreckt for ever.

Enter WILLIAM RUFUS

William Rufus. Father.

William. Why, boy?

William Rufus. They have
away the toy thou gave

The Norman knight.

William. Why, boy?

William Rufus. Because
The horse's leg—it was mine

break;

I like to have my toys, and
them too.

William. Well, thou shalt
other Norman knight.

William Rufus. And may
his legs?

William. Yea,—get the

William Rufus. I'll tell
have had my way with

Malet. I never knew thee cl
will for aught

Save for the prattling of th
ones.

William. Who shall be k
England. I am heir

Of England by the promise of

Malet. But there the great
bly choose their king.

The choice of England is the
England.

William. I will be King of
by the laws,

The choice, and voice of Engl
Malet. Can

William. The voice of any
is the sword

That guards them, or the sw
beats them down.

Here comes the would-be wh
be—kinglike . . .

Tho' scarce at ease; for, s
meshes break,

More kinglike he than like to
king.

*Enter HAROLD, musing, with
on the ground.*

He sees me not—and yet he
of me.

Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons
day?

They are of the best, strong
against the wind.

*d (looking up suddenly, having
right but the last word). Which
way does it blow?*

m. Blowing for England, ha?
t. Thou hast not learnt thy
quarters here.

s. I'd so cross and jostle among
these towers.

d. Count of the Normans, thou
hast ransom'd us,

r. I'd, and entertain'd us royally!

m. And thou for us hast
ought as loyalty,

s. binds us friendship-fast for
ever!

t. Good!

s. we turn the scale of courtesy
much pressure on it, I would
in,

m. thou hast promised Wulfnoth
come with us,

s. again with Wulfnoth.

m. Stay—as yet

s. hast but seen how Norman

m. hands can strike,

s. k'd our Norman field, scarce

m. touch'd or tasted

s. honors of our court.

m. I am in no mood;

s. be as the shadow of a cloud

m. your light.

s. Nay, rest a week or two.

m. will fill thee full of Norman

s. n,

m. I thee back among thine is-

s. id mists

m. ghter.

s. Count, I thank thee, but

m. I'd rather

s. the free wind from off our

m. son down,

s. rged with all the wet of all

m. west.

s. Why if thou wilt, so let

m. be—thou shalt.

s. e a graceless hospitality

m. the free guest to the ban-

s. et-board;

m. w we will ride with thee to

s. rfeur,

m. thee shipt, and pray in thy

s. half

m. pier homeward winds than

s. at which crack'd

m. at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in

s. h,

A happy one—whereby we came to
know

Thy valor and thy value, noble earl. 110

Ay, and perchance a happy one for

thee,

Provided—I will go with thee to-

morrow—

Nay—but there be conditions, easy

ones,

So thou, fair friend, will take them

easily.

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord, there is a post from

over seas

With news for thee. [*Exit Page.*

William. Come, Malet, let us hear!

[*Exit Count William and Malet.*

Harold. Conditions? What condi-

tions? pay him back

His ransom? 'easy'—that were easy

—nay—

No money-lover he! What said the

king?

I pray you do not go to Normandy.'

And fate hath blown me hither, bound

me too 121

With bitter obligation to the Count—

Have I not fought it out? What did

he mean?

There lodged a gleaming grimness in

his eyes,

Gave his shorn smile the lie. The

walls oppress me,

And yon huge keep that hinders half

the heaven.

Free air! free field!

Moves to go out. A Man-at-arms

follows him.

Harold (to the Man-at-arms). I need

thee not. Why dost thou fol-

low me?

Man-at-arms. I have the Count's

commands to follow thee.

Harold. What then? Am I in

danger in this court? 130

Man-at-arms. I cannot tell. I have

the Count's commands.

Harold. Stand out of earshot then,

and keep me still

In eyeshot.

Man-at-arms. Yea, lord Harold.

[*Withdraws.*

Harold. And arm'd men

Ever keep watch beside my chamber

door,

Or — so they deem.

Harold. But wherefore is the wind,
Which way soever the vane-arrow

swing,
Not ever fair for England ? Why, but
now

He said — thou heard'st 'him — that I
must not hence

Save on conditions.

Malet. So in truth he said.

Harold. Malet, thy mother was an
Englishwoman ;

There somewhere beats an English
pulse in thee !

Malet. Well — for my mother's sake
I love your England,

But for my father I love Normandy.

Harold. Speak for thy mother's
sake, and tell me true.

Malet. Then for my mother's sake,
and England's sake

That suffers in the daily want of thee,
Obey the Count's conditions, my good
friend.

Harold. How, Malet, if they be not
honorable !

Malet. Seem to obey them.

Harold. Better die than lie !

Malet. Choose therefore whether
thou wilt have thy conscience
White as a maiden's hand, or whether
England

Be shatter'd into fragments

Harold

Malet

Malet

Malet

Malet

Malet

Malet

Malet

Malet

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Malet

him coming with his brother
do

reux bishop, and I hid myself.
Z. They did thee wrong who
ade thee hostage; thou
er fearful.

Woth. And he spoke — I heard
m —

Harold is not of the royal blood,
e no right to the crown; ' and
lo said,

the right, for thine the might;
is here,
der is thy keep.'

No. Wulfnoth, no!

Woth. And William laugh'd
d swore that might was right,
knew in this poor world of
rs —

the Saints must go along
th us,

ther, we will find a way,' said

—

he would be King of Eng-
d.

Never!

Woth. Yea, but thou must not
s way answer him.

Is it not better still to speak
truth?

Woth. Not here, or thou wilt
er hence nor I;

e racing toward this golden
il

not right or left, but tram-
s flat

thwarts him; hast thou
er heard

ery at Alençon, — the town
raw hides along their walls,

cried,

the tanner.'

That had anger'd me
n William.

Woth. Nay, but he had prison-

their eyes out, sliced their
ds away,

them streaming o'er the
lements

heads of those who walk'd
in —

him fair, Harold, for thine
sake!

Your Welshman says, 'The

th against the World,'

Much more the truth against myself.

Wulfnoth. Thyself?

But for my sake, O brother! O, for
my sake!

Harold. Poor Wulfnoth! do they
not entreat thee well?

Wulfnoth. I see the blackness of
my dungeon loom

Across their lamps of revel, and be-
yond

The merriest murmurs of their ban-
quet clank

The shackles that will bind me to the
wall.

Harold. Too fearful still.

Wulfnoth. O, no, no — speak him
fair!

Call it to temporize, and not to lie;
Harold, I do not counsel thee to

lie.

The man that hath to foil a murder-
ous aim

May, surely, play with words.

Harold. Words are the man.

Not even for thy sake, brother, would

I lie.

Wulfnoth. Then for thine Edith?

Harold. There thou prick'st me

deep.

Wulfnoth. And for our Mother

England?

Harold. Deeper still.

Wulfnoth. And deeper still the

deep-down oubliette,

Down thirty feet below the smiling

day —

In blackness — dogs' food thrown up-

on thy head.

And over thee the suns arise and set,

And the lark sings, the sweet stars

come and go,

And men are at their markets, in their

fields,

And woo their loves and have forgot-

ten thee;

And thou art upright in thy living

grave,

Where there is barely room to shift

thy side,

And all thine England hath forgotten

thee;

And he our lazy-pious Norman King,

With all his Normans round him once

again,

Counts his old beads, and hath forgot

ten thee.

Harold. Thou art of my blood, and
so methinks, my boy,
Thy fears infect me beyond reason.
Peace!

Wulfnoth. And then our fiery
Tostig, while thy hands
Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians
rise ²⁵⁰
And hurl him from them, — I have
heard the Normans
Count upon this confusion — may he
not make

A league with William, so to bring
him back?

Harold. That lies within the sha-
dow of the chance.

Wulfnoth. And like a river in flood
thro' a burst dam
Descends the ruthless Norman — our
good King
Kneels mumbling some old bone —
our helpless folk

Are wash'd away, wailing, in their
own blood —

Harold. Wailing! not warring?
Boy, thou hast forgotten

That thou art English.

Wulfnoth. Then our modest wo-
men — ²⁶⁰
I know the Norman license — thine
own Edith —

Harold. No more! I will not hear
thee — William comes.

Wulfnoth. I dare not well be seen
in talk with thee.
Make thou not mention that I spake
with thee.

[*Moves away to the back of the stage.*]

*Enter WILLIAM, MALET, and OFFI-
CERS.*

Officer. We have the man that
rail'd against thy birth.

William. Tear out his tongue.

Officer. He shall not rail again.
He said that he should see confusion
fall

On thee and on thine house.

William. Tear out his eyes,
And plunge him into prison.

Officer. It shall be done.
[*Exit Officer.*]

William. Look not amazed, fair
earl! Better leave undone ²⁷⁰
Than do by halves — tongueless and
eyeless, prison'd —

Harold. Better methinks
the man at once!

William. We have res-
man's immortal soul,
We seldom take man's life,
war;

It frights the traitor more
and blind.

Harold. In mine own lam-
have scorn'd the man,
Or lash'd his rascal back, and
go.

William. And let him
slander thee again!
Yet in thine own hand in the
day

They blinded my young kin-
fred — ay,

Some said it was thy father's
Harold. T

William. But thou and he
at thy word, for thou
Art known a speaker of the
free

From this foul charge —

Harold. Nay, nay, he freed
By oath and compurgation
charge.

The King, the lords, the peo-
ple of it.

William. But thou and I
our good Normans out
From England, and this rank
yet.

Archbishop Robert hardly
with life.

Harold. Archbishop Rob-
bert the Archbishop!
Robert of Jumièges, he that —
Malet. Quiet

Harold. Count! if there
in the Norman chair
A ruler all for England —
fill'd

All offices, all bishoprics w-
lish —

We could not move from Do-
Humber

Saving thro' Norman bisho-
say

Ye would applaud that Nor-
should drive

The stranger to the fiends!
William. Why, that I

Warrior thou art, and mig-
withal!

many among our Norman

or this, and press upon me
ying
ie sea have given thee to
lands
thee into lifelong prison
—
out against them, as I may,
ld hold out, yea, tho' they
ld revolt—
ast done the battle in my
.

stest friend in Normandy.
I am doubly bound to
if this be so.

And I would bind thee
, and would myself
to thee more.

Then let me hence
noth to King Edward.

So we will.
hath not long to live.

It may be.
Why then, the heir of
and, who is he?

The Atheling is nearest
e throne.

But sickly, slight, half-
d and a child,
nd have him king?

It may be, no.
And hath King Edward
ronounced his heir?

Not that I know.
When he was here in
andy.
s and we him, because we
d him
of the Normans.

So did we.
A gentle, gracious, pure
aintly man!

al to the hand that shielded
ed that if ever he were

, he would give his kingly
his successor. Knowest
this?
I learn it now.

Thou knowest I am his
n,
y wife descends from Al-

Harold. Ay.

William. Who hath a better claim
then to the crown?

So that ye will not crown the Athe-
ling?

Harold. None that I know — if that
but hung upon
King Edward's will.

William. Wilt thou uphold my
claim?

Malet (aside to Harold). Be care-
ful of thine answer, my good
friend.

Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). O Har-
old, for my sake and for thine
own!

Harold. Ay . . . if the King have
not revoked his promise.

William. But hath he done it then?

Harold. Not that I know.

William. Good, good, and thou
wilt help me to the crown?

Harold. Ay — if the Witan will
consent to this.

William. Thou art the mightiest
voice in England, man,
Thy voice will lead the Witan — shall
I have it?

Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). O Har-
old, if thou love thine Edith, ay.

Harold. Ay, if —

Malet (aside to Harold). Thine 'ifs'
will scar thine eyes out — ay.

William. I ask thee, wilt thou help
me to the crown?

And I will make thee my great earl
of earls,

Foremost in England and in Nor-
mandy;

Thou shalt be verily king — all but
the name —

For I shall most sojourn in Normandy;
And thou be my vice-king in England

Speak.

Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). Ay,
brother — for the sake of Eng-
land — ay.

Harold. My lord —

Malet (aside to Harold). Take heed
now.

Harold. Ay.

William. I am content,
For thou art truthful, and thy word
thy bond.

To morrow will we ride with thee to
Hartleur. [*Exit William*]

Malet. Harold, I am thy friend,
one life with thee,
And even as I should bless thee sav-
ing mine,
I thank thee now for having saved
thyself. [*Exit Malet.*]

Harold. For having lost myself to
save myself,
Said 'ay' when I meant 'no,' lied like
a lad
That dreads the pendent scourge, said
'ay' for 'no'!
Ay! No! — he hath not bound me by
an oath —
Is 'ay' an oath? is 'ay' strong as an
oath?
Or is it the same sin to break my word
As break mine oath? He call'd my
word my bond!
He is a liar who knows I am a liar,
And makes believe that he believes
my word —
The crime be on his head — not
bounden — no.

[*Suddenly doors are flung open,
discovering in an inner hall
Count William in his state robes,
seated upon his throne between
two Bishops, Odo of Bayeux
being one; in the centre of the
hall an ark covered with cloth of
gold, and on either side of it the
Norman Barons.*]

*Enter a JAILOR before WILLIAM'S
throne.*

William (to Jailor). Knave, hast
thou let thy prisoner scape?

Jailor. Sir Count,
He had but one foot, he must have hopt
away.

Yea, some familiar spirit must have
help'd him.

William. Woe, knave, to thy fa-
miliar and to thee!

Give me thy keys.

[*They fall clashing.*
Nay, let them lie. Stand there and
wait my will.

[*The Jailor stands aside.*
William (to Harold). Hast thou
such trustless jailors in thy
North?

Harold. We have few prisoners in
mine earldom there,
So less chance for false keepers.

William. We have heard

Of thy just, mild, and equal
ance:

Honor to thee! thou art perfe-
honor!

Thy naked word thy bond!
it now

Before our gather'd Norman ba-
For they will not believe the
believe.

[*Descends from his throne
stands by the ark.*]

Let all men here bear witness
bond!

[*Beckons to Harold, who a-
Enter MALET behind him*
Lay thou thy hand upon this
pall!

Behold the jewel of Saint Pan-
Woven into the gold. Swear
this!

Harold. What should I
Why should I swear on
William (savagely). Swear
help me to the crown
land.

Malet (whispering Harold)
friend, thou hast gone
to palter now.

Wulfnoth (whispering I)
Swear thou to-day, to-
is thine own.

Harold. I swear to help the
crown of England

According as King Edward pre-
William. Thou must swea-
lutely, noble earl.

Malet (whispering). Delay i-
to thee, ruin to England

Wulfnoth (whispering).
dearest brother, I besee-
swear!

*Harold (putting his hand
jewel).* I swear to help
the crown of England.

William. Thanks, truthful
did not doubt thy word.
But that my barons might beli-
word,

And that the Holy Saints of No-
When thou art home in Englar
thine own,

Might strengthen thee in kee-
thy word,

I made thee swear. Show
whom he hath sworn.

[*The two Bishops advance*]

*he cloth of gold. The bod-
bones of Saints are seen
in the ark.*

*es of all the canonized
holiest shrines in Nor-*

! 400

horrible!

ey let the cloth fall again.

Ay, for thou hast sworn

it kept, would make the

arth rive

devil's horns, the bright

ave

et of God, and send her

aints to scatter sparks of

ur cities, blast your in-

dash

war among your stand-

n,

hearths with your own

— Enough!

t break it! I, the count

king

-am grateful for thine

oath, 410

tercely like a conqueror,

a bridegroom to his own.

rule according to your

our ever-jarring earldoms

l in order — Angle, Jute,

, Norman, help to build

ie

; hers of France. — The

a fair

now. To-night we will

ry.

will I ride with thee to

ir.

William and all the Nor-

arons, etc.

o-night we will be merry

to-morrow — 420

bastard — bastard — he

hat most —

anner's bastard! Would

rd me!

I were in some wide,

field

; but my battle-axe and

*To spatter his brains! Why, let earth
rive, gulf in*

*These cursed Normans — yea, and
mine own self!*

*Cleave heaven, and send thy Saints
that I may say*

*Even to their faces, 'If ye side with
William*

*Ye are not noble!' How their pointed
fingers*

*Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold,
son 430*

*Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch
mine arms,*

*My limbs — they are not mine — they
are a liar's —*

*I mean to be a liar — I am not bound —
Stigand shall give me absolution for
it —*

*Did the chest move? did it move? I
am utter craven!*

*O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou
hast betray'd me!*

*Wulfnoth. Forgive me, brother, I
will live here and die.*

Enter PAGE.

*Page. My lord! the duke awaits
thee at the banquet.*

*Harold. Where they eat dead men's
flesh, and drink their blood.*

Page. My lord — 440

*Harold. I know your Norman cook-
ery is so spiced,*

It masks all this.

*Page. My lord! thou art white as
death.*

*Harold. With looking on the dead.
Am I so white?*

*Thy duke will seem the darker. Hence,
I follow. [Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. — THE KING'S PALACE LONDON

*KING EDWARD, dying on a couch, and
by him standing the QUEEN, HAR-
OLD, ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH,
LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED,
ALDWYTH, and EDITH.*

*Stigand. Sleeping or dying there?
If this be death,*

*Then our great Council wait to crown
thee king —*

<i>Eily.</i> If e'er the Norman grow too hard for thee, Ask me for this at thy most need, son Harold, At thy most need — not sooner. <i>Harold.</i> So I will. <i>Stigand.</i> Red gold — a hundred purses — yea, and more! If thou canst make a wholesome use of these To chink against the Norman, I do be- lieve My old crook'd spine would bud out two young wings To fly to heaven straight with. <i>Harold.</i> Thank thee, father! Thou art English, Edward too is Eng- lish now, He hath clean repented of his Norman- ism. <i>Stigand.</i> Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot Make done undone, when thro' his dying sense Shrills, 'Lost thro' thee!' They have built their castles here; Our priories are Norman; the Norman adder Hath bitten us; we are poison'd; our dear England Is demi-Norman. He! — [<i>Pointing to King Edward, sleeping.</i>]	A tw Thine Wher And Whic <i>Ha</i> <i>Sti</i> <i>Ha</i> Our Our s He ha And For v 'Wul Then 'We Rema Of Gc I that Have
---	--

m one whom they disposed ?
Harold. No, Stigand, no !
Stigand. Is naked truth actable in
 true life ?
 ave heard a saying of thy father
 Godwin,
 at, were a man of state nakedly
 true,
 a would but take him for the craft-
 tier liar.
Leofwin. Be men less delicate than
 the devil himself ?
 hought that naked Truth would
 shame the devil,
 : devil is so modest.
Gurth. He never said it !
Leofwin. Be thou not stupid-honest,
 brother Gurth !
Harold. Better to be a liar's dog, and
 hold
 master honest, than believe that
 lying
 d ruling men are fatal twins that
 cannot
 ve one without the other. Edward
 wakes ! —
 zed — he hath seen a vision.
Edward. The green tree !
 en a great Angel past along the
 highest
 ring, 'The doom of England !' and
 at once
 stood beside me, in his grasp a
 sword
 lightnings, wherewithal he cleft
 the tree
 n off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd
 it from him
 ree fields away, and then he dash'd
 and drench'd,
 dyed, he soak'd the trunk with
 human blood,
 d brought the sunder'd tree again,
 and set it
 ight on the trunk, that, thus bap-
 tized in blood,
 :w ever high and higher, beyond
 my seeing,
 d shot out sidelong boughs across
 the deep
 at dropt themselves, and rooted in
 far isles
 yond my seeing ; and the great
 Angel rose
 d past again along the highest, cry-
 ing,

'The doom of England !' — Tostig,
 raise my head !

[Falls back senseless.

Harold (raising him). Let Harold
 serve for Tostig !

Queen. Harold served
 Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tos-
 tig !

Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid
 it low !

The sickness of our saintly King, for
 whom

My prayers go up as fast as my tears
 fall,

I well believe, hath mainly drawn it
 self

From lack of Tostig — thou hast ban-
 ish'd him.

Harold. Nay — but the Council, and
 the King himself.

Queen. Thou hatest him, hatest him !

Harold (coldly). Ay — Stigand, un-
 riddle

This vision, canst thou ?

Stigand. Dotage !

Edward (starting up). It is finish'd.
 I have built the Lord a house — the
 Lord hath dwelt

In darkness. I have built the Lord a
 house —

Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden
 cherubim

With twenty-cubit wings from wall to
 wall —

I have built the Lord a house — sing,
 Asaph ! clash

The cymbal, Heman ! blow the trum-
 pet, priest !

Fall, cloud, and fill the house — lo !
 my two pillars,

Jachin and Boaz !

[Seeing Harold and Gurth.

Harold, Gurth, — where am I ?
 Where is the charter of our West-
 minster ?

Stigand. It lies beside thee, king,
 upon thy bed.

Edward. Sign, sign at once — take,
 sign it, Stigand, Aldred !

Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth,
 and Leofwin !

Sign it, my Queen !

All. We have sign'd it.

Edward. It is finish'd !
 The kinliest abbey in all Christian
 lands,

solution for it.

Edward. Stigand is not canonical enough

To save thee from the wrath of Norman Saints.

Stigand. Norman enough ! Be there no Saints of England

To help us from their brethren yonder ?

Edward. Prelate,

The Saints are one, but those of Normanland

Are mightier than our own. — Ask it of Aldred. [To Harold.

Aldred. It shall be granted him, my king ; for he

Who vows a vow to strangle his own mother

Is guiltier keeping this than breaking it. ¹³⁰

Edward. O friends, I shall not overlive the day !

Stigand. Why, then the throne is empty. Who inherits ?

For tho' we be not bound by the king's voice

In making of a king, yet the king's voice

Is much toward his making. Who inherits ?

Edgar the Atheling ?

Edward. No, no, but Harold.

I love him ; he hath served me ; none but he

Edw

I sorr

To yor

I shoul

They l

The co

I have

To con

The sil

A life

That li

Har

Edw

Like F

To wai

Are all

Made li

Son, th

What i

In all

I forbear him, Harold, if he
 dies!
 I may pass unscathed; he loves
 Harold!
 to the Normans left among

How'd me for love! and dear
 I swear
 Thou art king, to see my solemn
 I
 should.

Nay, dear lord, for I have
 been
 ear falsely twice.

Thou wilt not swear?

I cannot.
 Then on thee remains the
 curse,
 thou embrace her; and on
 thou abide it, —

King swoons; Edith falls
 kneels by the couch.

He hath swoon'd.
 no, as yet a breath.

Look up! look up!

Confuse her not; she hath
 un
 ing prayer for thee.

O noble Harold,
 thou couldst have sworn.

For thine own pleasure?
 No, but to please our
 ing King, and those
 e thy good their own — all
 land, earl.

I would thou couldst have
 rn. Our holy King
 n his virgin lamb to Holy
 rich
 ee from the curse.

Alas! poor man,
 se brought it on me.

O good son!
 wledge made him all the
 fuller
 means whereby the curse
 hit glance
 and England.

Father, we so loved —
 The more the love, the
 hter is the prayer;
 the love, the more accept-

The sacrifice of both your loves to
 Heaven.

No sacrifice to Heaven, no help from
 Heaven;

That runs thro' all the faiths of all the
 world.

And sacrifice there must be, for the
 King

Is holy, and hath talk'd with God,
 and seen

A shadowing horror; there are signs
 in heaven —

Harold. Your comet came and
 went.

Aldred. And signs on earth!
 Knowest thou Senlac hill?

Harold. I know all Sussex;
 A good entrenchment for a perilous
 hour!

Aldred. Pray God that come not
 suddenly! There is one
 Who passing by that hill three nights
 ago —

He shook so that he scarce could out
 with it —

Heard, heard —

Harold. The wind in his hair?

Aldred. A ghostly horn
 Blowing continually, and faint battle-
 hymns,

And cries, and clashes, and the groans
 of men;

And dreadful shadows strove upon
 the hill,

And dreadful lights crept up from out
 the marsh —

Corpse-candles gliding over nameless
 graves —

Harold. At Senlac?

Aldred. Senlac.

Edward (waking). Senlac! Sanguelac,
 lac,

The Lake of Blood!

Stigand. This lightning before
 death

Plays on the word, — and Normanizes
 too!

Harold. Hush, father, hush!

Edward. Thou uncanonical fool,

Wilt thou play with the thunder?
 North and South

Thunder together, showers of blood
 are blown

Before a never-ending blast, and hiss
 Against the blaze they cannot quench
 — a lake.

SCENE II

IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S HOUSE
NEAR LONDON

Edith. Crown'd, crown'd and lost,
crown'd King — and lost to
me!

(*Singing.*)

Two young lovers in winter weather,
None to guide them,
Walk'd at night on the misty heather;
Night, as black as a raven's feather;
Both were lost and found together,
None beside them.

That is the burthen of it — lost and
found
Together in the cruel river Swale
A hundred years ago; and there's an-
other,

Lost, lost, the light of day,

To which the lover answers lovingly:

'I am beside thee.'
Lost, lost, we have lost the way.
'Love, I will guide thee.'
Whither, O whither? into the river,
Where we two may be lost together,
And lost for ever? 'O. never! O. never!

That kin
wi
My king
re
King of t
Edith.
Lest I sh
cu
Descend
be
King of t
Harold
Tho' som
sel
Than ere
ha
Somewha
mi
Yet thee
no
Our livin
dre
Stigand
he
O God!
tin
They see
fai
Of this g
bal
Saw then
I f

This William's fellow-tricksters; —
 better die
 Than credit this, for death is death,
 or else:
 Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me —
 thou art not
 A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear
 There might be more than brother in
 my kiss,
 And more than sister in thine own.
Edith. I dare not.
Harold. Scared by the church —
 'Love for a whole life long.'
 When was that sung?
Edith. Here to the nightingales.
Harold. Their anthems of no church,
 how sweet they are!
 Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king
 to cross
 Their billings are they nest.
Edith. They are but of spring.
 They fly the winter change — not so
 with us —
 No wings to come and go.
Harold. But wing'd souls flying
 Beyond all change and in the eternal
 distance
 To settle on the Truth.
Edith. They are not so true,
 They change their mates.
Harold. Do they? I did not know
 it.
Edith. They say thou art to wed
 the Lady Aldwyth.
Harold. They say, they say!
Edith. If this be politic,
 And well for thee and England — and
 for her —
 Care not for me who love thee.
Garth (calling). Harold, Harold!
Harold. The voice of Gurth! (*Enter*
Garth.) Good even, my
 good brother!
Garth. Good even, gentle Edith.
Edith. Good even, Gurth.
Garth. Ill news hath come! Our
 hapless brother, Tostig —
 He, and the giant King of Norway,
 Harold
 Harbucka — Scotland, Ireland, Ice-
 land, Orkney,
 Are landed north of Humber, and in a
 field
 So packed with carnage that the dykes
 and brooks

Were bridged and damm'd with dead
 have overthrown
 Morcar and Edwin.
Harold. Well then, we must fight
 How blows the wind?
Gurth. Against Saint Valer
 And William.
Harold. Well then, we will to the
 North.
Gurth. Ay, but worse news: th
 William sent to Rome,
 Swearing thou swarest falsely by h
 Saints.
 The Pope and that Archdeacon Hild
 brand,
 His master, heard him, and have set
 him back
 A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair
 Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy
 Poitou, all Christendom is rais
 against thee.
 He hath cursed thee, and all thou
 who fight for thee,
 And given thy realm of England t
 the bastard.
Harold. Ha! ha!
Edith. O, laugh not! — Strange an
 ghastly in the gloom
 And shadowing of this double thunde
 cloud
 That lours on England — laughter!
Harold. No, not strange
 This was old human laughter in ol
 Rome
 Before a Pope was born, when th
 which reign'd
 Call'd itself God. A kindly renderin
 Of 'Render unto Caesar.' The God
 Shepherd!
 Take this, and render that
Gurth. They have taken York
Harold. The Lord was God an
 came as man — the Pope
 Is man and comes as God — You
 taken?
Gurth. Yea,
 Tostig hath taken York.
Harold. To York then — Edith
 Hadst thou been braver, I had bette
 braved
 All — but I love thee and thou me —
 and that
 Remains beyond all chances and a
 churches,
 And that thou knowest

For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no
 help but prayer,
 A breath that fleets beyond this iron
 world,
 And touches Him that made it.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—IN NORTHUMBRIA

ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, MORCAR, EDWIN, and FORCES. *Enter HAROLD, the standard of the golden Dragon of Wessex preceding him.*

Harold. What! are thy people sullen from defeat?
 Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the Humber,
 No voice to greet it.

Edwin. Let not our great King Believe us sullen—only shamed to the quick
 Before the King—as having been so bruised
 By Harold, King of Norway; but our help
 Is Harold, King of England. Pardon us, thou!
 Our silence is our reverence for the King!

ke me on his knees and tell
tales ⁴⁰
and of Athelstan the Great
e you Danes; and yet he
l that Dane,
le, Saxon, were or should be

and; for this cowherd, like
father,
c the Norman scoundrels off
throne,
a kingly thoughts — a king
en,
out born, like the great King
ll,
ong the oxen.

That is true!
y, and I love him now, for
own father ⁴⁹
and cobbled.

Thou art Tostig's brother,
s the land.

This brother comes to save
from waste; I saved it once
re,
our people banish'd Tostig
e,
rd would have sent a host
nst you,
ho loved my brother, bade
King,
on him, sanction your de-

banishment, and choice of
ar,
e realm from scattering.

King! thy brother,
r dare to speak the truth,
wrong'd.
he, born so; but the plots
st him ⁶⁰
n'd tamer men.

Thou art one of those
into Lord Tostig's treasure-
e
wo hundred of his follow-

hen Tostig hath come back
power,
d back to Tostig.

e. Ugh! Plots and feuds!
ninetieth birthday. Can ye

? Godwin still at feud with
ar,

And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plots
and feuds!

This is my ninetieth birthday!

Harold. Old man, Harold
Hates nothing; not *his* fault, if our
two houses ⁷⁰

Be less than brothers.

Voices. Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth!

Harold. Again! Morcar! Edwin!

What do they mean?

Edwin. So the good King would
deign to lend an ear

Not overscornful, we might chance
— perchance —

To guess their meaning.

Morcar. Thine own meaning,

Harold,

To make all England one, to close all
feuds,

Mixing our bloods, that thence a king
may rise

Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to
rule

All England beyond question, beyond
quarrel.

Harold. Who sow'd this fancy here
among the people? ⁸⁰

Morcar. Who knows what sows it-
self among the people?

A goodly flower at times.

Harold. The Queen of Wales?

Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in
her

To hate me; I have heard she hates
me.

Morcar. No!

For I can swear to that, but cannot
swear

That these will follow thee against the
Norsemen,

If thou deny them this.

Harold. Morcar and Edwin,

When will ye cease to plot against my
house?

Edwin. The King can scarcely dream
that we, who know

His prowess in the mountains of the
West, ⁹⁰

Should care to plot against him in the
North.

Morcar. Who dares arraign us, King,
of such a plot?

Harold. Ye heard one witness even
now.

Morcar. The craven!

There is a faction risen again for Tostig.

Since Tostig came with Norway —
fright, not love.

Harold. Morcar and Edwin, will ye,
if I yield,

Follow against the Norseman?

Morcar. Surely, surely!

Harold. Morcar and Edwin, will ye
upon oath ⁹⁸

Help us against the Norman?

Morcar. With good will;

Yea, take the sacrament upon it, King.

Harold. Where is thy sister?

Morcar. Somewhere hard at hand.
Call and she comes.

[*One goes out, then enter Aldwyth.*]

Harold. I doubt not but thou
knowest

Why thou art summon'd.

Aldwyth. Why? — I stay with these,
Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out
alone,

And slay me all alive.

Harold. Canst thou love one
Who did discrown thine husband, un-
queen thee?

Didst thou not love thine husband?

Aldwyth. O! my lord,
The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage
king —

That was, my lord, a match of policy.

Harold. Was it?
I knew him brave; he loved his land;
he fain ¹⁰⁰

Had made her great; his finger on her
harp —

I heard him more than once — had in
it Wales,

Her floods, her woods, her hills. Had
I been his,

I had been all Welsh.

Aldwyth. O, ay! — all Welsh — and
yet

I saw thee drive him up his hills — and
women

Cling to the conquer'd, if they love,
the more;

If not, they cannot hate the conqueror.
We never — O good Morcar, speak for
us,

His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth.

Harold. Goodly news!
Morcar. Doubt it not thou! Since
Griffyth's head was sent ¹⁰²

To Edward, she hath said it.

Harold.

She would have loved

Aldwyth, Aldwyth

Canst thou love me,
where I love?

Aldwyth. I can, my
own sake, for th

For England, for thy p
who flutters

Between thee and the p
would find

Her nest within the
still.

Harold. Canst thou
cannot love again

Aldwyth. Full hope
will answer love.

Harold. Then in th
great God, so be

Come, Aldred, join our
the hosts,

That all may see.

[*Aldred joins the host*
and Aldwyth, an

Voices. Harold, Ha
wyth!

Harold. Set forth
Dragon, let him f

The wings that beat dow
Advance our Standard of

Dark among gems and ge
brave banner,

Blaze like a night of
those

Who read their doom an
Where lie the Norsemen

went? ay.

At Stamford-Bridge.

Morcar, collect thy men,
friend —

Thou lingerest. — Gurth,
Last night King Edward

in dreams —

The rosy face and long
ing beard —

He told me I should conq
I am no woman to p

dreams.

(*To his army.*)

Last night King Edward
dreams,

And told me we should co
Folios. Forward!

Harold and Holy Cross!

Aldwyth. The

SCENE II

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF
STAMFORD-BRIDGE.OLD *and his* GUARD.

Who is it comes this way?
ig? (*Enter TOSTIG with a
t force.*) O brother,
hou doing here?

I am foraging
y's army.

I could take and slay thee.
arms against us.

Take and slay me,
d loved me.

Edward bade me spare

I hate King Edward, for
in'd with thee
ne outlaw'd. Take and
me, I say,
ount thee fool.

Take thee, or free thee,
r slay thee, Norway will
war;

ould strike with Tostig,
for Norway. ¹⁰
othing in thine England,
for Norway,
not thee, but war. What
thou here,

thy mother's bosom into
!

he hath wean'd me from
h such bitterness.

mine own earldom, my
umbria;
given it to the enemy of
ouse.

Northumbria threw thee
be will not have thee.

isused her; and, O crown-
time!

er'd thine own guest, the
Orm,

fine own hearth.

The slow, fat fool!
and prated so, I smote him
nly;

what I did. He held with
r. —

f for all things that I do.
and Morcar holds with us.
back with him.

Know what thou dost; and we may
find for thee,

So thou be chasten'd by thy banish-
ment,

Some easier earldom.

Tostig. What for Norway then?
He looks for land among us, he and
his.

Harold. Seven feet of English land,
or something more,

Seeing he is a giant.

Tostig. That is noble! ³⁰
That sounds of Godwin.

Harold. Come thou back, and be
Once more a son of Godwin.

Tostig (turns away). O brother,
brother,

O Harold —

*Harold (laying his hand on Tostig's
shoulder).* Nay then, come thou
back to us!

Tostig (after a pause turning to him).
Never shall any man say that I,
that Tostig

Conjured the mightier Harold from
his North

To do the battle for me here in Eng-
land,

Then left him for the meaner! thee! —
Thou hast no passion for the house of
Godwin —

Thou hast but cared to make thyself
a king —

Thou hast sold me for a cry. — ⁴⁰

Thou gavest thy voice against me in
the Council —

I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy
thee.

Farewell for ever. [*Erit.*]

Harold. On to Stamford-Bridge!

SCENE III

AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD
BRIDGE. BANQUET

HAROLD *and* ALDWYTH. GURTH,
LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, *and*
other EARLS *and* THANES.

Voices. Hail! Harold! Aldwyth!
hail, bridegroom and bride!

Aldwyth (talking with Harold). An-
swer them thou!

Is this our marriage-banquet? Would
the wines

Of wedding had been dash'd into the cups

Of victory, and our marriage and thy glory

Been drunk together! these poor hands but sew,

Spin, broider — would that they were man's to have held

The battle-axe by thee!

Harold. There *was* a moment When, being forced aloof from all my guard,

And striking at Hardrada and his madmen,

I had wish'd for any weapon.

Aldwyth. Why art thou sad?

Harold. I have lost the boy who play'd at ball with me,

With whom I fought another fight than this

Of Stamford-Bridge.

Aldwyth. Ay! ay! thy victories Over our own poor Wales, when at thy side

He conquer'd with thee.

Harold. No — the childish fist That cannot strike again.

Aldwyth. Thou art too kindly. Why didst thou let so many Norse-

men hence? Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their pirate hides

To the bleak church doors, like kites upon a barn.

Harold. Is there so great a need to tell thee why?

Aldwyth. Yea, am I not thy wife?

Voices. Hail, Harold, Aldwyth! Bridegroom and bride!

Aldwyth. Answer them!

[*To Harold.* *Harold (to all).* Earls and thanes!

Full thanks for your fair greeting of my bride!

Earls, thanes, and all our countrymen! the day,

Our day beside the Derwent, will not shine

Less than a star among the goldenest hours

Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son, Or Athelstan, or English Ironside

Who fought with Knut, or Knut who coming Dane

Died English. Every man about his King

Fought like a king; the King's own man,

No better; one for all, and all for one soul! and therefore have we

ter'd back The hugest wave from Norseland

yet Surged on us, and our batt

broken The Raven's wing, and dumb

carriion croak From the gray sea for ever.

are gone — Drink to the dead who died

the living Who fought and would have di

happier lived, If happier be to live; they both ha

In the large mouth of Englan her voice

Die with the world. Hail — ha

Morcar. May all invaders like Hardrada!

All traitors fail like Tostig!

[*All drink but I* *Aldwyth.* Thy cup!

Harold. I saw the hand of cover it.

Our dear, dead traitor-brother, him

Reverently we buried. Friend I been here,

Without too large self-lauding hold

The sequel had been other th league

With Norway, and this battle. be with him!

He was not of the worst. If th those

At banquet in this hall, and h me —

For there be those, I fear, who the lion

To make him spring, that si Danish blood

Might serve an end not Eng peace with them

Likewise, if *they* can be at peac what

God gave us to divide us from th

Aldwyth (aside to Harold). Me our *Morcar* sullen; it is ne

Harold. Hail to the livin: fought, the dead who fel

Voices. Hail, hail!



STAMFORD BRIDGE

First Thane. How ran that answer
which King Harold gave
his dead namesake, when he ask'd
for England?

Leofwin. 'Seven feet of English
earth, or something more,
being he is a giant!'

First Thane. Then for the bastard
x feet and nothing more!

Leofwin. Ay, but belike
you hast not learnt his measure.

First Thane. By Saint Edmund
over-measure him. Sound sleep to
the man
ere by dead Norway without dream
or dawn!

Second Thane. What, is he bragging
still that he will come,
to thrust our Harold's throne from
under him?

My nurse would tell me of a molehill
crying
to a mountain, 'Stand aside and room
for me!'

First Thane. Let him come! let him
come! Here's to him, sink or
swim! [*Drinks.*]

Second Thane. God sink him!

First Thane. Cannot hands which
had the strength

To shove that stranded iceberg off our
shores,
And send the shatter'd North again to
sea,

Scuttle his cockle-shell? What's Brun-
nanburg

To Stamford-Bridge? a war-crash, and
so hard,

So loud, that, by Saint Dunstan, old
Saint Thor—

By God, we thought him dead—but
our old Thor

Heard his own thunder again, and
woke and came

Among us again, and mark'd the sons
of those

Who made this Britain England, break
the North—

First Thane. Down with William!

Third Thane. The washerwoman's
brat!

Fourth Thane. The tanner's bas-
tard!

Fifth Thane. The Falaise byblow!

*Enter a THANE, from Pevensey, spat-
tered with mud.*

Harold. Ay, but what late guest,
As haggard as a fast of forty days,
And caked and plaster'd with a hun-
dred mires,

Hath stumbled on our cups?

Thane from Pevensey. My lord the
King!

William the Norman, for the wind had
changed —

Harold. I felt it in the middle of
that fierce fight

At Stamford-Bridge. William hath
landed, ha?

Thane from Pevensey. Landed at
Pevensey — I am from Peven-
sey —

Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey —
Hath harried mine own cattle — God
confound him!

I have ridden night and day from
Pevensey —

A thousand ships — a hundred thou-
sand men —

Thousands of horses —

people home, descend the
 of full allegiance in thy
 his mercy, for the Holy
 this realm of England to
 Norman.
 Then for the last time,
 k, I ask again
 the Lateran and the Holy
 er
 a England's choice of her
 king?
 Earl, the first Christian
 drew to the East
 he Pope dominion in the
 m all the kingdoms of the
 So!—did he?—Earl—I
 a mind to play
 n with thine eyesight and
 tongue.
 —thou art but a messenger
 illiam.
 —go; make me not wroth
 thee!
 Mock-king, I am the mes-
 ser of God,
 in Daniel! Mene, Mene,
 h hell, that I should spare
 n is wroth with thee? Hear
 gain!
 have moved the Church
 moves the world,
 e Heavens and very God;
 heard—
 King Edward's promise
 hine—thine.
 Should they not know free
 and crowns herself?
 hat he nor I had power to
 ise?
 that Edward cancell'd his
 promise?
 y part therein—Back to
 juggler,
 e Saints are nobler than he
 ns,
 at God is nobler than the
 s,
 n we stand arm'd on Senlac

And bide the doom of God.
Margot. Hear it thro' me.
 The realm for which thou art forsworn
 is cursed,
 The babe enwomb'd and at the breast
 is cursed,
 The corpse thou whelmeest with thine
 earth is cursed,
 The soul who fighteth on thy side is
 cursed,
 The seed thou sowest in thy field is
 cursed,
 The steer wherewith thou plowest thy
 field is cursed,
 The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is
 cursed,
 And thou, usurper, liar—
Harold. Out, beast monk!
 [*Lifting his hand to strike him.*
Gurth stops the blow.
 I ever hated monks.
Margot. I am but a voice
 Among you; murder, martyr me if ye
 will—
Harold. Thanks, Gurth! The sim-
 ple, silent, selfless man
 Is worth a world of tonguesters. (*To*
Margot.) Get thee gone!
 He means the thing he says. See him
 out safe!
Leofwin. He hath blown himself
 as red as fire with curses.
 An honest fool! Follow me, honest
 fool,
 But if thou blurt thy curse among
 our folk,
 I know not—I may give that egg-
 bald head
 The tap that silences.
Harold. See him out safe.
 [*Exeunt Leofwin and Margot.*
Gurth. Thou hast lost thine even
 temper, brother Harold!
Harold. Gurth, when I past by
 Waltham, my foundation
 For men who serve the neighbor, not
 themselves,
 I cast me down prone, praying; and,
 when I rose,
 They told me that the Holy Rood had
 lean'd
 And bow'd above me; whether that
 which held it
 Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself
 were bound

To that necessity which binds us
down;

Whether it bow'd at all but in their
fancy;

Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd
ruin

Or glory, who shall tell? but they
were sad,

And somewhat sadden'd me.

Gurth. Yet if a fear,
Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange
Saints

By whom thou swarest should have
power to balk

Thy puissance in this fight with him
who made

And heard thee swear — brother — I
have not sworn —

If the King fall, may not the kingdom
fall?

But if I fall, I fall, and thou art King;
And if I win, I win, and thou art

King;
Draw thou to London, there make
strength to breast

Whatever chance, but leave this day
to me.

Leofwin (entering). And waste the
land about thee as thou goest,

And be thy hand as winter on the field,
To leave the foe no forage.

Harold. Noble Gurth!
Best son of Godwin! If I fall, I fall —

The doom of God! How should the
people fight

When the King flies? And, Leofwin,
art thou mad?

How should the King of England
waste the fields

Of England, his own people? — No
glance yet

Of the Northumbrian helmet on the
heath?

Leofwin. No, but a shoal of wives
upon the heath,

And some one saw thy willy-nilly nun
Vying a tress against our golden fern.

Harold. Vying a tear with our cold
dews, a sigh

With these low-moaning heavens.
Let her be fetch'd.

We have parted from our wife with-
out reproach,

Tho' we have pierced thro' all her
practices:

And that is well.

Leofwin. I saw
She hath not left us.

Harold. Nought of
Gurth. Nor seen, nor

William's, or his
As wind blows, or tide

he watches
If this war-storm in one

rolls
Wash up that old crown

berland.
Harold. I married her

— a sin against
The truth of love. Evil

seems,
Is oft as childless of

evil
For evil.

Leofwin. Good for good
at times

A bastard false as William
Harold. A

Pair'd not with Good,
somewhat worn,

A snatch of sleep were
of God,

Gurth, Leofwin, go once
the hill —

What did the dead man
Sanguelac,

The lake of blood?
Leofwin. A lake that

liam
As well as Harold.

Harold. Like eyes
seen

The trenches dug, the
rear'd

And wattled thick with
low-wands,

Yea, wrought at them
round once more;

See all be sound and whole
man horse

Can shatter England, shatter
by shield;

Tell that again to all.
Gurth. I will.

Harold. Our guardsmen
toil'd his hand and

I hand, foot, heart and
wine!

(*One pours wine into the hands to Harold*)
What? we must use our

day.

man have slept well, since
came in?

Ay, slept and snored.
A second-sighted man
ed the dying conscience of
king
their snores for groans.
y are up again
ting that old song of Bru-¹²⁰
burg
gland conquer'd.

That is well. The Nor-
; doing?

Praying for Normandy;
s have heard the tinkle of
r bells.

And our old songs are
ers for England too!
Saints —

Barring the Norman!
Nay,
great trumpet blowing
nsday dawn,
ust rest. Call when the
man moves —

[*Exeunt all but Harold.*
- thousands of horses — our
ld wall —
ak it not — break not —
k — [Sleeps.

f *Edward.* Son Harold, I
king, who came before ¹³¹
; thou shouldst win at Stam-

Bridge,
once more, from where I am
eace,

loved thee in my mortal
e thou shalt die on Senlac

—
!

f *Wulfnoth.* O brother,
1 my ghastly oubliette
7 voice across the narrow

—
o more, dear brother, never-
3 —

! ¹⁴⁰
f *Tostig.* O brother, most
rotherlike to me,

st thy voice against me in
life,
voice against thee from the
e —
!

Vision of Norman Saints. O hap-
less Harold! King but for an
hour!

Thou swarest falsely by our blessed
bones,

We give our voice against thee out of
heaven!

Sanguelac! Sanguelac! The arrow!
the arrow!

*Harold (starting up, battle-axe in
hand).* Away!

My battle-axe against your voices.
Peace!

The King's last word — 'the arrow!'
I shall die — ¹⁵⁰

I die for England then, who lived for
England —

What nobler? men must die.
I cannot fall into a falser world —

I have done no man wrong. Tostig,
poor brother,

Art thou so anger'd?

Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy
hands

Save for thy wild and violent will that
wrench'd

All hearts of freemen from thee. I
could do

No other than this way advise the
king

Against the race of Godwin. Is it
possible ¹⁶⁰

That mortal men should bear their
earthly heats

Into yon bloodless world, and threaten
us thence

Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou
art revenged —

I left our England naked to the South
To meet thee in the North. The Norse-

man's raid

Hath helpt the Norman, and the race
of Godwin

Hath ruin'd Godwin. No — our wak-
ing thoughts

Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the
pools

Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjointed; only dreams — where

mine own self ¹⁷⁰

Takes part against myself! Why? for
a spark

Of self-disdain born in me when I
sware

Falsely to him, the falser Norman,
over

His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom
I knew not that I swear, — not for myself —
For England — yet not wholly —

Enter EDITH.

Edith, Edith,
Get thou into thy cloister as the King
Will'd it; be safe, the perjury-monger-
ing Count
Hath made too good an use of Holy
Church
To break her close! There the great
God of truth ¹⁸⁰
Fill all thine hours with peace! — A
lying devil
Hath haunted me — mine oath — my
wife — I fain
Had made my marriage not a lie; I
could not.
Thou art my bride! and thou in after
years
Praying perchance for this poor soul
of mine
In cold, white cells beneath an icy
moon —
This memory to thee! — and this to
England,
My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope to
Pope, from age to age,
Till the sea wash her level with her
shores, ¹⁹⁰
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

Enter ALDWYTH.

Aldwyth (to Edith). Away from him!

Edith. I will — I have not spoken
to the king

One word; and one I must. Farewell!

Harold. ^[Going.]
Not yet.
Stay.

Edith. To what use?

Harold. The King commands thee,
woman!

(To ALDWYTH.)

Have thy two brethren sent their
forces in?

Aldwyth. Nay, I fear not.

Harold. Then there's no force in
thee!

Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's
ear

To part me from the woman that I
loved!

Thou didst arouse the fierce Nor-
brians!

Thou hast been false to Eng-
land to me!

As — in some sort — I have been
to thee.

Leave me. No more — Part
both sides — Go!

Aldwyth. Alas, my lord, I love

Harold (bitterly). Will

Passing thy love for Griffyth!
fore now

Obey my first and last command
Go!

Aldwyth. O Harold! husband

we meet again?

Harold. After the battle — at

battle. Go.

Aldwyth. I go. *(Aside.)*

could stab her standing!

[Exit ALDWYTH.]

Edith. Alas, my lord, she loves

Harold. Never!

Edith. I saw it in her eyes!

Harold. I see it in

And not on thee — nor England

God's doom!

Edith. On thee? on me! Alas

art England! Alfred

Was England. Ethelred was
England

Is but her king, and thou art I
Harold.

The sign in heaven — the sudden
at sea —

My fatal oath — the dead Saxon
the dark dreams —

The Pope's anathema — the Hol-
That bow'd to me at Waltham —

if

I, the last English King of Eng-
Edith.

First of a line that coming from
people,

And chosen by the people —
Harold. And fight

And dying for the people —
Edith. Living!

Harold. Yea so, good cheer
art Harold, I am Edith!

Look not thus wan!

Edith. What matters how I
Have we not broken Wales and
land? slain,

Whose life was all one battle
nate war,

nt-king, a mightier man-in-
is
liam.

Ay, my girl, no tricks in
—
d he! when all was lost, he
'd,
is shield, and dash'd it on the
und, ²³⁰
ying his two-handed sword
ut him,
hs at every swing, ran in
n us
so, and I loved him as I hate
who made me liar. If Hate
kill,
hing wield a Saxon battle-

Waste not thy might before
battle!

No,
must hence. Stigand will
thee safe,
Farewell.

He is going, but turns back.
ring thou dardest not wear,
d it fashion'd, see, to meet
hand.
Ed shows the ring which is on
finger.

²⁴⁰
going, but turns back again.
as Death this day to aught
rth's
am's death or mine.

Thy death! — to-day!
y birthday?

Ay, that happy day!
welcome! happy days and
y!

[*They embrace.*
ll bear thy blessing into the
e
the doom of God.

Cries (heard in the distance).
Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Enter GURTH.

The Norman moves!

Harold and Holy Cross!

Ereunt Harold and Gurth.

Enter STIGAND.

Our Church in arms — the

the lion — not

pruning-hook — the counter

—

²⁵⁰

Cowl, helm; and crozier, battle-axe.
Abbot Alfwig,

Leofric, and all the monks of Peter-
boro'

Strike for the king; but I, old wretch,
old Stigand,

With hands too limp to brandish iron
— and yet

I have a power — would Harold ask
me for it

I have a power.

Edith. What power, holy father?

Stigand. Power now from Harold
to command thee hence

And see thee safe from Senlac.

Edith. I remain!

Stigand. Yea, so will I, daughter,
until I find

Which way the battle balance. I can
see it ²⁶⁰

From where we stand; and, live or
die, I would

I were among them!

CANONS from Waltham (*singing*
without).

Salva patriam,
Sancte Pater,
Salva, Fili,
Salva, Spiritus,
Salva patriam,
Sancta Mater. 1

Edith. Are those the blessed angels
quiring, father?

Stigand. No, daughter, but the

canons out of Waltham, ²⁷⁰

The king's foundation, that have fol-
low'd him.

Edith. O God of battles, make
their wall of shields

Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their
palisades!

What is that whirring sound?

Stigand. The Norman arrow!

Edith. Look out upon the battle —
is he safe?

Stigand. The King of England
stands between his banners.

He glitters on the crowning of the
hill.

God save King Harold!

Edith. — chosen by his people
And fighting for his people!

Stigand. There is one

¹ The *a* throughout these Latin hymns
should be sounded broad, as in 'father.'

Come as Goliath came of yore — he
flings

His brand in air and catches it again.
He is chanting some old war-song.

Edith. And no David
To meet him?

Stigand. Ay, there springs a Saxon
on him.

Falls — and another falls.

Edith. Have mercy on us!

Stigand. Lo! our good Gurth hath
smitten him to the death.

Edith. So perish all the enemies of
Harold!

CANONS (*singing*).

Hostis in Angliam

Ruit predator;

Illorum, Domine,

Scutum scindatur!

Hostis per Angliæ

Plagas bacchatur;

Casa crematur,

Pastor fugatur,

Grege trucidatur —

Stigand. Illos trucida, Domine.

Edith. Ay, good father.

CANONS (*singing*).

Illorum scelera

Pœna sequatur!

English Cries. Harold and Holy
Cross! Out! out!

Stigand. Our javelins
Answer their arrows. All the Nor-
man foot
Are storming up the hill. The range
of knights

Sit, each a statue on his horse, and
wait.

English Cries. Harold and God Al-
mighty!

Norman Cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

CANONS (*singing*).

Equus cum pedite

Præpediatur!

Illorum in lacrymas

Cruor fundatur!

Pereant, pereant,

Anglia precatur.

Stigand. Look, daughter, look.

Edith. Nay, father, look for me!

Stigand. Our axes lighten with a
single flash
About the summit of the hill, and
heads

And arms are sliver'd
ter'd by

Their lightning — and
Norman flies.

Edith. Stigand, O how
won the day!

Stigand. No, daughter,
fall behind the ho-

Their horse are through
ricades;

I see the confusion of life
Floating above their helm

is down!

Edith. He down! W

Stigand. The Nor-

down.

Edith. So perish all the

England!

Stigand. No, no, he

again — he bares his

Shouts something — he p

— all their horse

Swallow the hill locust-like

up.

Edith. O God of battle

battle-axe keen

As thine own sharp-divi-

heavy

As thine own bolts that f

ful heads

Charged with the weight

wherefrom they fall

CANONS (*singing*)

Jacta tonitrua,

Deus bellator!

Surgas e tenebris,

Sis vindicator!

Fulmina, fulmina,

Deus vastator!

Edith. O God of battle

three to one,

Make thou one man as

them down!

CANONS (*singing*)

Equus cum equite

Dejiciatur!

Acies, acies

Prona sternatur

Illorum lanceas

Frangere, Creator

Stigand. Yea, yea, fe

lances snap and shi

Against the shifting blow

axe!

in of old Woden, how he
 corpse of faces ! There !
 ere !

d horseman cannot meet
 field,
 hat brains the horseman
 s the horse,
 d horseman roll along the

e more, they fly, the Nor-
 ies ! 350

us cum equite
 recipitatur.

God, the God of truth
 eard my cry !
 follow them, drive them
 sea !

rum scelera
 ena sequatur !

Truth ! no ; a lie ; a trick,
 nan trick !
 on the pursuer, horse
 t foot,
 all that follow.

Have mercy on us !
 Hot-headed fools — to
 the wall of shields ! 360
 roken the commandment
 king !

his oath was broken — O
 formen Saints,
 now of heaven, and see
 !

n shrines, pardon it, par-
 sware himself for all he

all ! Look out upon the
 !
 They thunder again upon
 rricades.

eagle, but the strife so
 —
 hottest of it ; hold, ash !
 willow !

ies. Out, out !
 ries. Ha Rou !

Ha ! Gurth had leapt
 him 370
 n ; he hath fallen.

And I am heard,
 in the Highest ! fallen,
 !

Stigand. No, no, his horse — he
 mounts another — wields
 His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and
 Gurth,

Our noble Gurth, is down !

Edith. Have mercy on us !

Stigand. And Leofwin is down !

Edith. Have mercy on us !

O Thou that knowest, let not my
 strong prayer

Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I
 love

The husband of another !

Norman Cries. Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !

Edith. I do not hear our English
 war-cry.

Stigand. No. 380

Edith. Look out upon the battle —
 is he safe ?

Stigand. He stands between the
 banners with the dead

So piled about him he can hardly move.

Edith (takes up the war-cry). Out !
 out !

Norman Cries. Ha Rou !

Edith (cries out). Harold and Holy
 Cross !

Norman Cries. Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !

Edith. What is that whirling
 sound ?

Stigand. The Norman sends his
 arrows up to heaven,

They fall on those within the palisade !

Edith. Look out upon the hill —
 is Harold there ?

Stigand. Sanguelac — Sanguelac —
 the arrow — the arrow ! — away !

SCENE II

FIELD OF THE DEAD. NIGHT

ALDWYTH and EDITH.

Aldwyth. O Edith, art thou here ?
 O Harold, Harold !

Our Harold — we shall never see him
 more.

Edith. For there was more than
 sister in my kiss,

And so the Saints were wroth. I can-
 not love them,

For they are Norman Saints and
 yet I should —

They are so much holier than their
 harlot's son

Aldwyth. Not help me, not forgive me?

Edith. So thou saidest.

Aldwyth. I say it now, forgive me!

Edith. Cross me not!

I am seeking one who wedded me in secret.

Whisper! God's angels only know it.

Ha!

What art thou doing here among the dead?

They are stripping the dead bodies naked yonder,

And thou art come to rob them of their rings!

Aldwyth. O Edith, Edith, I have lost both crown

20

And husband.

Edith. So have I.

Aldwyth. I tell thee, girl,

I am seeking my dead Harold.

Edith. And I mine!

The Holy Father strangled him with a hair

Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt;

The wicked sister clapt her hands and laugh'd;

Then all the dead fell on him.

Aldwyth. Edith, Edith —

Edith. What was he like, this husband? like to thee?

What art thou doing from me? I knew



BATTLE ABBEY

I lost it somehow—
 playing with it when I was
 a child. I doubt! but I am wiser
 now— Will none among you
 true witness—only for this
 day—
 have found it here again?

[She puts it on.]

And thou,
 am I for ever and evermore.
[Falls on the body and dies.]
 Death!—and enough of
 this for this one day,
 of Saint Calixtus, and the
 when I was born.

And this dead King's,
 great or not, hath kinglike
 right and fallen,
 say, too. It seems but yes-
 even
 with him in his English

His day, with all his roof-tree ringing
 'Harold.'

Before he fell into the snare of Guy;
 When all men counted Harold would
 be King, 71

And Harold was most happy.
William. Thou art half English.

Take them away!

Malet, I vow to build a church to
 God

Here on the hill of battle; let our
 high altar

Stand where their standard fell—
 where these two lie.

Take them away, I do not love to see
 them.

Pluck the dead woman off the dead
 man, Malet!

Malet. Faster than ivy! Must I
 hack her arms off?

How shall I part them?

William. Leave them. Let them
 be! 80

Bury him and his paramour together.
 He that was false in oath to me, it
 seems

Was false to his own wife. We will
 not give him
 A Christian burial; yet he was a war-
 rior,
 And wise, yea truthful, till that
 blighted vow
 Which God avenged to-day.
 Wrap them together in a purple cloak,
 And lay them both upon the waste
 sea-shore
 At Hastings, there to guard the land
 for which
 He did forswear himself—a warrior
 —ay, ⁹⁰
 And but that Holy Peter fought for
 us,
 And that the false Northumbrian held
 aloof,
 And save for that chance arrow which
 the Saints
 Sharpen'd and sent against him—
 who can tell?—
 Three horses had I slain beneath me;
 twice
 I thought that all was lost. Since I
 knew battle,
 And that was from my boyhood,
 never yet—

No, by the splendor of God—
 fought men
 Like Harold and his brethren, a
 guard
 Of English. Every man about
 king
 Fell where he stood. They
 him; and pray God
 My Normans may but move a
 with me
 To the door of death! Of one
 stock at first,
 Make them again one people—
 man, English,
 And English, Norman; we s
 have a hand
 To grasp the world with, and a
 to stamp it—
 Flat. Praise the Saints! It is
 No more blood!
 I am King of England, so they t
 me not,
 And I will rule according to
 laws.
 (To Aldwyth.) Madam, we wi
 treat thee with all honor.
 Aldwyth. My punishment is
 than I can bear.



LORD SELBORNE (ROUNDSELL PALMER)

BECKET

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR,

THE RIGHT HONORABLE EARL OF SELBORNE.

DEAR SELBORNE, — To you, the honored Chancellor of our own day, I dedicate this dramatic memorial of your great predecessor; — which, altho' not intended in its original form to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre, has nevertheless — for so you assured me — won your approbation.

Ever yours, TENNYSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BY II. (son of the Earl of Anjou).

THOMAS BECKET, Chancellor of England, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

ROBERT FOLIOT, Bishop of London.

WILFRED, Archbishop of York.

ROBERT, Bishop of Hereford.

ROSA MUND DE CLIFFORD, *Queen of England*
MARGERY.

Knights, M

BECKET

PROLOGUE

A CASTLE IN NORMANDY. INTERIOR
OF THE HALL. ROOFS OF A CITY
SEEN THRO' WINDOWS

HENRY and BECKET *at chess*.

Henry. So then our good Archbishop
Theobald

Lies dying.

Becket. I am grieved to know as
much.

Henry. But we must have a mightier
man than he

For his successor.

Becket. Have you thought of one ?

Henry. A cleric lately poison'd his
own mother,

And being brought before the courts
of the Church,

They but degraded him. I hope they
whipt him.

I would have hang'd him.

Becket. It is your move.

I fear the Queen would have
 or life. 30

Put her away, put her away,
 y liege!
 away into a nunnery!
 ough there from her to whom
 ou art bound
 y Church. And wherefore
 ould she seek
 of Rosamund de Clifford more
 at of other paramours of
 ine?

How dost thou know I am
 t wedded to her?

How should I know?

That is my secret, Thomas.
 State secrets should be pa-
 t to the statesman
 ves and loves his king, and
 om the king 40
 t a statesman, but true lover
 d friend.

Come, come, thou art but
 acon, not yet bishop,
 rchbishop, nor my confessor

o God thou wert, for I should
 d

father confessor in thee.

Sain^t Denis, that thou
 ouldst not. I should beat
 ship as my bishop hath beaten

Hell take thy bishop then,
 l my kingship too!

me, I love thee and I know
 e, I know thee,
 on white pheasant-flesh at
 sts, 50

leviser for thy days of fish,
 signer, and most amorous
 old red sound liberal Gascon
 re.

thy body rebel, man, if thou
 ter it?

That palate is insane which
 not tell
 lish from a bad, new wine
 m old.

Well, who loves wine loves
 man.

So I do.

God's trees, and women are
 l's flowers;
 the Gascon wine mounts to
 head,

The trees are all the statelier, and the
 flowers 60

Are all the fairer.

Henry. And thy thoughts, thy fan-
 cies?

Becket. Good dogs, my liege, well
 train'd, and easily call'd
 Off from the game.

Henry. Save for some once or twice,
 When they ran down the game and
 worried it.

Becket. No, my liege, no! — not once
 — in God's name, no!

Henry. Nay, then, I take thee at
 thy word — believe thee
 The veriest Galahad of old Arthur's
 hall.

And so this Rosamund, my true heart-
 wife,

Not Eleanor — she whom I love in-
 deed

As a woman should be loved — Why
 dost thou smile 70

So dolorously?

Becket. My good liege, if a man
 Wastes himself among women, how
 should he love

A woman as a woman should be loved?

Henry. How shouldst thou know
 that never hast loved one?

Come, I would give her to thy care in
 England

When I am out in Normandy or Anjou.

Becket. My lord, I am your sub-
 ject, not your —

Henry. Pander.

God's eyes! I know all that — not
 my purveyor

Of pleasures, but to save a life — her
 life;

Ay, and the soul of Eleanor from hell-
 fire. 80

I have built a secret bower in Eng-
 land, Thomas,

A nest in a bush.

Becket. And where, my liege?

Henry (whispers). Thine ear

Becket. That's lone enough.

Henry (laying paper on table). This
 chart here mark'd 'Her Bower,'

Take, keep it, friend. See, first, a
 circling wood,

A hundred pathways running every-
 way,

And then a brook, a bridge; and after
 that

This labyrinthine brickwork maze in
maze,
And then another wood, and in the
midst
A garden and my Rosamund. Look,
this line—
The rest you see is color'd green—
but this 90

Draws thro' the chart to her.

Becket. This blood-red line?

Henry. Ay! blood, perchance, except thou see to her.

Becket. And where is she? There in her English nest?

Henry. Would God she were!—no, here within the city.

We take her from her secret bower in Anjou

And pass her to her secret bower in England.

She is ignorant of all but that I love her.

Becket. My liege, I pray thee let me hence; a widow

And orphan child, whom one of thy wild barons—

Henry. Ay, ay, but swear to see to her in England. 100

Becket. Well, well, I swear, but not to please myself.

Henry. Whatever come between us?

Becket. What should come between us, Henry?

Henry. Nay—I know not, Thomas.

Becket. What need then? Well—whatever come between us. 110

Henry. A moment! thou didst help me to my throne

In Theobald's time, and after by thy wisdom

Hast kept it firm from shaking; but now I,

For my realm's sake, myself must be the wizard

To raise that tempest which will set it trembling

Only to base it deeper. I, true son 115

Of Holy Church—no croucher to the Gregories

That tread the kings their children under-heel—

Must curb her; and the Holy Father, while

This Barbarossa butts him from his chair,

Will need my help—be faithful hands.

Now is my time. Yet—should be flashes

And fulminations from the Rome,

An interdict on England—

My young son Henry 120

King of England,

That so the Papal bolt m England,

As seeming his, not mine abroad.

I'll have it done—and now

Becket. Surely

Even for this shadow of a c tho'

I love him heartily, I can s

A strain of hard and he him. Say,

The Queen should play h against thine!

Henry. I will not think s

Who shall crown his Canterbury is dying.

Becket. The next C

Henry. And who shall friend Thomas? W

Becket. Name him; the ther will confirm him

Henry. (lays his hand on shoulder). Here!

Becket. Mock me not, even a monk.

Thy jest—no more. Why is this a sleeve

For an archbishop?

Henry. But the Is Becket's, who hath be my foes.

Becket. A soldier's, not arm.

Henry. I lack a spirit Thomas—

A man of this world and boot.

Becket. There's Gilbert

Henry. He! too thi Thou art the man to fill out robe;

Your Foliot fasts and fawa for me.

Becket. Roger of York

Henry. Roger is Rog King, Church, and State i

foils wherein

that precious jewel, Roger of York.

1. Henry of Winchester?

1. Him who crown'd Stephen—

Stephen's brother! No; too royal for me.

I have no more Anselms.

2. Sire, the business whole kingdom waits me; let me go.

1. Answer me first.

1. Then for thy barren jest thou mine answer in bare commonplace—

scopari.

1. Ay, but *Nolo* 150
scopari, my good friend, another matter.

1. A more awful one. Archbishop! Why, my liege, know

three or four poor priests a thousand times

or this grand function. *Me* Archbishop!

For and king's favor might so *ash*
and I—That were a jest deed!

1. Thou angerest me, man; I do not jest.

ELEANOR and SIR REGINALD FITZURSE.

ELEANOR (*singing*).

! the sweet summer closes,
! reign of the roses is done— 160

(to Becket, who is going).
Thou shalt not go. I have not
ded with thee.

1. (*seeing chart on table*.) This
th the red line! her bower!
ower?

The chart is not mine, but
; take it, Thomas.

1. Becket! O,—ay—and
messmen on the floor—the
own broken! Becket hath
ree again—and thou hast
own the board. I know thee 172

True enough, my mind was
other matters.

Eleanor. What matters? State
matters? love matters?

Henry. My love for thee, and
thine for me.

ELEANOR.

Over! the sweet summer closes,
The reign of the roses is done; 180
Over and gone with the roses,
And over and gone with the sun.

Here; but our sun in Aquitaine
lasts longer. I would I were in Aquitaine again—your North chills me.

Over! the sweet summer closes,
And never a flower at the close;
Over and gone with the roses,
And winter again and the snows. 189

That was not the way I ended it first
—but unsymmetrically, preposterously, illogically, out of passion, without art—like a song of the people. Will you have it? The last Parthian shaft of a forlorn Cupid at the King's left breast, and all left-handedness and under-handedness.

And never a flower at the close;
Over and gone with the roses,
Not over and gone with the rose. 200

True, one rose will outblossom the rest, one rose in a bower. I speak after my fancies, for I am a Troubadour, you know, and won the violet at Toulouse; but my voice is harsh here, not in tune, a nightingale out of season; for marriage, rose or no rose, has killed the golden violet.

Becket. Madam, you do ill to scorn wedded love. 210

Eleanor. So I do. Louis of France loved me, and I dreamed that I loved Louis of France; and I loved Henry of England, and Henry of England dreamed that he loved me; but the marriage-garland withers even with the putting on, the bright link rusts with the breath of the first after-marriage kiss, the harvest moon is the ripening of the harvest, and the honey-moon is the gall of Love; he dies of his honey-moon. I could pity this poor world myself that it is no better ordered. 224

Henry. Dead is he, my Queen? What, altogether? Let me swear nay

to that by this cross on thy neck. God's eyes! what a lovely cross! what jewels!

Eleanor. Doth it please you? Take it and wear it on that hard heart of yours—there. *[Gives it to him.]*

Henry (puts it on). On this left breast before so hard a heart,
To hide the scar left by thy Parthian dart.

Eleanor. Has my simple song set you jingling? Nay, if I took and translated that hard heart into our Provençal facilities, I could so play about it with the rhyme—

Henry. That the heart were lost in the rhyme, and the matter in the metre. May we not pray you, madam, to spare us the hardness of your facility?

Eleanor. The wells of Castaly are not wasted upon the desert. We did but jest.

Henry. There's no jest on the brows of Herbert there. What is it, Herbert?

Enter HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Herbert. My liege, the good archbishop is no more.

Henry. Peace to his soul!

Herbert. I left him with peace on his face,—that sweet other-world smile, which will be reflected in the spiritual body among the angels. But he longed much to see your Grace and the Chancellor ere he past, and his last words were a commendation of Thomas Becket to your Grace as his successor in the archbishopric.

Henry. Ha, Becket! thou rememberest our talk!

Becket. My heart is full of tears—I have no answer.

Henry. (Well, well, old men must die, or the world would grow mouldy, would only breed the past again) Come to me to-morrow. Thou hast but to hold out thy hand. Meanwhile the revenues are mine. A-hawking, a-hawking! If I sit, I grow fat.

[Leaps over the table, and exit.]

Becket. He did prefer me to the chancellorship.

Believing I should ever aid the Church—

But have I done it? He commends me now

From out his grave to this arch-
ric.

Herbert. A dead man's dyin' should be of weight.

Becket. His should. Come w
Let me learn at full
The manner of his death, and
said.

[Exit Herbert and]

Eleanor. Fitzurse, that cha
the red line—thou sawest
bower.

Fitzurse. Rosamund's?

Eleanor. Ay—there lies th
of her whereabouts, and the Ki
it to his Chancellor.

Fitzurse. To this son of a
merchant—how your Grace m
him!

Eleanor. Hate him? as bra
dier as Henry and a goodlier m
thou—dost thou love this Ch
that thou hast sworn a volunt
giance to him?

Fitzurse. Not for my love
him, but because he had the
the King. How should a baro
beggar on horseback, with the
of three kings behind him, ou
ling royalty? Besides, he help t
to break down our castles,
which I hate him.

Eleanor. For the which I hot
Statesman, not Churchman,
great and sound policy that;
embrace him for it: you could
the King for the kinglings.

Fitzurse. Ay, but he speaks
ble as tho' he were a churl, a
churl as if he were a noble.

Eleanor. Pride of the plebei
Fitzurse. And this plebeian
be Archbishop!

Eleanor. True, and I have
herited loathing of these blag
of the Papacy. Archbishop?
further into a man than our hot
Henry, and if there ever cor
between Church and Crown, a
not then charm this secret ou
loyal Thomas, I am not Elean

Fitzurse. Last night I foll
woman in the city here. Her f
veiled, but the back methoug
Rosamund—his paramour, th
I can feel for thee.

Thou feel for me! — para-
 al! King Louis had no
 and I loved him none the
 ury had many, and I loved
 e less — now neither more
 ot at all; the cup's empty.
 e were but his paramour,
 of their fancies; but I fear
~~any hath taken root~~, and
 om too, and she, whom the
 Indeed, is a power in the
 al! — ay, and when the
 s, there may come a crash
 ment as in Stephen's time;
 ildren — canst thou not —
 matter which would heat
 ainst thee (*whispers him and*
 ay, that is safe with me
 self; but canst thou not —
 owned in debt — thou shalt
 ove, our silence, and our
 it thou not — if thou light
 free me from her? 345
 Well, madam, I have loved
 ime.

No, my bear, thou hast
 ourts of Love would have
 uiltless of love — the fine
 and repulses, the delicacies,
 ea.

Madam, I loved according
 purpose and intent of Na-

355
 I warrant thee! thou
 g thy Cupid till his ribs
 ough of this. Follow me
 ind day and night, whither-
 goes; track her, if thou
 into the King's lodging,
 (*clenches her fist*) — may at
 y cry against him and her,
 i in thy way shouldst be
 the King, for thou in thy
 once, what shall I call it,
 ine own self. 367

Ay, but the young colt
 whinnied and flung up her
 then the King came honey-
 her, and this Becket, her
 nd, like enough staved us

Us!

Yea, by the Blessed Vir-
 were more than I buzzing
 lossom — De Tracy — even
 Brito. 378

Eleanor. Carry her off among you;
 run in upon her and devour her, one
 and all of you; make her as hateful to
 herself and to the King as she is to me.

Fitzurse. I and all would be glad to
 wreak our spite on the rose-faced min-
 ion of the King, and bring her to the
 level of the dust, so that the King —

Eleanor. Let her eat it like the ser-
 pent, and be driven out of her paradise.

ACT I

SCENE I. — BECKET'S HOUSE IN LONDON

*Chamber barely furnished. BECKET
 unrobing. HERBERT OF BOSHAM
 and SERVANT.*

Servant. Shall I not help your lord-
 ship to your rest?

Becket. Friend, am I so much better
 than thyself

That thou shouldst help me? Thou
 art wearied out

With this day's work; get thee to thine
 own bed.

Leave me with Herbert, friend.

[*Exit Servant.*
 Help me off, Herbert, with this — and
 this.

Herbert. Was not the people's bless-
 ing as we passed
 Heart-comfort and a balsam to thy
 blood?

Becket. The people know their
 Church a tower of strength,
 A bulwark against Throne and Baron
 age. 10

Too heavy for me, this; off with it,
 Herbert!

Herbert. Is it so much heavier than
 thy chancellor's robe?

Becket. No; but the Chancellor's
 and the Archbishop's
 Together more than mortal man can
 bear.

Herbert. Not heavier than thine
 armor at Toulouse?

Becket. O Herbert, Herbert, in my
 chancellorship

I more than once have gone against
 the Church.

Herbert. To please the King?

Becket. Ay, and the King of kings,

Or justice; for it seem'd to me but
just

The Church should pay her scutage
like the lords.

But hast thou heard this cry of Gilbert
Foliot

That I am not the man to be your pri-
mate,

For Henry could not work a miracle —
Make an archbishop of a soldier?

Herbert. Ay,
For Gilbert Foliot held himself the
man.

Becket. Am I the man? My mother,
ere she bore me,
Dream'd that twelve stars fell glitter-
ing out of heaven

Into her bosom.

Herbert. Ay, the fire, the light,
The spirit of the twelve Apostles enter'd
Into thy making.

Becket. And when I was a child,
The Virgin, in a vision of my sleep, 31
Gave me the golden keys of Paradise.
Dream,

Or prophecy, that?

Herbert. Well, dream and prophecy
both.

Becket. And when I was of Theo-
bald's household, once —
The good old man would sometimes
have his jest —

He took his mitre off, and set it on me,
And said, 'My young archbishop —
thou wouldst make

A stately archbishop!' Jest or pro-
phesy there?

Herbert. Both, Thomas, both.

Becket. Am I the man? That rang
Within my head last night, and when
I slept 40

Methought I stood in Canterbury
Minster,

And spake to the Lord God, and said,
'O Lord,

I have been a lover of wines, and deli-
cate meats,

And secular splendors, and a favorer
Of players, and a courtier, and a feeder
Of dogs and hawks, and apes, and
lions, and lynxes.

Am I the man?' And the Lord answer'd me,

'Thou art the man, and all the more
the mar'

And then I asked again, 'God,

Henry the King hath been
my brother,

And mine uplifter in this
chosen me

For this thy great archbis-
lieving

That I should go against
with him,

And I shall go against his
Church,

And I have said no word of
Am I the man?' And the

swer'd me,
'Thou art the man, and all
the man.'

And thereupon, methought
toward me,

And smote me down upon
floor.

I fell.

Herbert. God make not
thy foes fall!

Becket. I fell. Why fi-
did He smite me? V

Shall I fall off — to please
once more?

Not fight — tho' somehow
the King —

My truest and mine utmo-
Church?

Herbert. Thou canst not
way. Let traitor be!

For how have fought thi-
for the Church,

Save from the throne of
bishopric?

And how been made archbi-
thou told him,

'I mean to fight mine utmo-
Church,

Against the King?'

Becket. But dost thou
King

Forced mine election?

Herbert. I do thin-
Was potent in the election
not?

Why should not Heaven
spired the King?

Be comforted. Thou art
be thou

A mightier Anselm.

Becket. I do believe the
am the man.

em appall'd — on such a
agle-height I stand and

runs between me and
g.

Theobald well when I
th him; ⁸⁰
Henry well as Chancel-

more, and I must serve
urch.
ury is only less than

doubts I fling from me
st.

scatter all scruples to
id,
issance of the warrior,
wisdom of the Chancel-

heap'd experiences of

ie side of Canterbury →
ier Canterbury, who sits
robes. Laics and barons,

gifts of careless kings,
aspt ⁹¹
ier advowsons, gauges,

eres — we will make her

l lost. And for these
ustoms,

t Royal customs — they
al,
urch — and let them be
na.

peak for them anathema.
omas, thou art moved
ch.

O Herbert, here
asunder from the King.
each, a wound; mine
grief ¹⁰¹
scar for ever — his, a

e heal'd.

UND DE CLIFFORD, *fly*—
R REGINALD FITZURSE.
il.

Rosamund de Clifford!
Save me, father, hide
llow me — and I must

Becket. Pass in with Herbert there.
[*Exeunt Rosamund and Herbert*
by side door.

Enter FITZURSE.

Fitzurse. The archbishop!

Becket. Ay! what wouldst thou,
Reginald?

Fitzurse. Why — why, my lord, I
follow'd — follow'd one

Becket. And then what follows?
Let me follow thee. ¹¹⁰

Fitzurse. It much imports me I
should know her name.

Becket. What her?

Fitzurse. The woman that I fol-
low'd hither.

Becket. Perhaps it may import her
all as much

Not to be known.

Fitzurse. And what care I for that?
Come, come, my lord archbishop; I
saw that door

Close even now upon the woman.

Becket. Well?

Fitzurse (making for the door). Nay,
let me pass, my lord, for I must
know.

Becket. Back, man!

Fitzurse. Then tell me who and
what she is.

Becket. Art thou so sure thou fol-
lowedst anything?

Go home, and sleep thy wine off, for
thine eyes ¹²⁰

Glare stupid-wild with wine.

Fitzurse (making to the door). I must
and will.

I care not for thy new archbishopric.

Becket. Back, man, I tell thee! What.
Shall I forget my new archbishopric
And smite thee with my crozier on
the skull?

'Fore God, I am a mightier man than
thou.

Fitzurse. It well befits thy new
archbishopric

To take the vagabond woman of the
street

Into thine arms!

Becket. O drunken ribaldry!
Out, beast! out, bear!

Fitzurse. I shall remember this.

Becket. Do, and begone!

[*Exit Fitzurse.*

[*Going to the door, sees De Tracy.*
Tracy, what dost thou here?

De Tracy. My lord, I follow'd Reginald Fitzurse. 132
Becket. Follow him out!
De Tracy. I shall remember this Discourtesy. [Exit.
Becket. Do. These be those baron-brutes
That havock'd all the land in Stephen's day.
Rosamund de Clifford!
Re-enter ROSAMUND and HERBERT.
Rosamund. Here am I.
Becket. Why here?
We gave thee to the charge of John of Salisbury,
To pass thee to thy secret bower to-morrow.
Wast thou not told to keep thyself from sight?
Rosamund. Poor bird of passage!
so I was; but, father, 140
They say that you are wise in winged things,
And know the ways of Nature. Bar the bird
From following the fled summer—a chink—he's out,
Gone! And there stole into the city a breath
Full of the meadows, and it minded me
Of the sweet woods of Clifford, and the walks
Where I could move at pleasure, and I thought
'Lo! I must out or die.'
Becket. Or out and die.
And what hast thou to do with this Fitzurse?
Rosamund. Nothing. He sued my hand. I shook at him. 150
He found me once alone. Nay—nay—I cannot
Tell you. My father drove him and his friends,
De Tracy and De Brito, from our castle.
I was but fourteen and an April then. I heard him swear revenge.
Becket. Why will you court it
By self-exposure? flutter out at night? Make it so hard to save a moth from the fire?
Rosamund. I have saved many of 'em. You catch 'em, so,
Softly, and fling them out to the free air.

They burn themselves with
Becket. Our
Must speed you to your bow
The child
Is there already.
Rosamund. Yes—the
child—
O, rare, a whole long day of
Becket. Ay, but you go
Rosamund. O,
We'll baffle them, I warrant
shall it be?
I'll go as a nun.
Becket. No.
Rosamund. What, not go
Even to play at nun?
Becket. Dan John
That Map and these new men
Church
May plaister his clean
scurrilous rhymes!
No!
Go like a monk, cowling and
up
That fatal star, thy beauty
squint
Of lust and glare of malice
night! Good-night!
Rosamund. Father, I am
to all hardness!
Nay, father, first thy blessing
Becket. We
Rosamund.
Becket. Well, well! I ask
Heaven bless thee! but
Rosamund. O holy faith
thou seest him next
Commend me to thy friend.
Becket. What fr
Rosamund.
Becket. Herbert, take out
armed men
To guard this bird of pass
cage;
And watch Fitzurse, and if
thee,
Make him thy prisoner. I
cellor yet.
[Exit Herbert and Fitzurse]
Poor soul! poor soul!
My friend, the King!—O t
Seal of England,
Given me by my dear friend
of England—
We long have wrought toge
and I—

ust I send thee as a common
riend

the King, my friend, I am
gainst him.

friends no more; he will say
hat, not I.

worldly bond between us is dis-
olved,

t the love. Can I be under
im

ncellor? as Archbishop over
im?

efore like a friend slighted by
ne

th climb'd up to nobler com-
any.

ghted—all but moan'd for.
hou must go.

ot dishonor'd thee—I trust I
ave not—

ngled justice. May the hand
at next

thee be but as true to thee
hath been! O, my dear friend,

re King!

er!—I may come to martyr-
om.

rtyr in myself already. Her-
rt!

t (*re-entering*). My lord, the
wn is quiet, and the moon

the whole long street with
ght and shade.

all—no Fitzurse. We have
en her home.

The hog hath tumbled him-
lf into some corner,

ch, to snore away his drunk-
ness

sober headache,—(Nature's
ral

excess) Let the Great Seal
sent

he King to-morrow.

Must that be?

g may rend the bearer limb
m limb.

it again.

Against the moral excess

al ache, but failure it may be

e aim'd at. John of Salis-
ry

en laid a cold hand on my

its,

bert hath rebuked me even

W.

I will be wise and wary, not the sol-
dier

As Foliot swears it. — John, and out
of breath!

Enter JOHN OF SALISBURY.

John of Salisbury. Thomas, thou
wast not happy taking charge

Of this wild Rosamund to please the
King,

Nor am I happy having charge of
her—

The included Danaë has escaped
again

Her tower and her Acrisius—where
to seek?

I have been about the city.

Becket. Thou wilt find her
Back in her lodging. Go with her—

at once—

To-night—my men will guard you to
the gates.

Be sweet to her, she has many ene-
mies.

Send the Great Seal by daybreak.

Both, good-night!

SCENE II

STREET IN NORTHAMPTON LEADING
TO THE CASTLE

ELEANOR'S RETAINERS and BECKET'S
RETAINERS fighting. *Enter ELEANOR and BECKET from opposite streets.*

Eleanor. Peace, fools!

Becket. Peace, friends! what idle
brawl is this?

Retainer of Becket. They said—her
Grace's people—thou wast
found—

Liars! I shame to quote 'em—caught,
my lord,

With a wanton in thy lodging—Hell
requite 'em!

Retainer of Eleanor. My liege, the
Lord Fitzurse reported this

In passing to the Castle even now.

Retainer of Becket. And then they
mock'd us and we fell upon

'em,

For we would live and die for thee,
my lord,

However kings and queens may frown
on thee.

Becket to his Retainers. Go, go — no more of this!

Eleanor to her Retainers. Away!

(Exeunt Retainers.) Fitzurse —

Becket. Nay, let him be.

Eleanor. No, no, my lord archbishop,

'Tis known you are midwinter to all women,

But often in your chancellorship you served

The follies of the King.

Becket. No, not these follies!

Eleanor. My lord, Fitzurse beheld her in your lodging.

Becket. Whom?

Eleanor. Well — you know — the minion, Rosamund.

Becket. He had good eyes!

Eleanor. Then hidden in the street

He watch'd her pass with John of Salisbury.

And heard her cry, 'Where is this bower of mine?'

Becket. Good ears too!

Eleanor. You are going to the Castle,

Will you subscribe the customs?

Becket. I leave that,

Knowing how much you reverence Holy Church,

My liege, to your conjecture.

Eleanor. I and mine —

And many a baron holds along with me —

Are not so much at feud with Holy Church

But we might take your side against the customs —

So that you grant me one slight favor.

Becket. What?

Eleanor. A sight of that same chart which Henry gave you

With the red line — 'her bower.'

Becket. And to what end?

Eleanor. That Church must scorn herself whose fearful priest

Sits winking at the license of a king.

Altho' we grant when kings are dangerous

The Church must play into the hands of kings;

Look! I would move this wanton from his sight

And take the Church's danger on myself.

Becket. For which she duly grateful.

Eleanor. True

Tho' she that binds the bar should see

That kings are faithful toriage vow.

Becket. Ay, madam, and also.

Eleanor. And queens also

What is your drift?

Becket. My drift is to t

Where I shall meet the b my King.

DE BROC, DE TRACY, D

DE MORVILLE *(passing)*

Eleanor. To the Castle?

De Broc.

Eleanor. Stir up the King,

Set all on fire against him!

De Brito. Ay, good

Eleanor. Fool! I will n

hateful to thy King.

Churl! I will have thee frig

France,

And I shall live to tramp

grave.]

SCENE III

THE HALL IN NORTHAMPTON

On one side of the stage the d

inner Council-chamber, l

At the bottom, the great

the Hall. ROGER ARCHE

YORK, FOLIOT BISHOP OF

HILARY OF CHICHESTER

OF HEREFORD, RICHARD

INGS (Grand Prior of t

PHILIP DE ELEEMOSTYNA (

Almoner), and others. I

FITZURSE, DE BRITO, l

VILLE, DE TRACY, and o

ons assembled — a table be

JOHN OF OXFORD, Presid

Council.

Enter BECKET and HERBERT

SHAM.

Becket. Where is the King,

Roger of York. Gone ha

the Nene,

His heart so gall'd with thi

tude.

ot see thy face till thou hast
n'd

cient laws and customs of
realm.

ling back the Great Seal
dden'd him;

it pluck'd the bearer's eyes
ay.

lest he destroy thee utterly.

Then shalt thou step into
place and sign.

York. Didst thou not pro-
e Henry to obey

cient laws and customs of
realm?

Saving the honor of my or-
—ay.

traditions, — clouds that
ie and go;

ms of the Church are Peter's
k.

York. Saving thine order!
; King Henry sware

ing his King's kingship, he
uld grant thee

a itself. Saving thine order,
omas,

nd white at once, and comes
ought.

d up with stubbornness and
le,

destroy the Church in fight-
for it.

; us all to shame?

Roger of York,
and thou were youths in

obald's house,

l thy malice and thy cal-
nies

from the face of Theobald.
a Canterbury, and thou art

k.
York. And is not York the

r of Canterbury?

Great Gregory bid Saint
stin here

vo archbishopsrics, London
York?

What came of that? The
archbishop fled,

c lay barren for a hundred
rs.

this rule, Foliot may claim
pall

on too.

And with good reason too,

For London had a temple and a priest
When Canterbury hardly bore a name.

Becket. The pagan temple of a
pagan Rome!

The heathen priesthood of a heathen
creed!

Thou goest beyond thyself in petu-
lancy!

Who made thee London? Who, but
Canterbury?

John of Oxford. Peace, peace, my
lords! these customs are no

longer
As Canterbury calls them, wandering

clouds,
But by the King's command are writ-

ten down,
And by the King's command I, John

of Oxford,
The President of this Council, read

them.

Becket. Read!

John of Oxford (reads). 'All causes of
adwosons and presentations, whether

between laymen or clerics, shall be
tried in the King's court.'

Becket. But that I cannot sign; for
that would drag

The cleric before the civil judgment-
seat,

And on a matter wholly spiritual.

John of Oxford. 'If any cleric be
accused of felony, the Church shall

not protect him; but he shall answer
to the summons of the King's court to

be tried therein.'

Becket. And that I cannot sign.
Is not the Church the visible Lord on

earth?
Shall hands that do create the Lord

be bound
Behind the back like laymen-criminals?

The Lord be judged again by Pilate?

No!

John of Oxford. 'When a bishopric
falls vacant, the King, till another be

appointed, shall receive the revenues
thereof.'

Becket. And that I cannot sign. Is
the King's treasury

A fit place for the moneys of the
Church,

That be the patrimony of the poor?

John of Oxford. 'And when the va-
cancy is to be filled up, the King shall

summon the chapter of that church to

I mean to cross the sea to France, and
lay

My crozier in the Holy Father's hands,
And bid him re-create me, Gilbert
Foliot.

81

Foliot. Nay ; by another of these
customs thou

Wilt not be suffer'd so to cross the seas
Without the license of our lord the
King.

Becket. That, too, I cannot sign.

DE BROU, DE BRITO, DE TRACY,
FITZURSE, DE MORVILLE, *start up*
— *a clash of swords.*

Sign and obey !

Becket. My lords, is this a combat
or a council ?

Are ye my masters, or my lord the
King ?

Ye make this clashing for no love o'
the customs

Or constitutions, or whate'er ye call
them,

But that there be among you those
that hold

90

Lands reft from Canterbury.

De Broc. And mean to keep them,
In spite of thee !

Lords (shouting). Sign, and obey
the crown !

Becket. The crown ? Shall I do less
for Canterbury

for if thou go against thy
 ie likewise go against thy
 hy King might join the
 ope, ¹³⁰
 ould shake the Papacy as
 ids.
 King swore to our cardi-
 o harm nor damage to the
 h.
 ou his pride — thy signing
 form;
 ould harm come of it, it is
 ope
 blame — not thou. Over
 ver
 thou shouldst pacify the
 e battle between Heaven
 arth,
 ould get the better — for
 me.
 Pope absolve thee if thou
¹⁴⁰
 ave I the orders of the
 Father?
Eleemosyna. Orders, my
 — why, no; for what am I?
 hisper of the Holy Father.
 hast been a statesman,
 st thou always
 e mind to the air?
 f Rome be feeble, then
 l I be firm.
 ake it not that way — balk
 ie Pope's will.
 ith shaken off the Empe-
 e Church against the King
 thee.
de Hastings (kneeling).
 t, I am the oldest of the
 lars;
¹⁵⁰
 father; he would be mine
 l now; think of me as thy
 !
 father kneeling to thee,
 t.
 promise thee on my salva-
 wilt hear no more o' the
 ns.
 What!

Hath Henry told thee? hast thou talk'd
 with him?
Another Templar (kneeling). Father,
 I am the youngest of the Tem-
 plars,
 Look on me as I were thy bodily son,
 For, like a son, I lift my hands to
 thee.
Philip. Wilt thou hold out forever,
 Thomas Becket?
¹⁶⁰
 Dost thou not hear?
Becket (signs). Why — there then —
 there — I sign.
 And swear to obey the customs.
Foliot. Is it thy will,
 My lord archbishop, that we too should
 sign?
Becket. O, ay, by that canonical
 obedience
 Thou still hast owed thy father, Gil-
 bert Foliot.
Foliot. Loyally and with good faith,
 my lord archbishop?
Becket. O, ay, with all that loyalty
 and good faith
 Thou still hast shown thy primate,
 Gilbert Foliot.
 [Becket draws apart with Herbert.
 Herbert, Herbert, have I betray'd the
 Church?
 I'll have the paper back — blot out
 my name.
¹⁷⁰
Herbert. Too late, my lord: you see
 they are signing there.
Becket. False to myself — it is the
 will of God
 To break me, prove me nothing of
 myself!
 This almoner hath tasted Henry's gold.
 The cardinals have finger'd Henry's
 gold.
 And Rome is venal even to rottenness.
 I see it, I see it.
 I am no soldier, as he said — at least
 No leader. Herbert, till I hear from
 the Pope
 I will suspend myself from all my
 functions.
¹⁸⁰
 If fast and prayer, the lacerating
 scourge —
Foliot (from the table). My lord arch-
 bishop, thou hast yet to seal.
Becket. First, Foliot, let me see what
 I have sign'd. [Goes to the table.
 What, this! and this! — what! new
 and old together!

Seal? If a seraph shouted from the sun,
 And bade me seal against the rights of the Church,
 I would anathematize him. I will not seal. [*Exit with Herbert.*]
Enter KING HENRY.
Henry. Where's Thomas? hath he signed? show me the papers!
Sign'd and not seal'd! How's that?
John of Oxford. He would not seal.
 And when he sign'd, his face was stormy-red —
 Shame, wrath, I know not what. He sat down there
 And dropt it in his hands, and then a paleness,
 Like the wan twilight after sunset, crept
 Up even to the tonsure, and he groan'd,
 'False to myself! It is the will of God!'
Henry. God's will be what it will, the man shall seal.
 Or I will seal his doom. My burgher's son —
 Nay, if I cannot break him as the prelate,
 I'll crush him as the subject. Send for him back. [*Sits on his throne.*]
 Barons and bishops of our realm of England,
 After the nineteen winters of King Stephen —
 A reign which was no reign, when none could sit
 By his own hearth in peace; when murder common
 As nature's death, like Egypt's plague, had fill'd
 All things with blood; when every doorway blush'd,
 Dash'd red with that unhallow'd pass-over;
 When every baron ground his blade in blood;
 The household dough was kneaded up with blood;
 The mill-wheel turn'd in blood; the wholesome plow
 Mowing in the furrow's yellow weeds,
 The nine dwarf'd the race — I came, your King!
 I felt alone, like a soft lord of the East,
 In mine own hall, fools' ears
 The flatteries of abroad
 Thro' all my countie's ways;
 Yea, heard the church — yea,
 And did him justice courts
 Judging my judges King
 Who ranged confusion light day,
 And struck a shadow vague, and hid
 From madness. As fallows till'd,
 Much corn, reaped again.
 So far my course, smooth,
 Had prosper'd in the denly
 Jarr'd on this rock. The daughter of the
 der'd him.
 Bishops — York, Le Westminister
 Ye haled this tonsure courts;
 But since your cant take
 Life for a life, ye b
 Where I had hang'd hard murder
 For degradation? muse,
 Being bounden by To do men justice.
 own selves! Say that a cleric
 bishop,
 What could ye do? him —
 Not death for death
John of Oxford.
 could swear,
 To death for death.
Henry. And, look
 Ifound a hundred gl
 By men, the scum Church;
 Then, glancing thro
 realm,
 I came on certain w

n desuetude, of my grandsire's day,
royal customs—had them written fair
in of Oxford here to read to you,
of Oxford. And I can easily swear to these as being
King's will and God's will and justice; yet

Henry. And Becket had my bosom on all this;
If ever man by bonds of gratefulness—
I raised him from the puddle of the gutter,
I made him porcelain from the clay of the city—
Thought that I knew him, err'd thro' love of him,



SIR HENRY IRVING AS BECKET

d but read a part to-day, because—
urse. Because my lord of Canterbury—
Tracy. Ay,
ord of Canterbury—
Grilo. As is his wont
uch of late when'er your royal rights
ooted in our councils—
urse. —made an uproar.

Hoped, were he chosen archbishop,
Church and Crown,
Two sisters gliding in an equal dance,
Two rivers gently flowing side by side—
But no!
The bird that moults sings the same song again,
The snake that sloughs comes out a snake again.

him an out King.
Chancellor-Archbishop, he might well
have sway'd
All England under Henry, the young
King,
When I was hence. What did the
traitor say?
False to himself, but ten-fold false to
me!
The will of God — why, then it is my
will —
Is he coming?

Messenger (entering). With a crowd
of worshippers,
And holds his cross before him thro'
the crowd,
As one that puts himself in sanctuary.

Henry. His cross!

Roger of York. His cross! I'll front
him, cross to cross. 280

[Exit Roger of York.]

Henry. His cross! it is the traitor
that imputes
Treachery to his King!
It is not safe for me to look upon him.
Away — with me!

*[Goes in with his Barons to the
Council Chamber, the door of
which is left open.]*

*Enter BECKET, holding his cross of sil-
ver before him. The BISHOPS com-
round him.*

Henry. The King will not abide

under what prince I fight.
Foliot. My lord of York,
 let us go in to the Council, where our
 bishops
 and our great lords will sit in judg-
 ment on him.
Becket. Sons sit in judgment on
 their father! — then
 the spire of Holy Church may prick
 the graves —
 the crypt among the stars. Sign? ³³⁰
 seal? I promised
 the King to obey these customs, not
 yet written,
 saving mine order; true, too, that
 when written
 sign'd them — being a fool, as Foliot
 call'd me.
 hold not by my signing. Get ye
 hence,
 all what I say to the King.
*[Exeunt Hereford, Foliot, and
 other Bishops.]*
Roger of York. The Church will
 hate thee. *[Exit.]*
Becket. Serve my best friend and
 make him my worst foe:
 fight for the Church, and set the
 Church against me!
Herbert. To be honest is to set all
 knaves against thee.
 Ah, Thomas, excommunicate them
 all! ³³⁰
Hereford (re-entering). I cannot
 brook the turmoil thou hast
 raised.
 would, my lord Thomas of Canter-
 bury,
 thou wert plain Thomas and not Can-
 terbury,
 so that thou wouldst deliver Canter-
 bury
 to our King's hands again, and be at
 peace.
Hilary (re-entering). For hath not
 thine ambition set the Church
 his day between the hammer and
 the anvil —
 fealty to the King, obedience to thy-
 self?
Herbert. What say the bishops?
Hilary. Some have pleaded for him,
 but the King rages — most are with
 the King;
 and some are reeds, that one time
 sway to the current,

And to the wind another. But we
 hold
 Thou art forsworn; and no forsworn
 archbishop
 Shall helm the Church. We therefore
 place ourselves
 Under the shield and safeguard of the
 Pope,
 And cite thee to appear before the
 Pope,
 And answer thine accusers. Art
 thou deaf?
Becket. I hear you. *[Clash of arms.]*
Hilary. Dost thou hear those others?
Becket. Ay!
Roger of York (re-entering). The
 King's 'God's eyes!' come now
 so thick and fast
 We fear that he may reave thee of
 thine own. ³⁵⁰
 Come on, come on! it is not fit for us
 To see the proud archbishop mutilated.
 Say that he blind thee and tear out
 thy tongue.
Becket. So be it. He begins at top
 with me:
 They crucified Saint Peter downward.
Roger of York. Nay,
 But for their sake who stagger betwixt
 thine
 Appeal and Henry's anger, yield.
Becket. Hence, Satan!
[Exit Roger of York.]
Fitzurme (re-entering). My lord, the
 King demands three hundred
 marks,
 Due from his castles of Berkhamstead
 and Eye
 When thou thereof wast warden.
Becket. Tell the King
 I spent thrice that in fortifying his
 castles. ³⁶⁰
De Tracy (re-entering). My lord, the
 King demands seven hundred
 marks,
 Lent at the siege of Toulouse by the
 King.
Becket. I led seven hundred knights
 and fought his wars
De Brito (re-entering). My lord,
 the King demands five hundred
 marks,
 Advanced thee at his instance by the
 Jews.
 For which the King was bound secur-
 ity.

Becket. I thought it was a gift; I thought it was a gift.

Enter LORD LEICESTER (followed by BARONS and BISHOPS).

Leicester. My lord, I come unwillingly. The King

Demands a strict account of all those revenues ³⁷⁰

From all the vacant sees and abbacies, Which came into thy hands when Chancellor.

Becket. How much might that amount to, my lord Leicester?

Leicester. Some thirty—forty thousand silver marks.

Becket. Are these your customs? O my good lord Leicester,

The King and I were brothers. All I had

I lavish'd for the glory of the King; I shone from him, for him, his glory, his

Reflection. Now the glory of the Church

Hath swallow'd up the glory of the King; ³⁸⁰

I am his no more, but hers. Grant me one day

To ponder these demands.

Leicester. Hear first thy sentence! The King and all his lords—

Becket. Son, first hear me!

Leicester. Nay, nay, canst thou, that holdest thine estates

In fee and barony of the King, decline

The judgment of the King?

Becket. The King! I hold Nothing in fee and barony of the King.

Whatever the Church owns—she holds it in

Free and perpetual alms, unsubject to One earthly sceptre.

Leicester. Nay, but hear thy judgment. ³⁹⁰

The King and all his barons—

Becket. Judgment! Barons!

Who but the bridegroom dares to judge the bride,

Or he the bridegroom may appoint? Not he

That is not of the house, but from the street

Stain'd with the mire thereof.

I had been so true

To Henry and mine office to the King

Would throne me in the greatest bishopric;

And I, that knew mine own city,

For the King's pleasure rather God's cause

Took it upon me—err'd thro' him.

Now therefore God from me will Himself,

And the King too.

What! forty thousand marks?

Why, thou, the King, the Pope, Saints, the world,

Know that when made archbishop was freed,

Before the Prince and chief clergy,

From every bond and debt and gation

Incurr'd as Chancellor.

Hear me, son. A Outvalues dress, light darkness

Cain, The soul the body, and the Crown the Throne,

I charge thee, upon pain of anathema,

That thou obey, not me, but God

me, Rather than Henry. I refuse to

By the King's censure, make me to the Pope,

By whom I will be judged; refuse self,

The King, these customs, a Church, to him,

And under his authority—I decline

[*Leicester looks at him doubtfully.* Am I a prisoner?

Leicester. By Saint Lazarus I am confounded by thee. In

peace. De Broc. In peace now—but

Take that for earnest.

[*Flings a bone at him for rushes.*

De Brito, Fitzurse, De Trac others (flinging wisps of rushes).

go in peace, caitiff, caitiff! Art too, perjured prelate—and that

coat shaveling! There, there, traitor, traitor, traitor!

Mannerless wolves !

[Turning and facing them.

t. Enough, my lord, enough !

. Barons of England and of

ormandy,

hat ye shake at doth but seem

fly,

: of coward, ye follow with a

ll. ⁴³⁰

at threw the mightiest knight

France,

ram de Trie, —

t. Enough, my lord.

More than enough. I play

a fool again.

Enter HERALD.

. The King commands you,

on pain of death,

ne should wrong or injure

ur archbishop.

Deal gently with the young

in Absalom.

at doors of the Hall at the back

en, and discover a crowd.

ey shout :

he that cometh in the name

the Lord !

SCENE IV

RY OF THE MONASTERY AT
NORTHAMPTON

Banquet on the Tables.

BECKET. BECKET'S RETAIN-
ERS.

etainer. Do thou speak first.

Retainer. Nay, thou ! Nay,

ast not thou drawn the short

etainer. My lord archbishop,

permit us —

To speak without stammer-

ke a free man ? Ay.

etainer. My lord, permit us

ave thy service. ¹⁰

When ?

etainer. Now.

To-night ?

etainer. To-night, my lord.

And why ?

etainer. My lord, we leave

without tears.

Becket. Tears ? Why not stay with
me then ? ¹⁹

First Retainer. My lord, we cannot
yield thee an answer altogether to thy
satisfaction.

Becket. I warrant you, or your own
either. Shall I find you one ? The
King hath frowned upon me.

First Retainer. That is not alto-
gether our answer, my lord.

Becket. No ; yet all but all. Go, go !
Ye have eaten of my dish and drunken
of my cup for a dozen years. ³⁰

First Retainer. And so we have.
We mean thee no wrong. Wilt thou
not say, ' God bless you,' ere we go ?

Becket. God bless you all ! God
redden your pale blood ! But mine
is human-red ; and when ye shall
hear it is poured out upon earth, and
see it mounting to heaven, my ' God
bless you,' that seems sweet to you
now, will blast and blind you like a
curse. ⁴¹

First Retainer. We hope not, my
lord. Our humblest thanks for your
blessing. Farewell !

[Exeunt Retainers.

Becket. Farewell, friends ! fare-
well, swallows ! I wrong the bird ;
she leaves only the nest she built,
they leave the builder. Why ? Am
I to be murdered to-night ?

[Knocking at the door.

Attendant. Here is a missive left
at the gate by one from the castle. ⁵¹

Becket. Cornwall's hand or Leices-
ter's ; they write marvellously alike.

[Reading.

' Fly at once to France, to King
Louis of France ; there be those about
our King who would have thy blood.'

Was not my lord of Leicester bidden
to our supper ?

Attendant. Ay, my lord, and di-
vers other earls and barons. But the
hour is past, and our brother, Mas-
ter Cook, he makes moan that all be
a-getting cold. ⁶³

Becket. And I make my moan along
with him. Cold after warm, winter
after summer, and the golden leaves,
these earls and barons, that clung to
me, frosted off me by the first cold
frown of the King. Cold, but look

and ever at one with the poor. I marked a group of lazars in the marketplace — half-rag, half-sore — beggars, poor rogues (Heaven bless 'em!) who never saw nor dreamed of such a banquet. I will amaze them. Call them in, I say. They shall henceforward be my carls and barons — our lords and masters in Christ Jesus. 89

[*Exit* Herbert.]

If the King hold his purpose, I am myself a beggar. Forty thousand marks! forty thousand devils — and these craven bishops!

A Poor Man (entering) with his dog.
My lord archbishop, may I come in with my poor friend, my dog? The King's verdurer caught him a-hunting in the forest, and cut off his paws. The dog followed his calling, my lord. I ha' carried him ever so many miles in my arms, and he licks my face and moans and cries out against the King. 100

Becket. Better thy dog than thee. The King's courts would use thee worse than thy dog — they are too bloody. Were the Church king, it would be otherwise. Poor beast! poor beast! set him down. I will bind up his wounds with my napkin. Give him a bone, give him a bone! Who misuses a dog would misuse a child — they cannot speak for themselves. Past help! his paws are past help. 101

what said the black sheep, my masters?

'We can make a black sin white.'

Third Beggar. Peace!

FIRST BEGGAR.

'Lamb, ewe-lamb, I am here by the dam.'

At the miller came home that night,
So dusted his back with the meal in
his sack,
At he made the black sheep white.

Third Beggar. Be we not of the
ly? be we not a-supping with the
of the family? be we not in my
own refractory? Out from
ng us; thou art our black
p. 185

Enter the four KNIGHTS.

Fitzurse. Sheep, said he? And
p without the shepherd, too.
re is my lord archbishop? Thou
lustiest and lousiest of this Cain's
herhood, answer. 190

Third Beggar. With Cain's answer,
lord. Am I his keeper? Thou
ddst call him Cain, not me.

Fitzurse. So I do, for he would
der his brother the State.

Third Beggar (rising and advancing). No, my lord; but because the
I hath set his mark upon him that
man should murder him.

Fitzurse. Where is he? where is
201

Third Beggar. With Cain belike, in
land of Nod, or in the land of
ice for aught I know.

Fitzurse. France! Ha! De Mor-
Tracy, Brito—fled is he? Cross
ada, all of you! swear to follow
! Remember the Queen!

[*The four Knights cross their
swords.*

De Brito. They mock us; he is
210

[*All the Beggars rise and advance
upon them.*

Fitzurse. Come, you filthy knaves,
is pass.

Third Beggar. Nay, my lord, let
pass. We be a-going home after
supper in all humbleness, my
; for the archbishop loves hum-
ness, my lord, and though we be

fifty to four, we daren't fight you
with our crutches, my lord. There
now, if thou hast not laid hands upon
me! and my fellows know that I am
all one scale like a fish. I pray God I
haven't given thee my leprosy, my
lord. 224

[*Fitzurse shrinks from him, and
another presses upon De Brito.*

De Brito. Away, dog!

Fourth Beggar. And I was bit by a
mad dog o' Friday, an' I be half dog
already by this token, that tho' I can
drink wine I cannot bide water, my
lord; and I want to bite, I want to
bite, and they do say the very breath
catches. 232

De Brito. Insolent clown! Shall I
smite him with the edge of the sword?

De Morrille. No, nor with the flat
of it either. Smite the shepherd, and
the sheep are scattered. Smite the
sheep, and the shepherd will excom-
municate thee.

De Brito. Yet my fingers itch to
beat him into nothing. 241

Fifth Beggar. So do mine, my lord.
I was born with it, and sulphur won't
bring it out o' me. But for all that
the archbishop washed my feet o'
Tuesday. He likes it, my lord.

Sixth Beggar. And see here, my
lord, this rag fro' the gangrene i' my
leg. It's humbling—it smells o' hu-
man natur'. Wilt thou smell it, my
lord? for the archbishop likes the
smell on it, my lord; for I be his lord
and master i' Christ, my lord. 253

De Morrille. Faugh! we shall all
be poisoned. Let us go.

[*They draw back, Beggars follow-
ing.*

Seventh Beggar. My lord, I ha' three
sisters a-dying at home o' the sweating
sickness. They be dead while I be
a supping.

Eighth Beggar. And I ha' nine
darters i' the spital that be dead ten
times o'er i' one day wi' the putrid
fever; and I bring the taint on it along
wi' me, for the archbishop likes it, my
lord. 275

[*Pressing upon the Knights till
they disappear thro' the door.*

Third Beggar. Crutches, and itches,
and leprosy, and ulcers, and gan-

greenes, and running sores, praise ye the Lord, for to-night ye have saved our archbishop!

First Beggar. I'll go back again. I hain't half done yet.

Herbert of Bosham (entering). My friends, the archbishop bids you good-night. He hath retired to rest, and being in great jeopardy of his life, he hath made his bed between the altars, from whence he sends me to bid you this night pray for him who hath fed you in the wilderness.

Third Beggar. So we will—so we will, I warrant thee. Becket shall be king, and the Holy Father shall be king, and the world shall live by the King's venison and the bread o' the Lord, and there shall be no more poor for ever. Hurrah! Vive le Roy! That's the English of it.

ACT II

SCENE I.—ROSAMUND'S BOWER

A Garden of Flowers. In the midst a bank of wild-flowers with a bench before it.

Voices heard singing among the trees.

DUET.

1. Is it the wind of the dawn that I hear in the pine overhead?
2. No; but the voice of the deep as it hollows the cliffs of the land.
1. Is there a voice coming up with the voice of the deep from the strand, One coming up with a song in the flush of the glimmering red?
2. Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.
1. Love that can shape or can shatter a life till the life shall have fled?
2. Nay, let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the dead.
1. Keep him away from the lone little isle. Let us be, let us be.
2. Nay, let him make it his own, let him reign in it—he, it is he, Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.

Enter HENRY and ROSAMUND.

Rosamund. Be friends with him again—I do beseech thee.

Henry. With Becket? I one hour with thee—

Sceptre and crozier clashing mitre

Grappling the crown—and flee from this

For a gasp of freer air, a while

To rest upon thy bosom a him—

Why thou, my bird, the 'Becket, Becket'—

Yea, thou my golden dream own bower,

Must be the nightmare by my peace

With 'Becket.'

Rosamund. O my life's smile

Is all but death to me. M cloud!

Let there not be one frown hour.

Out of the many thine, let mine!

Look rather thou all-royal first

I met thee.

Henry. Where was that?

Rosamund. Forget me too.

Henry. Nay, I remember there on the moors.

Rosamund. And in a nest A plover flew before thee.

saw Thy high black steed among

ing furze, Like sudden light in the

of day. And from that height some

said to me, I knew not what.

Henry. I ask'd thee

Rosamund. So I lost mine.

Henry. Thou wast too answer.

Rosamund. Too scared—

Henry. The rosebud of Well, well, no more of his

sent his folk, His kin, all his belong

seas; Age, orphans, and bab mothers—all

hundreds to him—there to beg,
starve, die—
t the fool King Louis feed
him not.
I shall feel that I can strike
him yet.

und. Babes, orphans, mothers!
is that royal, sire?

y. And I have been as royal
with the Church.

er'd in the Abbey of Pontigny,
wore his time studying the
anon law

it against me. But since he
ursed

nds at Veselay, I have let
em know

they keep him longer as their
uest,

und. And is that altogether
oyal?

Traitor!

und. A faithful traitress to
y royal fame.

Fame! what care I for
me? Spite, ignorance, envy,

resty too, paint her what way
ey will,

to-day is infamy to-morrow;
of *to-day* is fame to-mor-

ow;
nd and round again. What
atters? Royal—

to leave the royalty of my
own

d to mine heirs.

und. Still—thy fame too;
it should be royal.

And I say,
it for thy saying.

und. And I say,
it for thy saying. A greater

ing

ou art, Love, who cares not
r the word,

are not—care. There have
spoken true?

Care dwell with me for
er when I cease

for thee as ever!

und. No need! no need! . . .
a bench. Come, wilt thou

?—My bank
lowers [*he sits*]. At thy feet!

[*She sits at his feet.*]

Henry. I bade them clear
A royal pleasure for thee, in the
wood,

Not leave these country-folk at court.

Rosamund. I brought them
In from the wood, and set them here.

I love them
More than the garden flowers, that
seem at most

Sweet guests, or foreign cousins, not
half speaking

The language of the land. I love
them too,

Yes. But, my liege, I am sure, of all
the roses—

Shame fall on those who gave it a
dog's name!—

This wild one (*picking a briar-rose*)—
nay, I shall not prick myself—

Is sweetest. Do but smell!

Henry. Thou rose of the world!
Thou rose of all the roses! [*Muttering.*]

I am not worthy of her—this beast-
body

That God has plunged my soul in—
I, that taking

The Fiend's advantage of a throne, so
long

Have wander'd among women,—a
foul stream

Thro' fever-breeding levels,—at her
side,

Among these happy dales, run clearer,
drop

The mud I carried, like yon brook,
and glass

The faithful face of heaven—
[*Looking at her, and unconsciously*

aloud, —thine! thine!

Rosamund. I know it.

Henry (*muttering*). Not hers. We
have but one bond, her hate of

Becket.

Rosamund (*half hearing*). Nay! nay!
what art thou muttering? I

hate Becket?

Henry (*muttering*). A sane and nat-
ural loathing for a soul

Purer, and truer and nobler than her-
self;

And mine a bitterer illegitimate hate,
A bastard hate born of a former

love.
Rosamund. My fault to name him!
O, let the hand of one

THERE MAY BE SAVED IN MY TIME OF
life.

Henry. Not half *her* hand — no hand
to mate with *her*, 100

If it should come to that.

Rosamund. With *her*? with whom?

Henry. Life on the hand is naked
gipsy-stuff;

Life on the face, the brows — clear
innocence!

Vein'd marble — not a furrow yet —
and hers [Muttering.

Croost and recroost, a venomous spider's
web —

Rosamund (springing up). Out of
the cloud, my Sun — out of the
eclipse

Narrowing my golden hour!

Henry. O *Rosamund*,

I would be true — would tell thee all
— and something

I had to say — I love thee none the
less — 109

Which will so vex thee.

Rosamund. Something against *me*?

Henry. No, no, against myself.

Rosamund. I will not hear it.

Come, come, mine hour! I bargain
for mine hour.

I'll call thee little Geoffrey.

Henry.

Call him!

Rosamund.

Geoffrey!

Ed. Ay, but he will not.
Ay! but if he did?
Ed. O, then! O, then! I
 not fear to say
 poor heretic heart would ex-
 communicate
 nunication, clinging to thee
 ever.

*raising Rosamund and kiss-
 her).* My brave-hearted
 !
 er been to see thee?

Ed. Here? not he.
 so lonely here — no confes-

Thou shalt confess all thy
 t sins to me. ¹⁶⁰

Ed. Besides, we came away
 ich a heat,
 not even my crucifix.

Take this.
*g her the Crucifix which
 nor gave him.*

Ed. O, beautiful! May I
 it as mine, till mine
 ain?

(throwing it round her neck).
 e — as I am — till death!

Ed. Death? no! I'll have
 ith me in my shroud,
 with it, and show it to all
 saints.

Nay — I must go; but
 n thou layest thy lip
 membering One who died
 hee,

also one who lives for

n France; for I must hence
 ave ¹⁷⁰
 King Louis, and this turn-
 nt priest.

Ed. (kneeling). O, by thy
 for me, all mine for thee,
 thy soul into the flames of

hee — be friends with him
 a.

Look, look! if little Geof-
 have not tost

o the brook! makes after
)

Why, the child will drown
 elf.

Ed. Geoffrey! Geoffrey!
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II

MONTMIRAIL

'*The Meeting of the Kings.*' JOHN OF
 OXFORD and HENRY. *Crowd in the
 distance.*

John of Oxford. You have not
 crown'd young Henry yet, my
 liege?

Henry. Crown'd! by God's eyes, we
 will not have him crown'd.

I spoke of late to the boy, he answer'd
 me,

As if he wore the crown already — No,
 We will not have him crown'd.

'Tis true what Becket told me, that
 the mother

Would make him play his kingship
 against mine.

John of Oxford. Not have him
 crown'd?

Henry. Not now — not yet! and
 Becket —

Becket should crown him were he
 crown'd at all;

But, since we would be lord of our
 own manor, ¹⁰

This Canterbury, like a wounded
 deer,

Has fled our presence and our feeding-
 grounds.

John of Oxford. Cannot a smooth
 tongue lick him whole again

To serve your will?

Henry. He hates my will, not me.

John of Oxford. There's York, my
 liege.

Henry. But England scarce would
 hold

Young Henry king, if only crown'd
 by York.

And that would stilt up York to twice
 himself.

There is a movement yonder in the
 crowd —

See if our pious — what shall I call
 him, John? —

Husband-in-law, or smooth-shorn su-
 zerain, ²⁰

Be yet within the field.

John of Oxford. I will. [Exit.

Henry. Ay! Ay!

Mince and go back! his politic Hol-
 ness

Quarrel of Crown and Church—to
rend again.
His Holiness cannot steer straight
thro' shoals,
Nor I. The citizen's heir hath con-
quer'd me
For the moment. So we make our
peace with him.
Enter LOUIS.
Brother of France, what shall be done
with Becket?
Louis. The Holy Thomas! Bro-
 ther, you have traffick'd
Between the Emperor and the Pope,
between
The Pope and Antipope—a perilous
game
For men to play with God.
Henry. Ay, ay, good brother,
They call you the Monk-King.
Louis. Who calls me? she
That was my wife, now yours? You
have her Duchy,
The point you aim'd at, and pray God
she prove
True wife to you. You have had the
better of us
In secular matters.
Henry. Come, confess, good bro-
 ther,
You did your best or worst to keep
her Duchy.
 Only the golden

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y. Out upon thee, man!
 the devil's honor, his yes and
 o.
 s, bishops, earls, this London
 pawn — by Mahound,
 oner have been born a Mussul-
 man —
 shing with their priests — 80
 alf-way down the slope — will
 o man stay me?
 myself to pieces — I stay my-
 self —
 it is gone. You, Master
 ecket, you
 e to me your power over me —
 y —
 of France, you have taken,
 erish'd him
 ief-like fled from his own
 urch by night,
 pursuing. I would have had
 im back.
 ed he do not turn and rend
 ou too:
 tsoever may displease him —
 at 90
 against God's honor — a shift,
 trick
 y to challenge, face me out of
 l
 rights. Yet, yet — that none
 ay dream
 inst God's honor — ay, or him-
 lf
 eason, choose
 ed of the wisest heads from
 agland,
 ed, too, from Normandy and
 njou;
 s decide on what was custom-
 y
 days, and all the Church of
 ance
 n their decision, I am con-
 nt. 100
 at the mightiest and the ho-
 st
 s predecessors may have done
 the least and meanest of my
 n,
 do the same to me — I am
 ntent.
 Ay, ay! the King humbles
 nself enough.
 (aside). Words! he will wrig-
 s out of them like an eel

When the time serves. (Aloud.) My
 lieges and my lords,
 The thanks of Holy Church are due to
 those
 That went before us for their work,
 which we
 Inheriting reap an easier harvest.
 Yet — 110
 Louis. My lord, will you be greater
 than the Saints,
 More than Saint Peter? whom — what
 is it you doubt?
 Behold your peace at hand.
 Becket. I say that those
 Who went before us did not wholly
 clear
 The deadly growths of earth, which
 hell's own heat
 So dwelt on that they rose and dark-
 en'd heaven.
 Yet they did much. Would God they
 had torn up all
 By the hard root, which shoots again;
 our trial
 Had so been less; but, seeing they
 were men
 Defective or excessive, must we fol-
 low 120
 All that they overdid or underdid?
 Nay, if they were defective as Saint
 Peter
 Denying Christ, who yet defied the
 tyrant,
 We hold by his defiance, not his de-
 fect.
 O good son Louis, do not counsel me,
 No, to suppress God's honor for the
 sake
 Of any king that breathes. No, God
 forbid!
 Henry. No! God forbid! and turn
 me Mussulman!
 No God but one, and Mahound is his
 prophet.
 But for your Christian, look you, you
 shall have 130
 None other God but me — me, Thomas,
 son
 Of Gilbert Becket, London merchant.
 Out!
 I hear no more. [Exit.
 Louis. Our brother's anger puts him,
 Poor man, beside himself — not wise.
 My lord,
 We have clasp'd your cause, believing
 that our brother

John of Oxford. I am glad that
 France hath scouted him at last.
 I told the Pope what manner of man
 he was.
Roger of York. Yea, since he doots
 the will of either realm,
 Let either cast him away like a dead
 dog!
Foliot. Yea, let a stranger spoil his
 heritage,
 And let another take his bishopric!
De Broe. Our castle, my lord, be-
 longs to Canterbury,
 I pray you come and take it.
Fitzurse. When you will.
Becket. Cursed be John of Oxford
 Roger of York,
 And Gilbert Foliot! cursed those De
 Broes
 That hold our Saltwood Castle from
 our see!
 Cursed Fitzurse, and all the rest of them
 That sow this hate between my lord
 and me!
Voice from the Church. Blessed be
 the lord archbishop, who hath with-
 stood two kings to their faces for the
 honor of God.
Becket. Out of the mouths of babes
 and sucklings, praise!

light to wallow in the grossness of it.

II Truth herself be shamed of her defender. 209

in defensoribus istis, Walter Map!

Walter Map. Is that my case? so if my city be sick, and I cannot call the angel sweet, your lordship would suspend me from verse writing, as if I suspended yourself after submitting to the customs.

Becket. I pray God pardon mine infirmity! 217

Walter Map. Nay, my lord, take heart; for tho' you suspended yourself, the Pope let you down again; and tho' you suspend Foliot or another, the Pope will not leave them in suspense, for the Pope himself is always in suspense, like Mahound's Chin hung between heaven and earth—always in suspense, like the scales, and the weight of Germany or the Mid of England brings one of them down to the dust—always in suspense, like the tail of the horologe—and fro—tick-tack—we make the time, we keep the time, ay, and we save the time; for I have heard say that if you boxed the Pope's ears with a purse, you might stagger him, but he would pocket the purse. No saying of mine—Jocelyn of Salisbury, at the King hath bought half the oblige of Red-hats. He warmed to me to-day, and you have chilled him again. Yet you both love God. Agree with him quickly again, even for the sake of the Church. My one grain of good counsel which you will not swallow. I hate a split between old friendships as I hate the dirty gap in the robe of a Cistercian monk, that will wallow anything. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Becket. Map scoffs at Rome. I all but hold with Map.

I've for myself no Rome were left in England. 23

II had been his. Why should this Rome, this Rome.

III choose Barabbas rather than the Christ.

Resolve the left-hand thief and damn the right?

Like fees of tyranny, wink at sacrilege,

Which even Peter had not dared? condemn

The blameless exile?—

Herbert. Thee, thou holy Thomas! I would that thou hadst been the Holy Father.

Becket. I would have done my most to keep Rome holy.

I would have made Rome know she still is Rome—

Who stands aghast at her eternal self And shakes at mortal kings—her vacillation. 2

Avarice, craft—O God, how many an innocent

Has left his bones upon the way to Rome

Unwept, uncared for! Yea—on mine own self

The King had had no power except for Rome.

'Tis not the King who is guilty of mine exile.

But Rome, Rome, Rome!

Herbert. My lord, I see this Louis Returning, ah! to drive thee from his realm.

Becket. He said as much before. Thou art no prophet,

Nor yet a prophet's son.

Herbert. Whatever he say, Deny not thou God's honor for a king. 271

The King looks troubled.

Re-enter KING LOUIS.

Louis. My dear lord archbishop, I learn but now that those poor Poitevins

That in thy cause were stirr'd against King Henry

Have been, despite his kingly promise given

To our own self of pardon, evilly used

And put to pain. I have lost all trust in him.

The Church alone hath eyes—and now I see

That I was blind—suffer the phrase—surrendering?

God's honor to the pleasure of a man 281

Forgive me and absolve me, holy father. [*Knock.*]

Becket. Son, I absolve thee in the name of God.

your ladyship a-parting wi' him even now i' the coppice, when I was a-getting o' bluebells for your ladyship's nose to smell on—and I ha' seen the King once at Oxford, and he's as like the King as fingernail to fingernail, and I thought at first it was the King, only you know the King's married, for King Louis—

Rosamund. Married!

Margery. Years and years, my lady, for her husband, King Louis—

Rosamund. Hush!

Margery. And I thought if it were the King's brother he had a better bride than the King, for the people do say that his is bad beyond all reckoning, and—

Rosamund. The people lie.

Margery. Very like, my lady, but most on 'em know an honest woman and a lady when they see her, and besides they say she makes songs, and that's against her, for I never knew an honest woman that could make songs, tho' to be sure our mother 'll sing me old songs by the hour, but then, God help her, she had 'em from her mother, and her mother from her mother back and back for ever so long, but none on 'em ever made songs, and they were all honest.

Rosamund. Go, you shall tell me of her some other time.

Margery. There's none so much to tell on her, my lady, only she kept the seventh commandment better than some I know on, or I could n't look your ladyship i' the face, and she brew'd the best ale in all Glo'ster, that is to say in her time when she had the 'Crown.'

Rosamund. The crown! who?

Margery. Mother.

Rosamund. I mean her whom you call—fancy—my husband's brother's wife.

Margery. O, Queen Eleanor. Yes, my lady; and tho' I be sworn not to speak a word, I can tell you all about her, if—

Rosamund. No word now. I am faint and sleepy. Leave me. Nay—go. What! will you anger me?

[*Exit Margery.*]

He charged me not those
About me. Have
tion'd me.

Did she not slander
stay here?

May she not tempt
side,

To question her?
her hence

Without his kingly
the dark.

I have lived, poor b
cage, and kno

Nothing but him—
no more,

So that he loved me
me—yes,

And bound me by hi
Till his own time.

Eleanor,
Not heard ill things o

O, she's
The Queen of France

some confusion,
Some strange mistake,

aright,
Myself confused with

the King.

MARGERY (*behind*)

Bee must n't buzz

Whoop—but h

Rosamund. Yet her
he hinted of some

When he was here befor
Something that would

Hath he stray'd
From love's clear path

mon bush,
And, being scratch'd, r

true rose,
Who hath not thorn eno

him for it,
Even with a word?

MARGERY (*behind*)

Bird must n't tell,

Whoop—he can

Rosamund. I would t
Nay—there's

frown'd
'No mate for her, if it sh

that'—
To that—to what?

MARGERY (*behind scene*).

Whoop — but he knows,
Whoop — but he knows.

und. O God! some dreadful
ath is breaking on me —
sadful thing is coming on me.

Enter GEOFFREY.

Geoffrey!
ry. What are you crying for,
hen the sun shines?

und. Hath not thy father
ft us to ourselves?

ry. Ay, but he's taken the
him. I hear Margery: I'll
with her. [*Exit Geoffrey.*]

ROSAMUND.

Rainbow, stay, 210
Gleam upon gloom,
Bright as my dream,
Rainbow, stay!
But it passes away,
Gloom upon gleam,
Dark as my doom —
O rainbow, stay!

SCENE II

THE WOODS NEAR ROSA-
MUND'S BOWER

ELEANOR. FITZURSE.

r. Up from the salt lips of
e land we two
ack'd the King to this dark
land wood;
newhere hereabouts he van-
h'd. Here
e builds; his exit is our adit.
he will out again, and pre-
ntly,
ie must to Westminster and
own
ienry there to-morrow.

ec. We have watch'd
in vain, he hath pass'd out
rain,
he other side.

[*A great horn winded.*
Hark! Madam!

r. Ay,
ostly sounds that horn in the
ack wood!

[*A countryman flying.*]

Whither away, man? what are you
flying from?

Countryman. The witch! the witch!
she sits naked by a great heap of gold
in the middle of the wood, and when
the horn sounds she comes out as a
wolf. Get you hence! a man passed
in there to-day. I holla'd to him, but
he did n't hear me; he'll never out
again, the witch has got him. I
dare n't stay — I dare n't stay! 20

Eleanor. Kind of the witch to give
thee warning, tho'. [*Man flies.*
Is not this wood-witch of the rustic's
fear

Our woodland Circe that hath witch'd
the King?

[*Horn sounded. Another flying.*

Fitzurse. Again! stay, fool, and
tell me why thou fliest.

Countryman. Fly thou too. The
King keeps his forest head of game
here, and when that horn sounds a
score of wolf-dogs are let loose that
will tear thee piecemeal. Linger not
till the third horn. Fly! [*Exit.*

Eleanor. This is the likelier tale.

We have hit the place. 31

Now let the King's fine game look to
itself. [*Horn.*

Fitzurse. Again! —

And far on in the dark heart of the
wood

I hear the yelping of the hounds of
hell.

Eleanor. I have my dagger here to
still their throats.

Fitzurse. Nay, madam, not to-night
— the night is falling.

What can be done to-night?

Eleanor. Well — well — away.

SCENE III

TRAITOR'S MEADOW AT FRÉTEVAL.
PAVILIONS AND TENTS OF THE
ENGLISH AND FRENCH BARONAGE

BECKET and HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Becket. See here!

Herbert. What's here?

Becket. A notice from the priest
To whom our John of Salisbury com-
mitted

The secret of the bower, that our
wolf-Queen

Is prowling round the fold. I should
be back

In England even for this.

Herbert. These are by-things
In the great cause.

Becket. The by-things of the Lord
Are the wrong'd innocences that will
cry

From all the hidden by-ways of the
world

In the great day against the wronger.
I know

Thy meaning. Perish she, I, all, be-
fore

The Church should suffer wrong!

Herbert. Do you see, my lord,
There is the King talking with Walter
Map?

Becket. He hath the Pope's last let-
ters, and they threaten

The immediate thunder-blast of inter-
dict;

Yet he can scarce be touching upon
those,

Or scarce would smile that fashion.

Herbert. Winter sunshine!
Beware of opening out thy bosom to
it,

Lest thou, myself, and all thy flock
should catch

An after ague-fit of trembling. Look!
He bows, he bares his head, he is

coming hither. 20

Still with a smile.

*Enter KING HENRY and WALTER
MAP.*

Henry. We have had so many hours
together, Thomas,

So many happy hours alone together,
That I would speak with you once
more alone.

Becket. My liege, your will and
happiness are mine.

[Exeunt King and Becket.]

Herbert. The same smile still.

Walter Map. Do you see that great
black cloud that hath come over the
sun and cast us all into shadow?

Herbert. And feel it too. 30

Walter Map. And see you yon side-
beam that is forced from under it, and
sets the church-tower over there all
a-hell-fire as it were?

Herbert. Ay.

Walter Map. It is this be-
silencing, anti-marrying, in-
dering interdict that hath
out this side-smile upon Co-
whereof may come com-
Were I Thomas, I would not
Sudden change is a house
and tho' I count Henry honest
yet when fear creeps in at
honesty steals out at the
the King at last is fairly
this cloud—this interdict
been more for the King
Church in this matter—yea
the sake of the Church; for
the case stood, you had safe-
slain an archbishop than a
But our recoverer and up-
customs hath in this cross-
young Henry by York and I
violated the immemorial use
Church, that, like the gray
child I have heard of, try to
the bell, he hath half-hanged
in the rope of the Church,
pulled all the Church with
Father astride of it down
own head.

Herbert. Were you there?

Walter Map. In the church
—no. I was at the crown
have pleasure in the pl-
crowds, and to read the face
at a great show.

Herbert. And how did
York comport himself?

Walter Map. As magnifi-
archiepiscopally as our Thor-
have done: only there was
devil in his eye—I should see
Becket. He thought less of
than of one Roger, the king's
casion. Foliot is the holier
haps the better. Once or twice
ran a twitch across his face
should say 'what's to follow'
Salisbury was a calf cowed
Church, and every now
glancing about him like a
night when he hears a doo
the house and thinks 'the man'

Herbert. And the father-king?

Walter Map. The father-king
so tender it would have caked
off the green, and once he
hide his face, like the Gr-

MARGERY (*behind scene*).

Whoop — but he knows,
Whoop — but he knows.

ROSA MUND. O God! some dreadful
truth is breaking on me —
dreadful thing is coming on me.

Enter GEOFFREY.

Geoffrey!
frey. What are you crying for,
when the sun shines?

ROSA MUND. Hath not thy father
left us to ourselves?

frey. Ay, but he's taken the
truth from him. I hear Margery: I'll
go with her. [*Erit* Geoffrey.]

ROSA MUND.

Rainbow, stay,
Gleam upon gloom,
Bright as my dream,
Rainbow, stay!
But it passes away,
Gloom upon gleam,
Dark as my doom —
O rainbow, stay!

SCENE II

THE WOODS NEAR ROSA
MUND'S BOWER

ELEANOR. FITZURSE.

ELEANOR. Up from the salt lips of
the land we two
track'd the King to this dark
inland wood;
somewhere hereabouts he van-
ish'd. Here
rattle bulks; his exit is our adit.
He will out again, and pre-
sently,
he must to Westminster and
crown
Henry there to-morrow.
FITZURSE. We have watch'd
him in vain, he hath pass'd out
again,
on the other side.

[*A great horn winded.*
Hark! Madam!

ELEANOR. Ay,
hoastly sounds that horn in the
black wood!

[*A countryman flying.*

Whither away, man? what are you
flying from?

COUNTRYMAN. The witch! the witch!
she sits naked by a great heap of gold
in the middle of the wood, and when
the horn sounds she comes out as a
wolf. Get you hence! a man passed
in there to-day. I holla'd to him, but
he did n't hear me; he'll never out
again, the witch has got him. I
daren't stay — I dare n't stay!

ELEANOR. Kind of the witch to give
thee warning, tho'. [*Man flies.*
Is not this wood-witch of the rustic's
fear

Our woodland Circe that hath witch'd
the King?

[*Horn sounded. Another flying.*

FITZURSE. Again! stay, fool, and
tell me why thou fliest.

COUNTRYMAN. Fly thou too. The
King keeps his forest head of game
here, and when that horn sounds a
score of wolf-dogs are let loose that
will tear thee piecemeal. Linger not
till the third horn. Fly! [*Erit.*

ELEANOR. This is the likelier tale.

We have hit the place.

Now let the King's fine game look to
itself. [*Horn.*

FITZURSE. Again! —

And far on in the dark heart of the
wood

I hear the yelping of the hounds of
hell.

ELEANOR. I have my dagger here to
still their throats.

FITZURSE. Nay, madam, not to night
— the night is falling.

What can be done to-night?

ELEANOR. Well — well — away.

SCENE III

TRAITOR'S MEADOW AT FRÉTEVAL
PAVILIONS AND TENTS OF THE
ENGLISH AND FRENCH BARONAGE

BECKET and HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Becket. See here!

Herbert. What's here?

Becket. A notice from the priest
To whom our John of Salisbury com-
mitted

I make thee full amends. Say all thy
say,

But blaze not out before the French-
men here.

Becket. More? Nothing, so thy
promise be thy deed. 190

Henry (holding out his hand). Give
me thy hand. My Lords of
France and England,

My friend of Canterbury and myself
Are now once more at perfect amity.

Unkingly should I be, and most un-
knightly,

Not striving still, however much in
vain,

To rival him in Christian charity.

Herbert. All praise to Heaven, and
sweet Saint Magdalen!

Henry. And so farewell until we
meet in England.

Becket. I fear, my liege, we may
not meet in England.

Henry. How, do you make me a
traitor?

Becket. No, indeed! 200
That be far from thee.

Henry. Come, stay with us, then,
Before you part for England.

Becket. I am bound
For that one hour to stay with good

King Louis,
Who helpt me when none else.

down upon them? My lord, you
re put so many of the King's house-
d out of communion, that they be-
t to smile at it. ²⁵²

Becket. At their peril, at their
peril—

Walter Map. For tho' the drop may
flow out the dead stone, doth not
living skin thicken against perpet-
ual whippings? This is the second
sin of good counsel I ever proffered
e, and so cannot suffer by the rule
frequency. Have I sown it in salt?
rust not, for before God I promise
u the King hath many more wolves
in he can tame in his woods of Eng-
d, and if it suit their purpose to
wl for the King, and you still move
ainst him, you may have no less
in to die for it; but God and his
e wind grant your lordship a happy
me-return and the King's kiss of
ace in Kent. Farewell! I must
low the King. [*Erit.*]

Herbert. Ay, and I warrant the
customs. Did the King ²⁷²

cak of the customs?

Becket. No!—To die for it—
ive to die for it, I die to live for it.

e State will die, the Church can
never die.

e King's not like to die for that
which dies;

t I must die for that which never
dies.

will be so—my visions in the Lord—
must be so, my friend! the wolves
of England

ust murder her one shepherd, that
the sheep ²⁸⁰

y feed in peace. False figure, Map
would say.

rth's falses are heaven's truths.

And when my voice
martyr'd mute, and this man disap-
pears,

at perfect trust may come again
between us,

d there, there, not here I
shall rejoice

find my stray sheep back within
the fold.

e crowd are scattering, let us move
away!

d thence to England. [*Ercunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE
BOWER

Geoffrey (coming out of the wood).
Light again! light again! Margery?
no, that's a finer thing there. How
it glitters!

Eleanor (entering). Come to me,
little one. How camest thou hither?

Geoffrey. On my legs.

Eleanor. And mighty pretty legs
too. Thou art the prettiest child I
ever saw. Wilt thou love me?

Geoffrey. No; I only love mother.

Eleanor. Ay; and who is thy mo-
ther?

Geoffrey. They call her—But she
lives secret, you see.

Eleanor. Why?

Geoffrey. Don't know why.

Eleanor. Ay, but some one comes to
see her now and then. Who is he?

Geoffrey. Can't tell. ²⁰

Eleanor. What does she call him?

Geoffrey. My liege.

Eleanor. Pretty one, how camest
thou?

Geoffrey. There was a bit of yellow
silk here and there, and it looked
pretty like a glowworm, and I thought
if I followed it I should find the fairies.

Eleanor. I am the fairy, pretty one,
a good fairy to thy mother. Take me
to her. ³⁰

Geoffrey. There are good fairies and
bad fairies, and sometimes she cries,
and can't sleep sound o' nights because
of the bad fairies.

Eleanor. She shall cry no more; she
shall sleep sound enough if thou wilt
take me to her. I am her good fairy.

Geoffrey. But you don't look like a
good fairy. Mother does. You are
not pretty, like mother. ⁴⁰

Eleanor. We can't all of us be as
pretty as thou art—*(aside)* little hus-
tard! Come, here is a golden chain I
will give thee if thou wilt lead me to
thy mother

Geoffrey. No—no gold. Mother
says gold spoils all. Love is the only
gold

Eleanor. I love thy mother, my

pretty boy. Show me where thou
camest out of the wood. ⁵²

Geoffrey. By this tree; but I don't
know if I can find the way back again.

Eleanor. Where's the warder?

Geoffrey. Very bad. Somebody
struck him.

Eleanor. Ay? who was that?

Geoffrey. Can't tell. But I heard
say he had had a stroke, or you'd have
heard his horn before now. Come
along, then; we shall see the silk here
and there, and I want my supper. ⁶³

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

ROSAMUND'S BOWER

Rosamund. The boy so late; pray
God, he be not lost!

I sent this Margery, and she comes not
back;

I sent another, and she comes not back.
I go myself—so many alleys, cross-

ings,
Paths, avenues—nay, if I lost him,
now

The folds have fallen from the mystery
And left all naked, I were lost indeed.

Enter GEOFFREY and ELEANOR.

Geoffrey, the pain thou hast put me
to!

[*Seeing Eleanor.*]

Ha, you!

How came you hither?

Eleanor. Your own child brought
me hither!

Geoffrey. You said you couldn't
trust Margery, and I watched her and
followed her into the woods, and I lost
her and went on and on till I found the
light and the lady, and she says she
can make you sleep o' nights.

Rosamund. How dared you? Know
you not this bower is secret,

Of and belonging to the King of Eng-
land,

More sacred than his forests for the
chase?

Nay, nay, Heaven help you; get you
hence in haste ¹⁹

Lest worse befall you.

Eleanor. Child, I am mine own self
Of and belonging to the King. The
King

Hath divers ofs and ons, of
longings,

Almost as many as your true
man—

Belongings, paramours, w
pleases him

To call his wives; but so it
child,

That I am his main paramou
tana.

But since the fondest pair
will jar,

Even in a cage of gold, we h
of late,

And thereupon he call'd my
bastards.

Do you believe that you are
to him?

Rosamund. I should believ

Eleanor. You must not l

Because I have a wholesome
here

Puts that belief asleep. You
beauty!

Do you believe that you are
to him?

Rosamund. Geoffrey, my
saw the ball you lost in

of the great willow over th
Go. See that you do not
Go.

Geoffrey. And leave you a
the good fairy. She calls yo

but I don't like her looks. I
bid me go, and I'll have my

how. Shall I find you aslee
come back?

Rosamund. Go. [*Exit*]

Eleanor. He is easily fou

Do you believe it?

I pray you then to take my
draught;

But if you should not care to
see!

[*Draws*]

What! have I scared the red
your face

Into your heart? But this w
there,

And dig it from the root for
Rosamund. Hel

Eleanor. They say that w

ears; but these, it see

Have none! and I have none-
thee.

Rosamund. I do beseech y

child is so young,

rd too; I cannot leave him

happy I could not die my-

ld is so young. You have
lren — his;
is the King's child; so, if
love him —

u love him, there is great
ig done

but if you do not — there
hose

u do not love him — let me

young boy, and I will hide

ace,

nd gipsyfy it; none shall

v me;

hall never hear of me again,

beg my bread along the

d

oung boy, and God will be

guide.

ant you harm in any way.

say no more.

Will you not say you are

married to him?

d. Ay, madam, I can say

you will.

Then is thy pretty boy a

urd?

d. No.

And thou thyself a proven

on?

d. No.

such. I never loved but

rd of such that range from

to love,

ild beast—if you can call

re.

ard of such — yea, even

ig those

thrones—I never saw any

w any such, and howso-

isname me, match'd with

such,

to mud.

The more the pity then

ue home—the heavens—

ut for thee

o pure for earth.

Enter FITZURSE.

Give her to me.

Eleanor. The Judas-lover of our
passion-play

Hath track'd us hither.

Fitzurse. Well, why not? I follow'd
You and the child: he babbled all the
way.

Give her to me to make my honey-
moon.

Eleanor. Ay, as the bears love
honey. Could you keep her

Indungeon'd from one whisper of the
wind,

Dark even from a side glance of the
moon,

And oublietted in the centre—No!

I follow out my hate and thy revenge.

Fitzurse. You bade me take revenge
another way—

To bring her to the dust. — Come with
me, love,

And I will love thee. — Madam, let
her live.

I have a far-off burrow where the King

Would miss her and for ever.

Eleanor. How sayst thou, sweet-
heart?

Wilt thou go with him? he will marry
thee.

Rosamund. Give me the poison; set
me free of him!

[*Eleanor offers the rial.*

No, no! I will not have it.

Eleanor. Then this other,

The wiser choice, because my sleep-

ing-draught

May bloat thy beauty out of shape,

and make

Thy body loathsome even to thy

child;

While this but leaves thee with a bro-

ken heart,

A doll-face blanch'd and bloodless,

over which

If pretty Geoffrey do not break his own

It must be broken for him.

Rosamund. O, I see now

Your purpose is to fright me—a

troubadour,

You play with words. You had

never used so many.

Not if you meant it, I am sure. The

child—

No—mercy! No! (*Knocks*)

Eleanor. Play! — that bosom never

Heaved under the King's hand with

such true passion

As at this loveless knife that stirs the
 riot,
 Which it will quench in blood! Slave,
 if he love thee,
 Thy life is worth the wrestle for it.
 Arise,
 And dash thyself against me that I
 may slay thee!
 The worm! shall I let her go? But
 ha! what's here?
 By very God, the cross I gave the
 King!
 His village darling in some lewd
 caress
 Has wheedled it off the King's neck to
 her own. 120
 By thy leave, beauty. Ay, the same!
 I warrant
 Thou hast sworn on this my cross a
 hundred times
 Never to leave him—and that merits
 death,
 False oath on holy cross—for thou
 must leave him
 To-day, but not quite yet. My good
 Fitzurse,
 The running down the chase is kind-
 lier sport
 Even than the death. Who knows
 but that thy lover
 May plead so pitifully, that I may
 spare thee?
 Come hither, man; stand there. (*To*
Rosamund.) Take thy one
 chance;
 Catch at the last straw. Kneel to thy
 lord Fitzurse; 130
 Crouch even because thou hatest him;
 fawn upon him
 For thy life and thy son's.
Rosamund (rising). I am a Clifford.
 My son a Clifford and Plantagenet.
 I am to die then, tho' there stand be-
 side thee
 One who might grapple with thy dag-
 ger, if he
 Had aught of man, or thou of woman;
 or I
 Would bow to such a baseness as
 would make me
 Most worthy of it. Both of us will
 die,
 And I will fly with my sweet boy to
 heaven,
 And shriek to all the saints among the
 stars: 140

'Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor
 England!
 Murder'd by that adulteress! Eleanor
 Whose doings are a horror
 east,
 A hissing in the west!' Ha
 not heard
 Raymond of Poitou, thine own
 —nay,
 Geoffrey Plantagenet, thine own
 band's father—
 Nay, even the accursed heathen
 deen—
 Strike!
 I challenge thee to meet me
 God,
 Answer me there.
Eleanor (raising the dagger).
 in thy bosom, fool,
 And after in thy bastard's!
Enter BECKET from behind.
Catches hold of her arm.
Becket. Murder
 [*The dagger falls; they stare at*
one another. After a pause.
Eleanor. My lord, we know
 proud of your fine hand,
 But having now admired it
 enough,
 We find that it is mightier than
 seems—
 At least mine own is frailer; y
 laming it.
Becket. And lamed and maimed
 dislocation, better
 Than raised to take a life which
 bade me
 Guard from the stroke that
 thee after death
 To wail in deathless flame.
Eleanor. Nor you
 Have now to learn, my lord, that
 good Henry
 Says many a thing in sudden
 which he
 Gainsays by next sunrise—
 ready
 To tear himself for having said
 much.
 My lord, Fitzurse—
Becket. He too! what does
 here?
 Dares the bear slouch into the
 den?
 One downward plunge of his
 would rend away



ELLEN TERRY AS ROSAMUND

ht and manhood, life itself,
from thee.

at I blast thee with anathema,
ake thee a world's horror.

urac. My lord, I shall
ber this.

et. I do remember thee;
remember thee to the lion, go.

[Exit Fitzurse.
up your dagger; put it in the
sheath.

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nor. Might not your courtesy
steep to hand it me?
owns must bow when mitres sit
so high.

Well — well — too costly to be left or
lost.

[Picks up the dagger.
I had it from an Arab soldan, who,
When I was there in Antioch, mar-
vell'd at

Our unfamiliar beauties of the
west;

But wonder'd more at my much con-
stancy

To the monk-king, Louis, our former
burthen,

180
From whom, as being too kin, you
know, my lord,

God's grace and Holy Church deliver'd
us.

I think, time given, I could have
talk'd him out of
His ten wives into one. Look at the
hilt.

What excellent workmanship! In our
poor west

We cannot do it so well.

Becket. We can do worse.
Madam, I saw your dagger at her
throat;

I heard your savage cry.

Eleanor. Well acted, was it?
A comedy meant to seem a tragedy—
A feint, a farce. My honest lord, you
are known

Thro' all the courts of Christendom as
one

That mars a cause with over vio-
lence.

You have wrong'd Fitzurse. I speak
not of myself.

We thought to scare this minion of
the King

Back from her churchless commerce
with the King

To the fond arms of her first love,
Fitzurse,

Who swore to marry her. You have
spoilt the farce.

My savage cry? Why, she—she—
when I strove

To work against her license for her
good,

Bark'd out at me such monstrous
charges that

The King himself, for love of his own
sons,

If hearing, would have spurn'd her;
whereupon

I menaced her with this, as when we
threaten

A yelper with a stick. Nay, I deny not
That I was somewhat anger'd. Do
you hear me?

Believe or no, I care not. You have
lost

The ear of the King. I have it. — My
lord paramount,

Our great High-priest, will not your
Holiness

Vouchsafe a gracious answer to your
Queen?

Becket. Rosamund hath not answer'd
you one word;

Madam, I will not answer you one
word.

Daughter, the world hath to
Leave it, daughter;

Come thou with me to God-
nery.

And live what may be left
life

Saved as by miracle at
Him

Who gave it.

Re-enter GEOFFREY

Geoffrey. Mother, you to
great fib; it was n't in the w

Becket. Follow us, my sa-
will find it for thee—

Or something manlier.

[*Exeunt* Becket, Rosam-
Geoffrey.

Eleanor. The world hath to
— that's the King; if

There was the farce, the fe-
mine. And yet

I am all but sure my dagg
feint

Till the worm turn'd— not
up in blood,

But death drawn in; — (*look-
vial*) this was no fel-

no.
But can I swear to that, has
given

Plain answer to plain query!
thinks

Had she but bowed herself
the wave

Of humiliation, worshipt &
loathed,

I should have let her be, scor-
much

To harm her. Henry — B-
him this —

To take my life might lose
taine.

Too politic for that. Impr-
No, for it came to nothing

feint.

Did she not tell me I was
her?

I'll swear to mine own se-
feint.

Why should I swear, Eleane-
or was,

A sovereign power? The K-
out their eyes

Who anger him, and shall
Queen,

ar out her heart — kill, kill with
knife or venom ²⁴⁰
e of his slanderous harlots? 'None
of such?'

love her none the more. Tut, the
chance gone,
e lives — but not for him; one
point is gain'd.

I that thro' the Pope divorced King
Louis,

wring his monkery, — I that wedded
Henry,

norning his manhood — will he not
mock at me,

: jealous fool balk'd of her will —
with him?

: he and he must never meet again.
Fitzurse!

Re-enter FITZURSE.

Fitzurse. Here, Madam, at your
pleasure.

Queen. My pleasure is to have a
man about me. ²⁵⁰

ay did you slink away so like a
cur?

Fitzurse. Madam, I am as much
man as the King.

dam, I fear Church-censures like
your King.

Queen. He grovels to the Church
when he's black-blooded.

: kinglike fought the proud arch-
bishop, — kinglike

fed the Pope, and, like his kingly
sires,

: Normans, striving still to break or
bind

e spiritual giant with our island
laws

d customs, made me for the mo-
ment proud

en of that stale Church-bond which
link'd me with him ²⁶⁰

bear him kingly sons. I am not so
sure

t that I love him still. Thou art
much man!

more of that; we will to France
and be

forehand with the King, and brew
from out

is Godstow-Becket intermeddling
such

strong hate-philtre as may madden
him — madden

inst his priest beyond all hellebore.

ACT V

SCENE I. — CASTLE IN NORMANDY.
KING'S CHAMBER

HENRY, ROGER OF YORK, FOLIO, ¹
JOCELYN OF SALISBURY.

Roger of York. Nay, nay, my liege,
He rides abroad with armed follow-
ers,

Hath broken all his promises to thy-
self,

Cursed and anathematized us right and
left,

Stirr'd up a party there against your
son —

Henry. Roger of York, you always
hated him,

Even when you both were boys at
Theobald's.

Roger of York. I always hated
boundless arrogance.

In mine own cause I strove against
him there,

And in thy cause I strive against him
now. ¹⁰

Henry. I cannot think he moves
against my son,

Knowing right well with what a ten-
derness

He loved my son.

Roger of York. Before you made
him king.

But Becket ever moves against a king.
The Church is all — the crime to be a
king.

We trust your Royal Grace, lord of
more land

Than any crown in Europe, will not
yield

To lay your neck beneath your citi-
zen's heel.

Henry. Not to a Gregory of my
throne! No.

Folio. My royal liege, in aiming at
your love, ²⁰

It may be sometimes I have overshot
My duties to our Holy Mother Church.

Tho' all the world allows I fall no
inch

Behind this Becket — rather go beyond
In scourgings, macerations, mortify-
ings,

Fasts, disciplines that clear the spirit-
ual eye,

And break the soul from earth. Let
all that be.

I boast not; but you know thro' all
this quarrel

I still have cleaved to the crown, in
hope the crown

Would cleave to me that but obey'd
the crown, ³⁰

Crowning your son; for which our
loyal service,

And since we likewise swore to obey
the customs,

York and myself, and our good Salis-
bury here,

Are push'd from out communion of
the Church.

Jocelyn of Salisbury. Becket hath
trodden on us like worms, my
liege,

Trodden one half dead: one half, but
half alive,

Cries to the King.

Henry (aside). Take care o' thyself,
O King!

Jocelyn of Salisbury. Being so
crush'd and so humiliated

We scarcely dare to bless the food we
eat

Because of Becket.

Henry. What would ye have me do?

Roger of York. Summon your bar-
ons; take their counsel; yet ⁴⁰

I know—could swear—as long as
Becket breathes,

Your Grace will never have one quiet
hour.

Henry. What?—Ay—but pray
you do not work upon me.

I see your drift—it may be so—and
yet

You know me easily anger'd. Will
you hence?

He shall absolve you—you shall have
redress.

I have a dizzying headache. Let me
rest.

I'll call you by and by.

[*Exeunt Roger of York, Foliot, and
Jocelyn of Salisbury.*

Would he were dead! I have lost all
love for him. ⁵⁰

If God would take him in some sudden
way—

Would he were dead! [*Lies down.*

Page (entering). My liege, the Queen
of England.

Henry. God's eyes! [*Starts*

Enter ELEANOR.

Eleanor. Of England? Say of
tainé.

I am no Queen of England.
dream'd

I was the bride of England,
queen.

Henry. And,—while you d
you were the bride of Engl

Stirring her baby-king again
ha!

Eleanor. The brideless Bè
thy king and mine;

I will go live and die in Aquita
Henry.

Except I clap the
prison here,

Lest thou shouldst play the
there again.

Ha, you of Aquitaine! O you of
tainé!

You were but Aquitaine to Lou
wife;

You are only Aquitaine to m
wife.

Eleanor. And why, my lord,
I be wife to one

That only wedded me for Aquit
Yet this no-wife—her six and

sail
Of Provence blew you to your
throne;

And this no-wife has borne yo
brave sons,

And one of them at least is
prove

Bigger in our small world tha
art.

Henry. Ay—
Richard, if he be mine—I ho

mine.
But thou art like enough to ma

thine.
Eleanor. Becket is like eno

make all his.

Henry. Methought I had re
of the Becket,

That all was planed and
smooth again,

Save from some hateful can
thine own.

Eleanor. I will go live and
Aquitaine.

I dream'd I was the consort of
Not one whose back his pri

broken.

What!
 Come? You, will you crown
 me
 in mid-battle? I will be
 of my house. The end is
 e, what juggle, what dev-
 are you playing?
 ou thrust this Becket on me
 n?

Why? for I *am* true wife,
 have my fears
 et thrust you even from
 throne.
 ow this cross, my liege?
 urning his head). Away!

Not even the central dia-
 d, worth, I think,
 Antioch whence I had it.

That?
 I gave it you, and you
 paramour;
 it back, as being dead to
 me,
 nceforth to you.

Dead! you have murder'd
 her secret bower and mur-
 der.

Your Becket knew the
 st of your bower.
 elling out). Ho there! thy
 of life is hopeless prison.

And what would my own
 itaine say to that?
 thy captive from *her* hope-
 prison.
 O devil, can I free her from
 grave?

You are too tragic; both
 are players
 omedy as our court of Pro-
 e
 d at. That's a delicate
 lay

Map: the lady holds the
 c
 an any soldier, his poor
 ire
 Empire. Will you have
 ain?

He crosses. He dashes it down.)
 i, that is too irreverent.
 once more. (*Puts it on.*)
 Four cleric hath your lady.

Nay, what uncomely faces, could he
 see you!

Fear at the mouth because King
 Thomas, lord
 Not only of your vassals but amours,
 Thro' chastest honor of the Decalogue
 Hath used the full authority of his
 Church
 To put her into Godstow nunnery.

Henry. To put her into Godstow
 nunnery!
 He dared not—Hear! yet, yet I re-
 member—

I do remember.
 He bade me put her into a nunnery—
 Into Godstow, into Hellstow, Devil-
 stow!

The Church! the Church!
 God's eyes! I would the Church were
 down in hell! [*Exit.*

Eleanor. Aha!
 Enter the four KNIGHTS.

Fitzurse. What made the King cry
 out so furiously?

Eleanor. Our Becket, who will not
 absolve the bishops.

I think ye four have cause to love this
 Becket.

Fitzurse. I hate him for his inso-
 lence to all.

De Tracy. And I for all his inso-
 lence to thee.

De Brito. I hate him for I hate him
 is my reason,

And yet I hate him for a hypocrite.

De Morville. I do not love him, for
 he did his best

To break the barons, and now braves
 the King.

Eleanor. Strike, then, at once, the
 King would have him—See!

Re-enter HENRY.

Henry. No man to love me, honor
 me, obey me!

Sluggards and fools!

The slave that eat my bread has kick'd
 his King!

The dog I cramm'd with dainties wor-
 ried me!

The fellow that on a lame jade came
 to court,

A ragged cloak for saddle—he, he, he,
 To shake my throne, to push into my
 chamber—

My bed, where even the slave is pri-
 vate—he—

I'll have her out again, he shall absolve
 The bishops—they but did my will
 —not you—
 Sluggards and fools, why do you
 stand and stare?
 You are no King's men—you—you—
 —you are Becket's men.
 Down with King Henry! up with the
 Archbishop!
 Will no man free me from this pesti-
 lent priest? *[Exit.]*
[The Knights draw their swords.]
Eleanor. Are ye King's men? I
 am King's woman, I.
The Knights. King's men! King's
 men!

SCENE II

A ROOM IN CANTERBURY MONASTERY

BECKET and JOHN OF SALISBURY.

Becket. York said so?
John of Salisbury. Yes: a man may
 take good counsel
 Even from his foe.
Becket. York will say anything.
 What is he saying now? gone to the
 King
 And taken our anathema with him.
 York!
 Can the King de-anathematize this
 York?
John of Salisbury. Thomas, I would
 thou hadst return'd to Eng-
 land
 Like some wise prince of this world
 from his wars,
 With more of olive-branch and am-
 nesty
 For foes at home—thou hast raised
 the world against thee.
Becket. Why, John, my kingdom is
 not of this world.
John of Salisbury. If it were more
 of this world it might be
 More of the next. A policy of wise
 pardon
 Wins here as well as there. To bless
 thine enemies—
Becket. Ay, mine, not Heaven's.
John of Salisbury. And may there
 not be something

Of this world's leaven in th
 when crying
 On Holy Church to thunder
 rights
 And thine own wrong so pit
 Ah, Thomas,
 The lightnings that we think
 Heaven's
 Flash sometimes out of earth
 the heavens
 The soldier, when he lets hi
 self go
 Lost in the common good, th
 mon wrong,
 Strikes truest even for his o
 I crave
 Thy pardon—I have still th
 to speak.
 Thou hast waged God's war
 the King; and yet
 We are self-uncertain creatur
 we may,
 Yea, even when we know n
 our spites
 And private hates with our
 of Heaven.

Enter EDWARD GRIM.

Becket. Thou art but ye
 from Cambridge, Grim;
 What say ye there of Becket?
Grim. I belie
 The bravest in our roll of I
 down
 From Austin—there are son
 there are men
 Of canker'd judgment everyw
Becket. W
 With York, with York again
Grim. Well, n
 A stranger monk desires access
Becket. York against Cant
 York against God!
 I am open to him. *[Exit.]*

Enter ROSAMUND as a Monk.

Rosamund. Can I speak w
 Alone, my father?
Becket. Come you to c
Rosamund. Not now.
Becket. Then speak; th
 other self,
 Who, like my conscience, ne
 me be.
Rosamund (throwing back th
 I know him, our good
 Salisbury.

Becket. Breaking already from thy
novitiate
plunge into this bitter world
again —
these wells of Marah! I am grieved,
my daughter,
thought that I had made a peace for
thee.
Rosamund. Small peace was mine
in my novitiate, father.
For all closed doors a dreadful
whisper crept
at thou wouldst excommunicate
the King.
I could not eat, sleep, pray. I had
with me
a monk's disguise thou gavest me
for my bower;
and our abbess knew it and allow'd
it.
And, and found thy name a charm
to get me
out, roof, and rest. I met a robber
once;
told him I was bound to see the
archbishop:
'Pass on,' he said, and in thy name I
pass'd
from house to house. In one a son
stone-blind
sat by his mother's hearth. He had
gone too far
to the King's own woods; and the
poor mother,
as she learnt I was a friend of
thine,
led out against the cruelty of the
King.
And it was the King's courts, not
the King.
And she would not believe me, and
she wish'd
the Church were king; she had seen
the archbishop once,
mild, so kind. The people love
thee, father.
Becket. Alas! when I was Chan-
cellor to the King,
far I was as cruel as the King.
Rosamund. Cruel? O, no — it is
the law, not he;
the customs of the realm.
Becket. The customs! customs!
Rosamund. My lord, you have not
excommunicated him?
If you have, absolve him!

Becket. Daughter, daughter,
Deal not with things you know not.
Rosamund. I know him.
Then you have done it, and I call you
cruel.
John of Salisbury. No, daughter,
you mistake our good arch-
bishop;
For once in France the King had been
so harsh,
He thought to excommunicate him —
Thomas.
You could not — old affection mas-
ter'd you,
You falter'd into tears.
Rosamund. God bless him for it!
Becket. Nay, make me not a wo-
man, John of Salisbury,
Nor make me traitor to my holy
office.
Did not a man's voice ring along the
aisle,
'The King is sick and almost unto
death.'
How could I excommunicate him
then?
Rosamund. And wilt thou excom-
municate him now?
Becket. Daughter, my time is short,
I shall not do it.
And were it longer — well — I should
not do it.
Rosamund. Thanks in this life, and
in the life to come!
Becket. Get thee back to thy nun-
nery with all haste;
Let this be thy last trespass. But one
question —
How fares thy pretty boy, the little
Geoffrey?
No fever, cough, croup, sickness?
Rosamund. No, but saved
From all that by our solitude. The
plagues
That smite the city spare the solitude.
Becket. God save him from all sick-
ness of the soul!
Thee too, thy solitude among thy
nuns
May that save thee! Dost he remem-
ber me?
Rosamund. I warrant him.
Becket. He is marvelously like
thee.
Rosamund. Liked the King.
Becket. No, daughter

Rosamund. Ay, but wait
Till his nose rises : he will be very
king.

Becket. Even so ; but think not of
the King. Farewell !

Rosamund. My lord, the city is full
of armed men.

Becket. Even so. Farewell !

Rosamund. I will but pass to ves-
pers, ¹⁰⁰
And breathe one prayer for my liege-
lord the King,
His child and mine own soul, and so
return.

Becket. Pray for me too ; much
need of prayer have I.

[*Rosamund kneels and goes.*]

Dan John, how much we lose, we
celibates,
Lacking the love of woman and of
child !

John of Salisbury. More gain than
loss ; for of your wives you
shall
Find one a slut whose fairest linen
seems
Foul as her dust-cloth, if she used it
— one

So charged with tongue that every
thread of thought

Is broken ere it joins — a shrew to
boot, ¹¹⁰

Whose evil song far on into the night
Thrills to the topmost tile — no hope
but death ;

One slow, fat, white, a burthen of the
hearth ;

And one that being thwarted ever
swoons

And weeps herself into the place of
power ;

And one an *uxor pauperis Pygi*,
So rare the household honey-making
bee,

Man's help ! but we, we have the
Blessed Virgin

For worship, and our Mother Church
for bride ;

And all the souls we saved and fa-
ther'd here ¹²⁰

Will greet us as our babes in Para-
dise.

What noise was that ? she told us of
arm'd men

Here in the city. Will you not with-
draw ?

Becket. I once was out with
in the days

When Henry loved me, and
upon

A wild-fowl sitting on her nest
I reach'd my hand and touch'd
did not stir ;

The snow had frozen round
she sat

Stone-dead upon a heap of
eggs.

Look ! how this love, this
runs thro' all

The world God made — ev-
beast — the bird !

John of Salisbury. Ay, still
of the beast and bird ?

But these arm'd men — will
hide yourself ?

Perchance the fierce De Br
Saltwood Castle.

To assail our Holy Mother
brood

Too long o'er this hard egg, th
and send

Her whole heart's heat into
break

Into young angels. Pray y
yourself.

Becket. There was a lit
hair'd Norman maid

Lived in my mother's house ;
mund is

The world's rose, as her name
her — she

Was the world's lily.

John of Salisbury. Ay, as
of her ?

Becket. She died of leprosy

John of Salisbury. I know
You call these old things bac
my lord.

Becket. The drowning ma-
siv, remembers all

The chances of his life, jus
dies.

John of Salisbury. Ay — b
arm'd men — will *you*
yourself ?

He loses half the meed of mar-
Who will be martyr when h
escape.

Becket. What day of the
Tuesday ?

John of Salisbury. Tues-
lord.

Becket. On a Tuesday was I born,
and on a Tuesday
baptized; and on a Tuesday did I fly
forth from Northampton; on a Tues-
day pass'd
from England into bitter banishment;
on a Tuesday at Pontigny came to
me
the ghostly warning of my martyr-
dom;
on a Tuesday from mine exile I re-
turn'd.

And on a Tuesday —
*TRACY enters, then FITZURSE, DE
BRITO, and DE MORVILLE. MONKS
following.*

— on a Tuesday — Tracy!
*(A long silence, broken by Fitzurse
saying, contemptuously,)*

God help thee!

John of Salisbury (aside). How the
good archbishop reddens!

He never yet could brook the note of
scorn.

16c



'The Mother Church of England,
My Canterbury'

Fitzurse. My lord, we bring a message from the King
Beyond the water; will you have it alone,

Or with these listeners near you?

Becket. As you will.

Fitzurse. Nay, as *you* will.

Becket. Nay, as *you* will.

John of Salisbury. Why, then,
Better perhaps to speak with them apart.

Let us withdraw.

[*All go out except the four Knights and Becket.*]

Fitzurse. We are all alone with him.
Shall I not smite him with his own cross-staff?

De Morville. No, look! the door is open: let him be.

Fitzurse. The King condemns your excommunicating—

Becket. This is no secret, but a public matter. 170

In here again!

JOHN OF SALISBURY and MONKS return.

Now, sirs, the King's commands!

Fitzurse. The King beyond the water, thro' our voices,
Commands you to be dutiful and leal
To your young King on this side of the water,

Not scorn him for the foibles of his youth.

What! you would make his coronation void

By cursing those who crown'd him.
Out upon you!

Becket. Reginald, all men know I loved the prince.

His father gave him to my care, and I

Became his second father. He had his faults, 180

For which I would have laid mine own life down

To help him from them, since indeed I loved him,

And love him next after my lord his father.

Rather than dim the splendor of his crown

I fain would treble and quadruple it
With revenues, realms, and golden provinces

So that were done in equity.

Fitzurse. You have
Your bond of peace, your title from the King—

Wakening such brawls and turbances

In England, that he calls the sea

To answer for it in his courts.

Becket. Prate not of this never, O, never again

Shall the waste voice of the breaking sea

Divide me from the mother-England,

My Canterbury. Loud distill O, ay—the bells rang out

deafening,
Organ and pipe, and dulcimer and hymns

In all the churches, tramped halls,

Sobs, laughter, cries; they sped raiment down

Before me—would have I the pathway flowers,

Save that it was midwinter street,

But full midsummer in the hearts.

Fitzurse. The King would have you to absolve the his

Whom you have excommunicated.

Becket. Not I, the Pope. Ask him

lution.

Fitzurse. But you advise the Pope.

Becket. And so I did. They have but to submit.

The Four Knights. The King commands you.

We are all King's men.

Becket. King's men at least know

That their own King closed last July

That I should pass the censures of the Church

On those that crown'd you in this realm,

And trampled on the rights of the Church.

Fitzurse. What! dare you the King with treason

He sanction thee to excommunicate

elates whom he chose to crown
his son!

Reginald. I spake no word of treach-
ery, Reginald.

Becket. For the truth of this I make
appeal

the archbishops, bishops, pre-
lates, barons,

knights, five hundred, that
were there and heard.

You yourself were there; you
heard yourself.

Becket. I was not there.

Reginald. I saw you there.

Becket. I was not.

Reginald. You were. I never forget
nothing.

Becket. He makes the King a
traitor, me a liar.

How shall we forbear him?

Reginald. *of Salisbury (drawing Becket
aside).* O my good lord,

with them privately on this
ereafter.

they have been revelling, and
fear

iced and brazen'd up with
Christmas wines

murderous brawl.

And yet they prate
my brawls, when those that

me themselves

King's part have broken down
in barns,

our diocese, outraged our
nantes,

produce, driven our clerics
it—

y, your friends, those ruffians,
e De Brocs,

od on Dover beach to murder
s,

ew my stags in mine own
inor here,

d, poor brute, my sumpter-
ule,

d the vessel full of Gascon
ne,

King's present, carried off the
sks,

If the crew, dungeon'd the
er half

sey Castle—

ville. Why not rather then,
so, complain to your young

ng,

Not punish of your own authority?

Becket. Mine enemies barr'd all
access to the boy.

They knew he loved me.

Hugh, Hugh, how proudly you exalt
your head!

Nay, when they seek to overturn our
rights,

I ask no leave of king, or mortal man,
To set them straight again. Alone I

do it.

Give to the King the things that are
the King's,

And those of God to God.

Fitzurse. Threats! threats! ye hear
him.

What! will he excommunicate all the
world?

[*The Knights come round Becket.*

De Tracy. He shall not.

De Brito. Well, as yet—I should
be grateful—

He hath not excommunicated me.

Becket. Because thou wast born ex-
communicate.

I never spied in thee one gleam of
grace.

De Brito. Your Christian's Chris-
tian charity!

Becket. By Saint Denis—

De Brito. Ay, by Saint Denis, now
will he flame out.

And lose his head as old Saint Denis
did.

Becket. Ye think to scare me from
my loyalty

To God and to the Holy Father. No!
Tho' all the swords in England flash'd

above me

Ready to fall at Henry's word or
yours—

Tho' all the loud-lung'd trumpets
upon earth

Blared from the heights of all the
thrones of her kings,

Blowing the world against me, I would
stand

Clothed with the full authority of
Rome,

Mail'd in the perfect panoply of faith,
First of the foremost of their files who

die

For God, to people heaven in the
great day

When God makes up his jewels. Once
I fled—

Never again, and you — I marvel at you —

Ye know what is between us. Ye have sworn

Yourselves my men when I was Chancellor —

My vassals — and yet threaten your archbishop
In his own house.

Knights. Nothing can be between us

That goes against our fealty to the King.

Fitzurse. And in his name we charge you that ye keep

This traitor from escaping.

Becket. Rest you easy, For I am easy to keep. I shall not fly.

Here, here, here will you find me.

De Morville. Know you not You have spoken to the peril of your

life? 281

Becket. As I shall speak again.

Fitzurse, De Tracy, and De Brito.

To arms!

[They rush out, De Morville lingers.]

Becket. De Morville,

I had thought so well of you; and

even now

You seem the least assassin of the four.

O, do not damn yourself for company!

Is it too late for me to save your soul?

I pray you for one moment stay and

speak.

De Morville. Becket, it is too late.

[Exit.]

Becket. Is it too late?

Too late on earth may be too soon in

hell.

Knights (in the distance). Close the

great gate — ho, there — upon

the town! 290

Becket's Retainers. Shut the hall-

doors! *[A pause.]*

Becket. You hear them, brother

John;

Why do you stand so silent, brother

John?

John of Salisbury. For I was mus-

ing on an ancient saw,

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re;

Is strength less strong when hand-in-

hand with grace?

Gratior in pulchro corpore virtus.

Thomas,

Why should you heat yourself for

such as these?

Becket. Methought I answer-
edately enough.

John of Salisbury. As one

the coal to cool the fire.

My lord, I marvel why you

On any man's advising but

Becket. Is it so, Dan Jo-

what should I have done?

John of Salisbury. You should

taken counsel with your

Before these bandits brake

presence.

They seek — you make — of

your death.

Becket. My counsel is against

John.

I am prepared to die.

John of Salisbury. Wearies

The best of all not all-prepared

Becket. God's will be done.

John of Salisbury. Ay, we

will be done!

Grim (re-entering). My

knights are arming in

den

Beneath the sycamore.

Becket. Good! let them

Grim. And one of the De-

with them, Robert,

The apostate monk that was

dull here.

He knows the twists and turns

the place.

Becket. No fear!

Grim. No fear!

[Crashes on the hall-doors.]

Monks flee.

Becket (rising). Our doves

I cannot tell why monks should

cowards.

John of Salisbury. Take

your own cathedral.

Becket. Do they not fight

Fiend day by day?

Valor and holy life should give

Why should all monks be cowards?

John of Salisbury. And

I say, take refuge in your cathedral.

Becket. Ay, but I told them

wait them here.

Grim. May they not say

not show yourself

In your old place? and resp-

ginning.

[Bell rings for vespers.]

scene.

you should attend the office, give them
heart.

They fear you slain: they dread they
know not what.

Becket. Ay, monks, not men.
John. I am a monk, my lord.

Chaps, my lord, you wrong us.
We would stand by you to the death.

Becket. Your pardon.
John of Salisbury. He said, 'Attend
the office.'

Becket. Attend the office?
Ay then — the Cross! — who bears
my Cross before me?

John. I thought they would have brain'd
me with it, John. [*Grim takes it.*
John. I! Would that I could bear
thy cross indeed!

Becket. The mitre!
John of Salisbury. Will you wear
it? — there!

[*Becket puts on the mitre.*
Becket. The pall!
O to meet my King!

[*Becket puts on the pall.*
John. To meet the King?

[*Crashes on the doors as they go out.*
John of Salisbury. Why do you
move with such a stateliness?

A you not hear them yonder like a
storm,
attering the doors, and breaking thro'
the walls?

Becket. Why do the heathen rage?
My two good friends,

at matters murder'd here, or mur-
der'd there?

Yet my dream foretold my mar-
tyrdom

mine own church. It is God's will.
Go on.

Y, drag me not. We must not seem
to fly.

SCENE III

EAST TRANSEPT OF CANTERBURY
CATHEDRAL.

*the right hand a flight of steps lead-
ing to the Choir, another flight on the
left, leading to the North Aisle. A
winter afternoon slowly darkening
as thunder now and then of an ap-
proaching storm. MONKS heard
chanting the service. ROSAMUND
singing.*

Rosamund. O blessed saint, O glo-
rious Benedict. —

These arm'd men in the city, these
fierce faces —

Thy holy follower founded Canter-
bury —

Save that dear head which now is
Canterbury,

Save him, he saved my life, he saved
my child,

Save him, his blood would darken
Henry's name;

Save him till all as saintly as thyself.
He miss the searching flame of purga-

tory,
And pass at once perfect to Paradise.

[*Noise of steps and voices in the
cloisters.*

Hark! Is it they? Coming! He is not
here —

Not yet, thank heaven. O, save him!
[*Goes up steps leading to choir.*

*Becket (entering, forced along by John
of Salisbury and Grim.)* No, I
tell you!

I cannot bear a hand upon my person;
Why do you force me thus against my
will?

Grim. My lord, we force you from
your enemies.

Becket. As you would force a king
from being crown'd.

John of Salisbury. We must not
force the crown of martyrdom.

[*Service stops. Monks come down
from the stairs that lead to the
choir.*

Monks. Here is the great arch-
bishop! He lives! he lives!

Die with him, and be glorified together.

Becket. Together? — get you back!
Go on with the office.

Monks. Come, then, with us to ves-
pers.

Becket. How can I come?
When you so block the entry? Back
I say!

Go on with the office. — Shall not Hea-
ven be served?

Thou earth's last earthquake, clash'd
the minster bells.

And the great drops were broken up
again.

And hiss'd against the sun?
[*Noise in the cloisters.*

Monks. The murderers back!
Let us hide! let us hid!

And will you bolt them out, and have
them slain?

Undo the doors; the church is not a
castle.

Knock, and it shall be open'd. Are
you deaf?

What, have I lost authority among you?
Stand by, make way!

*Opens the doors. Enter Monks from
cloister.*

Come in, my friends, come in!
Nay, faster, faster!

Monks. O, my lord archbishop,
A score of knights all arm'd with
swords and axes —

To the choir, to the choir!

*[Monks divide, part flying by the
stairs on the right, part by those
on the left. The rush of these last
bears Becket along with them,
some way up the steps, where he
is left standing alone.]*

Becket. Shall I too pass to the choir
And die upon the patriarchal throne
Of all my predecessors?

John of Salisbury. No, to the crypt
Twenty steps down. Stumble not in
the darkness,

Lest they should seize thee.

Grim. To the crypt? no — no — no
To the chapel of Saint Blaise beneath
the roof!



TRANSEPT OF MARTYRDOM, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

We shall be overwhelm'd. Seize him
and carry him!

Come with us — nay — thou art our
prisoner — come!

De Morville. Ay, make him prisoner,
do not harm the man.

[*Fitzurse lays hold of the Arch-
bishop's pall.*

Becket. Touch me not!

De Brito. How the good priest gods
himself!

He is not yet ascended to the Father.

Fitzurse. I will not only touch, but
drag thee hence.

Becket. Thou art my man, thou art
my vassal. Away!

[*Flings him off till he reels, almost
to falling.*

De Tracy (lays hold of the pall).
Come; as he said, thou art our
prisoner.

Becket. Down!

[*Throws him headlong.*

*Fitzurse (advances with drawn
sword).* I told thee that I should
remember thee!

Becket. Profligate pander!

Fitzurse. Do you hear that? Strill
strike.

[*Strikes off the Archbishop's mitre,
and wounds him in the forehead.*

Becket (covers his eyes with his hand).
I do commend my cause to God
the Virgin,

Saint Denis of France and Saint
phege of England,

And all the tutelar Saints of Canterbur

[*Grim wraps his arms about the*

Archbishop.

Spare this defence, dear brother.

[*Tracy has arisen, and approaches
hesitatingly, with his sword*

raised.

Fitzurse. Strike him, Tracy.
Rosamund (rushing down steps from

the choir). No, no, no, no!

Fitzurse. This wanton here. I

Morville,

Hold her away.

De Morville. I hold her.

*Rosamund (held back by De Morville
and stretching out her arms).*

Mercy, mercy.
As you would hope for mercy!

Fitzurse. Strike, I say!

Grim. O God, O noble knights, O
sacrilege!
Strike our archbishop in his own
cathedral!

The Pope, the King, will curse you
— the whole world

Abhor you; ye will die the death of
dogs!

Nay, nay, good Tracy.

[*Lifts his arm.*

Fitzurse. Answer not, but strike.

De Tracy. There is my answer then.

[*Sword falls on Grim's arm, and
glances from it, wounding
Becket.*

Grim. Mine arm is sever'd.
I can no more—fight out the good
fight—die

Conqueror.

[*Staggering into the chapel of Saint
Benedict.*

Becket (falling on his knees). At the
right hand of Power—

Power and great glory—

Church, O Lord—

Into thy hands, O Lord—
hands!—

De Brito. This last to rid
world of brawls!

The traitor's dead, and will
more.

Fitzurse. Nay, have we st

What! the great ar

Does he breathe? No?

De Tracy. No, Reginald, h

De Morville. Will the en

and swallow us?

De Brito. The dead!

Away!

[*De Brito, De Tracy,*

rush out, crying 'King

De Morville follows

Flashes of lightning

Cathedral. Rosamund

kneeling by the body of

¹ A tremendous thunderstorm

broke over the Cathedral as the

were leaving it.



¹ Get the Count to give me his falcon
And that will make me well *

THE FALCON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE COUNT FEDERIGO DEGLI ALBERIGHI.
FILIPPO, the Count's foster-brother.

THE LADY GIOVANNA.
ELISABETTA, the Count's nurse.

THE FALCON

SCENE — AN ITALIAN COTTAGE,
CASTLE AND MOUNTAINS SEEN
THROUGH WINDOW

ELISABETTA discovered seated on stool
by window, darning. The Count
with Fulcon on his hand comes down
rough the door at back. A with-
est wreath on the wall.

Elisabetta. So, my lord, the Lady
Giovanna, who hath been away so
long, came back last night with her
to the castle.

Count. Hear that, my bird ! Art thou
not jealous of her ?
My princess of the cloud, my plumed
purveyor,
My far-eyed queen of the winds —
thou that canst soar
Beyond the morning lark, and, how-
soever
Thy quarry wind and wheel, swoop
down upon him
Eagle-like, lightning-like — strike,
make his feathers
Glance in mid heaven.

[Crosses to chair.
I would thou hadst a mate !

— again — No, no! Buss me,

bird!

The stately widow has no heart for
Thou art the last friend left me on
earth —

No, no again, to thee! — *Elisabeth*

My good old friend

I had forgotten thou wast gone
there,

Elisabeth — Ay, and forgotten
foster by thee too.

Count — Bird-tattle for my sake
Let it pass.

What art thou doing there?

Elisabeth — Darling, your handsh

We cannot flout it in now gentle

now.

Nay, if we *can* buy diamond no-

laces.

To please our lady, we must dance
lord

This old thing here — *Count* —

Count — *Count* — *Count* —

God rest his soul! — *Count* —

Ay, but he knew I meant — *Count* —

How — *Count* — *Count* —

Count — *Count* — *Count* —

Less — *Count* — *Count* —

Shelves and books, shelves
and when I see the shelves
hang myself on the hooks.
No bread?

Half a breakfast for a rat!
filk?

Three laps for a cat! 90
cheese?

A supper for twelve mites.
Eggs?

One, but addled.
No bird?

Half a tit and a hern's

Let be thy jokes and thy
Anything or nothing? 99

Well, my lord, if all-but-
anything, and one plate of
s be all-but-nothing, then
thing in your lordship's
our lordship's service, if
ip care to call for it.

ood mother, happy was
rodigal son,
n'd to the rich father; I
y poverty to thine. And

wing of my fancy. Pray
make

meat out of those scraps
hreds 110

ke of. As for him and

its a salad in the garden

on.) Why didst thou miss
uarry yester-even?
beauty, thou must dash us

from the skies. Away,
po! 115

[*Exit, followed by Filippo.*

I knew it would come
he has beggared him. I
w it would come to this!
table as if to resume darts
ts out of window.) Why, as

is Monna Giovanna com-
the hill from the castle.
tares at our cottage. Ay,

it: it's all you have left
on you! *She* beautiful!

ller's mouse! Meal enough,
h, well fed; but beautiful
y, see, why she turns down
ough our little vineyard,

and I sneezed three times this morn-
ing. Coming to visit my lord, for the
first time in her life too! Why,
bless the saints! I'll be bound to con-
fess her love to him at last. I forgive
her, I forgive her! I knew it would
come to this—I always knew it must
come to this! (*Goes up to door during
latter part of speech, and opens it.*)
Come in, madonna, come in. (*Retires
to front of table and curtsies as the
LADY GIOVANNA enters, then moves
chair towards the hearth.*) Nay, let
me place this chair for your lady-
ship.

[*Lady Giovanna moves slowly down
stage, then crosses to chair, look-
ing about her, bones as she sees the
Madonna over fireplace, then sits
in chair.*

Lady Giovanna. Can I speak with
the Count? 144

Elisabetta. Ay, my lady, but won't
you speak with the old woman first,
and tell her all about it and make her
happy? for I've been on my knees
every day for these half-dozen years
in hope that the saints would send us
this blessed morning; and he always
took you so kindly, he always took the
world so kindly. When he was a little
one, and I put the bitters on my breast
to wean him, he made a wry mouth
at it, but he took it so kindly, and your
ladyship has given him bitters enough
in this world, and he never made a
wry mouth at you, he always took
you so kindly—which is more than I
did, my lady, more than I did—and
he so handsome—and bless your sweet
face, you look as beautiful this morn-
ing as the very Madonna her own self
—and better late than never—but
come when they will—then or now—
it's all for the best, come when they
will—they are made by the blessed
saints—these marriages.

[*Retires her hands.*
Lady Giovanna. Marriages? I shall
never marry again!

Elisabetta (rises and turns). Shame
on her then!

Lady Giovanna. Where is the
Count?

Elisabetta. Just gone
To fly his falcon.

hand — *Hand* — *Hand* — *Hand* —
 Pride of his heart — the solace of
 hours —
 His one companion here — nay, I
 hand
 That, thro' his late marriage, now
 living
 And this last costly gift to me —
And this last costly gift to me —
 He hath been so beloved that
 I love
 Even wiss his father for him in
 field.
 That most he talk of truth, be
 true, or talk.
 How can I ask for his father?
How can I ask for his father?
 My daily feeling *My daily feeling*
 Hath set me this hard task, for wh.
 I say,
 What can I do — what can I do —
 there?
 He answers, "Get the Countess to
 me his father."
 And that will make me well — Yes,
 I ask.
 He loves me — and he loves I love —
 loves me!
 Will he not I say me — *Will he not*
 love me?
 Lo many things — *Lo many things* — I love

t inheritor of your eyes—
boy? ²³¹

Giovanna. Alas, my Lord
rigo, he hath fallen
ness, and it troubles me.
Sick! is it so? why, when
ame last year
hawking, he was well
gh;
taught him all our hawk-
phrases.

Giovanna. O yes, and once
let him fly your falcon.
low charm'd he was! what
ler?—A gallant boy,
l, each perfect of the breed.
Giovanna (sinks in chair).
t do you rate her at?

My bird? a hundred
s once were offer'd by the
e. ²⁴¹
heart to part with her for
ay.

Giovanna. No, not for money.
ount turns away and sighs.

Wherefore do you sigh?
have lost a friend of late.

Giovanna. I could sigh with

losing more than friend, a

leave me—all the rest of

r'd wreath were of more
h to me.

Looking at wreath on wall.
hat wither'd wreath is of
worth to me

se blossom, all the leaf of

ing year.

Does and takes down wreath.

Giovanna. And yet I never

o rich in blossom as this

Sliding wreath toward her).

the year when this was
er'd richer?

Giovanna. How long ago was

Alas, ten summers!

was beautiful as day

at a rustic festival

beauties on a mountain
low,

And she was the most beautiful of all;
Then but fifteen, and still as beautiful.
The mountain flowers grew thickly
round about.

I made a wreath with some of these;
I ask'd ²⁶⁰

A ribbon from her hair to bind it with;
I whisper'd, Let me crown you Queen
of Beauty,

And softly placed the chaplet on her
head.

A color, which has color'd all my life.
Flush'd in her face; then I was call'd
away;

And presently all rose, and so departed.
Ah! she had thrown my chaplet on
the grass,

And there I found it.

*[Lets his hands fall, holding wreath
despondingly.]*

Lady Giovanna (after pause). How
long since do you say?

Count. That was the very year be-
fore you married.

Lady Giovanna. When I was mar-
ried you were at the wars. ²⁷⁰

Count. Had she not thrown my
chaplet on the grass,

It may be I had never seen the wars.

*[Replaces wreath whence he had
taken it.]*

Lady Giovanna. Ah, but, my lord,
there ran a rumor then

That you were kill'd in battle. I can
tell you

True tears that year were shed for you
in Florence.

Count. It might have been as well
for me. Unhappily

I was but wounded by the enemy there
And then imprison'd.

Lady Giovanna. Happily, however,
I see you quite recover'd of your
wound.

Count. No, no, not quite, madonna,
not yet, not yet. ²⁸⁰

Re-enter FILIPPO.

Filippo. My lord, a word with you.

Count. Pray, pardon me!

*[Lady Giovanna crosses, and passes
behind chair and takes down
wreath; then goes to chair by
table.]*

Count (to Filippo). What is it,
Filippo?

Filippo. Spoons, your lordship

Count.

Spoons!

Filippo. Yes, my lord, for was n't my lady born with a golden spoon in her ladyship's mouth, and we haven't never so much as a silver one for the golden lips of her ladyship.

Count. Have we not half a score of silver spoons?

Filippo. Half o' one, my lord!

Count. How half of one? 290

Filippo. I trod upon him even now, my lord, in my hurry, and broke him.

Count. And the other nine?

Filippo. Sold! but shall I not mount with your lordship's leave to her ladyship's castle, in your lordship's and her ladyship's name, and confer with her ladyship's seneschal, and so descend again with some of her ladyship's own appurtenances? 300

Count. Why — no, man. Only see your cloth be clean.

[Exit Filippo.]

Lady Giovanna. Ay, ay, this faded ribbon was the mode
In Florence ten years back. What's here? a scroll
Pinned to the wreath.

My lord, you have said so much
Of this poor wreath that I was bold
enough

To take it down, if but to guess what
flowers

Had made it; and I find a written
scroll

That seems to run in rhymings. Might
I read?

Count. Ay, if you will.

Lady Giovanna. It should be if you
can.

(Reads.) 'Dead mountain.' Nay, for
who could trace a hand 310
So wild and staggering?

Count. This was penn'd, madonna,
Close to the grating on a winter morn
In the perpetual twilight of a prison,
When he that made it, having his right
hand

Lamed in the battle, wrote it with his
left.

Lady Giovanna. O heavens! the
very letters seem to shake

With cold, with pain perhaps, poor
prisoner! Well,

Tell me the words — or better — for I
see

There goes a musical score ab
them,

Repeat them to their music.

Count. You c
No chord in me that would no
you

In music.

Lady Giovanna. That is s
said.

[Count takes guitar. L
vanna sits listening wit
in her hand, and quietl
scroll and places it on t
end of the song.]

Count (sings, playing guitar)
mountain flowers, dea
tain-meadow flowers,

Dearer than when you ma
mountain gay,

Sweeter than any violet of to
Richer than all the wide worl
of May,

To me, tho' all your bloom
away,

You bloom again, dead n
meadow flowers.'

Enter ELISABETTA with

Elisabetta. A word with
lord!

Count (singing). 'O
flowers!'

Elisabetta (louder). A word,
Count (sings). 'Dead flo

Elisabetta (louder). A word,
Count. I pray you pardon

[Lady Giovanna looking a
Count (to Elisabetta). W

Elisabetta. My lord, we l
one piece of earthen-ware to

salad in to my lady, and that
Count. Why then, that flow

my ancestor
Fetch'd from the farthest e

never use it
For fear of breakage — but

has brought
A great occasion. You can

nurse!

Elisabetta. I did take it,
but what with my lady's con

had so flurried me, and what
fear of breaking it, I did bre

lord; it is broken!

Count. My one thing left
in the world!

see your cloth be white as

(*pointing thro' window*).
arrant thee, my son, as the
on the very tip-top o'

nd yet, to speak white
my good old mother, 350
it like the snow on the
ie.

How can your lordship
? There, my lord!

[*Lays cloth.*
son, be not unkind to

d more.

[*Going — returns.*
ching guitar). Good! let
ut one.

Hath she return'd thy

Not yet!

And will she?
ing at Lady Giovanna).
e believe it!

Shame upon her then!

[*Exit.*
s). 'Dead mountain flow-

ell, my nurse has broken
f my dead flowers, as she
oken

owl. My memory is as
Goes and replaces guitar.
the words at home with
long 360
like bosom friends when
most.

leave, if you would hear
t,

vanna (*holding wreath*
him). There! my lord,
e a poet,

a not imagine that the

say, so lightly on her

motion as she rose, and

d, then but fifteen, how-

flatter'd by your notice

bashful to return for

Count. Was it so indeed? was it so?
was it so? 370

[*Leans forward to take wreath, and*
touches Lady Giovanna's hand,
which she withdraws hastily;
he places wreath on corner of
chair.

Lady Giovanna (*with dignity*). I did
not say, my lord, that it was so;
I said you might imagine it was so.

Enter FILIPPO *with bowl of salad, which*
he places on table.

Filippo. Here's a fine salad for my
lady, for tho' we have been a soldier,
and ridden by his lordship's side, and
seen the red of the battle-field, yet are
we now drill-sergeant to his lordship's
lettuces, and profess to be great in
green things and in garden-stuff. 379

Lady Giovanna. I thank thee, good
Filippo. [*Exit Filippo.*

Enter ELISABETTA *with bird on a dish*
which she places on table.

Elisabetta (*close to table*). Here's a
fine fowl for my lady; I had scant
time to do him in. I hope he be not
underdone, for we be undone in the
doing of him.

Lady Giovanna. I thank you, my
good nurse. 380

Filippo (*re-entering with plate of*
prunes). And here are fine fruits for my
lady — prunes, my lady, from the tree
that my lord himself planted here in
the blossom of his boyhood — and so
I, Filippo, being, with your ladyship's
pardon, and as your ladyship knows,
his lordship's own foster-brother,
would commend them to your lady-
ship's most peculiar appreciation. 390

[*Puts plate on table.*

Elisabetta. Filippo!

Lady Giovanna (*Count leads her to*
table). Will you not eat with
me, my lord?

Count. I cannot;

Not a morsel, not one morsel. I have
broken

My fast already. I will pledge you.

Wine!

Filippo, wine!

[*Sits near table; Filippo brings*
flask, fills the Count's goblet, then
Lady Giovanna's; Elisabetta
stands at the back of Lady Gio-
vanna's chair.

It has been much commended
medicine.

I give it my sick son, and if you
Not quite recovered of your wound,

the while
Might help you. None has ever

may yet
The story of your battle and your

wound.
Philippus *Agrippinus*. I can

you, my lady, I can tell you
Elizabeth. *Philippus* will you tell

the word out of your master's
mouth?

Philippus. Was it there to take? I

it there, my lady.
Count. *Glovenna*, my dear lady,

this same battle
We had been beaten—they were

to one.
The trumpets of the fight had

down.
I and *Philippus* here had done our best

And, having passed unwounded from
the field,

Were seated sadly at a temporary table

Our horses grazing by us, when a

troop
 Laden with booty and with a thousand

ours
 Taken in the fight.

Philippus. Ay, but we fought for it
back

lled with a single lettuce-leaf;
ten anything.

Lady Giovanna. Nay, nay, I cannot.

Count. Now, my lord, I told you I was troubled.

Lady Giovanna. Child Florio lying still so sick, I myself, and by a solemn vow, would touch no flesh till he were well.

Count. Else well in heaven, where all is well.

Lady Giovanna. *clears table of bird and salad: Filippo snatches up the plate of prunes and holds them to Lady Giovanna.*

Count. But the prunes, my lady, the tree that his lordship—

Lady Giovanna. Not now, Filippo.

Count. My lord Federigo, do not speak with you once more alone?

Lady Giovanna. You hear, Filippo? My good fellow, go.

Count. But the prunes that your brother—

Lady Giovanna. Filippo!

Count. Ay, prune our company of mine own, and go!

Lady Giovanna. Filippo!

Count. *(turning).* Well, well! the brother!

Lady Giovanna. And thou too leave us, my dear nurse, alone.

Count. *(folding up cloth and going).* And me too! Ay, the dear brother!

Lady Giovanna. I'll leave you alone; but, for the sake that has eaten the yolk is like to swallow the shell.

Count. *prunes and curtsies stiffly to Lady Giovanna, then exits.*

Lady Giovanna. *takes out diamond necklace from casket.*

Lady Giovanna. I have anger'd my good nurse; these old-world servants

put flesh and blood with those they serve.

I have a present to return you, afterwards a boon to crave of you.

No, my most honor'd and long-worshipt lady,

derigo degli Alberighi

nothing in return from you except

Return of his affection—can deny Nothing to you that you require of him.

Lady Giovanna. Then I require you to take back your diamonds—

Count. *(Offering necklace.)* I doubt not they are yours. No other heart

Of such magnificence in courtesy Beats—out of heaven. They seem'd too rich a prize

To trust with any messenger. I came In person to return them.

Count. *(draws back.)* If the phrase 'Return' displease you, we will say—exchange them.

For your—for your—

Count. *(takes a step toward her and then back.)* For mine—and what of mine?

Lady Giovanna. Well, shall we say this wreath and your sweet rhymes?

Count. But have you ever worn my diamonds?

Lady Giovanna. No!

For that would seem accepting of your love.

I cannot brave my brother—but be sure

That I shall never marry again, my lord!

Count. Sure?

Lady Giovanna. Yes!

Count. Is this your brother's order?

Lady Giovanna. No!

For he would marry me to the richest man

In Florence; but I think you know the saying—

'Better a man without riches, than riches without a man.'

Count. A noble saying—and acted on would yield

A nobler breed of men and women.

Lady. I find you a shrewd bargainer. The wreath

That once you wore outvalues twenty-fold

The diamonds that you never deign'd to wear.

But lay them there for a moment!

(Points to table.) *Lady Giovanna places necklace on table.*

And be you
Gracious enough to let me know the
boon
By granting which, if aught be mine
to grant,
I should be made more happy than I
hoped
Ever to be again.

Lady Giovanna. Then keep your
wreath,
But you will find me a shrewd bar-
gainer still.

I cannot keep your diamonds, for the
gift
I ask for, to my mind and at this pre-
sent

Outvalues all the jewels upon earth.

Count. It should be love that thus
outvalues all.

You speak like love, and yet you love
me not.

I have nothing in this world but love
for you.

Lady Giovanna. Love? it is love,
love for my dying boy,
Moves me to ask it of you.

Count. What? my time?
Is it my time? Well, I can give my
time

To him that is a part of you, your
son.

Shall I return to the castle with you?
Shall I

Sit by him, read to him, tell him my
tales,

Sing him my songs? You know that
I can touch

The glitter to some purpose.

Lady Giovanna. No, not that!
I thank you heartily for that — and
you,

I doubt not from your nobleness of
nature.

Will pardon me for asking what I ask.

Count. Giovanna, dear Giovanna,
I that once

The wildest of the random youth of
Florence

Before I saw you — all my nobleness
Of nature, as you deign to call it,
draws

From you, and from my constancy to
you.

No more, but speak.

Lady Giovanna. I will. You know
sick people,

More specially sick children
strange fancies,

Strange longings; and to thw
in their mood

May work them grievous
times, may even

Hasten their end. I would y
son!

It might be easier then for
make

Allowance for a mother — h
comes

To rob you of your one de
earth.

How often has my sick boy
for this!

I have put him off as often;
day

I dared not — so much we
much worse

For last day's journey. I w
ing for him;

He gave me his hand: 'I s
well again

If the good Count would give
Count.

Lady Giovanna. 'Hi
Count (starts back). My fal

Lady Giovanna. Yes, you
Federigo!

Count. Alas, I cannot!
Lady Giovanna. Cannot?!

I fear'd as much. O this
world!

How shall I break it to hi
shall I tell him?

The boy may die; more bles
the rags

Of some pale beggar-woman
alms

For her sick son, if he wer
live,

Than all my childless wealth
must die.

I was to blame — the love
you bore me —

My lord, we thank you for yo
tainment,

[With a stately
And so return — Heaven help

to our son.

Count (rushes forward). St
I am most unlucky, r

happy!
You never had look'd in on
fore,

hen you came and dipt your
overelgn head
hese low doors, you ask'd to
at with me.
but emptiness to set before
ou,

a draught of milk, no, not an
gg,

but my brave bird, my noble
alcon,

rade of the house, and of the
eld.

I to die for it—she died for
ou.

I thought with those of old,
e nobler

tim was, the more acceptable
e the sacrifice. I fear you

arce ⁵⁸¹
ink me for your entertainment

ow.

Giovanna (returning). I bear
rth him no longer.

No, madonna!
will have to bear with it as he
ay.

Giovanna. I break with him
r ever!

Yes, Giovanna,
will keep his love to you for
er!

Giovanna. You? you? not
ou! My brother! my hard bro-
er!

igo, Federigo, I love you!
ten thousand brothers, Fede-
go!

[Pulls at his feet.
(*impetuously*). Why, then the
ring of my noble bird ⁵⁹⁰

Hath served me better than her living
— then

[Takes diamonds from table.
These diamonds are both yours and
mine—have won

Their value again—beyond all mar-
kets—there,

I lay them for the first time round your
neck.

[Lays necklace round her neck.
And then this chaplet—No more
feuds, but peace,

Peace and conciliation! I will make
Your brother love me. See, I tear

away
The leaves were darken'd by the bat-
tle—

*[Pulls leaves off and throws them
down.*

— crown you
Again with the same crown my Queen
of Beauty.

[Places wreath on her head.
Rise—I could almost think that the
dread garland ⁶⁰⁰

Will break once more into the living
blossom.

Nay, nay, I pray you rise.

[Raises her with both hands
We two together

Will help to heal your son—your son
and mine—

We shall do it—we shall do it!

[Embraces her.
The purpose of my being is accom-
plish'd,

And I am happy!

Lady Giovanna. And I too, Fede-
rigo.

ROMANS (EXCEPT SYNORUS & ROMAN GUARDS)
(PUBLIUS,

THE CUP

ACT I

SCENE I -- DISTANT VIEW OF A CITY
OF GALATIA.

As the curtain rises, Publius is heard knocking for the door, and is discovered in a path of the city picking grapes. A party of Roman soldiers, preceded by a trumpet, are marching, crossing the path, and are heard.

Enter SYNORUS, a Galatian, and a Roman soldier.

Synorus. Pine, locust, nut, and walnut in fruit,

Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, fig, and fig in

The city where stood walls that surround me here

Three years ago when I was driven from

My patrimony by Rome. I was as touched here

A madder slave than ever I was in my youth

Among her people, and her streets were full of

OLD MEN

STILL LIVING

ny range of women should
shun
r face to face at once! My

Boy comes down rocks to him.
this letter and this cup to
ma,
f Sinnatus.

Going or gone to-day
ith Sinnatus.

That matters not.
this cup and leave it at her
s.

He cup and scroll to the Boy.
ill, my lord.

in basket of grapes and exit.
Enter ANTONIUS.

(meeting the Boy as he goes

hy, whither runs the boy?
cup you rescued from the
!

I send it to the wife of
atus,
esotted in religious rites.

here with your soldiers to
rce
withholden tribute; you
ect

us of playing patriotism,
our sense is treason. You
yet
gainst him. Now this pious

; to their house, and open

no gave it; and once there
rrant
o' all their windings.

If you prosper,
te, wearied of their te-
hies,
rels with themselves, their
s at Rome,

ough to cancel them, and
te
bove them all, who shall be

an; and from what I heard
ome,
tary crown may fall to

The king, the crown! their
in Rome? is it so?

[Antonius nods.
hall serve Galatia taking it,

And save her from herself, and be to
Rome

More faithful than a Roman.

[Turns and sees Camma coming.
Stand aside,

Stand aside; here she comes!

[Watching Camma as she enters
with her Maid.

Camma (to Maid). Where is he, girl?
Maid. You know the waterfull

That in the summer keeps the moun-
tain side,

But after rain o'erleaps a jutting rock
And shoots three hundred feet.

Camma. The stag is there?

Maid. Seen in the thicket at the
bottom there

But yester-even.

Camma. Good then, we will climb
The mountain opposite and watch the
chase.

[They descend the rocks and encunt.
Synorix (watching her). (Aside). The

bust of Juno, and the brows and
eyes

Of Venus; face and form unmatcha-
ble!

Antonius. Why do you look at her
so lingeringly?

Synorix. To see if years have
changed her.

Antonius (sarcastically). Love her,
do you?

Synorix. I envied Sinnatus when he
married her.

Antonius. She knows it? Ha!

Synorix. She — no, nor even my
face.

Antonius. Nor Sinnatus either?

Synorix. No, nor Sinnatus.

Antonius. Hot-blooded! I have
heard them say in Rome,

That your own people cast you from
their bounds

For some unprincely violence to a
woman,

As Rome did Tarquin.

Synorix. Well, if this were so
I here return like Tarquin — for a
crown.

Antonius. And may be foiled like
Tarquin, if you follow

Not the dry light of Rome's straight-
going policy.

But the fool fire of love or lust, which
well

*Antonius (stopping). A moment
you track this Sennatus
In any treason, I give you here
order—* *(Pompilius steps
To seize upon him. Let me stay—*
Sennatus. There—
*'Antonius, leader of the Roman
glory.'*
*[He draws the sword. Sennatus,
appalled, goes out.]*
*Sennatus. Woman against— but I
wisser now.*
No rushing on the game—the net,
the net.
*[Shouts of 'Sennatus! Sennatus!
There he is!']*
*Leontia, off stage. He comes, a ring
blind, simple-looking fellow.*
If we may judge the kernel by the
husk,
Not one taken for a woman's beauty who
Assailed by Craft and Love, I'll fight
with him;
I may reap something from him
come upon it.
Again, perhaps, I may— *(Exit Leontia.)* What
are we doing?
I see no foe that honors me— Still
risk it.
I am a Roman, and I play no
trachon.
I will
(Exit Sennatus.)

the conspiracy against the
tain shepherd never dream'd
lonie. [Sings.

the wolf to the fold —

great break of precipice that

the wood, where twenty
ago

and hound and deer were
neck-broken!

he comes.

NATUS followed by SYNORIX.

s (angrily). I tell thee, my
d fellow,

struck the stag?

But was it so?
were further off; besides
wind 20

my arrow.

s. I am sure I struck him.

And I am just as sure, my
I struck him.

nd I may strike your game
n you are gone.

Come, come, we will not
rel about the stag.

d a weary day in watching

st have been a wearier. Sit
eat,

a hunter's vengeance on the
sta.

s. No, no — we have eaten —
are heated. Wine!

Who is our guest?

s. Strato he calls himself.

na offers wine to Synorix,
le Sinnatus helps himself.

s. I pledge you, Strato.

[Drinks.

And I you, my lord.

[Drinks.

s (seeing the cup sent to
ma). What's here?

A strange gift sent to me
ay. 31

cup saved from a blazing
ne

eat Goddess, in some city
re

past. I had believed that
ne

upon the peoples, not the
la.

Synorix. Most like the city rose
against Antonius,

Whereon he fired it, and the sacred
shrine 37

By chance was burnt along with it.

Sinnatus. Had you then

No message with the cup?

Camma. Why, yes, see here.
[Gives him the scroll.

Sinnatus (reads). To the admired

Camma, — beheld you afar off — loved
you — sends you this cup — the cup

we use in our marriages — cannot at
present write himself other than

'A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE IN
THE ROMAN LEGION.'

Serving by force! Were there no
boughs to hang on,

Rivers to drown in? Serve by force?
No force

Could make me serve by force.

Synorix. How then, my lord?

The Roman is encamp't without your
city — 50

The force of Rome a thousand-fold our
own.

Must all Galatia hang or drown her-
self?

And you a prince and tetrarch in this
province —

Sinnatus. Province!

Synorix. Well, well, they call it so
in Rome.

Sinnatus (angrily). Province!

Synorix. A noble anger! but An-
tonius

To-morrow will demand your tribute
— you,

Can you make war? Have you alli-
ances?

Bithynia, Pontus, Paphlagonia?

We have had our leagues of old with
Eastern kings.

There is my hand — if such a league
there be. 6.

What will you do?

Sinnatus. Not set myself abroad
And run my mind out to a random

guest

Who join'd me in the hunt. You saw
my hounds

True to the scent; and we have two-
legg'd dogs

Among us who can smell a true occa-
sion,

And when to bark and how.

1011
 The trouble of his feet, put forth
 paw,
 Slew four, and knew it not, and s
 half
 Start, and the hunter. And
 1012
 When I saw my own self with
 1013
 Save the soul, still to be in
 1014
 Sent to, what said I to
 1015
 1016
 Provide the way to
 1017
 1018
 Wise, I know as she is to
 1019
 Will of so with, and so she
 1020
 1021
 Is better than a child, and so
 1022
 Our gift of others, and so
 1023
 1024
 Some, and so, in the world
 1025
 1026
 And the, and so, and so
 1027
 1028
 How, and so, and so
 1029
 1030
 A leg, and so, and so
 1031
 1032
 And so, and so, and so
 1033
 1034
 W

secret; keep it, or you
me
and to death.

[*Coming closer.*]

For your ear only—
— for your love to the
t Goldress.
ns sent me here a spy upon

you and your husband to
doom.
die than do it.
out paper given him by An-
us.

This paper sign'd
— will you take it, read it?
e!

(*reads.*) 'You are to seize
innatus, — if—'

(*snatches paper.*) No more.
ws is for no wife's eyes. (O
ma,

a glimpse of this conspir-

er yet hath spar'd conspira-

flaying, scourging, crucify-

— I am tender enough. Why
ou practise on me?

Why should I practise on
? How you wrong me!
f being every way malign'd.
should betray me to your
and—

Will you betray him by
order?

See,
to pieces, never dream'd
on it. [*Tears the paper.*]

I owe you thanks for ever.

Hath Sinnatus never told
of this plot?

What plot?

A child's sand-castle on
beach

ext wave, — all seen, — all
ulated,

by Rome. No chance for
atus.

Why said you not as
h to my brave Sinnatus?

Brave—ay—too brave,
over-confident,

ruin himself, and you, and

Who else, with this black thunderbolt
of Rome

Above him, would have chased the
stag to-day

In the full face of all the Roman camp?

A miracle that they let him home
again,

Not caught, maim'd, blinded him.

[*Camma shudders*]

(*Aside.*) I have made her tremble

(*Aloud.*) I know they mean to tor-
ture him to death.

I dare not tell him how I came to
know it;

I durst not trust him with — my serv-
ing Rome

To serve Galatia; you heard him on
the letter.

Not say as much? I all but said as
much.

I am sure I told him that his plot was
folly.

I say it to you—you are wiser —
Rome knows all,

But you know not the savagery of
Rome.

Camma. O! — have you power
with Rome? use it for him!

Synorix. Alas! I have no such
power with Rome. All that

Lies with Antonius.

[*As if struck by a sudden thought*
Comes over to her.]

He will pass to-morrow
In the gray dawn before the Temple

doors.

You have beauty, — O, great beauty
— and Antonius,

So gracious toward women, never yet
Flung back a woman's prayer. Plead

to him,
I am sure you will prevail.

Camma. Still — I should tell
My husband

Synorix. Will he let you plead for
him

To a Roman?

Camma. I fear not.

Synorix. Then do not tell him.
Or tell him, if you will, when you re-
turn,

When you have charm'd our general
into mercy,

And all is safe again. O dearest lady,
[*Murmurs of Synorix! Synorix!*
heard outside]

thought to serve Galatia.

Sinnatus. Serve thyself first, villain

They shall not harm ¹⁸

My guest within my house. There

(*points to door*) there! this door

Opens upon the forest! Out, begone

Henceforth I am thy mortal enemy.

Synorix. However, I thank thee

(*draws his sword*); thou hast

saved my life. [*Exit*.

Sinnatus (*to Attendant*). Return and

tell them Synorix is not here.

[*Exit Attendant*.

What did that villain Synorix say to

you?

Camma. Is he — that — Synorix?

Sinnatus. Wherefore should you

doubt it?

One of the men there knew him.

Camma. Only one,

And he perhaps mistaken in the face.

Sinnatus. Come, come, could he

deny it? What did he say?

Camma. What should he say?

Sinnatus. What should he say, my

wife! ¹⁹¹

He should say this, that being tetrarch

once

His own true people cast him from

their doors

Like a base coin.

Camma. Not kindly to them?

e married years! You kiss'd there
at time. Sinnatus, kiss me
First kiss. (*Kisses her.*)
re, then. You talk almost
it
he last.

Will you not eat a little?
s. No, no, we found a goat-
l's hut, and shared ²³¹
and milk. Liar! You will
eve
he never struck the stag —
ave one
I shall see to-morrow.

I rise to-morrow
y dawn, and take this holy

t in the shrine of Artemis.

s. Good!

If I be not back in half an
r,
me.

s. What! is there danger?
Nay,
I know; 't is but a step from
nple.

s. All my brain is full of
p. ²⁴⁰
before you go, I'll after

ow! [*Closes door and exit.*
(*drawing curtains*). Your
low. Synorix —
was not malignant, and he

malign'd him. Shall I go?
I go?

ture —
yet flung back a woman's
'er' —

will have my dagger with
[*Erit.*

SCENE III

AS SCENE I. DAWN

and *Singing in the Temple.*

ORIX *watchfully, after him*
LUS and SOLDIERS.

Publius!

Here!

Do you remember what
d you?

Publius. When you cry, 'Rome,
Rome,' to seize
On whomsoever may be talking with
you,

Or man, or woman, as traitors unto
Rome.

Synorix. Right. Back again. How
many of you are there?

Publius. Some half a score.

[*Ereunt Soldiers and Publius.*

Synorix. I have my guard about
me.

I need not fear the crowd that hunted
me

Across the woods, last night. I hardly
gain'd

The camp at midnight. Will she come
to me

Now that she knows me Synorix?
Not if Sinnatus

Has told her all the truth about me
Well,

I cannot help the mould that I was
cast in.

I fling all that upon my fate, my star.
I know that I am genial, I would be
Happy, and make all others happy, so
They did not thwart me. Nay, she will
not come.

Yet if she be a true and loving wife
She may, perchance, to save this hus-
band. Ay!

See, see, my white bird stepping
toward the snare.

Why, now I count it all but miracle,
That this brave heart of mine should
shake me so,

As helplessly as some unbearded boy's
When first he meets his maiden in a
bower.

Enter CAMMA (with cup).

The lark first takes the sunlight on his
wing,

But you, twin sister of the morning
star,

Forelead the sun.

Camma. Where is Antonius?

Synorix. Not here as yet. You are
too early for him.

[*She crosses towards Temple.*

Synorix. Nay, whither go you now?

Camma. To lodge this cup

Within the holy shrine of Artemis,
And so return.

Synorix. To find Antonius here.

[*She goes into the Temple, he looks
after her.*

The loveliest life that ever drew the
light
From heaven to brood upon her, and
enrich
Earth with her shadow! I trust she
will return.

These Romans dare not violate the
Temple.

No, I must lure my game into the
camp.

A woman I could live and die for.
What!

Die for a woman, what new faith is
this?

I am not mad, not sick, not old enough
To dote on one alone. Yes, mad for
her,

Camma the stately, Camma the great-
hearted,

So mad, I fear some strange and evil
chance

Coming upon me, for, by the Gods I
seem

Strange to myself!

Re-enter CAMMA.

Camma. Where is Antonius?

Synorix. Where? As I said before,
you are still too early.

Camma. Too early to be here alone
with thee;

For whether men malign thy name, or
no,

It bears an evil savor among women.
Where is Antonius? (*Loud.*)

Synorix. Madam, as you know
The camp is half a league without the
city;

If you will walk with me we needs
must meet

Antonius coming, or at least shall find
him

There in the camp.

Camma. No, not one step with thee.
Where is Antonius? (*Louder.*)

Synorix (advancing towards her).
Then for your own sake,

Lady, I say it with all gentleness,
And for the sake of Sinnatus your hus-
band,

I must compel you.

Camma (drawing her dagger). Stay!
— too near is death.

Synorix (disarming her). Is it not
easy to disarm a woman?

*Enter SINNATUS (seizes him from behind
by the throat).*

*Synorix (throttled and waves
Rome! Rome!*

Sinnatus. Adulterous!

*Synorix (stabbing him with
dagger).* What! will
it?

[*Camma utters a cry as
Sinnatus.*

Sinnatus (falls backward)
in my heart — to the
fly —

For my sake — or they seize
Remember!

Away — farewell!

*Camma (runs up the steps
Temple, looking back).*

Synorix (seeing her escape).
men of the Temple drive

Publius! Publius! No,
Antonius would not suffer us
into the sanctuary. She had

[*Looking down at*
‘Adulterous dog!’ that red-
at me!

Then with one quick short
nal peace.

So end all passions. Then w
passions?

To warm the cold bonds of
life

And, lest we freeze in m
thy,

Employ us, heat us, quicken
us, keep us

From seeing us all too near
those ashes

Which all must be. Well
serve us well.

I heard a saying in Egypt,
tion

Is like the sea wave, which
you drink

The more you thirst — yea —
much, as men

Have done on rafts of w
drives you mad.

I will be no such wreck, an
gamester

As, having won the stake, w
the chance

Of double, or losing all. T
Senate,

For I have always play'd
hands,

Means me the crown. An
for my bride —

love her — if I win her love,
ill cleave to me, as one with

I rest, Rome's tributary

Looking down on Sinnatus
strike him? — having proof
gh
man, I surely should have

to Rome. He saved my
oo. Did he?

I have play'd the sudden

ts her against me — for the
ent.

vell, well, I never found⁹⁰
roman

t force or wheedle to my

glad at last to wear my
n.

make Galatia prosperous

ll chirp among our vines,
smile

things till that (*pointing to*
atus) eternal peace.

ne!

UBLIUS and SOLDIERS.

ted Rome. Why came ye
efore?

Why come we now? Whom
we seize upon?

pointing to the body of Sin-
o). The body of that dead

or Sinnatus.¹⁰⁰

way.

and Singing in Temple.

ACT II

INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS

rates on platform in front
before the colossal statue of
as, and in the centre of the
tripod altar, on which is a
mp. Lamps (lighted) sus-
tween the pillars. Tripods,
lands of flowers, etc., about
llar at back close to Goddess,
aps. Solemn music. Priest-
ating the Temple.

(*The Chorus of PRIESTESSES sing as*
they enter.)

Artemis, Artemis, hear us, O Mother, hear
us, and bless us!

Artemis, thou that art life to the wind, to

the wave, to the glebe, to the fire!

Hear thy people who praise thee! O, help

us from all that oppress us!

Hear thy priestesses hymn thy glory! O,

yield them all their desire!

Priestess. Phœbe, that man from
Synorix, who has been

So oft to see the priestess, waits once
more

Before the Temple.

Phœbe. We will let her know.

[*Signs to one of the Priestesses, who*
goes out.

Since Camma fled from Synorix to our
Temple,

And for her beauty, stateliness, and
power,

Was chosen priestess here, have you
not mark'd

Her eyes were ever on the marble
floor?

To-day they are fixt and bright — they
look straight out.

Hath she made up her mind to marry
him?

Priestess. To marry him who stabb'd
her Sinnatus!

You will not easily make me credit
that.

Phœbe. Ask her.

Enter CAMMA as Priestess (in front of
the curtains).

Priestess. You will not marry Syn-
orix?

Camma. My girl, I am the bride of
Death, and only

Marry the dead.

Priestess. Not Synorix then?

Camma. My girl,
At times this oracle of great Arte-

mis

Has no more power than other ora-
cles²⁰

To speak directly.

Phœbe. Will you speak to him,
The messenger from Synorix who

waits

Before the Temple?

Camma. Why not? Let him enter.
[*Comes forward on to step by tripod*

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger (kneels). Greeting and health from Synorix! More than once
 You have refused his hand. When last I saw you,
 You all but yielded. He entreats you now
 For your last answer. When he struck at Sinnatus—
 As I have many a time declared to you—
 He knew not at the moment who had fasten'd
 About his throat—he begs you to forget it
 As scarce his act—a random stroke.³⁰
 All else
 Was love for you; he prays you to believe him.
Camma. I pray him to believe—that I believe him.
Messenger. Why, that is well. You mean to marry him?
Camma. I mean to marry him—if that be well.
Messenger. This very day the Romans crown him king
 For all his faithful services to Rome. He wills you then this day to marry him,
 And so be throned together in the sight
 Of all the people, that the world may know⁴⁰
 You twain are reconciled, and no more feuds
 Disturb our peaceful vassalage to Rome.
Camma. To-day? Too sudden. I will brood upon it.
 When do they crown him?
Messenger. Even now.
Camma. And where?
Messenger. Here by your temple.
Camma. Come once more to me
 Before the crowning,—I will answer you. [*Exit Messenger.*]
Phæbe. Great Artemis! O Camma, can it be well,
 Or good, or wise, that you should clasp a hand
 Red with the sacred blood of Sinnatus?
Camma. Good! mine own dagger driven by Synorix found⁵⁰
 All good in the true heart of Sinnatus,
 But he and I are both Galatian-born;
 And tributary sovereigns, he and I

Might teach this Rome—fr
 ledge of our people—
 Where to lay on her tribute here
 And lightly there. Might for that,
 And drown all poor self-pas
 sense
 Of public good?
Phæbe. I am sure you will him.
Camma. Are you so sure you wait and see
 [*Shouts (from the distance)* Synorix!
Camma. Synorix, Synorix
 cried Sinnatus
 Not so long since—they a
 The One
 Who shifts his policy suff
 thing, must
 Accuse himself, excuse him
 Many
 Will feel no shame to give t
 the lie.
Phæbe. Most like it was t
 soldier shouted.
Camma. Their shield-bor
 of the morning star
 Hang'd at midday, their tra
 dawn
 The clamor'd darling of their
 And that same head they w
 play'd at ball with
 And kick'd it featureless—
 would crown!
 [*Flourish of*
Enter a Galatian Noble
crown on a cushion.
Noble (kneels). Greeting a
 from Synorix. He se
 This diadem of the first Galati
 That you may feed your fas
 glory of it,
 And join your life this day
 and wear it
 Beside him on his throne.
 your answer.
Camma. Tell him ther
 shadow among the sku
 One ghost of all the ghosts—
 new,
 So strange among them—su
 there,
 So much of husband in it stil
 The shout of Synorix and C
 ting

throne, should reach it, it
ld rise —

, with that red star between
ibs,
nife there — and blast the
and me,
the crowd with horror. I
not, sir!
n — and then the marriage
, and tell him
pt the diadem of Galatia —

[All are amazed.
ye saw me crown myself
ial. *[Puts on the crown.*
his crown'd queen.

So will I tell him. *[Exit.*
oo Priestesses go up the steps
s shrine, draw the curtains
side *(discovering the God-*
n open the gates and remain
one on either side, and kneel.
ss goes off and returns with
rriage, then assists PHOEBE
CAMMA. At the same time
ss enter and stand on either
be Temple. CAMMA and all
tesses kneel, raise their hands
dless, and bow down.

Synorix! Synorix!' *All rise.*
Fling wide the doors, and
he new-made children
erial mother see the show.
ght pours through the doors.
heart to do it. *(To Phoebe.)*
s for me!

Tronches. Phoebe looks out.
houts, 'Synorix! Synorix!'
He climbs the throne. Hot
d, ambition, pride
and redden his face — O,
ld it were
ast apoplexy! O, bestial!
like our goodly Sinnatus!
(on the ground). You wrong
surely; far as the face goes
looking man than Sinnatus.
side). How dare she say it?
ald hate her for it 100
ie is distracted.

[A flourish of trumpets.
Is he crown'd?

Ay, there they crown him.
hout shout, 'Synorix! Syn-

1'
iestess brings a box of spices
amma, who throws them on
llar-flame.

Camma. Rouse the dead altar-flame,
fling in the spices,

Nard, cinnamon, amomum, benzoin.
Let all the air reel into a mist of odor,
As in the midmost heart of Paradise.
Lay down the Lydian carpets for the
King.

The King should pace on purple to his
bride,

And music there to greet my lord the
King. *[Music.*

(To Phoebe.) Dost thou remember
when I wedded Sinnatus? 110

Ay, thou wast there — whether from
maiden fears

Or reverential love for him I loved,
Or some strange second-sight, the mar-
riage-cup

Wherefrom we make libation to the
Goddess

So shook within my hand that the red
wine

Ran down the marble and lookt like
blood, like blood.

Phoebe. I do remember your first-
marriage fears.

Camma. I have no fears at this my
second marriage.

See here — I stretch my hand out —
hold it there.

How steady it is!
Phoebe. Steady enough to stab him!

Camma. O, hush! O, peace! This
violence ill becomes 121

The silence of our Temple. Gentle-
ness,

Low words best chime with this so-
lemnity.

*Enter a procession of Priestesses and
Children bearing garlands and golden
goblets, and streuing flowers.*

*Enter SYNORIX (as King, with gold
laurel-wreath crown and purple robes),
followed by ANTONIUS, PUBLIUS,
Noblemen, Guards, and the Populace.*

Camma. Hail, King!

Synorix. Hail, Queen!

The wheel of Fate has roll'd me to the
top.

I would that happiness were gold,
that I

Might cast my largess of it to the
crowd!

I would that every man made feast
to-day,

Beneath the shadow of our pines and
planes!

For all my truer life begins to-day.
The past is like a travell'd land now
sunk 131

Below the horizon—like a barren
shore

That grew salt weeds, but now all
drown'd in love

And glittering at full tide—the boun-
teous bays

And heavens filling with a blissful
sea.

Nor speak I now too mightily, being
King

And happy! happiest, lady, in my
power

To make you happy.

Camma. Yes, sir.

Synorix. Our Antonius,
Our faithful friend of Rome, tho' Rome
may set

A free foot where she will, yet of his
courtesy 140

Entreats he may be present at our
marriage.

Camma. Let him come—a legion
with him, if he will.

(*To Antonius.*) Welcome, my lord
Antonius, to our Temple.

(*To Synorix.*) You on this side the
altar. (*To Antonius.*) You on
that.

Call first upon the Goddess, Synorix.

[*All face the Goddess. Priestesses,
Children, Populace, and Guards
kneel—the others remain stand-
ing.*]

Synorix. O thou that dost inspire
the germ with life,

The child, a thread within the house
of birth,

And give him limbs, then air, and send
him forth

The glory of his father—thou whose
breath

Is balmy wind to robe our hills with
grass, 150

And kindle all our vales with myrtle-
blossom,

And roll the golden oceans of our
grain,

And sway the long grape-bunches of
our vines,

And fill all hearts with fatness and
the lust

Of plenty—make me happy in my
marriage!

Chorus (chanting). Ar-
temis, hear him, Ionia

Camma. O thou that
babe within the womb

Or in the being born, or after

As boy or man, great Goddess
storm-voice

Unsockets the strong oak,
his root

Beyond his head, and strow
and lays

Our golden grain, and rum
makes it

Foam over all the fleet
kings

And peoples, hear!
Whose arrow is the plague

quick flash splits
The mid-sea mast, and rifts

to the rock,
And hurls the victor's col-
with him

That crowns it, hear!
Who causeth the safe earth

and gape,
And gulf and flatten in
chasm

Domed cities, hear!
Whose lava-torrents blast a

province
To a cinder, hear!

Whose winter-cataracts fall
and leave it

A waste of rock and ruin, I
thee

To make my marriage pro-
wish!

Chorus. Artemis, Artemis
Ephesian Artemis!

Camma. Artemis, Artemis
Galatian Artemis!

I call on our own Goddess
Temple.

Chorus. Artemis, Artemis
Galatian Artemis!

[*Thunder.*]

Synorix (aside). Thunder
the storm was drawn

Across the hills when I
crown'd.

I wonder if I look as pale as
Camma. Art thou—still

marrying?

Synorix. Surely—
These are strange words to
Artemis.

Camma. Words are not always what they seem, my King.

I be faithful to thee till thou die.

Synorix. I thank thee, Camma, — I thank thee.

Camma (*turning to Antonius*). Antonius,

graced are we that our Queen Rome in you

is to look in upon our barbarisms.

Turns, goes up steps to altar before the Goddess. Takes a cup from off the altar. Holds it towards Antonius. Antonius goes up to the foot of the steps opposite to Synorix.

See this cup, my lord.

[Gives it to him.]

Antonius. Most curious! many-breasted mother Artemis es'd upon it.

Camma. It is old, I know not many hundred years. Give it me again.

he cup belonging our own Temple.

Puts it back on altar, and takes up the cup of Act I. Showing it to Antonius.

is another sacred to the Goddess, gift of Synorix; and the Goddess, being

his most grateful, wills, thro' me her priestess,

nor of his gift and of our marriage,

Synorix should drink from his own cup.

Synorix. I thank thee, Camma, — I thank thee.

Camma. For — my lord — our ancient custom in Galatia

ere two souls be knit for life and death,

two should drink together from one cup,

symbol of their married unity,

is libation to the Goddess. Bring me

costly wines we use in marriages.

They bring in a large jar of wine. Camma pours wine into cup.

Synorix. See here, I fill it. (*To Antonius.*) Will you drink, my lord?

Antonius. I? Why should I? I am not to be married.

Camma. But that might bring a Roman blessing on us.

Antonius (*refusing cup*). Thy pardon, priestess!

Camma. Thou art in the right. This blessing is for Synorix and for me.

See, first I make libation to the Goddess,

[Makes libation]

And now I drink.

[Drinks and fills the cup again.]

Thy turn, Galatian King. Drink and drink deep — our marriage

will be fruitful.

Drink and drink deep, and thou wilt make me happy.

[Synorix goes up to her. She hands him the cup. He drinks.]

Synorix. There, Camma! I have almost drain'd the cup —

A few drops left.

Camma. Libation to the Goddess.

[He throws the remaining drops on the altar and gives Camma the cup.]

Camma (*placing the cup on the altar*). Why, then the Goddess hears.

[Comes down and forward to tripod. Antonius follows.]

Antonius. Where wast thou on that morning when I came

To plead to thee for Sinnatus's life.

Beside this temple half a year ago?

Antonius. I never heard of this request of thine.

Synorix (*coming forward hastily to foot of tripod steps*). I sought him, and I could not find him.

Pray you,

Go on with the marriage rites.

Camma. Antonius — 'Camma!' Who spake?

Antonius. Not I.

Phæbe. Nor any here.

Camma. I am all but sure that some one spake. Antonius,

If you had found him plotting against Rome,

Would you have tortured Sinnatus to death?

Antonius. No thought was mine of torture or of death,

THE PROMISE OF MAY

'A surface man of theories, true to none'

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FARMER DOBSON.
MR. PHILIP EDGAR (*afterwards MR. HAROLD*).
FARMER STEER (*DORA and EVA's Father*).
MR. WILSON (*a Schoolmaster*).
HIGGINS
JAMES
DAN SMITH } *Farm Laborers.*
JACKSON
ALLEN
DORA STEER.
EVA STEER.
SALLY ALLEN } *Farm Servants.*
MILLY } *Farm Servants, Laborers, etc.*

THE PROMISE OF MAY

ACT I

SCENE. — BEFORE FARMHOUSE

Farming Men and Women. Farming Men carrying forms, etc., Women carrying baskets of knives and forks, etc.

First Farming Man. Be thou a-gawin' to the long barn?

Second Farming Man. Ay, to be sewer! Be thou?

First Farming Man. Why, o' coorse, fur it be the owd man's birthdaäy. He be heighty this very daäy, and 'e telled all on us to be i' the long barn by one o'clock, fur he'll gie us a big dinner, and haäfe th' parish 'll be theer, an' Miss Dora, an' Miss Eva, an' all! 11

Second Farming Man. Miss Dora be doomed back, then?

First Farming Man. Ay, haäfe an hour ago. She be in theer now. (*Pointing to house.*) Owd Steer wur afeärd she would n't be back i' time to keep his birthdaäy, and he wur in a tew about it all the mornin'; and he sent me wi' the gig to Littlechester to fetch 'er; and 'er an' the owd man they fell a kissin' o' one another like two sweet-'arts i' the poorch as soon as he clapt eyes of 'er.

Second Farming Man. I he likes Miss Eva the best.

First Farming Man. Nal nowt o' what foäłks says, a nowt neither. Foäłks doe know thessens; but sewer be two o' the purtiest gels of a summer mornin'.

Second Farming Man. I Eva gone off a bit of 'er go laäte?

First Farming Man. I bit.

Second Farming Man. V awaäy, then, to the long barn

DORA *looks out of window*
DOBSON.

DORA (*singing*).

The town lay still in the low sun
The hen cluckt late by the whit
The maid to her dairy came
cow,
The stock-dove coo'd at the fall
The blossom had open'd on eve
O, joy for the promise of May
O, joy for the promise of May

(*Nodding at Dobson.*) I've down, Mr. Dobson. I have Eva yet. Is she anywhere den?

Dobson. Noä, Miss I he 'ern either.



hine own people, and though a
Roman I 280
e thee, Camma.
ma (raising herself). 'CAMMA !'
— why, there again
most sure that some one call'd.
O women,
I have Roman masters. I am
glad
not see it. Did not some old
Greek
ath was the chief good? He
had my fate for it,
'd. (*Sinks back again.*) Have I
the crown on? I will go
st him, crown'd! crown'd victor
of my will —
last voyage — but the wind has
fail'd —

Growing dark too — but light enough
to row.
Row to the Blessea Isles! the Blessed
Isles! — 290
Sinnatus!
Why comes he not to meet me? It is
the crown
Offends him — and my hands are too
sleepy
To lift it off (*Phœbe takes the crown off.*)
Who touch'd me then? I thank
you.
[*Rises, with outspread arms.*
There — league on league of ever-shin
ing shore
Beneath an ever-rising sun — I see
him —
'Camma, Camma!' Sinnatus, Sinna-
tus! [Dies

and a burn fool, and I haates the very sight on him. ¹⁶⁰

Dora (looking at Dobson). Master Dobson, you are a comely man to look at.

Dobson. I thank you for that, Miss Dora, onyhow.

Dora. Ay, but you turn right ugly when you're in an ill temper; and I promise you that if you forget yourself in your behavior to this gentleman, my father's friend, I will never change word with you again. ¹⁷¹

Enter FARMING MAN from barn.

Farming Man. Miss, the farming men 'ull hev their dinner i' the long barn, and the master 'ud be strange an' pleased if you'd step in fust, and see that all be right and reg'lar fur 'em afoor he coöm. *[Exit.]*

Dora. I go. Master Dobson, did you hear what I said? ¹⁷⁹

Dobson. Yeäs, yeäs! I'll not meddle wi' 'im if he doänt meddle wi' meä. *(Exit Dora.)* 'Coomly,' says she. I niver thowt o' mysen i' that waäy; but if she'd taäke to ma i' that waäy, or ony waäy, I'd slaäve out my life fur 'er. 'Coomly to look at,' says she — but she said it spiteful-like. To look at — yeäs, 'coomly;' and she may n't be so fur out theer. But if that be nowt to she, then it be nowt to me. *(Looking off stage.)* Schoolmaster! Why if Steer han't haxed schoolmaster to dinner, thaw'e knaws I was hallus ageän hevving schoolmaster i' the parish! fur him as be handy wi' a booök beänt but haäfe a hand at a pitchfork.

Enter WILSON.

Well, Wilson. I seed that one cow o' thine i' the pinfeld ageän as I wur a-coomin' 'ere. ¹⁹⁹

Wilson. Very likely, Mr. Dobson. She will break fence. I can't keep her in order.

Dobson. An' if tha can't keep thy one cow i' horder, how can tha keep all thy scholars i' horder? But let that goä by. What dost a knaw o' this Mr. Hedgar as be a-lodgin' wi' ye? I coom'd upon 'im t' other daäy lookin' at the coöntry, then a-scrattin upon a bit o' paäper, then a-lookin' ageän; and I taäked 'im fur soom sort o' a land-surveyor — but a beänt. ²¹²

Wilson. He's a Somersets and a very civil-spoken gent.

Dobson. Gentleman! W a-doing here ten mile an' m raäil? We laäys out o' the gentlefoälk altogether — li they niver cooms 'ere but fur i' our beck, fur they be knaw as Littlechester. But 'e neither.

Wilson. Well, it's no siddleman not to fish.

Dobson. Noä, but I haäte

Wilson. Better step out o' then, for he's walking to us a book in his hand.

Dobson. An' I haätes boss fur they puts foälk off the o'

Enter EDGAR, reading —

Dobson and Wilson

Edgar. This author, with of simple style

And close dialectic, all but pr

An automatic series of sens

Has often numb'd me into a

Against the unpleasant jo

rough road

That breaks off short into t

— made me

A quietist taking all things

Dobson (aside). There mu

mut wrong theer, Wilson, f

understan' it.

Wilson (aside). Nor I e

Dobson.

Dobson (scornfully). An't

understan' it neither — and th

master an' all!

Edgar. What can a man,

for but sensations,

Pleasant ones? men of c

undergo

Unpleasant for the sake of

ones

Hereafter, like the Moslem

waiting

To clasp their lovers by t

gates.

For me, whose cheerless H

death

Are Night and Silence, pla

— the while —

If possible, here! to crop

and pass.

Dobson. Well, I never 'eä

o' that afoor.

Wilson (aside). But I have, Mr. Dobson. It's the old Scripture text, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' I'm sorry for it, for, tho' he never comes to church, I thought better of him.

Edgar. 'What are we,' says the blind old man in Lear?
'As flies to the gods; they kill us for their sport.'

Dobson (aside). Then the owd man i' Lear should be shamed of hissen, but nothin' o' the parishes goäs by that name 'creabouts.

Edgar. The gods! but they, the shadows of ourselves,
Have past forever. It is Nature kills,
And not for *her* sport either. She knows nothing.

Man only knows, the worse for him!
for why
Cannot *he* take his pastime like the flies?

And if my pleasure breed another's pain,

Well—is not that the course of Nature too.

From the dim dawn of being—her main law

Whereby she grows in beauty—that her flies

Must massacre each other? this poor Nature!

Dobson. Natur! Natur! Well, it be i' *my* natur to knock 'im o' the 'eärl now; but I weänt.

Edgar. A quietist taking all things easily—why—

Have I been dipping into this again—
To steel myself against the leaving her?

[*Clones book, seeing Wilson*
Good day!

Wilson. Good day, sir.

[*Dobson looks hard at Edgar*

Edgar (to Dobson). Have I the pleasure, friend, of knowing you?

Dobson. Dobson.

Edgar. Good day, then, Dobson.

Dobson. 'Good dady, then, Dobson?' Civil-spoken I deed! Why, Wilson, tha 'eärl 'im thyson, the feller could n't find a Mister in his name, fur me, as farms five hundred acres.

Wilson. You never find one for Mr. Dobson.

Dobson. Noä, fur thou be n schoolmaster; but I taäkes 'im Lunnun swindler, and a burn for

Wilson. He can hardly be both he pays me regular every Saturd

Dobson. Yeäs; but I haätes 'i Enter STEER, FARM MEN and W
Steer (goes and sits under apple
Hev' ony o' ye seen Eva?

Dobson. Noä, Mr. Steer.

Steer. Well, I reckons they 'll a fine cider-crop to year if the bl 'owds. Good mornin', neighbor the same to you, my men. I t it kindly of all o' you that ye coomed—what's the newsp word, Wilson?—celebrate—to brate my birthdäy i' this fas Niver man 'ed better friends, i will säy niver master 'ed better fur thaw I may ha' fallen out v sometimes, the fault, mebbe, w much mine as yours; and, thaw I it mysen, niver men 'ed a better ter, and I knows what men be what masters be, fur I wur nob häbörer, and now I be a handi burn a plowman, and now, as t money goäs, I be a gentleman. I beänt naw scholard, fur I 'edn time to maäke mysen a scholard. I wur maäkin' mysen a gentleman I ha' taun good care to turn out my darters in, but down the hädi

Dobson. An's so they be

First Farm Man. See they soä they be!

Second Farm Man. The bless boath on 'em!

Third Farm Man. An'ties to you, master!

Fourth Farm Man. And for to beäth on 'em! At the same t Master Steer, 'ere we!

Steer. That's all.

Eva. Eva

Where's that, then?

Edgar. 'Tha! My happy re of the day, then!

Steer. They've got the money my, but I hopes they've the happy

Dobson. What the books haäde to t'at, a haäde?

Steer. An' were it that I has

light the face o' the sun, then back
agein, a-follering my oin shadder —
then hup agein i' the faice o' the sun.
Eh! how the sun 'ud shine, and the
larks 'ud sing i' them daäys, and the
smell o' the mou'd an' all. Eh! if I
could ha' gone on wi' the plowin' nob-
but the smell o' the mou'd 'ud ha'
maäde ma live as long as Jerusalem.

Eva. Methuselah, father. 371

Steer. Ay, lass, but when thou be as
owd as me thou'll put one word fur
another as I does.

Dobson. But, Steer, thaw thou be
haäle anew I seed tha a-limpin' up just
now wi' the roomatics i' the knee.

Steer. Roomatics! Noä; I laäme't
my knee last night running arter a
thief. Beänt there house-breakers
down i' Littlechester, Dobson, — doänt
ye hear of ony? 382

Dobson. Ay, that there be. Imman-
uel Goldsmith's was broke into o'
Monday night, and ower a hoonderd
pounds worth o' rings stolen.

Steer. So I thowt, and I heard the
winder — that's the winder at the end
o' the passage, that gois by thy chaum-
ber. (*Turning to Eva.*) Why, lass,
what maäkes tha sa red? Did 'e git
into thy chaumber? 392

Eva. Father!

son. And I thinks I'd like to the measure o' your foot.

ar. Ay, if you'd like to measure own length upon the grass. ⁴⁶¹

son. Coom, coom, that's a good Why, I could throw four o' ye : I promised one of the Misses I in't meddle wi' ye, and I weant.

[*Exit into barn.*]

ar. Jealous of me with Eva! Is it so?

tho' I grudge the pretty jewel, that I

worn, to such a clod, yet that might be

best way out of it, if the child could keep

counsel. I am sure I wish her happy. ⁴⁷⁰

must free myself from this entanglement.

as all my life before me — so has she —

her a month or two, and her affections

flower toward the light in some new face.

am half-afraid to meet her now. I'll urge marriage on me. I hate

tears. age is but an old tradition. I hate

sons, ever since my narrow father,

my frolic with his tenant's girl, younger elder son, violated the

whole ⁴⁸⁰ son of our land, and left his heir,

happily, with some sense of art, to live

in hand and pencil. By and by, when Thought

down among the crowd, and man perceives that

not gleam of an after-life but leaves him

of prey in the dark, why then the crowd

break my wrongs upon my wrongers. Marriage!

fine, fat, hook-nosed uncle of mine, old Harold,

saves me all his land at Little-Chester,

he would oust me from his will, But I ⁴⁹⁰

Made such a marriage. And marriage in itself —

The storm is hard at hand will sweep away

Thrones, churches, ranks, traditions, customs, marriage

One of the feeblest! Then the man, the woman,

Following their best affinities, will each

Bid their old bond farewell with smiles, not tears;

Good wishes, not reproaches; with no fear

Of the world's gossiping clamor, and no need

Of veiling their desires. Conventionalism,

Who shrieks by day at what she does by night, ⁵⁰⁰

Would call this vice; but one time's vice may be

The virtue of another; and Vice and Virtue

Are but two masks of self; and what hereafter

Shall mark out Vice from Virtue in the gulf

Of never-dawning darkness?

Enter Eva.

My sweet Eva, Where have you lain in ambush all the morning?

They say your sister, Dora, has return'd,

And that should make you happy, if you love her!

But you look troubled.

Eva. O, I love her so, I was afraid of her, and I hid myself. ⁵¹⁰

We never kept a secret from each other;

She would have seen at once into my trouble,

And ask'd me what I could not answer.

O, Philip, Father heard you last night. Our savage mastiff,

That all but kill'd the beggar, will be placed

Beneath the window, Philip.

Edgar. Savage, is he?

What matters? Come, give me your hand and kiss me

11 we were happy, and could ennie in
with it.

Edgar. True; for the senses, love,
are for the world;

That for the senses.

Eva. Yes.

Edgar. And when the man,
The child of evolution, flings aside
His swaddling-bands, the morals of the
tribe,

He, following his own instincts as his
God,

Will enter on the larger golden age,⁵³⁰
No pleasure then taboo'd; for when
the tide

Of full democracy has overwhelm'd
This Old World, from that flood will
rise the New,

Like the Love-goddess, with no bridal
veil,

Ring, trinket of the Church, but naked
Nature

In all her loveliness.

Eva. What are you saying?

Edgar. That, if we did not strain
to make ourselves

Better and higher than Nature, we
might be

As happy as the bees there at their
honey

In these sweet blossoms.

Eva. Yes; how sweet they smell!

old world, nor the new, nor
 r,
 ou, shall ever see me more.
(moved). Then — *(aside)* Shall
 it? — *(aloud)* fly with me
 y.

O! Philip, Philip, if you do
 marry me,
 ad for utter shame and die.
 Then, if we needs must be
 entional,
 l your parish-parson bawl
 annas 580
 r gaping clowns?

Not in our church —
 carce could hold my head
 ere.

other way?

Yes, if you cared
 ver-opulent superstition,
 ould grant you what they
 a license

Do you wish it?

Do I wish it?

n London.

You will write to me?

I will.

d I will fly to you thro' the
 t, the storm —
 ie fire should run along the
 nd,

; did in Egypt. O, you

559

out of school, I had no
 er —
 away — and you, a gentle-

trust you — yes, in every-
 5 —
 the only *true* love; and I
 ed —
 eed, I would have died for

you — O, how could you?
 y, how could I?

ou will set all right again,
 l
 e made the laughter of the
 ge.

ld father not die miserable.
(singing in the distance).

the promise of May, of May,
 or the promise of May! 601

Speak not so loudly; that
 ; be your sister.

You never told her, then, of what has
 past

Between us.

Eva. Never!

Edgar. Do not till I bid you.

Eva. No, Philip, no. [*Turns away*.

Edgar (moved). How gracefully there
 she stands

Weeping — the little Niobe! What!
 we prize

The statue or the picture all the more
 When we have made them ours! Is
 she less lovable,

Less lovely, being wholly mine? To
 stay — 609

Follow my art among these quiet fields,
 Live with these honest folk —

and play the fool!

No! she that gave herself to me so
 easily

Will yield herself as easily to another

Eva. Did you speak, Philip?

Edgar. Nothing more, farewell.
 [*They embrace*.

DORA (*coming nearer*).

O, grief for the promise of May, of May,
 O, grief for the promise of May!

Edgar (still embracing her). Keep
 up your heart until we meet
 again.

Eva. If that should break before
 we meet again?

Edgar. Break! nay, but call for
 Philip when you will,

And he returns.

Eva. Heaven hears you, Philip
 Edgar! 620

Edgar (moved). And he would hear
 you even from the grave.

Heaven curse him if he come not at
 your call! [*Exit*.

Enter DORA.

Dora. Well, Eva!

Eva. O, Dora, Dora, how long you
 have been away from home! O, how
 often I have wished for you! It seemed
 to me that we were parted for ever.

Dora. For ever, you foolish child!
 What's come over you? We parted
 like the brook yonder about the alder
 island, to come together again in a
 moment and to go on together again,
 till one of us be married. But where
 is this Mr. Edgar whom you praised

so in your first letters? You have n't even mentioned him in your last? 636

Eva. He has gone to London.

Dora. Ay, child; and you look thin and pale. Is it for his absence? Have you fancied yourself in love with him? That 's all nonsense, you know, such a baby as you are. But you shall tell me all about it. 643

Eva. Not now — presently. Yes, I have been in trouble, but I am happy — I think, quite happy now.

Dora (taking Eva's hand). Come, then, and make them happy in the long barn, for father is in his glory, and there is a piece of beef like a house-side, and a plum-pudding as big as the round hay-stack. But see, they are coming out for the dance already. Well, my child, let us join them. 654

Enter all from barn, laughing. EVA sits reluctantly under apple-tree.

STEER enters, smoking, sits by EVA.

Dance.

ACT II

Five years have elapsed between Acts I. and II.

SCENE. — A MEADOW. ON ONE SIDE A PATHWAY GOING OVER A RUSTIC BRIDGE. AT BACK THE FARMHOUSE AMONG THE TREES. IN THE DISTANCE A CHURCH SPIRE

DOBSON and DORA.

Dobson. So the owd uncle i' Coomberland be deäid, Miss Dora, beänt he?

Dora. Yes, Mr. Dobson, I've been attending on his death-bed and his burial.

Dobson. It be five year sin' ye went afoor to him, and it seems to me nob-but t'other day. Hes n't he left ye nowt?

Dora. No, Mr. Dobson. 70

Dobson. But he were mighty fond o' ye, warn't he?

Dora. Fonder of poor Eva — like everybody else.

Dobson (handing Dora basket of roses). Not like me, Miss Dora; and I ha' browt these roses to ye — I forgits what they calls 'em, but I hallus g'ied

soom on 'em to Miss Eva at t' o' year. Will ya taake 'em? Eva, she set the bush by a winder afoor she went to Littlechester — so I allus bro on 'em to her; and now she will ye taake 'em, Miss Dora.

Dora. I thank you. The that yesterday you ment name too suddenly before m See that you do not do so ag

Dobson. Noä; I knaws a ter now. I seed how the wur vext.

Dora. I take them, then, sake.

[Takes basket, places on dress.]

Dobson. Eva's saäke. Ye gell, poor gell! I can't aheel on 'er now, fur I'd ha' domt 'er mysen; an' ony o' Steer's ony o' my men 'ud ha' domt 'er, an' all the parish 'ud ha' fur 'er, fur we was all on us 'er, an' them theer be soom roses, an' she wur as sweet 'em — the Lord bless 'er — 'e an' weänt ye taake 'em n Dora, fur 'er saäke an' fur an' all?

Dora. Do you want the again?

Dobson. Noä, noä! Keep I hed a word to saäly to ye.

Dora. Why, Farmer, ye be in the hay-field looking at men; you could n't have me didd weather.

Dobson. I be a going the thowt I'd bring tha them n The weather 's well anew, glass be a bit shaäky. Sive led moist on it.

Dora. Ay! but you mus too sudden with it either, as last year, when you put it and your stack caught fire.

Dobson. I were insured, I lost nowt by it. But I wed sudden wi' it; and I feel sev Dora, that I ha' been noäin to wi' you, fur I ha' sarved fe nigh as long as the man sarv sweet 'art i' Scriptur'. Weänt me a kind answer at last?

THE PROMISE OF MAY

"I see. Well, I'm glad that he has a couple. Don't Street, at least, wants to look at one," she purred, as two sweet girls, gathered like thou, and me, Sally.

fit to bust hissen wi' spites and jealousies. ¹⁸³

Sally. Let 'im bust hissen, then, for owt I cares.

First Haymaker. Well, but, as I said afore, it be the last loäd hoäm; do thou and thy sweet'art sing us hoäm to supper — 'The Last Loäd Hoäm.' ¹⁹⁰

All. Ay! 'The Last Loäd Hoäm.'

SONG.

What did ye do, and what did ye säy,
Wi' the wild white rose, an' the woodbine
sa gäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa
blue —

What did ye säy, and what did ye do,
When ye thowt there were nawbody watch-
in' o' you,
And you an' your Sally was forkin' the
häy,

At the end of the däy,
For the last loäd hoäm?

What did we do, and what did we säy, ²⁰⁰
Wi' the briar sa green, an' the willer sa
gräy,

An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa
blue —

Do ye think I be gawin' to tell it to you,
What we mowt säy, and what we mowt do,
When me an' my Sally was forkin' the
häy,

At the end of the däy,
For the last loäd hoäm?

But what did ye säy, and what did ye do,
Wi' the butterflies out, and the swallers at
pläy,

An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa
blue?

Why, coom then, owd feller, I'll tell it to
you; ²¹⁰

For me an' my Sally we sweär'd to be true,
To be true to each other, let 'appen what
maäy,

Till the end of the däy,
And the last loäd hoäm.

All. Well sung!

James. Fanny be the näime i' the
song, but I swopt it fur *she*.

[*Pointing to Sally.*

Sally. Let ma aloän afore foälk,
wilt tha? ²²⁰

First Haymaker. Ye shall sing that
ageän to-night, fur owd Dobson 'll
g'e us a bit o' supper.

Sally. I weänt goä to owd Dobson;
he wur rude to me i' tha häy-field,

and he 'll be rude to me
night. Owd Steer's got
grass down and wants a
I'll goä to him.

First Haymaker. Owd
nubbut coud tea to 'is men
Dobson g'ies beer.

Sally. But I'd like owd Steer
tea better nor Dobson's bee
bye.

James. G'e us a buss fur

Sally. I tell'd tha to let

James. Why, was n't tha
a-bussin' o' one another i' all
the häy-cock, when owd
coom'd upo' us? I can't let
if I would, Sally.

[*Offering*

Sally. Git along wi' ye, ²³⁰

[*All laugh; then*

To be true to each other, let 'e
maäy,

Till the end o' the däy
An' the last loäd hoäm.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. Not Harold! 'Ph
Philip Edgar!

Her phantom call'd me by
she loved.

I told her I should hear her
grave.

Ay! yonder is her casement.
ber

Her bright face beaming sta
upon me

Thro' that rich cloud of
Since I left her

Here weeping, I have n
world, and sat

Thro' every sensual course
feast

That leaves but emptiness.

SONG.

To be true to each other, let '
maäy,

To the end o' the däy,
An' the last loäd hoäm

Harold. Poor Eva! O!
man be only

A willy-nilly current of sen
Reaction needs must follo
yet —

Why feel remorse, he, kno
he *must* have

the iron grooves of Destiny?
 Men is a part of Destiny,
 Men, making us feel guilty
 of faults.

My grandfather — of him
 that women —

O, this mortal house,
 are born into, is haunted

of the dead passions of
 men;
 take flesh again with our
 flesh,
 us to confusion.

He was only
 philosopher who call'd the
 l
 n a blank page, a *tabula*

re, is written in invisible

rodigality, Covetousness,
 t,

'Murder' — and the heat
 fire

bring them out, and black

gh,

ld grow to manhood. Bet-

death

rst wail than life —

long (*further off*).

the end o' the da'ily,

the last lo'ld ho'm,

Lo'ld ho'm.

again!

(*Steps on the bridge.*)

How often have I stood

ere! The brook among its

ers!

not, meadow-sweet, willow-

smattering of science then,

r the learned names, anato-

d

s for her — and now I only

were deep enough, that I

it plunge

ysel'f for ever.

DAN SMITH (*singing*).

oa! — Gee oop! whoa!

Pumpy was good uns to goi

of slush an' squad

en roads was bad,

But hallus 'ud stop at the Vine-an'-the-Hop,
 Fur bo'ath on 'em knawed as well as my-

sen
 That beer be as good fur 'erses as men.

Gee oop! whoa! Gee oop! whoa!

Scizzars an' Pumpy was good uns to goa.

The beer 's gotten oop into my 'c'ad.
 S'iver I mun git along back to the
 farm, fur she tell'd ma to ta'ke the
 cart to Littlechester.

Enter DORA.

Dora. Half an hour late! why are

you loitering here? Away with you

at once. [*Exit Dan Smith.*]

(*Seeing Harold on bridge.*)

Some madman, is it,

Gesticulating there upon the bridge?

I am half afraid to pass.

Harold. Sometimes I wonder,

When man has surely learnt at last

that all

His old-world faith, the blossom of his

youth,

Has faded, falling fruitless — whether

then

All of us, all at once, may not be

seized

With some fierce passion, not so much

for Death

As against Life! all, all, into the

dark —

No more! — and science now could

drug and balm us

Back into nescience with as little

pain

As it is to fall asleep.

This beggarly life,

This poor, flat, hedged-in field — no

distance — this

Hollow Pandora-box,

With all the pleasures flown, not even

Hope

Left at the bottom!

Superstitious fool,

What brought me here? To see her

grave? her ghost?

Her ghost is everyway about me

here.

Dora (coming forward). Allow me,

sir, to pass you.

Harold. Eva!

Dora. Eva!

Harold. What are you? Where do

you come from?

Dora. From the farm

Here, close at hand.

Harold. Are you — you are — that
Dora,
The sister. I have heard of you. The
likeness
Is very striking.

Dora. You knew Eva, then?

Harold. Yes — I was thinking of
her when — O, yes, ³³⁰
Many years back, and never since
have met
Her equal for pure innocence of
nature,
And loveliness of feature.

Dora. No, nor I.

Harold. Except, indeed, I have
found it once again
In your own self.

Dora. You flatter me. Dear Eva
Was always thought the prettier.

Harold. And her charm
Of voice is also yours; and I was
brooding

Upon a great unhappiness when you
spoke.

Dora. Indeed, you seem'd in trouble,
sir.

Harold. And you
Seem my good angel who may help
me from it. ³⁴⁰

Dora (aside). How worn he looks,
poor man! who is it, I wonder.
How can I help him? (*Aloud.*) Might
I ask your name?

Harold. Harold.

Dora. I never heard her mention
you.

Harold. I met her first at a farm in
Cumberland —
Her uncle's.

Dora. She was there six years ago.

Harold. And if she never mention'd
me, perhaps
The painful circumstances which I
heard —

I will not vex you by repeating
them —

Only last week at Littlechester, drove
me

From out her memory. She has disap-
pear'd, ³⁵⁰

They told me, from the farm — and
darker news.

Dora. She has disappear'd, poor
darling, from the world —
Left but one dreadful line to say, that
we

Should find her in the river
dragg'd

The Littlechester river all in
Have sorrow'd for her all th
in vain.

And my poor father, utter
down

By losing her — she was his
child —

Has let his farm, all his affai
But for the slender help th
give,

Fall into ruin. Ah! that vi
gar,

If he should ever show his fa
us,

Our men and boys would h
stone him, hunt him

With pitchforks off the farm
of them

Loved her, and she was wor
love.

Harold. They say, we sh
give our enemies.

Dora. Ay, if the wretch w
I might forgive him;

We know not whether he be
living.

Harold. What Edgar?

Dora. Philip Edgar of
In Somerset. Perhaps you kn

Harold.

(*Aside.*) Ay, for how slightl
known myself!

Dora. This Edgar, then, is

Harold. Living
One Philip Edgar of Toft

Somerset

Is lately dead.

Dora. Dead! is there n
one?

Harold. Nay — now — not on
for I am Philip Harold

Dora. That one, is he then

Harold (aside). My father
Let her believe it mine; this

moment,

Will leave me a free field.

Dora. Dead! and th
Is brighter for his absence,

other

Is darker for his presence.

Harold.

To speak too pitilessly of the
Dora. My five-years' ange
die at once,

Dora. What was that? my poor blind father—

440

Enter FARMING MAN.

Farming Man. Miss Dora, Dan Smith's cart hes runned ower a laady i' the holler laäne, and they ha' ta'en the body up inter your chaumber, and they be all a-callin' for ye.

Dora. The body! — Heavens! I come!

Harold. But you are trembling. Allow me to go with you to the farm.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DOBSON.

Dobson. What feller wur it as 'a' been a-talkin' fur haäfe an hour wi' my Dora? (*Looking after him.*) Seeäms I ommost knaws the back on 'im—drest like a gentleman, too. Damn all gentleman, says I! I should ha' thowt they'd hed anew o' gentlefoälk, as I telled 'er to-daäy when she fell foul upo' me.

456

Minds ma o' summun. I could sweär to that; but that be all one, fur I haätes 'im afoor I knaws what 'e be. Theer! he turns round. Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset! Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset! — Noä — yeäls — thaw the feller's gone and maäde such a litter of his faäce.

464

Eh lad, if it be thou, I'll Philip tha! a-plaäyin' the saäme gaäme wi' my Dora — I'll Soomerset tha!

I'd like to drag 'im thruff the herse-pound, and she to bea-lookin' at it. I'd like to leather 'im black and blue, and she to be a-laughin' at it. I'd like to fell 'im as deäd as a bullock!

472

(*Clenching his fist.*)

But what 'ud she saäy to that? She telled me once not to meddle wi' 'im, and now she be fallen out wi' ma, and I can't coom at 'er.

It mun be *him*. Noä! Fur she'd niver 'a' been talkin' haäfe an hour wi' the devil 'at killed her oän sister, or she beänt Dora Steer.

480

Yeäls! Fur she niver knawed 'is faäce when 'e wur 'ere afoor; but I'll maäke 'er knaw! I'll maäke 'er knaw!

Enter HAROLD.

Naäy, but I mun git out on 'is waäy now, or I shall be the death on 'im.

[*Exit.*]

Harold. How the clown g me! that Dobbins, is it With whom I used to jar? he trace me

Thro' five years' absence, change of name,

The tan of Southern summers beard?

I may as well avoid him.

L

Lilylike in her stateliness and ness!

How came she by it? — a daisy the fields,

This Dora!

She gave her hand, unask'd farm-gate;

I almost think she half ret pressure

Of mine. What, I that held the blossom

Dark as the yew? but may t who march

Before their age, turn back and make

Courtesy to custom? and stronger motive,

Misnamed free-will — the cro call it conscience —

Moves me — to what? I am d for the past

Look'd thro' the present, E thro' hers —

A spell upon me! Surely I More than I knew! or is it bu

That brightens in retiring? night

Tired, pacing my new lands chester,

I dozed upon the bridge, and river

Flow'd thro' my dreams — they were. She rose

From the foul flood and point the farm,

And her cry rang to me years,

'I call you, Philip Edgar Edgar!

Come, you will set all right father

Will not die miserable.' I his age

A comfort to him — so be mo With mine own self. See

former friends

my logic faulty; let them.

my life again, and I have
ed
leasure. Anyhow we must
e line of least resistance
r motive rules.

But she hates Edgar.
is Dobbins, or some other,

arold? Well then, I must
her
ld first, and then she will
ve
Harold's sake. She said
lf
'orgive him, by and by, not
—
n sake *then*, if not for mine
t now —
by.

Enter DOBSON behind.

By and by — eh, lad, dost a
paper? Ye dropt it upo'
'Philip Edgar, Esq.' Ay,
etty squire. I ha' fun' ye

Eh, lad, dost a know what
wi' by and by? Fur if ye
arve our Dora as ye sarved
then, by and by, if she
to me when I be a-tryin'
—if she weant—look to
by the Lord, I'd think
maakin' an end o' tha nor
craw—nod—thaw they
at 'Size fur it.

Dobbins, I think!
I beant Dobbins.
Nor am I Edgar, my good

Tha lies! What hasta been
y Dora?

I have been telling her of
one Philip Edgar of Toft
set.

Tha lies!
(pulling out a newspaper).
man, it seems that you
Look there — under the

'O' the 17th, Philip Edgar,
l, Somerset.' How coom
a like 'im, then?
Naturally enough; for I

am closely related to the dead man's
family.

Dobson. An' 'ow coom thou by the
letter to 'im?

Harold. Naturally again; for, as I
used to transact all his business for
him, I had to look over his letters.
Now then, see these *(takes out letters)*.
Half a score of them, all directed to
me — Harold.

Dobson. 'Arold! 'Arold! 'Arold, so
they be.

Harold. My name is Harold! Good
day, Dobbins!

Dobson. 'Arold! The feller's cleän
daazed, an' maized, an' maited, an'
muddled ma. Deäid! It mun be true,
fur it wur i' print as black as owt.
Naäy, but 'Good daäy, Dobbins.'
Why, that wur the very twang on
'im. Eh, lad, but whether thou be
Hedgar, or Hedgar's business man,
thou hes n't naw business 'ere wi' *my*
Dora, as I knaws on, an' whether thou
calls thyson Hedgar or Harold, if thou
stick to she I'll stick to thee — stick
to tha like a weasel to a rabbit, I will.
Ay! and I'd like to shoot tha like a
rabbit an' all. 'Good daäy, Dobbins.'
Dang tha!

ACT III

SCENE. — A ROOM IN STEER'S HOUSE.
DOOR LEADING INTO BEDROOM AT
THE BACK.

Dora (ringing a handbell). Milly!

Enter MILLY.

Milly. The little 'ymn? Yeäs,
Miss; but I wur so ta'en up wi' leäd-
in' the owd man about all the blessed
murnin' 'at I ha' nobbut larned mysen
hülle on it.

O man, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.
Forgive him seventy times and seven;
For all the blessed souls in heaven
Are both forgivers and forgiven.

But I'll git the book ageän, and larn
mysen the rest, and saäy it to ye afoor

dark; ye ringed fur that, Miss, did n't ye?

Dora. No, Milly; but if the farming-men be come for their wages, to send them up to me.

Milly. Yeās, Miss. [Exit.

Dora (sitting at desk counting money). Enough at any rate for the present. *(Enter Farming Men.)* Good afternoon, my friends. I am sorry Mr. Steer still continues too unwell to attend to you, but the schoolmaster looked to the paying you your wages when I was away, did n't he?

Men. Yeās; and thanks to ye.

Dora. Some of our workmen have left us, but he sent me an alphabetical list of those that remain, so, Allen, I may as well begin with you.

Allen (with his hand to his ear). Halfabitical! Taāke one o' the young uns fust, Miss, fur I be a bit deaf, and I wur hallus scāred by a big word; leāstwaāys, I should be wi' a lawyer.

Dora. I spoke of your names, Allen, as they are arranged here *(shows book)* — according to their first letters.

Allen. Letters! Yeās, I sees now. Them be what they larns the childer' at school, but I were burn afoor schoolin'-time.

Dora. But, Allen, tho' you can't read, you could whitewash that cottage of yours where your grandson had the fever.

Allen. I'll hev it done o' Monday.

Dora. Else if the fever spread, the parish will have to thank you for it.

Allen. Meā? why, it be the Lord's doin', noān o' mine; d' ye think I'd gi'e 'em the fever? But I thanks ye all the saāme, Miss. *(Takes money.)*

Dora (calling out names). Higgins, Jackson, Luscombe, Nokes, Oldham, Skipworth! *(All take money.)* Did you find that you worked at all the worse upon the cold tea than you would have done upon the beer?

Higgins. Noā, Miss; we worked naw wuss upo' the cōwd tea; but we'd ha' worked better upo' the beer.

Dora. Come, come, you worked well enough, and I am much obliged to all of you. There's for you, and you, and you. Count the money and see if it's all right.

Men. All right, Miss; a ye kindly.

[Exeunt Luscombe, Nokes, Oldham, Skipworth.]

Dora. Dan Smith, my fat forgave you stealing our coal *[Dan Smith advances]*

Dan Smith (bellowing). Lor, Miss! that wur sa long! the walls sa thin, and the brokken, and the weather and my missus a-gittin' owe in.

Dora. Did n't I say that forgiven you? But, Dan Smith, tell me that you—and your children—spent all your day's wages at the ale-house, were stupid drunk all Sunday in consequence all Monday did not come into the hay-field should I pay you your full

Dan Smith. I be ready to pledge.

Dora. And as ready to again. Besides, it was you driving the cart—and I fear tipsy then, too—when you lady in the hollow lane.

Dan Smith (bellowing). O noā, noā, noā! Ye sees the be hallus sa dark i' the arter wheere the big esh-tree cuts it gi'es a turn like, and 'ow see to laāme the laādy, coomin' along pretty sharp!

Dora. Well, there are you the next time you wastethen house you get no more! *(Exit Dan Smith.)* Sally! worked for Mr. Dobson, did

Sally (advancing). Yeās, he wur so rough wi' ma, I abide 'im.

Dora. Why should he be you? You are as good as a hay-field. What's become brother?

Sally. 'Listed for a solidg the Queen's Real Hard Tūl!

Dora. And your sweethearts are you and he to be married?

Sally. At Michaelmas, M God.

Dora. You are an honest come to your wedding.



THE PROMISE OF MAY

617

'I thanks ye fur that,
nor fur the waitege.

(returns.) 'A cotched ma
vaalst, Miss, when 'e wur
n' axed ma to be 'is little
n' soñ I knaw'd 'im when
gein an' I telled feyther on

122

hat is all this, Allen?

'Hy, Miss Dora, meñ and
us three, we wants to hev
w' ye.

That be 'im, and meñ,

An' meñ, Miss.

129

'I we want mention naw
'd us lief talk o' the devil
'im, fur they says the mas-
in off his 'eñd when he 'eñs
in 'im; but us three, arter
d us on 'im, we fun 'im out
West Field w' a white 'ut,
& upo' Tuesday mornin',
us, w' your leave, we
ather 'im.

ho?

140

masdid the mischief here,
n'.

'Edgar?

eer, Miss! You ha' nañmed
n'.

'sdead, man — dead; gone
nt — dead and buried.

neñt sa sewer o' that, fur
d 'im. Now then?

s; it was in the Somerset;

s; — you mun be 'is brother,
ather 'im.

never heard that he had a
one; I oñd she must be oñt

— what? I would never be it a
mother, I say. But ye're

one, I say. Let 'em be one
where 'e's, I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

ye're one, I say. I say. I say.

Farmer Dobson, were I to marry him,
has promised to keep our heads above
water; and the man has doubtless a
good heart, and a true and lasting love
for me; yet — though I can be sorry
for him — as the good Sally says, 'I
can't abide him' — almost brutal, and
matched with my Harold is like a
hedge thistle by a garden rose. But
then, he, too — will he ever be of one
faith with his wife? which is my
dream of a true marriage. Can I fancy
him kneeling with me, and uttering
the same prayer; standing up side by
side with me, and singing the same
hymn? I fear not. Have I done wisely,
then, in accepting him? But may not
a girl's love-dream have too much ro-
mance in it to be realized all at once,
or altogether, or anywhere but in hea-
ven? And yet I had once a vision of a
pure and perfect marriage, where the
man and the woman, only differing as
the stronger and the weaker, should
walk hand in hand together down this
valley of tears, as they call it so truly,
to the grave at the bottom, and lie
down there together in the darkness
which would seem but for a moment,
to be awakened again together by the
light of the resurrection, and no more
partings for ever and for ever. (*Walks
up and down. She sings.*) 200

O happy lark, that warblest high

Above thy lowly nest,

O beak, that hawleth merrily by

The fields that once were blest,

O flower spring to the sky,

O grasses in daisies dress'd,

O love, and life, how weary am I, 205

And how I long for rest!

There, there, I am a fool! Tears! I
have sometimes been moved to tears
by a chapter of fine writing in a novel;
but what have I to do with tears
now? All depends on me — father,
the poor girl the farm everything,
and they both love me — I am all in
all to both, and he loves me too. I am
the wife of that. Courage, courage!
and all will go well. (*Goes to bedroom
door, goes in.*) How dark your room

Let me bring you in here where
there is still full daylight. (*Brings Eva
forward.*) Why, you look better — 210

Eva. And I feel so much better that

I trust I may be able by and by to help you in the business of the farm; but I must not be known yet. Has any one found me out, Dora? 230

Dora. O, no; you kept your veil too close for that when they carried you in; since then, no one has seen you but myself.

Eva. Yes — this Milly.

Dora. Poor blind father's little guide, Milly, who came to us three years after you were gone, how should she know you? But now that you have been brought to us as it were from the grave, dearest Eva, and have been here so long, will you not speak with father to-day? 243

Eva. Do you think that I may? No, not yet. I am not equal to it yet.

Dora. Why? Do you still suffer from your fall in the hollow lane?

Eva. Bruised; but no bones broken.

Dora. I have always told father that the huge old ash-tree there would cause an accident some day; but he would never cut it down, because one of the Steers had planted it there in former times. 254

Eva. If it had killed one of the Steers there the other day, it might have been better for her, for him, and for you.

Dora. Come, come, keep a good heart! Better for me! that's good! How better for me? 271

Eva. You tell me you have a lover. Will he not fly from you if he learn the story of my shame and that I am still living?

Dora. No; I am sure that when we are married he will be willing that you and father should live with us; for, indeed, he tells me that he met you once in the old times, and was much taken with you, my dear. 272

Eva. Taken with me; who was he? Have you told him I am here?

Dora. No; do you wish it?

Eva. See, Dora; you yourself are ashamed of me *et cetera*, and I do not wonder at it. ---

Dora. But I should wonder at myself if it were so. Have we not been all brought one another from the time when we first peeped into the bird's nest, waded in the brook, ran after the

butterflies, and prattled to each that we would marry fine gentlemen and played at being fine ladies?

Eva. That last was my fault, poor man. And this love yours — this Mr. Harold — is a man?

Dora. That he is, from head to I do believe I lost my heart to him very first time we met, and I love so much —

Eva. Poor Dora!

Dora. That I dare not tell him much I love him.

Eva. Better not, Has he offered marriage, this gentleman?

Dora. Could I love him else?

Eva. And are you quite sure after marriage this gentleman will be ashamed of his poor farmer's daughter among the ladies in his drawing room?

Dora. Shamed of me in a drawing room! Wasn't Miss Vavasour schoolmistress at Littlechester, born? Were not our fellow-pupils ladies? Wasn't dear mother here at least by one side a lady? Can't I like a lady; pen a letter like; talk a little French like a lady; a little like a lady? Can't a girl she loves her husband, and I make herself anything he wishes to be? Shamed of me in a drawing room, indeed! See here! 'The lordship is quite recovered of gout?' (*Curtains*.) 'Will you ship ride to cover to-day?' (*C*.) 'I can recommend our Voltigeur, sorry that we could not attend grace's party on the 10th!' (*C*.) There, I am glad my nonsense made you smile!

Eva. I have heard that 'yeo ship,' and 'your ladyship,' and 'grace' are all growing old-fash.

Dora. But the love of his sister can never be old-fashioned; have been unwilling to trouble with questions, but you seem what better to-day. 'We fought in your bedroom to-night I could n't make it out. What?' ---

Eva. From him! from him! said we had been most hap-

; and he trusted that some time could meet again, for he had not then his promise to come when I him. But that was a mockery, now, for he gave me no address, here was no word of marriage; Dora, he signed himself 'Yours ully' — fancy, Dora, — 'gratefully' — 'Yours gratefully'!

a. Infamous wretch! (*Aside.*) I tell her he is dead? No; she too feeble.

Hark! Dora, some one is coming — I cannot and I will not see any-

a. It is only Milly.

er MILLY, with basket of roses.

l. Milly, why do you come in so ly? The sick lady here might be asleep.

y. Pleäse, Miss, Mr. Dobson me to say he's browt some of his roses for the sick lady to on.

a. Take them, dear. Say that lady thanks him! Is he here?

y. Yeäs, Miss; and he wants to ye partic'lar.

a. Tell him I cannot leave the dy just yet.

y. Yeäs, Miss; but he says he to tell ye summut very par-

a. Not to-day. What are you for?

y. Why, Miss, I be afeard I t him a-sweäring like onythink.

a. And what harm will that do that you do not copy his bad rs? Go, child. (*Erit Milly.*)

Eva, why did you write 'Seek the bottom of the river'?

Why? because I meant it! dreadful night! that lonely Littlechester, the rain beating face all the way, dead midnight I came upon the bridge; the black, slimy, swirling under me lamplight, by the rotten wharfs I was so mad that I mounted the parapet —

l. You make me shudder!

To fling myself over, when I voice, 'Girl, what are you doing?' It was a Sister of Mercy, from the death-bed of a pauper,

who had died in his misery blessing God, and the Sister took me to her house, and bit by bit — for she promised secrecy — I told her all.

Dora. And what then?

Eva. She would have persuaded me to come back here, but I could n't. Then she got me a place as nursery governess, and when the children grew too old for me, and I asked her once more to help me, once more she said, 'Go home;' but I had n't the heart or face to do it. And then — what would father say? — I sank so low that I went into service — the drudge of a lodging-house — and when the mistress died, and I appealed to the Sister again, her answer — I think I have it about me — yes, there it is!

Dora (*reads*). 'My dear Child, — I can do no more for you. I have done wrong in keeping your secret; your father must be now in extreme old age. Go back to him and ask his forgiveness before he dies. SISTER AGATHA.' Sister Agatha is right. Don't you long for father's forgiveness?

Eva. I would almost die to have it!

Dora. And he may die before he gives it; may drop off any day, any hour. You must see him at once. (*Rings bell.* Enter Milly.) Milly, my dear, how did you leave Mr. Steer?

Milly. He's been a-moänin' and a-groänin' in 'is sleep, but I thinks he be wakkenin' oop.

Dora. Tell him that I and the lady here wish to see him. You see she is lamed, and cannot go down to him.

Milly. Yeäs, Miss, I will.

[*Erit Milly.*]

Dora. I ought to prepare you. You must not expect to find our father as he was five years ago. He is much altered; but I trust that your return — for you know, my dear, you were always his favorite — will give him, as they say, a new lease of life.

Eva (*clinging to Dora*). O, Dora, Dora!

Enter STEER led by MILLY.

Steer. Hies the cow cawved?

Dora. No, father.

Steer. Be the colt dead?

Dora. No, father.

Steer. He wur sa bellows'd out wi' the wind this mornin', 'at I tell'd 'em to gallop 'im. Be he dead? ⁴⁵⁰

Dora. Not that I know.

Steer. What hasta sent fur me, then, fur?

Dora (taking Steer's arm). Well, father, I have a surprise for you.

Steer. I ha' niver been surprised but once i' my life, and I went blind upon it.

Dora. Eva has come home.

Steer. Hoäm? fro' the bottom o' the river?

Dora. No, father, that was a mistake. She's here again. ⁴⁶³

Steer. The Steers was all gentle-folks i' the owd times, an' I worked early an' laäte to maäke 'em all gentle-folks ageän. The land belonged to the Steers i' the owd times, an' it belongs to the Steers ageän: I bowt it back ageän; but I could n't buy my darter back ageän when she lost hersen, could I? I eddicated boäth on 'em to marry gentlemen, an' one on 'em went an' lost hersen i' the river.

Dora. No, father, she's here. ⁴⁷⁵

Steer. Here! she moänt coom here. What would her mother säy? If it be her ghoäst, we mun abide it. We can't keep a ghoäst out.

Eva (falling at his feet). O, forgive me! forgive me! ⁴⁸¹

Steer. Who said that? Tääke me awaäy, little gell. It be one o' my bad daäys.

[*Exit Steer led by Milly.*]

Dora (smoothing Eva's forehead). Be not so cast down, my sweet Eva. You heard him say it was one of his bad days. He will be sure to know you o' morrow. ⁴⁸⁷

Eva. It is almost the best of my bad days, I think. I am very faint. I must lie down. Give me your arm. Lead me back again.

[*Dora takes Eva into inner room.*]

Enter MILLY.

Milly. Miss Dora! Miss Dora!

Dora (returning and leaving the bed-room door ajar). Quiet! Quiet! What is it?

Milly. Mr. Arold, Miss.

Dora. Below? ⁴⁹⁷

Milly. Yeäs, Miss. He b a word to the owd man, but b up if ye lets 'im.

Dora. Tell him, then, t waiting for him.

Milly. Yeäs, Miss.

[*Dora sits pensively a-*

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. You are pale, n but the ruddiest cheek That ever charm'd the plov your wolds

Might wish its rose a lily, coul But half as lovely. I was with

Your father, asking his conse wish'd me—

That we should marry. H answer nothing,

I could make nothing of hi my flower,

You look so weary and : What is it

Has put you out of heart?

Dora. It puts me Again to see you; but indeed Of my poor father puts me out Is yours yet living?

Harold. No—I told

Dora.

Harold. Confusion! — z well! the state we all Must come to in our spring-an world

If we live long enough! : Steer looks

The very type of Age in a bow'd

To the earth he came from grave he goes to,

Beneath the burthen of year: *Dora.* More like tl

Of Christian in my 'Pilgrim's here,

Bow'd to the dust beneath th of sin.

Harold. Sin! What sin?

Dora. Not his ov

Harold. That nu

Still read, then?

Dora. Yes: our carter shepherds

Still find a comfort there.

Harold. Carters and sl

Dora. Scorn! I hate scorn with no religion —

My mother used to say that such a one

530

Was without rudder, anchor, compass — might be

Mown every way with every gust and wreck

On any rock; and tho' you are good and gentle,

Yet if thro' any want —

Child, read a little history, you will find

The common brotherhood of man has been

Wrong'd by the cruelties of his religions

More than could ever have happen'd thro' the want

Of any or all of them.

Dora. But, O dear friend,

If thro' the want of any — I mean the true one —

540

And pardon me for saying it — you should ever

Be tempted into doing what might seem

Not altogether worthy of you, I think

That I should break my heart, for you have taught me

To love you.

Harold. What is this? some one been stirring

Against me? he, your rustic amorist,

The polish'd Danon of your parterre here,

This Dobson of your idyll?

Dora. No, sir, not

Did you not tell me he was crazed with jealousy,

Had threaten'd even your life, and would say anything?

550

Did I not promise not to listen to him, Nor even to see the man?

Harold. Good; then what is it that makes you talk so dolefully?

Dora. I told you —

My father. Well, indeed, a friend just now,

One that has been much wrong'd, whose griefs are mine,

Was warning me that if a gentleman should wed a farmer's daughter, he would be

Sooner or later sham'd of her among the ladies, born his equals

Harold. More fool he

What, I that have been call'd a cialist,

A Communist, a Nihilist — what will! —

Dora. What are all these?

Harold. Utopian idiot

They did not last three Junes,

rampant weeds

Strangle each other, die, and mak soil

For Caesars, Cromwells, and Napo

To root their power in. I have myself

From all such dreams, and some say because

I have inherited my uncle. Let t

But - - sham'd of you, my empre should prize

The pearl of beauty, even if I fou

Dark with the soot of slums.

Dora. But I can tell

We Steers are of old blood, tho' w fallen.

See there our shield, (*Pointing to an antique piece*)

For I have heard the S

Had land in Saxon times; and own name

Of Harold sounds so English an old

I am sure you must be proud of i

Harold. N

As yet I scarcely feel it mine. I it

For some three thousand acres, I lead now

And wealth, and lay both at your

Dora. And what

Your name before?

Harold. Come, come, my enough

Of this strange talk — I love you, you me.

True, I have held opinions, hold still,

Which you would scarce approve for all that

I am a man not prone to jealousy; Caprices, humors, moods, but ready

To make allowances, and mighty

To feel offences — Nay, I do belie I could forgive — well, almost thing

And that more freely than your fe priest,

Because I know more fully than *he* can
What poor earthworms are all and
each of us,

Here crawling in this boundless Na-
ture. Dora,

If marriage ever brought a woman
happiness

I doubt not I can make you happy.

Dora. You make me
Happy already.

Harold. And I never said
As much before to any woman living.

Dora. No?

Harold. No! by this true kiss, *you*
are the first
I ever have loved truly.

[*They kiss each other.*

Eva (*with a wild cry*). Philip Edgar!

Harold. The phantom cry! *You*—
did *you* hear a cry?

Dora. She must be crying out 'Ed-
gar' in her sleep.

Harold. Who must be crying out
'Edgar' in her sleep?

Dora. Your pardon for a minute.
She must be waked.

Harold. Who must be waked?

Dora. I am not deaf; you fright
me.

What ails you?

Harold. Speak.

Dora. You know her, Eva.

Harold. Eva!

[*Eva opens the door and stands in
the entry.*

She!

Eva. Make her happy, then, and I
forgive you.

Dora. Happy! What? Edgar? Is it
so? Can it be?

They told me so. Yes, yes! I see it all
now.

O, she has fainted! Sister, Eva, sister!
He is yours again—he will love *you*
again;

I give him back to you again. Look
up!

One word, or do but smile! Sweet, do
you hear me?

[*Puts her hand on Eva's heart.*

There, there—the heart, O God!—
the poor young heart

Broken at last—all still—and no-
thing left

To live for.

[*Falls on body of her sister.*

Harold. Living—dead—
'all still.

Nothing to live for.'

She—she knows me

(*A pause.*)

She knew me from the first
gled with me,

She hid this sister, told me
dead—

I have wasted pity on her—
now—

No! acting, playing on me
them.

They drag the river for her
they!

Playing on me—not dead
swoon—a scene—

Yet—how she made her
the dead!

Enter MILLY.

Milly. Please, Mister 'Ar-
Harold (*roughly*).

Milly. The owd man's coo-
to 'issen, an' wants

To hev a word wi' ye about
riage.

Harold. The what?

Milly. The marriage.

Harold. The marri-

Milly. Yeäs, the

Granny says marriages b-
'eaven.

Harold. She lies! They

hell. Child, can't y-

Tell them to fly for a doct-

Milly. O, law-

I'll run fur 'im mysen.

Harold. All-

Yes, deathlike! Dead?

look. If dead,

Were it best to steal aw-

myself,

And her too, pain, pain, p-

My

This world of mud, on-

gleams

Of pleasure, all the foul f-

That blast our natural p-

pains!

Enter DOBSON

Dobson. You, Maste-

Harold, or whative-

They calls ye, for I warra-

goä

haife a scor o' naames — out o' the chaumber!

[*Dragging him past the body.*]

Harold. Not that way, man! Curse on your brutal strength! unnot pass that way.

Johnson. Out o' the chaumber! mash tha into nowt.

Harold. The mere wild-beast!

Johnson. Out o' the chaumber, dang tha!

Harold. Lout, churl, clown!

[*While they are shouting and struggling Dora rises and comes between them.*]

Dora (to *Dobson*). Peace, let him be; it is the chamber of Death!

you are tenfold more a gentleman,

hundred times more worth a woman's love,

in this, this — but I waste no words upon him:

wickedness is like my wretchedness —

and all language.

Harold. You — you see her there!

fy fifteen when first you came on her,

I then the sweetest flower of all the wolds,

lovely in the promise of her May,

winsome in her grace and gaiety,

loved by all the village people here,

happy in herself and in her home —

Johnson (*agitated*). There, there! ha' done. I can't abear to see her.

Dora. A child, and all as trustful as a child!

years of shame and suffering broke the heart

it only beat for you; and he, the father,

o' that dishonor which you brought upon us,

lost his health, his eyesight, even his mind.

Harold (*covering his face*). Enough!

Dora. It seem'd so; only there was left

A second daughter, and to her you came

Veiling one sin to act another.

Harold. No!

You wrong me there! hear, hear me!

I wish'd, if you — [*Pause.*]

Dora. If I —

Harold. Could love me, could be brought to love me

As I loved you —

Dora. What then?

Harold. I wish'd, I hoped

To make, to make —

Dora. What did you hope to make?

Harold. 'T were best to make an end of my lost life.

O Dora, Dora!

Dora. What did you hope to make?

Harold. Make, make! I cannot find the word — forgive it —

Amends.

Dora. For what? to whom?

Harold. To him, to you!

[*Falling at her feet.*]

Dora. To him! to me!

No, not with all your wealth,

Your land, your life! Out in the

fiercest storm

That ever made earth tremble — he,

nor I —

The shelter of *your* roof — not for one

moment —

Nothing from *you*!

Sunk in the deepest pit of pauperism,

Push'd from all doors as if we bore the

plague,

Smitten with fever in the open field,

Laid famine-stricken at the gates of

Death —

Nothing from you!

But she there — her last word

Forgave — and I forgive you. If you

ever

Forgive yourself, you are even lower

and baser

Than even I can well believe you.

Go!

[*He lies at her feet. Curtain falls.*]

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

NOTE. — The poems which follow include all those which have been omitted by the author from his latest revised editions, or never acknowledged by him. They are printed because they have for the most part continued to have currency in America, although dropped from collective editions in England.

TIMBUCTOO¹

‘Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
A mystic city, goal of high emprise.’

CHAPMAN.

I stood upon the Mountain which o'er-
looks
The narrow seas, whose rapid inter-
val
Parts Afric from green Europe, when
the Sun
Had fall'n below th' Atlantic, and
above
The silent heavens were blench'd with
faery light,
Uncertain whether faery light or
cloud,
Flowing Southward, and the chasms
of deep, deep blue
Slumber'd unfathomable, and the stars
Were flooded over with clear glory
and pale
I gazed upon the sheeny coast beyond,
There where the Giant of old Time
indix'd
The limits of his prowess, pillars
high
Long time erased from earth: even as
the Sea
When weary of wild inland buildeth
up
Huge mounds whereby to stay his
yeasty waves,
And much I mused on legends quaint
and old
Which whilome won the hearts of all
on earth

Toward their brightness, ev'n as f
draws air;
But had their being in the hea-
man
As air is th' life of flame: and
wert then
A center'd glory circled memory,
Divinest Atalantis, whom the wa-
Have buried deep and thou of
name,
Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with ge-
Shadows to which, despite all sh-
of change,
All on set of capricious accident,
Men clung with yearning hope w-
would not die
As when in some great city when
walls
Shake, and the streets with gh-
faces throng'd,
Do utter forth a subterranean voi-
Among the inner columns far reti-
At midnight, in the lone Acropol-
Before the awful Genius of the pl-
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep f-
the while
Above her head the weak lamp
and winks
Unto the fearful summoning with
Sathless she ever clasps the m-
knees,
Bathes the cold hands with tears,
gazeth on
These eyes which wear no light
that wherewith
Her phantasy informs them.
Where ar-
Thrones of the Western wave,
Islands green?
Where are your moonlight halls,
cedarn glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your h-

¹ A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, 1860. CXXIX. By A. TENNYSON, of Trinity College.

Your flowering capes, and your gold-
sanded bays
Blown round with happy airs of odor-
ous winds?
Where are the infinite ways, which,
seraph-trod,
Wound thro' your great Elysian soli-
tudes,
Whose lowest deeps were, as with vis-
ible love,
Fill'd with Divine effulgence, circum-
fused,
Flowing between the clear and polish'd
stems,
And ever circling round their emerald
cones
In coronals and glories, such as gird
The unfading foreheads of the Saints
in Heaven?
For nothing visible, they say, had
birth
In that blest ground, but it was play'd
about
With its peculiar glory. Then I raised
My voice and cried, 'Wide Afric, doth
thy Sun
Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair
As those which starr'd the night o' the
elder world?
Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as those of ancient
time?'
A curve of whitening, flashing, ebb-
ing light!
A rustling of white wings! the bright
descent
Of a young Seraph! and he stood be-
side me
There on the ridge, and look'd into
my face
With his unutterable, shining orbs.
So that with hasty motion I did veil
My vision with both hands, and saw
before me
Such colour'd spots as dance athwart
the eyes
Of those that gaze upon the noonday
Sun.
Girt with a zone of flashing gold be-
neath
His breast, and compass'd round about
his brow
With triple arch of ever-changing
bows,
And circled with the glory of living
light

And alternation of all hues, he stood.
'O child of man, why muse you
here alone
Upon the Mountain, on the dream'd
old
Which fill'd the earth with passing
loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the
howling winds,
And odours rapt from remote Para-
dise?
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortal
ity;
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of
clay:
Open thine eyes and see.'
I look'd, but not
Upon his face, for it was wonderful
With its exceeding brightness, and the
light
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd
from out
The starry glowing of his restless eye
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my
spirit
With supernatural excitation bound
Within me, and my mental eye grew
large
With such a vast circumference
thought,
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand
Upon the outward verge and bound
alone
Of full beatitude. Each failing
sense,
As with a momentary flash of light
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen.
I saw
The smallest grain that dappled
dark earth,
The indistinctest atom in deep air,
The Moon's white cities, and the ocean
width
Of her small glowing lakes, her sil-
heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant clouds
And the unsounded, undescending
depth
Of her black hollows. The clear
axy
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderfully
Distinct and vivid with sharp points
of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimaginable
depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns

TIMBUCTOO

9

And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire. Nay—the hum of men,
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,
And notes of busy life in distant worlds
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.

A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,
Involving and embracing each with each,

Rapid as fire, inextricably link'd,
Expanding momentarily with every sight
And sound which struck the palpitating sense,

The issue of strong impulse, hurried through

The riven rapt brain; as when in some large lake

From pressure of descendant crags, which lapse

Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope

At slender interval, the level calm

Is ridg'd with restless and increasing spheres

Which break upon each other, each th' effect

Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong

Than its precursor, till the eye in vain
Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade

Dappled with hollow and alternate rise

Of interpenetrated arc, would scan
Definite round.

I know not if I shape
These things with accurate similitude

From visible objects, for but dimly now,

Less vivid than a half forgotten dream,
The memory of that mental excellence

Comes o'er me, and it may be I
entwine

The indecision of my present mind
With its past clearness, yet it seems to me

As even then the torrent of quick thought

Absorbed me from the nature of itself
With its own fleetness—Where is he that, borne

Adown the sloping of an arrow stream,

Could link his shallop to the fleet edge,

And muse midway with philosophic calm

Upon the wondrous laws which relate

The fierceness of the bounding element?

My thoughts which long had grappled in the slime

Of this dull world, like dusky water which house

Beneath unshaken waters, but at once

Upon some earth-awakening day Spring

Do pass from gloom to glory, rise aloft

Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides

Double display of star-lit wings, which burn

Fan-like and fibred with intense bloom;

Even so my thoughts, erewhile so low now felt

Unutterable buoyancy and strength
To bear them upward through trackless fields

Of undelimited existence far and free,
Then first within the South I thought I saw

A wilderness of spires, and chrysolite pile

Of rampart upon rampart, dome upon dome,

Limitless range of battlement

On battlement, and the immeasurable height

Of canopy overcanopied.

Behind
In diamond light upsprung the dizzying peaks

Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth
As heaven than earth is fatter—Ere aloft

Upon his narrow eminence he gables

Of wheeling suns, or stars, or spheres

Of either showing circular abyss
Of radiance—But the glory of place

Stood out a pillar'd front of burnished gold,

Interminably high, if gold it were
 Or metal more etherial, and beneath
 Two doors of blinding brilliance,
 where no gaze
 Might rest, stood open, and the eye
 could scan,
 Through length of porch and valve
 and boundless hall,
 Part of a throne of fiery flame, where-
 from
 The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
 And glimpse of multitudes of multi-
 tudes
 That minister'd around it — if I saw
 These things distinctly, for my human
 brain
 Stagger'd beneath the vision, and
 thick night
 Came down upon my eyelids, and I
 fell.

With ministering hand he raised me
 up:
 Then with a mournful and ineffable
 smile,
 Which but to look on for a moment
 fill'd
 My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,
 In accents of majestic melody,
 Like a swoln river's gushings in still
 night
 Mingled with floating music, thus he
 spake:
 'There is no mightier Spirit than I
 to sway
 The heart of man: and teach him to
 attain
 By shadowing forth the Unattainable;
 And step by step to scale that mighty
 stair
 Whose landing-place is wrapt about
 with clouds
 Of glory of heaven.¹ With earliest
 light of Spring,
 And in the glow of fallow Summertide,
 And in red Autumn when the winds
 are wild
 With gambols, and when full-voiced
 Winter roofs
 The headland with inviolate white
 snow,
 I play about his heart a thousand
 ways,
 Visit his eyes with visions, and his
 ears

¹ 'Be ye perfect even as your Father in
 heaven is perfect.'

With harmonies of wind and
 and wood, —
 Of winds which tell of waters, and
 waters
 Betraying the close kisses of
 wind —
 And win him unto me: and few
 be
 So gross of heart who have no
 and known
 A higher than they see: They
 dim eyes
 Behold me darkling. Lo! I
 given thee
 To understand my presence, as
 feel
 My fulness: I have fill'd thy lips
 power.
 I have raised thee nigher to the
 of heaven.
 Man's first, last home: and thou
 ravish'd sense
 Listenest the lordly music flow
 from
 Th' illimitable years. I am th
 rit,
 The permeating life which co
 through
 All th' intricate and labyrinthine
 Of the great vine of Fable, v
 outspread
 With growth of shadowing lea
 clusters rare,
 Reacheth to every corner unde
 ven,
 Deep-rooted in the living soil of
 So that men's hopes and fears
 refuge in
 The fragrance of its compl
 glooms,
 And cool impleach'd twilights
 of man,
 See'st thou yon river, whose tr
 cent wave,
 Forth issuing from the dar
 windeth through
 The argent streets o' th' city, im
 The soft inversion of her tren
 domes,
 Her gardens frequent with the s
 palm,
 Her pagods hung with music of
 bells,
 Her obelisks of ranged chrysolit
 Minarets and towers? Lo! he
 passeth by,

I gulphs himself in sands, as not
 enduring
 carry through the world those
 waves, which bore
 : reflex of my city in their depths.
 city! oh latest throne! where I
 was raised
 be a mystery of loveliness
 to all eyes, the time is well-nigh
 come
 when I must render up this glorious
 home
 keen Discovery: soon yon brilliant
 towers
 all darken with the waving of her
 wand;
 : ken, and shrink and shiver into
 huts,
 ck specks amid a waste of dreary
 sand,
 w-built, mud-wall'd, barbarian set-
 tlements.
 w chang'd from this fair city!'

Thus far the Spirit:
 en parted heaven-ward on the wing:
 and I
 as left alone on Calpe, and the moon
 d fallen from the night, and all
 was dark!

THE 'HOW AND THE 'WHY'

?
 AM any man's suitor,
 f any will be my tutor:
 some say this life is pleasant.
 Some think it speedeth fast,
 n time there is no present,
 n eternity no future,
 In eternity no past.
 : laugh, we cry, we are born, we
 die,
 so will riddle me the *how* and the
why?

The bulrush nods unto its brother.
 The wheatears whisper to each
 other:
 : at is it they say? what do they
 there?
 y two and two make four? why
 round is not square?
 y the rock stands still, and the light
 clouds fly?

Why the heavy oak groans, and the
 white willows sigh?
 Why deep is not high, and high is not
 deep?
 Whether we wake, or whether we
 sleep?
 Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
 How you are you? why I am I?
 Who will riddle me the *how* and the
why?

The world is somewhat; it goes on
 somehow:
 But what is the meaning of *then* and
now?
 I feel there is something; but how
 and what?
 I know there is somewhat: but what
 and why?
 I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.
 The little bird pipeth — 'why?
 why?'
 In the summer woods when the sun
 falls low,
 And the great bird sits on the opposite
 bough,
 And stares in his face, and shouts
 'how? how?'
 And the black owl scuds down the
 mellow twilight,
 And chants 'how? how?' the whole
 of the night.

Why the life goes when the blood is
 spilt?
 What the life is? where the soul
 may lie?
 Why a church is with a steeple built:
 And a house with a chimney pot?
 Who will riddle me the *how* and the
 what?
 Who will riddle me the what and
 the why?

THE BURIAL OF LOVE

His eyes in eclipse,
 Pale cold his lips,
 The light of his hopes unfed,
 Mute his tongue,
 His bow unstrung
 With the tears he hath shed,
 Backward drooping his graceful
 head
 Love is dead.

His last arrow is sped ;
 He hath not another dart ;
 Go—carry him to his dark death-
 bed ;
 Bury him in the cold, cold heart—
 Love is dead.

O truest love! art thou forlorn,
 And unrevenged? thy pleasant
 wiles
 Forgotten, and thine innocent
 joy?
 Shall hollow-hearted apathy,
 The cruellest form of perfect scorn,
 With languor of most hateful
 smiles,
 For ever write,
 In the withered light
 Of the tearless eye,
 An epitaph that all may spy?
 No! sooner she herself shall die.

For her the showers shall not fall,
 Nor the round sun shine that shineth
 to all ;
 Her light shall into darkness change ;
 For her the green grass shall not
 spring,
 Nor the rivers flow, nor the sweet
 birds sing,
 Till Love have his full revenge.

TO —

SAINTED Juliet! dearest name!
 If to love be life alone,
 Divinest Juliet,
 I love thee, and live; and yet
 Love unreturned is like the fragrant
 flame
 Folding the slaughter of the sacrifice
 Offered to gods upon an altar-
 throne;
 My heart is lighted at thine eyes,
 Changed into fire, and blown about
 with sighs.

SONG

I

I' THE glooming light
 Of middle night
 So cold and white,

Worn Sorrow sits by the m
 wave,
 Beside her are laid
 Her mattock and spade,
 For she hath half delved her ow
 grave.
 Alone she is there:
 The white clouds drizzle: her ha
 loose:
 Her shoulders are bare;
 Her tears are mixed with the
 dews.

II

Death standeth by;
 She will not die;
 With glazed eye
 She looks at her grave: she
 sleep;
 Ever alone
 She maketh her moan:
 She cannot speak: she can only
 For she will not hope.
 The thick snow falls on her fl
 flake,
 The dull wave mourns
 the slope,
 The world will not change, as
 heart will not break.

SONG

I

THE lintwhite and the throstreet
 Have voices sweet and clear;
 All in the blooméd May.
 They from the blosmy breere
 Call to the fleeting year,
 If that he would them hear
 And stay.
 Alas! that one so beautiful
 Should have so dull an ear!

II

Fair year, fair year, thy childre
 But thou art deaf as death;
 All in the blooméd May.
 When thy light perisheth
 That from thee issueth,
 Our life evanisheth:
 O, stay!
 Alas! that lips so cruel-dumt
 Should have so sweet a breat

HERO TO LEANDER

III

Fair year, with brows of royal love
Thou comest, as a king,
All in the bloom'd May.
Thy golden largess fling,
And longer hear us sing;
Though thou art fleet of wing,
Yet stay.
Alas! that eyes so full of light
Should be so wandering!

IV

Thy locks are all of sunny sheen
In rings of gold yronne,¹
All in the bloom'd May.
We pri'thee pass not on;
If thou dost leave the sun,
Delight is with thee gone.
O, stay!
Thou art the fairest of thy feres,
We pri'thee pass not on.

SONG

I

EVERY day hath its night:
Every night its morn;
Thorough dark and bright
Wing'd hours are borne.
Ah! welaway!
Seasons flower and fade;
Golden calm and storm
Mingle day by day.
There is no bright form
Doth not cast a shade —
Ah! welaway!

II

When we laugh, and our mirth
Apes the happy vein,
We're so kin to earth,
Pleasure fathers pain —
Ah! welaway!
Madness laugheth loud;
Laughter bringeth tears;
Eyes are worn away
Till the end of fears
Cometh in the shroud.
Ah! welaway!

III

All is change, woe or weal;
Joy is Sorrow's brother.

¹ "His crisp hair in rings was yronne."
CHAUCER, *Knights Tale*.

Grief and gladness steal
Symbols of each other:
Ah! welaway!
Larks in heaven's cope
Sing: the culvers mourn
All the livelong day.
Be not all forlorn:
Let us weep in hope —
Ah! welaway!

HERO TO LEANDER

O do not yet, my love!
The night is dark and vast;
The white moon is hid in her hair
above,
And the waves climb high
fast.
O, kiss me, kiss me, once again
Lest thy kiss should be the last
O kiss me ere we part;
Grow closer to my heart!
My heart is warmer surely than
bosom of the main.
O joy! O bliss of blisses!
My heart of hearts art thou
Come bathe me with thy kisses
My eyelids and my brow.
Hark how the wild rain hisses,
And the loud sea roars below
Thy heart beats through thy
limbs,
So gladly doth it stir;
Thine eye in drops of glad
swims.
I have bathed thee with the
sant myrrh;
Thy locks are dripping balm;
Thou shalt not wander hence
night.
I'll stay thee with my kisses
To night the roaring brine
Will rend thy golden tresses;
The ocean with the morrow lig
Will be both blue and calm;
And the billow will embrace thee
a kiss as soft as mine.
No Western odors wander
On the black and moaning sea
And when thou art dead, Leander
My soul must follow thee!
O go not yet, my love!
Thy voice is sweet and low

The deep salt wave breaks in above
 Those marble steps below.
 The turret-stairs are wet
 That lead into the sea.
 Leander! go not yet.
 The pleasant stars have set:
 O, go not, go not yet,
 Or I will follow thee!

THE MYSTIC

ANGELS have talked with him, and
 showed him thrones:
 Ye knew him not; he was not one of
 ye,
 Ye scorned him with an undiscerning
 scorn:
 Ye could not read the marvel in his
 eye,
 The still serene abstraction: he hath
 felt
 The vanities of after and before;
 Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
 The stern experiences of converse
 lives,
 The linked woes of many a fiery
 change
 Had purified, and chastened, and made
 free.
 Always there stood before him, night
 and day,
 Of wayward vary-colored circum-
 stance
 The imperishable presences serene,
 Colossal, without form, or sense, or
 sound,
 Dim shadows but unwaning pres-
 ences
 Fourfaced to four corners of the sky:
 And yet again, three shadows, front-
 ing one,
 One forward, one respectant, three
 but one;
 And yet again, again and evermore,
 For the two first were not, but only
 seemed,
 One shadow in the midst of a great
 light,
 One reflex from eternity on time,
 One mighty countenance of perfect
 calm,
 Awful with most invariable eyes.
 For him the silent congregated hours,
 Daughters of time, divinely tall, be-
 neath

Severe and youthful brows
 ing eyes
 Smiling a godlike smile (the
 light
 Of earliest youth pierced through with all
 through with all
 Keen knowledges of In-
 eld)
 Upheld, and ever hold aloft
 Which droops low-hung on
 of life,
 Both birth and death: he
 fixt,
 Saw far on each side the
 grated gates
 Most pale and clear and
 tances,
 He often lying broad
 yet
 Remaining from the body,
 In intellect and power and
 heard
 Time flowing in the mid-
 night,
 And all things creeping to
 doom.
 How could ye know him
 yet within
 The narrower circle: he had
 reached
 The last, which with a regi-
 flame,
 Pure without heat, into a
 Upburning, and an ether of
 Investeth and ingirds all

THE GRASSHOP

I

VOICE of the summer with
 Joy of the summer plain
 Life of the summer hour
 Carol clearly, bound also
 No Tithon thou as poets
 (Shame fall 'em, they are
 blind),
 But an insect lithe and s
 Bowing the seeded summ
 Prove their falsehood an
 rel,
 Vaulting on thine airy
 Clap thy shielded sides
 Carol clearly, chirrup
 Thou art a mailed warrior
 strength complete:

Armed cap-a-pie
Full fair to see;
Unknowing fear,
Undreading loss,
gallant cavalier,
une peur et sans reproche,
in sunlight and in shadow,
he Bayard of the meadow.

II

Id dwell with thee,
ry grasshopper,
art so glad and free,
l as light as air;
hast no sorrow or tears,
hast no compt of years,
ithered immortality,
short youth sunny and free.
clearly, bound along,
n thy joy is over,
amer of loud song,
l slumbers in the clover.
hast thou to do with evil
ne hour of love and revel,
hy heat of summer pride,
ng the thick roots aside
singling floweréd grasses,
brush thee with their silken
resses?
hast thou to do with evil,
ing, singing, ever springing
nd out the emerald glooms,
leaping, ever singing,
hting on the golden blooms?

PRIDE, AND FORGET-
FULNESS

et my heart was sweet Love's
omb,
bored honey busily,
ie hive, and Love the bee,
rt the honeycomb,
y dark and chilly night
me beneath and held a light.

el vapors went through all,
ove was withered in his cell:
ok Love's sweets, and by a
pell
nge them into gall;
mory, though fed by Pride,
e so thin on gall,
she scarcely lived at all.
mvel that she died?

CHORUS

IN AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA, WRIT-
TEN VERY EARLY

The varied earth, the moving heaven,
The rapid waste of roving sea,
The fountain - pregnant mountains
riven

To shapes of wildest anarchy,
By secret fire and midnight storms
That wander round their windy
cones,
The subtle life, the countless forms
Of living things, the wondrous
tones
Of man and beast are full of
strange
Astonishment and boundless
change.

The day, the diamonded night,
The echo, feeble child of sound,
The heavy thunder's griding might,
The herald lightning's starry bound
The vocal spring of bursting bloom,
The naked summer's glowing birth,
The troublous autumn's sallow gloom
The hoarhead winter paving earth
With sheeny white, are full of
strange
Astonishment and boundless
change.

Each sun which from the centre flings
Grand music and redundant fire,
The burning belts, the mighty rings,
The murmurous planets' rolling
choir
The globe-filled arch that, cleaving air,
Lost in its own effulgence sleeps,
The lawless comets as they glare,
And thunder through the sapphire
deeps
In wayward strength, are full of
strange
Astonishment and boundless
change.

LOST HOPE

You cast to ground the hope which
once was mine;
But did the while your harsh decrees
deplore,

Embalming with sweet tears the vacant shrine,
My heart, where Hope had been and was no more.

So on an oaken sprout
A goodly acorn grew ;
But winds from heaven shook the acorn out,
And filled the cup with dew.

THE TEARS OF HEAVEN

HEAVEN weeps above the earth all night till morn,
In darkness weeps as all ashamed to weep,
Because the earth hath made her state forlorn
With self-wrought evil of unnumbered years,
And doth the fruit of her dishonor reap.
And all the day heaven gathers back her tears
Into her own blue eyes so clear and deep,
And showering down the glory of lightsome day,
Smiles on the Earth's worn brow to win her if she may.

LOVE AND SORROW

O MAIDEN, fresher than the first green leaf
With which the fearful springtide flecks the lea,
Weep not, Almeida, that I said to thee
That thou hast half my heart, for bitter grief
Doth hold the other half in sovranity.
Thou art my heart's sun in love's crystalline:
Yet on both sides at once thou canst not shine ;
Thine is the bright side of my heart, and thine
My heart's day, but the shadow of my heart,
Issue of its own substance, my heart's night

Thou canst not lighten or light,
All-powerful in beauty as Almeida, if my heart were less,
Then might thy rays pass the other side,
So swiftly, that they never abide,
But lose themselves in utter sleep ;
Half-light, half-shadow, lest they never learned to love, knew to weep.

TO A LADY SLEEPING

O THOU whose fringed eyelids
upon,
Through whose dim brain dreams are borne,
Unroof the shrines of clear
In honor of the silver-fleck
Long hath the white wave
gin light
Driven back the billow of
ful dark.
Thou all unwittingly
night,
Though long ago listening
lark,
With eyes dropt downward
the blue serene,
Over heaven's parapet the

SONNET

COULD I outwear my present
woe
With one brief winter, as
the spring
Hues of fresh youth, and
outgrow
The wan dark coil of faded
Forth in the pride of beauty
A sheeny snake, the light
bowers,
Moving his crest to all sweet
flowers
And watered valleys when
birds sing ;
Could I thus hope my life
renewing,

straightly would command the tears
to creep
from my charged lids; but inwardly
I weep;
Some vital heat as yet my heart is
wooing:
That to itself hath drawn the frozen
rain
From my cold eyes, and melted it
again.

SONNET

When Night hath climbed her peak
of highest noon,
And bitter blasts the screaming autumn
whirl,
All night through archways of the
bridged pearl,
And portals of pure silver, walks the
moon.
Walk on, my soul, nor crouch to
agony,
Turn cloud to light, and bitterness to
joy,
And dross to gold with glorious al-
chemy,
Basing thy throne above the world's
annoy.
Reign thou above the storms of sor-
row and ruth
That roar beneath; unshaken peace
hath won thee;
So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms
of truth;
So shall the blessing of the meek be
on thee;
So in thine hour of dawn, the body's
youth,
An honorable old shall come upon thee.

SONNET

Shall the hag Evil die with child of
Good,
Or propagate another leathéd kind,
Thronging the cells of the diseased
mind,
Hateful with hanging cheeks, a with-
ered broad,
Though hourly pastured on the salient
blood?
Oh! that the wind which bloweth cold
or heat

Would shatter and o'erbear the braze-
beast
Of their broad vans, and in the soli-
tude
Of middle space confound them, and
blow back
Their wild cries down their cavern
throats, and slake
With points of blast borne hail the
heated cyne!
So their wan limbs no more might
come between
The moon and the moon's reflex in
the night,
Nor blot with floating shades the sola
light.

SONNET

The pallid thunder-stricken sigh fo-
gain,
Down an ideal stream they ever float
And sailing on Pactolus in a boat,
Drown soul and sense, while wistfully
they strain
Weak eyes upon the glistening sand
that robe
The understream. The wise, could
he behold
Cathedrals caverns of thick ribbed
gold
And branching silvers of the central
globe,
Would marvel from so beautiful a
sight
How scorn and ruin, pain and hat-
red could flow
But Hated in a gold cave sits below
Pleached with her hair, in mail of
argent light
Shot into gold, a snake her forehead
clips,
And skins the color from her trem-
bling lips

LOVE

Thou from the first unborn, undying
Love
Albeit we gaze not on thy glorie
near
Before the face of God didst breathe
and move,

... shining : then dost ever bloom
above
The silence of all hearts, unutterable
Love.

II

To know thee is all wisdom, and old
age
Is but to know thee: dimly we behold
thee
Athwart the veils of evils which in-
fold thee.
We beat upon our aching hearts in
rage ;
We cry for thee ; we deem the world
thy tomb.
As dwellers in lone planets look upon
The mighty disk of their majestic sun,
Hollowed in awful chasms of wheeling
gloom,
Making their day dim, so we gaze on
thee.
Come, thou of many crowns, white-
robed Love,
Oh ! rend the veil in twain : all men
adore thee ;
Heaven crieth after thee ; earth wait-
eth for thee ;
Breathe on thy wingéd throne, and it
shall move
In music and in light o'er land and sea.

III

eam like fire in the skies;
 ie Lion of England on high
 izzle and blind his eyes.
 o. — Shout for England! etc.

ong! we alone of the earth
 free;
 ld in our cradles is bolder
 he;
 : is the heart and strength
 laves?
 re is the strength of slaves?
 ak! we are strong: he a
 e, we are free;
 long! we will dig their
 res.
 o. — Shout for England! etc.

andeth our ancient enemy;
 dare to battle with the free?
 g! spur amain! charge to
 fight:
 charge to the fight!
 he Lion of England on high!
 or God and our right!
 o. — Shout for England! etc.

ATIONAL SONG

no land like England
 r the light of day be;
 no hearts like English hearts,
 arts of oak as they be.
 o land like England
 r the light of day be;
 no men like Englishmen,
 and bold as they be.

CHORUS.

rench the Pope may shrive
 :vil a whit we heed 'em:
 French, God speed 'em
 eir heart's desire,
 rerry devil drive 'em
 h the water and the fire.

FULL CHORUS.

lory is our freedom,
 lord it o'er the sea;
 e the sons of freedom,
 ve are free.

o land like England,
 r the light of day be;

There are no wives like English wives
 So fair and chaste as they be.
 There is no land like England,
 Where'er the light of day be;
 There are no maids like English maids,
 So beautiful as they be.
 Cho. — For the French, etc.

DUALISMS

Two bees within a crystal flowerbell
 rockéd,
 Hum a love-lay to the west-wind at
 noontide.
 Both alike, they buzz together,
 Both alike, they hum together,
 Through and through the floweréd
 heather.

Where in a creeping cove the wave
 unshockéd
 Lays itself calm and wide.
 Over a stream two birds of glancing
 feather
 Do woo each other, carolling to-
 gether.
 Both alike, they glide together,
 Side by side;
 Both alike, they sing together,
 Arch'ing blue-glosséd necks beneath
 the purple weather.

Two children lovelier than Love adown
 the lea are singing,
 As they gambol, lily-garlands ever
 stringing:
 Both in blosm-white silk are
 frockéd:
 Like, unlike, they roam together
 Under a summer vault of golden
 weather:
 Like, unlike, they sing together
 Side by side,
 Mid-May's darling golden-lockéd
 Summer's tanling diamond-eyed.

THE SEA FAIRIES¹

Slow sailed the weary mariners, and
 saw
 Between the green brink and the run-
 ning foam
 White limbs unrobéd in a crystal
 air,

¹ Original form. See page 18.

Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms
 prest
 To little harps of gold : and while they
 mused,
 Whispering to each other half in
 fear,
 Shrill music reached them on the mid-
 dle sea.

SONG.

Whither away, whither away,
 whither away ? Fly no more :
 Whither away wi' the singing sail ?
 whither away wi' the oar ?
 Whither away from the high green
 field and the happy blossoming
 shore ?
 Weary mariners, hither away,
 One and all, one and all,
 Weary mariners, come and play ;
 We will sing to you all the day ;
 Furl the sail and the foam will
 fall
 From the prow ! One and all,
 Furl the sail ! Drop the oar !
 Leap ashore,
 Know danger and trouble and toil
 no more.
 Whither away wi' the sail and the
 oar ?

Drop the oar,
 Leap ashore,
 Fly no more !
 Whither away wi' the sail ? whither
 away wi' the oar ?
 Day and night to the billow the
 fountain calls :
 Down shower the gambolling water-
 falls
 From wandering over the lea ;
 They freshen the silvery-crimson
 shells,
 And thick with white bells the
 clover-hill swells
 High over the full-toned sea.
 Merrily carol the revelling gales
 Over the islands free :
 From the green seabanks the rose
 down-trails
 To the happy brimméd sea.

Come hither, come hither and be our
 lords,
 For merry brides are we :

We will kiss sweet kisses
 sweet words.
 Oh listen, listen, your
 glisten
 With pleasure and lo
 elry ;
 Oh listen, listen, your
 glisten,
 When the clear sharp tw
 golden chords
 Runs up the ridgéd se
 Ye will not find so happ
 Weary mariners ! all
 o'er ;
 Oh ! fly no mor
 Harken ye, hearken ye,
 darken ye,
 Danger and trouble
 more ;
 Whither away !
 Drop the oar
 Hither away,
 Leap ashore ;
 Oh fly no more — no !
 Whither away, whither aw
 away with the sa
 oar ?

Οἱ πόντες

I

ALL thoughts, all creeds,
 are true,
 All visions wild and str
 Man is the measure of all
 Unto himself. All tru
 All men do walk in sleep,
 Have faith in that they
 For all things are as th
 all,
 And all things flow like

II

There is no rest, no calm,
 Nor good nor ill, no
 shade,
 Nor essence nor eternal la
 For nothing is, but all !
 But if I dream that all th
 They are to me for that
 For all things are as th
 all
 And all things flow like
 Argal — this very opinion
 relatively to the flowing phil

SONNET

BEAUTY, passing beauty! sweetest
 Sweet!
 How canst thou let me waste my
 youth in sighs?
 Only ask to sit beside thy feet.
 Thou knowest I dare not look into
 thine eyes.
Might I but kiss thy hand! I dare not
 fold
 My arms about thee — scarcely dare
 to speak.
 And nothing seems to me so wild and
 bold,
 As with one kiss to touch thy
 blessed cheek.
Methinks if I should kiss thee, no control
 Within the thrilling brain could
 keep afloat
 The subtle spirit. Even while I
 spoke,
 The bare word kiss hath made my
 inner soul
 To tremble like a lute-string, ere
 the note
 Hath melted in the silence that it
 broke.

THE HESPERIDES

"Hesperus and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree,"
Comus.

THE North-wind fall'n, in the new-
 starr'd night
Zkionian Hanno, voyaging beyond
 The hoary promontory of Soloe
Past Thymiaterron, in calm'd bays,
Between the southern and the western
 Horn,
Heard neither warbling of the night
 ingale,
Nor melody of the Libyan lotus flute
Blown seaward from the shore; but
 from a slope
That ran bloom bright into the Atlan-
 tic blue,
Beneath a highland leaning down a
 weight
Of cliffs, and zon'd below with cedar
 shade,

Came voices, like the voices in
 dream,
 Continuous, till he reached the out-
 sea.

SONG

I

The golden apple, the golden appl
 the hallowed fruit,
 Guard it well, guard it warily,
 Singing airily.
 Standing about the charmed root.
 Round about all is mute,
 As the snow-field on the mountai
 peaks,
 As the sand-field at the mountain-foot
 Crocodiles in briny creeks
 Sleep and stir not; all is mute.
 If ye sing not, if ye make false me
 sure,
 We shall lose eternal pleasure,
 Worth eternal want of rest.
 Laugh not loudly: watch the treasu
 Of the wisdom of the West.
 In a corner wisdom whispers. Fi
 and three
 (Let it not be preached abroad) mal
 an awful mystery.
 For the blossom unto threefold mus
 bloweth;
 Evermore it is born anew;
 And the sap to threefold music flow
 eth,
 From the root
 Drawn in the dark,
 Up to the fruit,
 Creeping under the fragrant bark,
 Liquid gold, honeysweet, thro' ar
 thro'.
 Keen-eyed Sisters, singing airily,
 Looking warily
 Every way,
 Guard the apple night and day.
 Lest one from the East come and tal
 it away.

II

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch
 watch, ever and aye,
 Looking under silver hair with a s
 ver eye.
 Father, twinkle not thy steadfast
 sight;
 Kingdoms lapse and climates change
 and races die;

Honor comes with mystery :
 Hoarded wisdom brings delight.
 Number, tell them over and number
 How many the mystic fruit-tree holds
 Lest the red-combed dragon slumber
 Rolled together in purple folds.
 Look to him, father, lest he wink, and
 the golden apple be stol'n away,
 For his ancient heart is drunk with
 overwatchings night and day,
 Round about the hallowed fruit-tree
 curled —
 Sing away, sing aloud evermore in the
 wind, without stop,
 Lest his scaléd eyelid drop,
 For he is older than the world.
 If he waken, we waken,
 Rapidly levelling eager eyes.
 If he sleep, we sleep,
 Dropping the eyelid over the eyes.
 If the golden apple be taken,
 The world will be overwise.
 Five links, a golden chain, are we,
 Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three,
 Bound about the golden tree.

III

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch,
 watch, night and day,
 Lest the old wound of the world be
 healéd,
 The glory unsealéd,
 The golden apple stolén away,
 And the ancient secret revealéd.
 Look from west to east along :
 Father, old Himala weakens, Cau-
 casus is bold and strong.
 Wandering waters unto wandering
 waters call ;
 Let them clash together, foam and fall.
 Out of watchings, out of wiles,
 Comes the bliss of secret smiles.
 All things are not told to all.
 Half-round the mantling night is
 drawn,
 Purple fringed with even and dawn.
 Hesper hateth Phosphor, evening hat-
 eth morn.

IV

Every flower and every fruit the redo-
 lent breath
 Of this warm sea-wind ripeneth,
 Arching the billow in his sleep ;
 But the land-wind wandereth,
 Broken by the highland-steep,

Two streams upon the violet deep
 For the western sun and the west
 star,
 And the low west-wind, breath
 afar,
 The end of day and beginning of
 Make the apple holy and bright ;
 Holy and bright, round and
 bright and blest,
 Mellowed in a land of rest ;
 Watch it warily day and night ;
 All good things are in the west,
 Till mid noon the cool east light
 Is shut out by the tall hillbrow ;
 But when the full-faced sunset
 lowly
 Stays on the flowering arch of
 bough,
 The luscious fruitage clustereth
 lowly,
 Golden-kernelled, golden-cored,
 Sunset-ripened above on the tree.
 The world is wasted with fire
 sword,
 But the apple of gold hangs over
 sea.
 Five links, a golden chain are we,
 Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three,
 Daughters three,
 Bound about
 The gnarléd bole of the charmed
 The golden apple, the golden ap-
 the hallowed fruit,
 Guard it well, guard it warily,
 Watch it warily,
 Singing airily,
 Standing about the charmed root.

ROSALIND¹

AUTHOR'S NOTE. — Perhaps the fol-
 lowing lines may be allowed to stand as a
 separate poem; originally they made part
 of the text, where they were manifestly su-
 perfluous.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
 Bold, subtle, careless Rosalind,
 Is one of those who know no strife
 Of inward woe or outward fear ;
 To whom the slope and stream
 Life,
 The life before, the life behind,
 In the ear, from far and near.

¹ This poem (see p. 26) has been re-
 but without the Author's Note.

musically clear.
 a-hearted Rosalind,
 d before a vigorous wind,
 those who cannot weep
 s' wocs, but overleap
 etty shocks and fears
 ble life in early years,
 ash of frolic scorn
 i delight, that never falls
 om freshness, self-upborne
 h gladness as, whenever
 i-flushing springtime calls
 oding waters cool,
 shes, on an April morn,
 own a rapid river,
 little waterfalls
 ; into the pebbled pool.
 y falcon, Rosalind,
 ing fancies of her own,
 the dawn before the day,
 the early sea-smell blown
 vineyards from an inland
 y.
 lind, my Rosalind,
 no shadow on you falls,
 ou hearts are tennisballs
 with, wanton Rosalind?

SONG

I say
 day
 ow will be yesterday?
 tell
 smell
 t recalls the dewy prime
 and buried time?
 e is nowhere found in rhyme.

SONNET

ON HEARING OF THE OUT-
 OF THE POLISH INSURREC-

the trumpet, gather from
 ar
 ts to battle: be not bought
 d sold.
 ave Poles, the boldest of the
 dd ;
 ough your iron shackles —
 ng them far.
 se days of Piast, ere the Czar

Grew to his strength among his des-
 erts cold ;
 When even to Moscow's cupolas were
 rolled
 The growing murmurs of the Polish
 war !
 Now must your noble anger blaze out
 more
 Than when from Sobieski, clan by clan,
 The Moslem myriads fell, and fled be-
 fore —
 Than when Zamoysky smote the Tar
 tar Khan ;
 Than earlier, when on the Baltic shore
 Boleslas drove the Pomeranian.

O DARLING ROOM

I

O DARLING room, my heart's delight,
 Dear room, the apple of my sight,
 With thy two couches soft and white,
 There is no room so exquisite,
 No little room so warm and bright,
 Wherein to read, wherein to write.

II

For I the Nonnenwerth have seen,
 And Oberwinter's vineyards green,
 Musical Lurlei ; and between
 The hills to Bingen have I been,
 Bingen in Darmstadt, where the
 Rhene
 Curves toward Mentz, a woody scene.

III

Yet never did there meet my sight,
 In any town to left or right,
 A little room so exquisite,
 With two such couches soft and white,
 Not any room so warm and bright,
 Wherein to read, wherein to write.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH

You did late review my lays,
 Crusty Christopher ;
 You did mingle blame and praise,
 Rusty Christopher.
 When I learnt from whom it came,
 I forgave you all the blame,
 Musty Christopher ;
 I could *not* forgive the praise,
 Fusty Christopher.

ON CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

THEREFORE your Halls, your ancient
Colleges,
Your portals statued with old kings
and queens,
Your gardens, myriad-volumed libra-
ries,
Wax-lighted chapels, and rich carven
screens,
Your doctors and your proctors, and
your deans
Shall not avail you, when the Day-
beam sports
New-risen o'er awaken'd Albion—
No!
Nor yet your solemn organ-pipes that
blow
Melodious thunders thro' your vacant
courts
At morn and eve—because your man-
ner sorts
Not with this age wherefrom ye stand
apart—
Because the lips of little children
preach
Against you, you that do profess to
teach
And teach us nothing, feeding not the
heart.

NO MORE¹

O SAD *No More!* O sweet *No
More!*
O strange *No More!*
By a mossed brookbank on a stone
I smelt a wildweed flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with
tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone
before,
Low-buried fathom deep beneath with
thee, NO MORE!

ANACREONTICS¹

WITH roses musky-breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silver-leaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,
I wove a crown before her.

For her I love so dearly,
A garland for Lenora.
With a silken cord I bound
Lenora, laughing clearly
A light and thrilling laugh
About her forehead wove
And loved me ever after.

A FRAGMENT

WHERE is the Giant of the
stood
In the midnoon the glo
Rhodes,
A perfect Idol with profulg
Far-sheening down the pun
these
Who sailed from Mizraim
the star
Named of the Dragon—an
whose limbs
Of brassy vastness broad-bl
sies
Drove into haven? Yet
scathed
Of changeful cycles the g
mids
Broad-based amid the flee
and sloped
Into the slumberous sum
but where,
Mysterious Egypt, are thir
Graven with gorgeous emb
cerned?
Thy placid Sphinxes brood
Nile?
Thy shadowing Idols in the
Awful Memnonian counten
Looking athwart the bur
far off
Seen by the high-necked ca
verge
Journeying southward?
thy monuments
Piled by the strong and sun
kim
Over their crowned brethr
OPH?
Thy Memnon when his pe
are kist
With earliest rays, that fro
ther's eyes
Flow over the Arabian bay.

¹ From 'The Gem, a Literary Annual,' for 1831.

Whether low into the charmed ears of
 morn
Melody flattering the crisped
 Nile
Columned Thebes. Old Memphis
 hath gone down:
Pharaohs are no more: somewhere
 in death
Ey sleep with staring eyes and gilded
 lips,
Rapped round with splend' ceremonies
 in old grots
Cock-bewn and sealed for ever.

SONNET¹

In my own fate to lasting sorrow
 doometh:
Thy woes are birds of passage, tran-
 sitory:
Thy spirit, circled with a living
 glory,
In summer still a summer joy resum-
 eth.
Alone my hopeless melancholy gloom
 eth,
 Like a lone cypress, through the
 twilight hoary,
From an old garden where no flower
 bloometh,
 One cypress on an island promon-
 tory.
But yet my lonely spirit follows thine,
 As round the rolling earth night fol-
 lows day:
But yet thy lights on my horizon
 shine
 Into my night, when thou art far
 away.
I am so dark, alas! and thou so bright,
 When we two meet there's never per-
 fect light.

SONNET²

Check every outflash, every ruder
 sally
 Of thought and speech: speak low,
 and give up wholly
 Thy spirit to mild-minded Melan-
 choly.

¹ From 'Friend L.'s 'Offering,' for 1832.

² From 'The Enthusiast's Magazine,' for August, 1831.

This is the place. Through yon
 poplar alley
 Below the blue-green river wind
 slowly:
 But in the middle of the sombre val
 The crisped waters whisper musica
 And all the haunted place is d
 and holy.
 The nightingale, with long and l
 preamble,
 Warbled from yonder knoll
 solemn larches,
 And in and out the woodbin
 flowery arches
 The summer midges wave their w
 ton gambol,
 And all the white stemmed pi
 wood slept above--
 When in this valley first I told
 love.

SONNET³

THERE are three things which fill
 heart with sighs,
 And steep my soul in laughter (w
 I view
 Fair maiden forms moving like mo
 dies--
 Dimples, roselips, and eyes of any h
 There are three things beneath
 blessed skies
 For which I live--black eyes, a
 brown and blue:
 I hold them all most dear; but o
 black eyes,
 I live and die, and only die in you.
 Of late such eyes looked at me--w
 I mused,
 At sunset, underneath a shado
 plane,
 In old Bayona nigh the southern sea
 From an half open lattice looked at
 I saw no more--only those eyes--a
 fused
 And dazzled to the heart with glori
 pain.

THE SKIPPING ROPE

SURE never yet was antelope
 Could skip so lightly by

¹ From 'The Yorkshire Literary Annu
 1832.

Stand off, or else my skipping-rope
Will hit you in the eye.
How lightly whirls the skipping-rope !
How fairy-like you fly !
Go, get you gone, you muse and
mope —
I hate that silly sigh.
Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,
Or tell me how to die.
There, take it, take my skipping-rope,
And hang yourself thereby.

THE NEW TIMON AND THE POETS¹

WE know him, out of Shakespeare's
art,
And those fine curses which he
spoke ;
The old Timon, with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly
broke.

So died the Old ; here comes the New.
Regard him ; a familiar face :
I thought we knew him : What, it's
you,
The padded man — that wears the
stays —

Who killed the girls and thrilled the
boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote !
A Lion, you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillotes*.

And once you tried the Muses too ;
You failed, Sir : therefore now you
turn,
To fall on those who are to you
As Captain is to Subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may
bring,
Can pardon little would be POPES
And BRUMMELS, when they try to
sting.

An Artist, Sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim ;
To leave the deep Poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame

¹ Published in 'Punch,' February 28,
1846, signed 'Alcibiades.'

But you, Sir, you are hard to p
You never look but half cont
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temper

And what with spites and wh
fears,
You cannot let a body be :
It's always ringing in your ear
'They call this man as good :

What profits now to understan
The merits of a spotless shirt
A dapper boot — a little hand-
If half the little soul is dirt ?

You talk of tinsel ! why, we se
The old mark of rouge upo
cheeks.
You prate of Nature ! you are
That spilt his life about the c

A TIMON you ! Nay, nay, for :
It looks too arrogant a jest —
The fierce old man — to take hi
You bandbox. Off, and let hi

LINES¹

HERE often, when a child I
clined,
I took delight in this locality
Here stood the infant Ilion
mind,
And here the Grecian ships d
to be,
And here again I come, and or
The drain-cut levels of the
lea, —
Gray sea banks and pale sun
dreary wind,
Dim shores, dense rains, and
clouded sea !

STANZAS²

WHAT time I wasted youthful
One of the shining wing'd pov
Show'd me vast cliffs with cr
towers.

¹ From 'The Manchester At
Album,' 1850.

² Contributed to 'The Keepsak
Illustrated annual, 1851.

as towards the gracious light I
bow'd,
They seem'd high palaces and proud,
[Id] now and then with sliding
cloud.

He said, 'The labor is not small ;
Yet winds the pathway free to all : —
Take care thou dost not fear to
fall !'

BRITONS, GUARD YOUR OWN¹

Rise, Britons, rise, if manhood be not
dead ;

The world's last tempest darkens over-
head ;

The Pope has bless'd him ;

The Church caress'd him ;

He triumphs ; maybe we shall stand
alone.

Britons, guard your own.

His ruthless host is bought with plun-
der'd gold,

By lying priests the peasants' votes
controll'd.

All freedom vanish'd,

The true men banish'd,

He triumphs ; maybe we shall stand
alone.

Britons, guard your own.

'Peace-lovers we — sweet Peace we all
desire —

'Peace-lovers we — but who can trust a
liar ? —

Peace-lovers, haters

Of shameless traitors,

We hate not France, but this man's
heart of stone.

Britons, guard your own.

We hate not France, but France has
lost her voice.

This man is France, the man they call
her choice.

By tricks and spying,

By craft and lying,

And murder was her freedom over-
thrown.

Britons, guard your own.

¹ From 'The Examiner,' January 31, 1852,
and signed 'Merlin.'

'Vive l'Empereur' may follow by and
by ;

'God save the Queen' is here a truer
cry.

God save the Nation,

The toleration,

And the free speech that makes a Bri-
ton known.

Britons, guard your own.

Rome's dearest daughter now is cap-
tive France,

The Jesuit laughs, and reckoning on
his chance,

Would, unrelenting,

Kill all dissenting,

Till we were left to fight for truth
alone.

Britons, guard your own.

Call home your ships across Biscayan
tides,

To blow the battle from their oaken
sides.

Why waste they yonder

Their idle thunder ?

Why stay they there to guard a foreign
throne ?

Seamen, guard your own.

We were the best of marksmen long
ago,

We won old battles with our strength,
the bow.

Now practice, yeomen,

Like those bowmen,

Till your balls fly as their true shafts
have flown.

Yeomen, guard your own.

His soldier-ridden Highness might in-
cline

To take Sardinia, Belgium, or the
Rhine :

Shall we stand idle,

Nor seek to bridle

His rude aggressions, till we stand
alone ?

Make their cause your own.

Should he land here, and for one hour
prevail,

There must no man go back to bear
the tale :

No man to hear it —

Swear it ! we swear it !

Although we fight the banded world
alone,
We swear to guard our own.

ADDITIONAL VERSES¹

TO 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.'

God bless our Prince and Bride!
God keep their lands allied,
God save the Queen!
Clothe them with righteousness,
Crown them with happiness,
Them with all blessings bless,
God save the Queen!

Fair fall this hallow'd hour,
Farewell, our England's flower,
God save the Queen!
Farewell, first rose of May!
Let both the peoples say,
God bless thy marriage-day,
God bless the Queen!

THE WAR²

THERE is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the
day!

Storm of battle and thunder of war!
Well if it do not roll our way.

Form! form! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the
storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen,
form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of
thorns?

How should a despot set men Free?
Form! form! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the
storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen,
form!

Let your reforms for a moment go!
Look to your butts, and take good
aims!

¹ Written for the marriage of the Princess
Royal of England with the Crown Prince
of Prussia, January 25, 1858.

² From 'The London Times,' May 9, 1859.

Better a rotten borough or so
Than a rotten fleet or a
flames!

Form! form! Riflemen,
Ready, be ready to meet the
storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen,
form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name
Queen's!

True that we have a faithful
But only the devil can tell
means.

Form! form! Riflemen,
Ready, be ready to meet the
storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen,
form!

THE RINGLET

'Your ringlets, your ringlets
That look so golden-gay,
If you will give me one, but
To kiss it night and day,
Then never chilling touch of
Will turn it silver-gray;
And then shall I know it is
gold

To flame and sparkle and stre
old,
Till all the comets in hea
cold,
And all her stars decay.'
'Then take it, love, and
by;

This cannot change, nor yet

2

'My ringlet, my ringlet,
That art so golden-gay,
Now never chilling touch of
Can turn thee silver-gray;
And a lad may wink, and a
hint,

And a fool may say his say;
For my doubts and fears
amiss,

And I swear henceforth by
this,
That a doubt will only cost
kiss,

And a fear to be kiss'd awa

t, love, and put it by ;
hange, why so can I'

II

) Ringlet,
u night and day,
, O Ringlet,
re golden-gay,
O Ringlet,
d be sliver-gray :
s this which now I 'm

ou for true gold,
ave you's bought and

Sold, sold.

2

) Ringlet,
d a rosy red,
et, O Ringlet,
ou from her head,
, O Ringlet,
you me, and said,
it, love, and put it by ;
hange, why so can I'
olden nothing, fle,
You golden lie.

3

) Ringlet,
u much to blame
O Ringlet,
much to shame,
O Ringlet,
u to the flame.
this which now I learn
l my faith a turn ?
lossy heretic, burn,
Burn, burn.

LINES¹

heart beats life within her
' will bless thee, guardian
r mild,
'ay thy memory will be
n of the children of thy

1864, at the request of the
cription on the statue of the
ut at Frogmore ; printed in
urnal,' March 19, 1864.

1865-1866¹

I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing,
And I said, 'O years that meet in
tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the know-
ing ?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the know-
ing ?'
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.

STANZA²

Not he that breaks the dams, but
he
That thro' the channels of the State
Convoys the people's wish, is great ;
His name is pure, his fame is free.

COMPROMISE³

STEERSMAN, be not precipitate in thy
act
Of steering, for the river here, my
friend,
Parts in two channels, moving to
one end,
This goes straight forward to the cat-
aract,
That streams about the bend ;
But tho' the cataract seem the nearer
way,
Whate'er the crowd on either bank
may say,
Take thou the bend, 't will save thee
many a day.

¹ 'Good Words,' March, 1868.

² Contributed to the 'Shakespearean
Show Book,' printed in March, 1884, for a
fair got up for the benefit of the Chelsea
Hospital for Women.

³ Addressed to Mr. Gladstone, then Prime
Minister, in November, 1884, when the
Franchise Bill was being discussed in the
House of Lords; and afterwards printed in
the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'

EXPERIMENT IN SAPPHIC
METRE¹

Faded every violet, all the roses ;
 Gone the glorious promise, and the
 victim
 Broken in the anger of Aphrodite
 Yields to the victor.

¹ Contributed to Professor Jebb's 'Primer
 of Greek Literature,' 1877.

STANZA¹

We lost you for how long a time,
 True Pearl of our poetic prime!
 We found you, and you gleam
 set
 In Britain's lyric coronet.

¹ Prefatory, in 1891, to 'Pearl,' an English poem of the 14th century, edited by Mr. Israel Gollancz.



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